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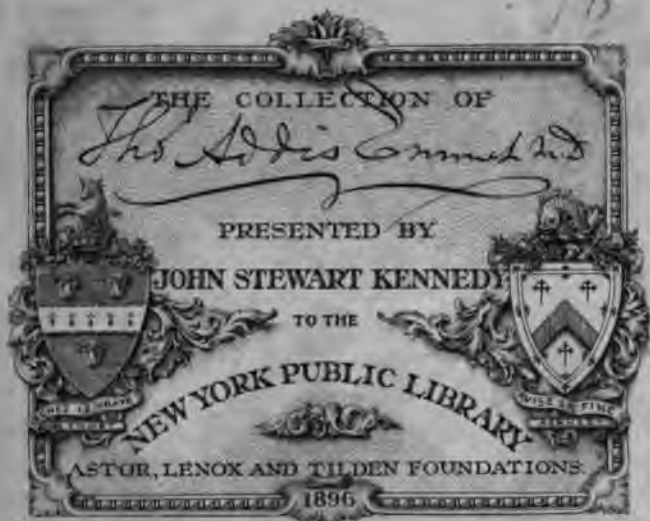
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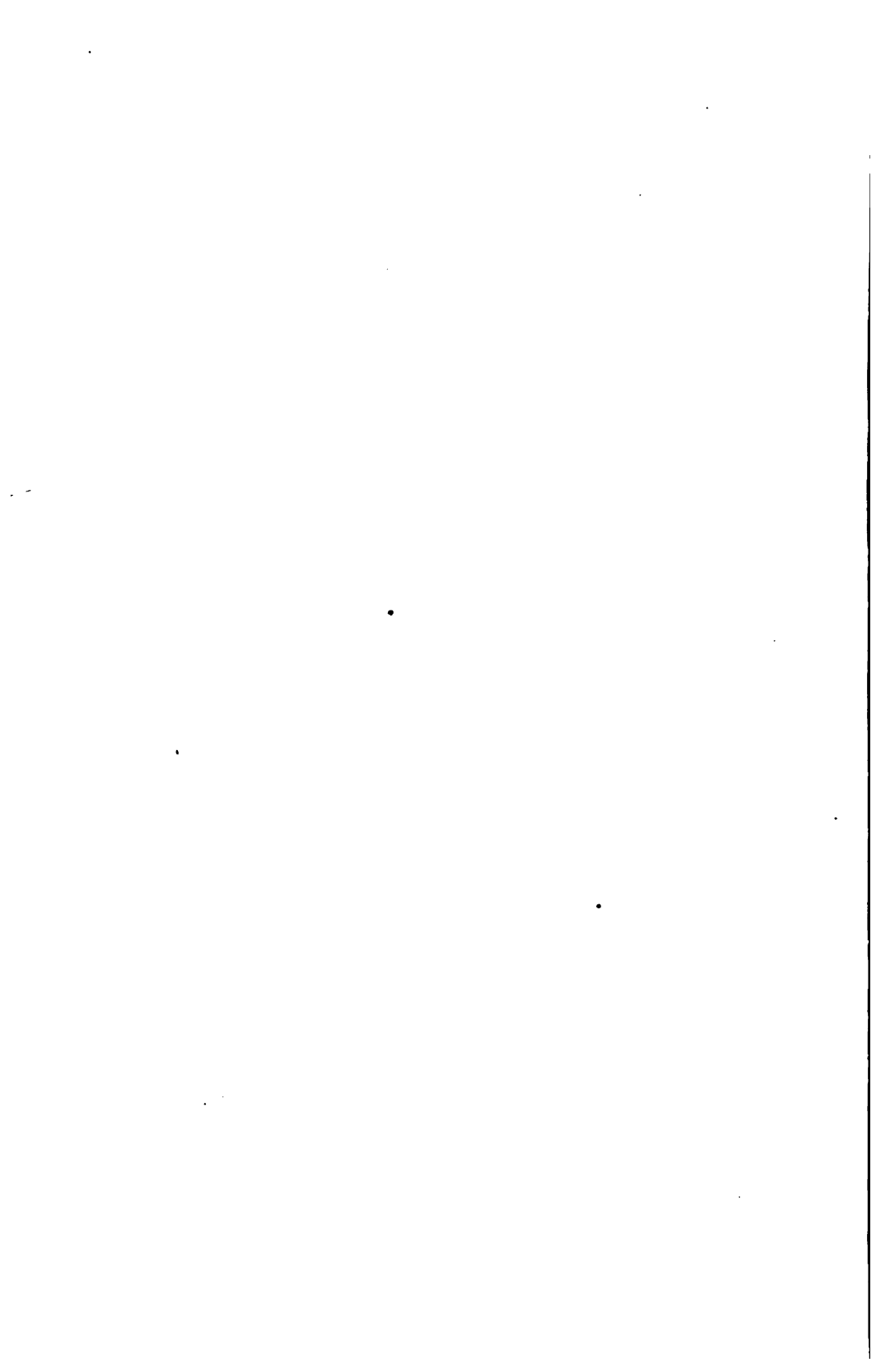


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FRANCIS BACON

FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT VERULAM, AND CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE  
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OF  
MASSINGER AND FORD,

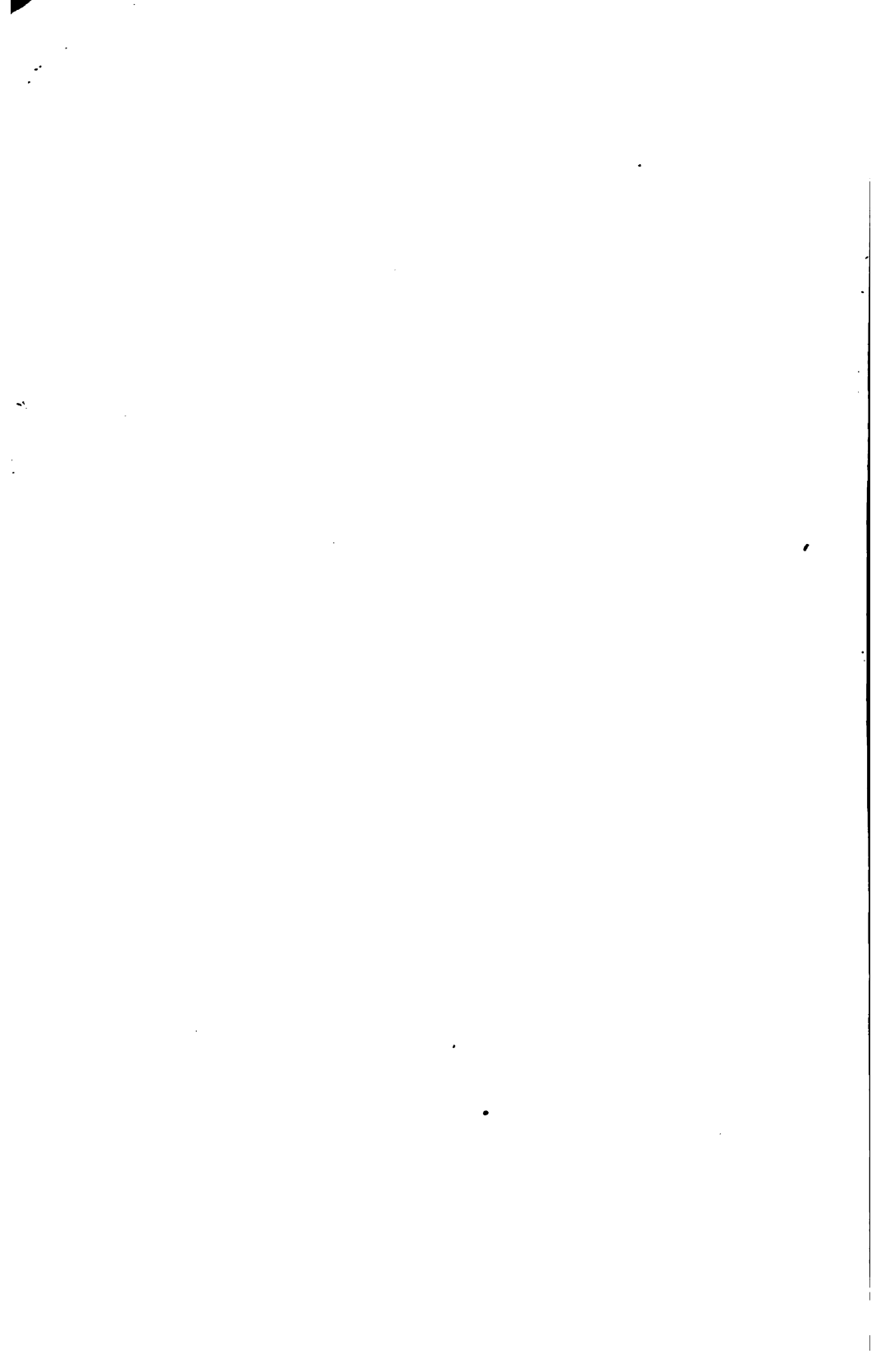
With an Introduction

BY

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



LONDON,  
**ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,**  
FARRINGTON STREET.



THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
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A NEW EDITION.

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TO  
THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THIS EDITION

OF

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

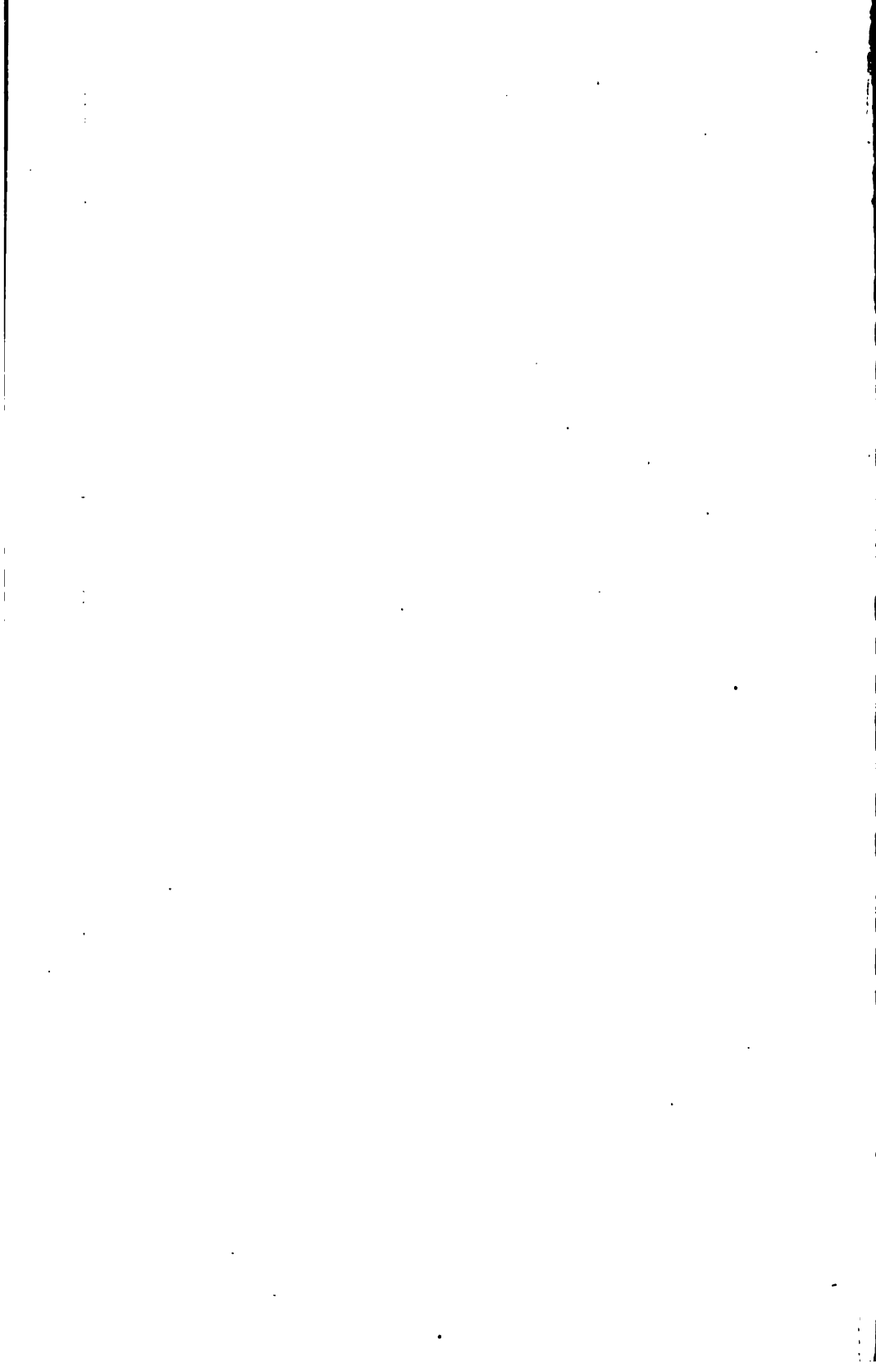
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# INTRODUCTION.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE lives of our dramatists "of the great race" furnish few materials for drama. They are provokingly barren of incident. They present neither complicated plots, nor striking situations\*, nor well-contrasted characters. In their own age, they were overlooked as too familiar—in the next, cast aside as unfashionable. The conjectures of recent curiosity are not more certain than the Syrian Pantheism of the Irish round towers †, the hieroglyphic dynasties of Egypt, or the earthenware theology of Etruria.

Many causes may have contributed to efface the footsteps of those great masters from the sands of time. Theatres were burned by accident or design—demolished by authority of mob, parliament, corporation, and 'prentices ‡, and at last suppressed by a civil conflict, which, realizing the extremities

\* I beg pardon. The life of Ben Jonson does present at least one striking situation, which would make a fine picture either on the stage or on canvas. I allude to that juncture, when amid a company of friends assembled to congratulate his discharge from prison, his mother produced the packet of poison, which she meant to have given him, had he been sentenced to pillory and mutilation for his reflections on the King's countrymen. But is there any good authority for the story?

The fate of Marlow was a real tragedy; I am afraid but too certain. George Peele was actually introduced upon the stage under the designation of *George Pie-board* in the "*Widow of Walling Street*."

† Those who are curious to ascertain the degree of certainty intended, may consult Mr. O'Brien's "*Round Towers of Ireland*," the works of Champollion, Klaproth, &c., and the "*Storia degli antichi Popoli Italiani, di Giuseppe Micall*."

‡ A ludicrous "*Ballade in praise of London 'Prentices, and what they did at the Cockpit Play-house in Drury Lane*," may be found in the first volume of Mr. Collier's "*Annals of the Stage*," p. 402. This outrage took place in 1617, on Shrove Tuesday, a day of general licence, barbarity, and riot; when the London apprentices claimed an immemorial privilege of attacking houses of ill-fame, covering their true English love of mischief with a pretence of moral reform. The following verse may be quoted as illustrative of the text.

"Bookes old and young on heap they flung,  
And burn'd them in the blazes,  
Tom Decker, Heywood, Middleton,  
And other wandering crazies;  
Poor Days that day not 'scaped away;  
And what still more amazes,  
Immortal Cracke was burn'd all black,  
Which every body praises."

"Immortal Cracke" never recovered from his scorching; but is dead and forgotten. Mr. Collier doubts whether it be the name of an author or of a play. Assuredly the latter, or perhaps the name of a character. By the way, *crack*, often used by our old writers for a mischievous urchin, is probably an abridgment of *crack-rope*. Massinger uses the term at full length.

The Globe on the Bankside was burned 29th June, 1613. The Fortune in Golding Lane on the Sunday night preceding December 15, 1621. Ben Jonson alludes, in his *Exercitation upon Vulcan*, to both these conflagrations. The Globe was wrecked by the wadding of the chambers (small pieces of ordnance) falling on the thatch. The cause of the Fortune's

of tragedy and farce, absorbed all memories, all hopes, and interests, in itself. Libraries were dispersed, plundered, or retailed for daily sustenance. A new era of dramatic composition commenced with the Restoration, when the mighty labours of the past were just old enough to be superannuated, and not old enough to be antique. Milton lived on in the solitude of his blindness—the ghost and witness of departed greatness. Cowley and Dryden contrived to merit fame without foregoing popularity, by investing the robust intellect and subtile fancy of a former generation in modish habiliments. Butler, like Hogarth, struck out a way for himself, in which he has had many imitators, and no rivals. But no one of these, with all their varied excellence, was suited to create or sustain a taste for the imagination and philosophy which they superseded. The town and the court, not the people, were paramount on Parnassus, and town and court alike were subjected to French influence.

But, I believe, after all, that the principal reason why so little has been told of our old dramatists is—that there was very little to tell.

They might, no doubt, have written most interesting autobiographies or reminiscences. But I am not aware that, in that diary-keeping age, any dramatic writer left a diary. It is hardly probable that many dramatists have chronicled their days. Not that they were too constantly engaged. Sir Edward Coke, Richard Baxter, Whitlocke, Clarendon,—lawyers, statesmen, kings, have left minute and regular diaries\*. Even men of pleasure have kept an audit book of their sins, and recorded of themselves what one might fancy a Papist would blush to mutter in confession. But the life of a dramatist, dependent for his daily bread upon the caprice of actors, and the humour of chance-collected audiences, must be too exciting, too fragmentary, for an employment which requires a calm, if not a cheerful, mind. The man whose means of existence are at the mercy of a contingent future, has little inclination to dwell upon the past. You might as well expect the diary of a gamester.

However it be, our elder dramatists have told us little about themselves, and their contemporaries have told us little about them. Letters they must occasionally have written; and the letters of that time, when newspapers were not, contain a great deal more matter of fact than the flippant and sentimental missives of later date. Yet, except Ben Jonson, whose epistles ought surely to be appended to his works, or printed in some accessible form, has any dramatist left “a collection of letters?” There is, indeed, a short and melancholy note, in which the name of Massinger is joined with those of Field and Daborne; a memorial of poverty, only less afflicting than poor Burns’ death-bed supplication for the same trifle of five pounds.

misfortune does not appear. Prynne of course ascribes both combustions to the Divine judgment. The Prynnes of our times were equally charitable when the two “great houses” were consumed. Lighter and saner wits do not seem to have taken the matter very seriously. Sir Henry Wotton, describing the fire of the Globe in a letter to his nephew, concludes thus:—“This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale.”—*Annals*, vol. iii. 290. Probably a hit at the preposterous size and padding of the femoral garments then in use.

\* There is an excellent article on diaries in D’Israeli’s *Curiosities of Literature*. He does not mention the very curious diary of Pepys, that whimsical compound of knavery and simplicity, of politos and piety, of foppery and worldly wisdom; nor the yet more interesting journal of the excellent Evelyn; nor Bubb Doddington’s, the honestest self-exposure ever made by a self-conscious, self-satisfied rogue. Mr. Collier gives some curious extracts, surely not intended for the public eye, from the diurnal of Sir Humphrey Mildmay, a man of wit and pleasure about town in the age of Massinger. The following, it will be admitted, are characteristic items, and evince good husbandry in sinning.

	£.	s.	d.
“21 Jan. 1631.—To the wanton nurse at M. Langhorne’s . . .	0	1	0
To Mother Gill, a poor naughty woman . . .	0	1	0
14 Jul. 1632.—To a pretty wench at Paul’s Wharfe . . .	0	1	0
27 Nov.     At a tavern with Ann Cressy . . .	0	0	8
14 Jul. 1634.—To a tavern with a Bona . . .	0	1	0”

It does not appear that extravagance was among Sir Humphrey’s failings. He was probably a Romanist, for among his disbursements we find eight shillings for a Rheinish Testament, and three for popish books; but, perhaps, he hankered after all forbidden things. The MS. is in the library at Lambeth, and may supply some valuable information on the subject of prices.

The incuriosity of contemporaries has been amply atoned in the last century. Letters, diaries, memoirs, family papers, public records—everything in manuscript or print—has been rummaged with indefatigable eyes. Every syllable, parenthesis, blank, and erasure, has been tortured—yea exorcised, for intelligence respecting men, of whom their contemporaries hardly thought it worth while to invent anecdotes. Much collateral knowledge has been elicited by the research, and much forgotten literature brought to light; but, with regard to the immediate objects of inquiry, it has rather led to additional doubt of what was heretofore taken for granted, than added to the scanty amount of ascertained facts. It is very well that so few reputations have suffered by the scrutiny; for, had the dramatists been conspicuous for either vice or folly, they would not have shared the fate of the heroes before Agamemnon. They lived in an age of personality. The great eye of the world was not then, any more than now, so intent on things and principles, as not to have a corner for the infirmities of individuals. I question whether, with all our newspapers, reviews, magazines, biographies, and autobiographies, a more *personal* history could be compiled of the courts of George III. and IV. than of those of Elizabeth and James. In no age have men been wanting to woo the favour of the multitude by informing them, that their Betters were no better than they. The numerous memoirs, diaries, pamphlets, letters, so costly to collectors; “Wilson, Winwood, Weldon, Osborne, Peyton, Sanderson,” and others, who, as Mr. Gifford remarks, “contributed to propagate a number of scandalous stories, which should have been left *sub lodice*, where most of them perhaps had birth,” sufficiently prove that kings and lords, at least, were not secured from calumny by the darkness of their excessive splendour. Nor were all the eyes of curiosity directed upwards: not a murder, rape, or adultery, could occur without being improved in the pulpit, set to tune by the ballad-mongers\*, or dramatized on the scene. In our own days, Thurtell, Corder, Greenacre, the Bloody-lane, and the Red-barn, have been exhibited in tearful melo-drama. That it should be

\* “*Graculo*. You may see

We are prepared for hanging, and confess  
We have deserved it. Our most humble suit is,  
We may not be twice executed.

*Timoleon*. Twice?

What meanest thou?

*Gra*. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad  
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten groat rhymers  
About the town, grown fat on these occasions.  
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired,  
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,  
Or any such like accident; and before  
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's made,  
Which makes their ghosts walk.”—MANSWORTH. *The Bondman*.

These “damn'd ditties” once composed a very considerable part of the only literature that could truly be styled popular. Swift or Arbuthnot has a very humorous paper on the subject, written about the time that the penny stamp was inflicted on loose sheets. Of late, the victims of the law have been *twice executed* at the minor theatres. The melancholy music and nasal instrumentation of these historic ballads were a frequent theme of satire with the old dramatists, between whom and the ballad-makers there was no good will.

“If I have not ballads made of you all, and sung to filthy tunes, may this cup of sack be my poison.”—*Falstaff*.

“Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,  
Most wicked madrigals. And ten to one, too,  
Sung to such lousy lamentable tunes.”—*Humorous Lieutenant*.

“They rail upon the general  
And sing songs of him,—scurvy songs to worse tunes.”

FLETCHER'S *Loyal Subject*.

There is certainly nothing so lugubrious as the cracked voice of a ballad-singer, in a dull, ill-lighted back street, on a rainy night of November. But at present, great men have worse enemies to dread than ballad-singers or players. If their bodies escape the surgeons, and their skulls the phrenologists, their fame, their letters, their family secrets, their least-considered words, are at the mercy of knavish booksellers, radical magasinists, ill-masked maligners, silly-mad idolaters, and even honest admirers of more zeal than prudence.

so, is a reproach to the taste of the galleries themselves; but bad taste is no novelty. The stage here this, been indebted for plots to the *Tyburn Chronicle*. It is enough to mention the titles: "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "Arden of Feversham," "Murderous Michael," "The Fair Maid of Bristol," "A Warning for Fair Women," "The Tragedy of John Cox of Collumpton," &c. all founded on recent atrocities, and decisively proving that this very illegitimate species of drama is not recommended even by originality of invention. The singularity of the old *criminal* tragedy is, the characters, some recently hanged, and others, it might be, living among the identical audience, is made to talk as poetical blank-verse as the authors could have put into the mouth of Cæsar, Cleopatra. We do not read that the genuine furniture or weapons of the murderers were exhibited in these performances\*.

Even the license of the old comedy of Greece†, in producing living persons, sometimes of h

\* "There is a species of dramatic representation, different from any of which we have yet spoken, and which is to be said to form a class of itself:—It may be called domestic tragedy, and pieces of this kind were founded upon comparatively recent events in our own country. Of these several are extant, such as 'Arden of Feversham,' the story of which relates to a murder committed in the reign of Edward VI.; 'A Warning for Fair Women,' arising out of a similar event in 1573; 'Two Tragedies in One,' part of which is founded upon the assassination of a merchant of London of the name of Beech, by a person called Thomas Merry; 'The Fair Maid of Bristol,' which had its origin also in a recent tragical incident; indeed it seems to have been the constant practice of the dramatists of that day to avail themselves (like the ballad-makers) of any circumstances of the kind which attracted attention, in order to construct them into a play, often treating the subject merely as a dramatic narrative of a known occurrence, without embellishing, or aiding it with the ornaments of fiction. Shakspeare is supposed to have been concerned, at least, in one production of this kind, 'The Yorkshire Tragedy' (founded upon an event in 1604), which was played at the Globe theatre, and printed with Shakspeare's name, in 1608. The internal evidence, however, of Shakspeare's authorship, is much stronger than the external, and there are some speeches which could scarcely have proceeded from any other pen."—*History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii. 49, 50.

"The Yorkshire Tragedy" is certainly much better than the rest of the disputed plays—'Pericles' excepted; but in diction, versification, and sentiment, as well as in its subject, I agree with Hazlitt, that it is more in the manner of Heywood, the Lillo of a more imaginative age, than in that of Shakspeare. It is, however, no argument against its authenticity that the plot is not such as Shakspeare generally chooses, or could be supposed to approve. There can be little doubt, that he, as well as his fellows, was sometimes obliged to work to order upon stories not at all to his own taste. But surely, at a time so affluent in dramatic genius, the simple merit of particular speeches can be no fair proof of Shakspeare's authorship, nor does the striking elevation of insulated passages above the level of a work conclude a different writer. The same man may produce a few flashes of volcanic splendour, and a vast monotony of dull extravagance.

The death of Marlow might seem a tempting subject to a dramatist of the Domestic school; but I have not seen or read of any previous to the short and recent attempt of Mr. Horne, which contains much poetry in little space, but certainly does not offend by that prosaic reality, which is censured both on moral and critical grounds. A poet, to tell the truth, is a very unmanageable character in a Poem, or even in a prose Romance.

Massinger has no play that classes exactly with "Arden of Feversham," and "The Yorkshire Tragedy," though "The New Way to Pay Old Debts" probably glances at recent transactions. Ford and Dekker's "Witch of Edmonton" falls under the denomination of *News-plays*.

The play-bill of one of the minor theatres, announcing "The Hertfordshire Tragedy," promised the identical gig in which Thurtell drove poor Wear to be murdered, and the identical table on which were placed the pork-chops eaten in commemoration of the sacrifice. Music-sellers vied for priority in publishing the *score* of the song, sung by Hunt on this interesting occasion.

† "LEONARD HALIDAY, Mayor, 1605.

"Whereas Kempe, Armyne, and others, players at the Black-Friers, have again not forbore to bring upon their stage one or more of the Worshipful Company of Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandal and to the lessening of their authority, the Lords of the Right Honourable the Privy Council are besought to call the said players before them, and to enquire into the same, that order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said theatre."

From this document it appears that the offence was not the first of the kind; and we may conjecture, though not certainly conclude, from the wording, that *individual* aldermen were the objects of ridicule, though, perhaps, not absolutely named by their registered christian and sur-names.

From a letter to "certain Justices of the peace of the county of Middlesex" from the privy council, 10th May, 1601, we learn "that certain players, who used to recite their plays at the Curtain in Moorefields, do represent upon the stage in their interludes the persons of some gent. of good desert and quality, that are yet alive, under obscure manner, but yet in such sort as all the hearers may take notice both of the matter, and the persons that are meant thereby." Here

rank, upon the stage, by name, or by characteristics not to be mistaken, was not unknown to the palmy period of our drama. The authority of the master of the revels, backed by a court to which the theatres were indebted for their toleration, was insufficient to prevent the most flagrant invasions of the sanctity of private life. In short, personality, in its most offensive form, which has been accounted the peculiar vice of the present age, was equally prevalent under the Tudors and the first Stuarts; though, from the comparative slowness of communication, and the absence of an uncontrolled periodical press, the appetite was less extensively stimulated and more irregularly supplied. But it is not to the want of that appetite that we are to attribute the scanty materials of dramatic biography.

It may be thought, however, that the annals of an existence passed in labours, seldom remitted and poorly remunerated, barely relieved by the most successful efforts, and driven by failure into

we have the middle comedy of Greece. It is probable that much of this Aristophanic licence was extemporal, and inserted at the discretion of the actors, who would have a shrewd guess at the measure of impudence which the audience for the time being were likely to relish. The Curtain, though one of the oldest theatres, was in little repute, and frequented chiefly by the *unwashed*. But in 1639, the Prince's players, then performing at the Red Bull, incurred the wrath of the privy council, by personal allusions to an alderman who had been a blacksmith in Holborn. Now the Red Bull seems to have been a place of genteel resort, for it had silk curtains.—*Collier's Annals*, vol. ii. p. 93.

But aldermen and common councilmen were long considered the lawful game of the stage, which was, perhaps, justified on the principle of retaliation. But the following extracts from Lord F. Egerton's translation of Von Raumer's "*History of the 16th and 17th Centuries*," (a history of nothing but the intrigues of ambassadors,) which I owe to Mr. Payne Collier's "*New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare*," must "give us pause." They are derived from a despatch of the French ambassador, Beaumont; and it, perhaps, may be as well to remember, that they are the narrative of a Frenchman, not supported, as far as I know, by collateral evidence, translated from French into German, and from German into English.

"April 5, 1606, I caused certain players to be forbid from acting 'The History of the Duke of Byron,' (a tragedy by Chapman;) "when, however, they saw that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The former having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped."

Pretty well this, but not absolutely incredible. The murder of the Marquis D'Ancre, which took place in the middle of April 1617, was dramatized in June of that year, but forbidden to be performed; and in 1634. Middleton in his "Game of Chess," regardless of the inhibition against bringing "any modern *Christian* king upon the stage," (the Sultan, the Sophy, and the great Mogul, were therefore excluded from the protection,) produced the King of Spain, the Count Gondemar, and other persons connected with the Spanish court, to the great indignation of the Spanish ambassador, and to the no small embarrassment of King James, who dreaded a rupture with Spain above all things. The play was performed nine days successively, a very extraordinary run at that time; and is said to have raised for the theatre more than £1500, which Mr. Payne Collier considers a palpable exaggeration. The piece, however, was forbidden, the actors reprimanded, and the author, who "shifted out of the way" at first, forgiven upon surrender. But I cannot help suspecting, that in what follows, the French ambassador must have been *hoaxed*. Surely, if King James, as the identical King James, had been thus insulted, we should have had other information of the fact. But it is not impossible that in some *fit* or burlesque piece, like "Tom Thumb the Great," or "Bombastes Furioso," the representative of a king had ventured to take off some peculiarity of the King, (whose gait and utterance were very obnoxious to mimicry,) and perhaps alluded to some current scandal. "One or two days before, they had brought forward their own king and his favourites in a very strange fashion. They made him curse and swear, because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman, because he had called off the hounds from the scent.

"He has made an order that no play shall be henceforth acted in London, for the repeal of which order they have already offered 100,000 livres. Perhaps the permission will be again granted, but upon condition that they represent no recent history, nor speak of the present time.

"We have no other record of this temporary inhibition of dramatic performances. If the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil once figured in Chapman's plays, they were omitted when those plays were printed in 1608."—*New Facts*, &c. 16, 17.

The pudence or good fortune of Shakspeare, who never appears to have been called in question, either for personal allusions (though his hit at his old neighbour is sufficiently obvious) nor for meddling with matters of church and state, is very remarkable. The company in which he was a sharer, with James and Richard Burbage, George Peele, &c. so early as 1599, in a memorial first published by Mr. Payne Collier in his "*New Facts*," take occasion to commend themselves on this special account, "that they have brought into their plays no matters of state and religion *unfit* to be handled by them, or to be presented before lewd (i. e. unlearned) spectators;" Masinger, we shall see, was not so cautious nor so fortunate.

those dismal sanctuaries of obscure distress—Alsatia or the Compter—were quarry too low for the very kestrils of an age still aristocratic and chivalrous on the surface, though Democracy, the “old fellow in the cellarage,” was already at work below. The success or poverty of a dramatist might excite no more sensation than the similar vicissitudes in the fortunes of a strolling player, or any other Unfortunate living from hand to mouth. Yet less were simple respectability and moderate prosperity calculated for public notice. It was not then the custom to write three or more volumes upon every man or woman whose name had appeared in a title-page, or frequently occurred in a newspaper. Not every life of unpretending piety procured admission into the brief obituary of a Gentleman’s Magazine. Personality, the rage for anecdote, the desire of publicity—though not less intense than at present—were certainly far less diffusive. The fashion of autobiography and confessions had not yet been imported from France, for the diaries appear to have been strictly private. Hence we are left without direct information on that concerning which it would be most important to be informed—the process whereby great minds were furnished and developed.

Dr. Farmer has remarked, in his “*Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*,” that “play-writing, in the poet’s age, was scarcely considered a creditable employ.” This is rather too loosely and sweepingly asserted. No doubt the Puritans, the Corporation of London, and the grave, flat-capped, thrifty citizens in general, thought it a very sinful employ. Perhaps the men of business, of the stamp of Lord Burleigh and Sir Edward Coke, thought it a very idle one. But when queens and noble ladies did not hold it derogatory to perform in “*Masques of Blackness*,” when plays were

\* Ben Jonson’s “*Masque of Blackness*” was composed, as the author himself declares, at the express commandment of the queen (Anne of Denmark), who had a desire to appear along with the fairest ladies of her court, as a negress. I doubt whether the most enthusiastic *amies des noirs* among our modern beauties, would willingly undergo such a transformation. What would the *Age* say, if our gracious Queen should play such a frolic? This masque ought to be a special favourite with the Emancipated in the isles of the far west. What if it were revived for their benefit? There is a strong rage among our nobility for the resuscitation of “*Antique Pageantry*,” and a masque, at least as rational as a tournament, might be rendered almost as expensive, and would not be half so dangerous. Inigo Jones must have been an admirable contriver of *spectacles*. However mean and meagre might be the *properties* of the common stages, the court exhibitions lacked no “pomp or circumstance,” no quaint device to charm the eye and ear. The getting-up of the old masques is very minutely detailed in the printed copies. In the “*Masque of Blackness*,” the queen, and eleven noble females, representing the “*Daughters of Niger*,” were placed in a concave shell, like mother-of-pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow, the top thereof was stuck with a *chevron* of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them as they were seated one above another; so that they were all seen, but in an *extravagant* order. \* \* \* On the sides of the shell did swim six huge sea monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces, so as the backs of some were seen; some in purple, or side; others in face, and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex shells. The attire of the masquers (the queen and ladies) “was alike in all, without difference, the colours azure and silver, but returned on the top, with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers and jewels, interlaced with ropes of pearl; and for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black.” I suspect these are the words of Inigo himself.

It must not be supposed that these high-born masquers sooted their delicate complexions like the Wowwies of our barfaced stages. The masque of black velvet was then as common as the black patches in the time of the *Spectator*. They have supplied the dramatists with frequent allusions.

“These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies’ brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.”—*Romeo and Juliet*.

“’Tis well the mask of night is on my face.”—*Ibid*.

“You never can be old; wear but a mask

Forty years hence, and you will still seem young

In your other parts.”—*Waiting Maid to the “City Madam.”*

Still the daughters of Niger will be more naturally represented by the natural velvet of *Prince Memnon’s sisters*, when negro civilization has reared a court and a stage. It is interesting to speculate how the negro poets, in addressing their smooth-skinned beauties, will vary the common phrases of European gallantry. The word *fair*, in its enlarged, and perhaps original extent of meaning, must be retained, if they write in English; for what will *care*, *despair*, *air*, *fair*, *debonnair*, &c. do without it? But the rose and the lily must absolutely be discarded. I am not aware of any perfectly black flower, but the darkest hyacinth, transferred from the tresses to the complexion, may serve at a pinch. The teeth may still be “quarrellets of pearl” (*Herrick*), or moon-light peeping through the fissures;

publicly acted by academicians and lawyers—when the providing theatrical entertainments for the court was the express duty of an officer invested with extraordinary powers, the composition of a poem adapted to scenic representation could hardly have been discreditable *per se*. Was it discreditable to Sackville to have written "Gorboduc?" Did "Gammar Gurton" preclude Dr. Still from the bishopric of Bath and Wells? But then the queen and her ladies did not take money at the door. Neither Still nor Sackville sold their dramas to the players—*there's the rub*. It was not creditable to be a dependant on a play-house: it was not creditable to be a servant of the public. That man was slightly honoured for being applauded, who, for applause and subsistence, gave to others the privilege of hissing him. The dramatist, the genius, was admired, but his *quality* was not respected. Success, whether as poet or actor, made a man interesting, and therefore acceptable in all societies where wit, talent, or the reputation of either, was in request; but his occupation conferred no settled rank. A merchant tailor knew his place; a poet must sit where his patron bade him. Literature of any sort, pursued for bread, does not, and perhaps should not, bestow the decided *caste* of a regular profession; and has never, in England, obtained the splendid honours which even players, musicians, and buffoons\*, have received in Italy and some continental courts. Moreover, the character of some of the dramatists, and those the earliest distinguished, was not such

of a pitchy cloud. Diamond may bear its heraldic signification, which, in the blazon of nobility, is sable; but ivory must give way to ebony. "*Vaccinia nigra teguntur*," will be a popular motto. Snow, which has no resemblance to the human skin under any climate, and milk, and "breasts of cream," and "little azure rills," will not do; but cherries and marble may keep their place, for both are sometimes black, and so may the swan, in Australia; and the native whose mistress betrays no tint of convict mesalliance, may truly call her

"Rara avis in terris, nigroque similissima cygne."

Locks may still be crisp, but they must no longer flow, they must hold no dalliance with the amorous wind, nor vie with the tendrils of the gadding vine, nor must the African Eve

"———down to her slender waist,  
Her golden, unadorned tresses wear."

Nor must the innamorato quote Donne's beautiful lines about "pure and eloquent blood;" but rather commend the trusty hue that tells no tales; and here old Ben will serve him rarely,

"The Sun, the best judge, and most formal cause  
Of all dames' beauties, in their firm hues draws  
Signs of his fervent'st love, and thereby shows,  
That in their black, the perfect'st beauty grows,  
Since the fix'd colour of their curled hair,  
Which is the highest grace of dames most fair,  
No cares, no age can change, or there display  
The fearful mixture of abhorred grey.  
Since Death herself—herself being pale and blue,  
Can never alter their most faithful hue."

A proof that negroes were not common in England when Jonson wrote; for many of my readers will remember the old street-sweeper, at the Obelisk, whose hair was "white as wool," quaintly resembling the white ashes, sprinkled over the charred faggots of an extinguished wood fire. I know not whether Ben, or rather, Pliny, is correct in stating that Æthiops never dream.

When "Othello" is adapted to the negro stage, *Othello* should be a white man, and *Desdemona* like the "starred Æthiop queen."

"The Masque of Blackness" was represented at the marriage of Lady Susan Vere, daughter of the whimsical Earl of Oxford, and grand-daughter of Lord Burligh, with Philip Herbert, afterwards of Pembroke and Montgomery, the patron of Massinger; in the household of whose ancestors the poet was probably brought up, which must apologise for the length and apparent irrelevance of this note.

\* The actors and inventors of the Italian pantomime (which is not like ours, a speechless *motion* of living puppets, but a burlesque of provincial dialects and humours, closely resembling an entertainment to which Augustus was partial) rivalled the Paris and Bathyllus of antiquity, in the honours they obtained. Constantini, inventor of the Mezzin, the Narcissus of pantomime, was ennobled by a king of Poland. "He acted without a mask, to charm by the beautiful play of his countenance, and display the graces of his figure." The Wit and harlequin Domenic sometimes dined at the table of Louis XIV. Tiberio Fiurilli, who invented the character of Scaramouch, had been the amusing



as to propitiate the favour of the serious towards their calling. Shakspeare seems to have felt this. Massinger and Heywood frequently complain of it: and Ford, like Congreve, is ever eager to disclaim the trade of a play-wright.

But whatever of disrepute or suspicion might adhere to the dramatic art, it certainly will not account for the obscurity, not to say mystery, which hangs over the private transactions of its professors. They were not excluded from the meetings of the great or of the learned. They were not recluse students, buried in their libraries or estranged from the busy world. By far the greater number of them were gentlemen of liberal education, living in the full career of society. Nor, had it been otherwise, would they have escaped notice, had their destinies been anywise remarkable, or their characters impressed with eccentricity. Your "way of life" cannot creep along in such forlorn or shady sequestration, but you will be found, if any one think you worth seeking for. Neither in the city's indistinguishable multitude nor the country's too conspicuous singleness, can the man be secure from publication whose humours will enliven a farce, whose physiognomy will suggest a caricature, or whose adventures may form the ground-work of a novel. If we except Shakspeare, of whom little is really known but the comfortable fact that, after writing the finest plays in the world, he retired on a moderate independence, and died, alas! prematurely, near his native town; and Ben Jonson, who has told us something about himself, and whose scholarship achieved a place among the weightier intellects to which the genius of Shakspeare never aspired, of which among the dramatists are most anecdotes extant? Kit Marlow, George Peele, and Robert Green. Had Ford and Massinger been like them,—their jests, their follies, their sad catastrophes, would not have perished for want of historians. There is no human creature so insignificant but may become famous for vice, sedition, lawlessness, or buffoonery. The police reports and the Newgate Calendar are rolls of fame from which no degree is excluded. The rogues and harlots of less inquisitive ages have not sinned or suffered without a memorial. We know almost as much of Rowland Yorke\* and Captain Stukely as of Spenser or Drayton. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan the mayor of Garrat †, and Sir Jeffrey Hudson the

companion of the boyhood of Louis XIV., and from him Molière learned much, as appears by the lines under his portrait.

"Cet illustre comédien  
De son art traça la carrière,  
Il fut le maître de Molière,  
Et la Nature fut le sien."

"This rare comedian drew the chart,  
The line and progress of his art;  
He taught Molière, that humorous elf,  
What only Nature taught himself."

The last lines of an epitaph, on one of these pantomimic actors, may be applied to many of them during their flourishing period.

"Toute sa vie il fait à rire,  
Il a fait pleurer à sa mort."

\* All his life he kept us crowing,  
Dead—he sets our tears a flowing."

Several of these admirable actors were literary men, who have written on their art, and shown that it was one. The Harlequin Cecchini composed the most ancient treatise on this subject, and was ennobled by the Emperor Matthias; and Nicholas Barbieri, for his excellent acting, called the "Beltrame," or "Milanese Simpleton," tells us, in his treatise on comedy, that he was honoured by the conversation of Louis XIII., and rewarded with fortune.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities*, 318.

The English nobility would ill endure to have a harlequin made partaker of their honours; and I doubt whether a limited monarch could with propriety admit even a Grimaldi to his table.

\* I must confess that all my knowledge of these worthies is derived from a note in the "Monastery." They were probably fair enough samples of men about town, as they were before profligacy put on the garb of sentiment. Of such characters we find many specimens in the old plays, such as "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "London Prodigal," "How to know a good Wife from a bad one," &c. Is it in compliment to Rowland that the veiled editor of a certain periodical assumed the title of "Oliver Yorke?" *Stukely* is the hero of "The Battle of Alcazar," written, as is supposed, by George Peele, and of another play expressly called "Stukely." The name seems doomed to dramatic infamy.

† In Hone's "Table Book," second series, will be found a portrait and memoir of the once well-known Sir Jeffrey

live still in the pages of eccentric biography; and Morland, as a man, is better known than . On the other hand, high intellectual celebrity does not always confer personal notoriety, ve the events of a life from oblivion. In truth, the best and happiest lives are generally t entertaining to read. It may be regretted that quiet, useful, unostentatious virtue so urvives in the world's memory: but the regret is foolish and presumptuous; and I am by s assured that the modern custom of courting fame, for qualities sufficiently rewarded by

d the mob in the double capacity of fool and dwarf. He was a foundling; picked up in the parish to which his name; but no fairies took charge of him, as Charles Lamb assures us they did of Sir Thomas Gresham. banded on the muddy patronage of Trivia and Cloacina; yet he was, awhile, a great man in his way, at Westminster elections. Lamb, who well remembered him when "in his sear and yellow leaf" he took a hovel near Bethnal Green, has described his forlorn grimness in a paper of pathetic humour, such as Ella id write.

rey Hudson, when he was about seven or eight years old, was served up in a cold pie, on the Burlleigh Hill, f the Duke of Buckingham, and as soon as he made his appearance, presented by the duchess to the queen, ned him in her service. He was then but eighteen inches in height. In a masque at court, the gigantic /ill Evans) drew him out of his pocket, to the surprise of all present. He is said to have grown no taller till erty, when he shot up to three feet nine. Soon after the breaking out of the civil war, he was made captain g's army. In 1644, he attended the queen into France, where he had a quarrel with a gentleman named om he challenged. Mr. Crofts came to the place of appointment, armed only with a squirt. A real duel ; which the antagonists came to the field on horseback, and fought with pistols; Crofts was killed at the "—*Dr. Hudson's History of London.*

duellist deserved an honourable acquittal, little Jeffrey was the man. He was born at Oakham in Rutland- ry proper that the least man should be born in the least county; and no less proper that his birth should ed by a comet, which was actually the case, for there was a comet in 1618, and Jeffrey was born in 1619. m, Pompey, Belisarius, Napoleon, and other sports of fortune, he exhibited in his latter years a sad contrast cities of his outset. He experienced the same neglect as other faithful cavaliers of larger dimensions, was d to the Gate-house, under suspicion of the popish plot! and died a prisoner, aged sixty-three. I believe his ce in the body of a bass viol, and other particulars recorded by Sir Walter Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak," gether apocryphal; but there may be some ground for his addiction to alchemy and the mysteries of the sa.

yal Martyr had a passion for those irregularities of nature, which were once common appendages to every baronial establishment. Most readers will remember Waller's pretty verses on the marriage of the dwarfs, as negotiated by King Charles, who gave away the bride:—

"Design or chance makes others wife,  
But nature did this match contrive.  
Eve might as well from Adam fled,  
As she deny'd her little bed  
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame  
And measure out this only dame."

riage was productive: but if the king's intent was to perpetuate a miniature race, it was disappointed; for ren grew to the ordinary size. We cannot call this princely partiality for human *lusus nature*, a remnant ; barbarism; the taste is classical, nay Augustan. "*Habent hoc quoque delicia dicitum; malunt quærere ntra naturam. Gratus est ille debilitate; ille ipsa infelicitate distorti corporis placet, alter emitur quod oris est,*" says Quintilian. Clemens Alexandrinus severely censures the passion of great ladies for deformed on whom they bestowed caresses for which their lovers sighed in vain, and which their husbands could not mmand. Ammianus Marcellinus describes the wealthy madams of his days, attended *semiviro comitatu*, id old, but generally dusky, misshapen, and ill-favoured. Augustus is said by Suetonius to have disliked these nature, and shrunk from them as of ill omen. *Pumilos, atque distortos, et omnes generis ejusdem ut ludibria t: mali omnis abhorrebat;* yet the same historian relates that he compelled a youth of good family, named o appear on the public stage, because he was under two feet in height, and weighed but seventeen pounds, a prodigious voice.—*L. ii. 43.* We need not wonder that Domitian, at the gladiatorial games, was constantly

by a scarlet-robed little urchin, with a preternatural small head,—*puerulus coccinatus parvo portentosoque* or the palled appetites of despotism seek for stimulation in everything monstrous and abortive. But better ht have been expected of Charles, who was capable of appreciating the beautiful in art, and doubtless in so. Be it recollected that this odd sort of *virtù* was not without its uses in ruder ages: it procured an in the houses of the affluent, for many helpless beings, who, even now, to the disgrace of our police, are ted in caravans, and dragged about the country by brutal show men. "God tempers the wind to the mb."

peace of mind, an approving conscience, and the affectionate esteem of a worthy few, is not one of the worst symptoms of the times. Good people in a private station should be thankful if their lives are not worth writing. Public virtues exerted for public ends, the worthy issues of mighty minds, fitly aspire to publicity, and are justly rewarded with fame. "*A city set on a hill cannot be hid.*" But the virtues of home; the hourly self-denials, so habitual as hardly to rise above the horizon of consciousness,—

" That best portion of a good man's life,—  
His little daily unrecorded acts  
Of kindness and of love,"

the virtues, which, in either sex, are inherited from the mother, and consist in *being* rather than in *doing*, permit no stronger light than gleams from the fire-side. They flourish best when unobserved, even by those who inhale joy and goodness from their fragrance. Of them it may truly be said,—

" The principle of action once explore,  
That instant 'tis a principle no more."

They can be *understood* by none, and *known* only to those who love the good beings whom they actuate,—and by loving know them. For in the spiritual world there is no knowledge but by love. In our essential selves we neither can nor ought to be known to any but to those whom we love, and who love us. There is a worse than indelicacy in soliciting the gaze of the world by laying bare the sanctities of affection; the frailties by which we may be endeared to our kindred in blood and soul, but should neither be admired nor judged by the ignorant unsympathising multitude. It is enough if our works have no need to shun the public eye, which they ought sometimes to seek, and never to fear. *Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's.* But in ourselves; the very things we are, we are only God's: we belong not to the world,—no, not to our own will. A good heart is a Holy of Holies, not to be profaned by unconsecrated gazers.

There is no vanity so pernicious, so heart-emasculating and heart-hardening, as that of which the heart itself is the object. Better be vain of your brains, your figure, your dress, your face, your muscles, your purse, or your pedigree, than of your heart. People enamoured of their own goodness generally entertain a sneaking partiality for their *bosom sins*. "The pride that apes humility" produces far worse consequences than "*cottages with double coach-houses*;" but none more dangerous than the self-gratifying disclosure of weaknesses to which certain *confessors* are so prone. Now this vanity and this pride are greatly nourished by a fashionable sort of biography, which *stages* the minutest passages of every-day existence,—exhibits the child or the female at their prayers, in their little round of charity, in their diet and attire; and makes the death-bed itself a scene of display.

The age of the great drama was neither a happy nor an innocent age. It was a time of much vice, much folly, and much trouble; but it was also an age of prodigious energy. Everything, good or evil, was on a colossal scale. The strength of will kept equipoise with the vigour of intellect. There were too many to admire themselves and others for potency in ill, not a few who sought and obtained éclat by the inventive extravagance of their absurdities,—but no one valued himself or others for petty amiabilities or amiable weaknesses. It was an age of high principle and of vehement passions, not of complacent sentimentality. Hence the minor and negative virtues, which are all that a poor man in general can *display*, and the trivial accidents which make up the sum of private existence, were suffered to join the vast silence of forgotten moments, without note or comment: and hence, I conclude, that of our greatest dramatic artists little has been told, because there was little to tell; little to gratify the malicious curiosity which fed on corruption; and little which the better sort considered worthy a lasting record,—though doubtless much that exercised the patience and evoked the noblest faculties of the dramatists themselves.

Great part of this *induction* may resemble the *inductions* to some of our old plays, which might suit any play, being appropriate to none; but for lack of better it may serve as an apology for the very brief biographical notices which I can prefix to the present edition of the surviving works of Massinger and of Ford. For these few particulars I am indebted to Mr. Gifford. I am not aware that subsequent inquiry has added anything material to the facts which he has gathered with such

commendable industry and illustrated with so much critical acumen, nor that he has been convicted of any important error. I have not access to those sources from which alone fresh intelligence can be expected, but I believe it has been sought diligently and in vain by more competent persons. Indeed, few authors of equal merit and reputation have been so little noticed by contemporaries, and none so nearly forgotten in succeeding times. Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were always great names; and Fletcher, long after the Restoration, retained a large share of theatrical popularity. But Massinger and Ford were hardly ever acted, and hardly ever read. Even Dr. Johnson does not seem to have been aware that Rowe was beholden to Massinger for the plot of his "Fair Penitent,"—and the Doctor had no such partiality to the Whig Laureate as would induce him to dissemble a fact not very creditable either to the originality or the honesty of Rowe,—who must have strongly assured himself that Massinger was an unknown writer, or he would not have ventured to publish his borrowed play without a hint of acknowledgment. The long disappearance of these excellent works may be partly attributed to the want of collected editions. It does not appear that there was any entire publication of Massinger before Coxeter, or of Ford before Weber\*.

Those who derive pleasure or improvement from the works, will doubtless wish to be better acquainted with the men,—would have rejoiced if they had left us some touching or cheerful recollections

\* I never saw "Coxeter's Massinger," nor collated Monk Mason's, and have therefore neither the right nor the inclination to repeat Gifford's ever-recurrent sarcasms on their imperfections. The services of Mr. Gifford, as an editor of the text, can hardly be overrated: his arrangement of Massinger's verse, places him on a level with Person as a master of the *res metrica*; his antiquarian illustrations are curious and learned, without any of that *Etalage* of obscure reading, which swells so many editions to an elephantiasis; and if he partook a little of his favourite Ben's acerbity of temper, much should be forgiven to a man who, I believe, had no real malice against any human being, who was neglected and maltreated at the period of life which should store up happy feelings to serve for the remainder; and who declared, in the hearing of Mr. Southey, that he never had a day of joyous health. Still, as Lord Byron, or his annotator, has well observed, it is unpleasant to take any man's prejudice for a travelling companion, be it through a country, or through a book. How can we expect forbearance, or tolerance, in disputes of politics or religion, when a disputed reading of an old play is capable of agitating the bile so furiously?

Rowe, it is said, formed the plan of an edition of Massinger, but abandoned it for reasons best known to himself. That which bears the name of Coxeter, was first published in 1769, twelve years after his death, by a bookseller of the name of Dell. Coxeter, from the account of Sir Egerton Brydges, in his additions to the "*Theatrum Poetarum*," appears to have been a man of fortune, a diligent collector of old plays, and the first projector of Dodaley's collection. In preparing his Massinger he availed himself of some MS. notes of Oldys, which, if the statement of the antiquary be correct, he did not come out honourably by. As he did not live to complete his design, the absence of acknowledgment should not be laid at his door. "When I left London," says Oldys, "in the year 1724, to reside in Yorkshire, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, amongst many other books, a copy of 'Langbaine,' in which I had written several notes and references to further the knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London in 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed, and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my 'Langbaine' of a bookseller, as he was a great collector of old plays and poetical books. This must have been of great service to him, and *he has kept it so carefully from my sight that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing the notes I had collected in that.* Whether I had entered any remarks on Massinger, I remember not, but he had communications from me concerning him, when he was undertaking to give us a new edition of his plays, which is not published yet." This might be legal, but was hardly the part of a gentleman. I remember to have heard one that is with God, compare a plagiarist from MSS. to a certain parasite that fastens to the roots of plants, and deprives them of their due nurture, while none can see the cause of their inanition.

In 1761, a reprint of Coxeter's Massinger appeared, under the auspices of Thomas Davies, the biographer of Garrick, and memorialist of the stage, whose *pretty wife* has been very impudently mentioned by Churchill. This edition was accompanied by an Essay on the old English Dramatic Writers, by the elder Colman, addressed to Garrick. It was called "very correct," by Bishop Percy, perhaps out of pure good nature. "Monk Mason's," as Mr. Gifford says, "is little more than a servile copy of it, with all its errors."

As for Weber, to the exposure of whose blunders Mr. Gifford has devoted no less than one hundred caustic pages (a better method than obtruding the vituperation at the foot of every page), he was an unfortunate German, whose name must be familiar to all readers of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," on account of the wonderful presence of mind displayed by Sir Walter in controlling his mania. It was certainly a presumptuous undertaking of a foreigner, not critically acquainted with our language, to become the editor of our ancient writers, and rather odd that any bookseller should select him for the purpose. But the offence is hardly worthy of a castigation severe enough for a wilful corrupter of holy writ. Poor fellow! he is gone. *Requiescat in pace.*

of themselves,—if some relative or well-acquainted friend had done for them what so many sons, wives, and executors, have done for persons, it may be, less likely to be remembered a century hence. We would gladly overlook them at their desks, accompany them in their suburban walks, be made confidants of their loves and partakers of their friendship, have joined them with their great compeers and jovial comrades at their evening recreations, have known what manner of men they appeared to those who saw them in the body and heard them converse in plain prose like men of this world. Above all, we would fain be enabled to trace the progress of their minds, the education of their genius, the sources of their knowledge, the action of circumstance, the working of the spirit of their age, and of its wonderful proceedings on their moral and intellectual constitution. But our curiosity will never be gratified; and we ought gratefully to remember that we possess a large and noble sample of so much of their complex being as is capable of an earthly permanence: for intellect alone can put on a shape of earthly immortality, and become an everlasting and irrefragable witness of its own reality. Neither poets, nor painters, nor sculptors, nor even historians, can erect living monuments to any but themselves. The exactest copy of the fairest face, or the loveliest soul, becomes in a few years a mere ideal, only commendable as it expresses universal beauty or absolute goodness. Only the painter's or the poet's art is really perpetuated. All—but the mind—either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages. Beauty, ever fleeting and continually renewed, does its work, then drops like the petals of the blossom when the fruit is set. Valour and power may gain a lasting memory, but where are they when the brave and the mighty are departed? Their effects may remain, but they live not in them any more than the fire in the work of the potter. Piety has a real substantial immortality in heaven; its life is laid up with God,—but on earth its record is but a tale that is told. But intellect really exists in its products; its kingdom is here. The beauty of the picture is an abiding concrete of the painter's vision. The Venus, the Apollo, the Laocoon, are not mere matter of history. The genius of Homer does not rest, like his disputed personal identity, on dubious testimony. It is, and will be, while the planet lasts. The body of Newton is in the grave,—his soul with his Father above; but his mind is with us still. Hence may we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth,—its rightful subordination to the Grace that is of Heaven.

PHILIP MASSINGER, the son of Arthur Massinger by a mother whose name is unknown, was born sometime in the year 1584. It does not appear that his register has been discovered; but most probably his native place was at or near Wilton, the magnificent seat of the Earls of Pembroke, to which illustrious family his father was a confidential retainer. To this fact we have the express testimony of the poet himself, in his dedication of "The Bondman," to Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery: "However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your Lordship, yet a desire to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts descended to me from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it, leaving *his* to be ever most glad and ready to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your Lordship's most noble father."

We are not certified of the situation which Arthur held in the noble household, but we may be sure that it was neither menial nor mean. Service in those days was not derogatory to gentle birth. The highest characters in the state had been pages, and learned from their attendance on noble ladies no little of their chivalrous gentleness, their duteous phrase, and enthusiastic loyalty. It was no more disgrace to knight or statesman to have been a page, than to a lord mayor to have been an apprentice; and as the first municipal magistrate would never blush to acknowledge that he had closed his master's shutters, so would not a Raleigh or a Walsingham have thought shame to be reminded that they had sometime held a lady's train. And yet pages were subject to a discipline at which apprentices now-a-days would revolt; but then under-graduates were not exempt from the like:—

"Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,  
And now sworn servant to the pantoffle,  
And darest thou dream of marriage?" *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act I.

So saith Welborn in his rags to young Allworth in his page's gay attire, manifestly reflecting on his youth alone, and not on his rank, which was more than respectable. Perhaps Massinger had some occurrence in the family of Pembroke in his recollection while writing the passage.

This is a state of things that never can be reinstated. But it was good in its day, and tended to give to servitude and subordination, through all degrees, a dignity and self-respect highly favourable to good government and to rightful liberty. Too many at present regard service with feelings only proper to a land of slaves. No reciprocal duty, no natural or religious bond, is acknowledged on either side: and it needs must be, that the lowly will consider that as an insult which their superiors regard as a calamity or a stain. The senatorial rank of the bishop "gentles the condition" of the poorest curate whose life is becoming of his function; the youngest ensign in a marching regiment is exalted by belonging to the profession of the Duke of Wellington. In a well-ordered state,—a state of graduated dependence and universal interdependence,—honour should flow, like the precious ointment, from the head to the skirts of the garment.

But we have more direct evidence of the high estimation in which Arthur Massinger stood with his noble master, from the important mission wherewith he was intrusted. In the Sidney letters, vol. ii. p. 933, we may read,—“Master Massinger is newly come down from the Earl of Pembroke, with letters to the queen for his lordship's leave to be away from this St. George's day.” The bearer of such a request to so punctilious a lady as Queen Elizabeth, must at least have been a gentleman.

Of the family of Herbert\*, with which the Massingers were thus honourably connected, there are

\* The origin of this family was Welsh. Sir William Ap Thomas of Ragland Castle was knighted for his services in the French wars by Henry V., a monarch whose affection for his native principality has been immortalized by Shakespeare, doubtless on chronicle authority: though the praises of Cambria could not be unacceptable to the Tudors, whose reputed descent from King Arthur commended their dynasty even to their Sassenach subjects, many of whom were devout believers in the prophecies of Merlin, and perhaps imagined in the accession of Henry VII. the promised reusuciation of the hero of the Round Table. Shakespeare, moreover, who passed many happy days in Wales, was evidently well inclined towards Welshmen, as the pleasant humours of Sir Hugh Evans and of Captain Fluellen, the most amiable of all his ludicrous characters, sufficiently testify. The posterity of Ap Thomas, probably from some intermarriage, took the name of Herbert. William Herbert, whom Isaac Walton calls the “Memorable,” was created Earl of Pembroke by Edward IV. 1469. The peerage expired in his son Richard, whose daughter married Charles Somerset, first Earl of Worcester. Ragland Castle must have gone with her, for it was a Somerset and a Worcester who defended that fortress, the last that held out in the King's cause, with such heroic loyalty. From Ewys, a natural son of William the first Earl of Pembroke, came Sir William, in whom the peerage was restored. “He was in 1532 commissioned to view the fortifications of Berwick; and on the 17th of February, 1552-3, he rode into London to his mansion of Baynard Castle with three hundred horse in his retinue, of which one hundred of them were gentlemen in plain blue cloth with chains of gold and badges of a dragon on their sleeves.” Debrett, to whom I owe what little of heraldic lore I possess, has not told us from what chronicler he borrows this piece of history, but it smacks of old Stowe, and is curiously illustrative of the manners of that time. It may be as well to observe that a wivern *vert* is the Pembroke crest. Earl William married Anne, daughter of Lord Parr of Kendal, and sister to Queen Catherine Parr, by whom he had issue two sons. The elder, Henry, the patron of Arthur Massinger, succeeded his father as Earl of Pembroke, and sat on the trials of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, 1571, and on that of Mary, 1586. He was thrice married. His third wife was the sister of Sir Phillip Sidney, to whose request we owe the *Arcadia*, which wears her name as a favour; on whom Ben Jonson wrote the famous epitaph—

“Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death, ere thou hast slain another  
Learned, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

An epitaph, which though happily turned, is too hyperbolical, too clever, and too conceited to be inscribed on a Christian's tomb. The sweet and brotherly dedication to the *Arcadia* does this great lady far more honour than Jonson's *tomb epigram*. Of all the writers of that true age of chivalrous courtship, Daniel best knew how to address himself to female greatness. He was in earnest, and could do honour to the rank without adulation; to the sex, without usurping the language either of love or of devotion. His epistles to the Countess of Cumberland, to the Countess of Bedford, and to the Lady Anne Clifford (whose preceptor he was) are among the finest moral poems in the world. His dedication of *Cleopatra* to the Countess of Pembroke is not so good. The most interesting part of it is the stanza

many panegyrics, but none more pithy and valuable than that of good Izaak Walton, who might well be the most delightful of biographers; for who, with such affluence of information, had lives of such Christian excellence to record? Speaking of George, who sanctified the name and pedigree, he says,

wherein he laments the narrow range of the English tongue, which deprived our poetry of the European fame of the classic and Italian bards:

"Oh that the ocean did not bound our style,  
Within these strict and narrow limits so,  
But that the melody of our sweet lile  
Might now be heard to Tiber, Arne, and Po,  
That they may know how far Thames doth outgo  
The music of declined Italy."

The complaint long continued just. Voltaire maliciously inquires, whether Shakspeare was ever heard of out of England. Boileau, upon reading Addison's Latin verses, affected surprise that an Englishman could be a poet, and guessed that there might be something worth looking at in our whistling vernacular, which Charles V. was for talking to the birds. Bayle knew nothing of Milton but that he was the opponent of Salmasius and Morus; and Quadrio, a voluminous Jesuit, who wrote a huge work, "*Della storia e dell'ragione d'ogni poesia*," which Mr. D'Israeli, to whom I am indebted for my knowledge of the worthy Father's name, has toiled through, at the commencement of his labours knew of no English poets but John Gower, Arthur Kelton, flourishing 1548, (John Skelton?) and William Wycherly. Not till his fourth volume had he discovered the existence of Shakspeare; and in his fifth he speaks of "Il celebre Benjanson," and his comedies of "Bartolomeo Foloere" and "Ipsum Veets," which latter Mr. Douce conjectured to be Shadwell's "Epsom Wells." Upon Milton he is a little better informed, for he says that he spoke of Christ like an Arian. To make amends, however, for his slight notices of our literature, evidently derived partly from Voltaire and partly from the mouth of some illiterate English tourist, he compliments us on a great improvement in the mechanism of puppet-shows!!! Mr. D'Israeli ascribes this continental neglect of our writers to our own neglect of bibliography, which left foreigners without a guide in their researches. Bibliographers are very useful to those who like to talk of books they never saw; but I rather suspect that the long-continued *insulation* of our literature is to be ascribed mainly to the unnatural coxcombry of our *polite* travellers, who affected to depreciate their mother tongue, and babble in vile French and worse Italian about the superior beauties of southern idioms. Something must also be attributed to the real difficulty of our language, and its harshness to unaccustomed ears; something also to national and religious prejudice. Many of our books could not safely be read in Spain or Italy: the best of them were in open rebellion against the French Academy; and Germany was not yet a literary region. At all events the case is far different at present. Shakspeare is even a greater name in Germany than in our own land. I have seen Retsch's illustrations of "Hamlet," "Maobeth," &c. with explanatory quotations in German, French, and Italian. Our popular novels are even translated into Spanish. "Tom Jones" indeed has long been a favourite in Spain. It may be remarked, that the most intensely national works acquire the widest reputation. Hogarth is as well known and as much admired in Germany as in England, and yet he is John Bull all over. The Scotch novels were published in French and German as soon as they appeared in Edinburgh. The fancy and imagination of Britain are leavening the whole mind of Europe; and in the commerce of letters, we are no longer, as heretofore, an exclusively importing nation.

*Revenons à nos moutons.* The Countess of Pembroke was herself a poetess and a dramatist, but I cannot pretend to have seen any of her productions, therefore cannot decide how far they justify the commendations of Daniel, who is more complimentary than usual in their behalf. It appears that she versified some portions of the Psalms, for thus sings her eulogist:—

"Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to heaven,  
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,  
Unto thy voyage eternity hath given,  
And makes thee dear to him from whence they came."

If so, it is a pity they are not authorised to be sung in churches, for the present versions are a disgrace and a mischief to the establishment. By nothing have the Dissenters made more way than by their evangelical hymns and congregational psalmody. The countess's tragedy is called "Antony," and is a translation from Robert Garnier, an early French dramatist, whose plays have been skilfully analysed, with admirably translated specimens, by the best of translators, the Rev. H. Cary. Mr. Collier, in his "History of Dramatic Poetry," has given a short sample of her ladyship's blank verse, which is as heavy and monotonous as blank verse translation of rhyme generally is, from preserving the pattern and cadence of the original—a fault which even Cary, in his excellent "Dante," has not always avoided. Now and then you may detect the outline of the *terza rima*. French plays should assuredly be translated into couplet measure. The countess survived her husband twenty years—happy as the praises of grateful poets could make her—happy in the fair reputation, and it is to be hoped in the dutious attendance, of her elder son—and happy in dying too soon to see her younger offspring

Hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all his ancestors.

"The place of his birth was near the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county. That castle was then a place of strength and state, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it, and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours; a family that hath been blessed with remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind,—for which they were eminent. But, alas! this family did in the late Rebellion suffer extremely in their estates, and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth which was too good to cover those wretches that were the cause of it."

What a gentleman was Izaak, though he commenced business in a shop wherein two men had not room to turn themselves! He chooses to forget entirely that the meanest, if not the worst, of those "wretches whom the earth was too good to cover," the very man who was appointed to convey to his royal benefactor that insolent demand which went to strip him of all his prerogative, and so far provoked King Charles out of his usually guarded speech, that he answered him with, "No, Phil—BY GOD,—not for an hour," and who actually renounced his rank to sit in a kingless Parliament, was the head of the family of Pembroke. This is true gentility.

Of the childhood and boyhood of Massinger no record remains. It has been said, indeed, that he was brought up in the family of his father's patron; but if so, how comes it that in 1624, when his "Bondman" was first printed, he "had never arrived at the happiness to be made known" to Philip of Montgomery? He must needs have known him as a boy, and was not likely to have forgotten the circumstance in his dedication. I do not, however, recollect where Philip spent his tender years. He certainly was a courtier in his teens. Could it indeed be proved that the child Massinger wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia*; that his young eyes gazed upon those panels whereon the story of Mopsa and Dorcas, and Musidorus and Philoclea, were limned in antique tracery; that he was dandled in his babyhood by the fair Countess of the *Arcadia*, and shared the parting kiss of Sir Philip when he set forth for those wars from which he was never to return,—with what accumulated interest should we read his dramas, several of which display an intimacy

Though so well renowned for cherishing the muses, it does not appear that she bestowed either bounty or countenance on the son of her husband's old and faithful servant; a fact which, combined with the apparent neglect of so distinguished a Mæcenæ as her son, makes it too probable that Massinger had offended the family by quitting his studies; possibly slighting the preferment to which their favour would have conducted him. Henry, the second earl of the second creation, died in 1601, and was succeeded by his son William, who was governor of Portsmouth and chancellor of Oxford; an honour he seems to have well deserved, since honest Antony Wood says of him, "that he was not only a great patronizer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical *geny*, as by those amorous and poetical airs and poems of his composition doth evidently appear, some of which had musical notes set to them by Henry Lawes and Nich. Lancaire." It is not often that Antony smiles upon anything "amorous and poetical;" he seems to have had as indifferent an opinion of poetry as Locke or Jeremy Bentham: but perhaps he thought it, like hunting or hawking, a gentlemanly recreation, in which a nobleman might be allowed to indulge. At the period when Antony's opinions were fashioned, not only poetry, but philology in general, was considered as little better than a showy accomplishment, a fringe of learning, that might adorn, but could not clothe or arm the inner man—such at least was the judgment of the universities; at present the tendency is too much the other way. But Pembroke had other panegyrist than the old Jacobite antiquarian of Merton; half Lincoln fens were employed in his praise, and Mr. Campbell supposes that he was the mysterious subject of Shakspeare's sonnets, an hypothesis to which I can by no means accede. No doubt, however, he was a patron of the drama, and probably of its greatest author, for he was joined with his brother Philip in the dedication to the folio of 1623. As he is nowise connected with the known history of Massinger, we need say no more of him than that he died in 1630, leaving no issue, although, upon Mr. Campbell's supposition, he had been passionately exhorted not to

"—bear his beauties to the grave  
And leave the world no copy."

He was succeeded by his brother Philip, already created Earl of Montgomery, from whom the titles have descended together to the present time. I cannot conclude this overgrown note without suggesting the possibility that among the family papers of the Herberts something might be discovered to throw light on the early history of Massinger, and to account for his apparent alienation from a house of which he was in some sort a member. But perhaps the search has already been made in vain.



with the details of noble housekeeping, not likely to have been acquired in the latter periods of the poet's existence! Is it not possible that Sir Philip may have been his godfather, and given him his name? The conjecture is in strict accordance with the manners of that age, and almost derives a plausibility from the sequel of Massinger's fortune. It is a common trick of Fate to flatter the infancy of those whose manhood is written in her black book.

"At thy birth, dear boy!  
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great;  
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, oh!  
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee!"

*King John, Act III. Scene 1.*

Many a dawn of golden beauty harbingers a day of troubled dimness: many a one has smiled in the cradle on the fair, the great, the good, and the wise, whose death-bed was without a comfort or a comforter.

But enough of these speculations. Juvenile biography was little in vogue in the days of Elizabeth and James, (though the sayings and doings of some few distinguished children, as Sir Philip Sidney, and Henry Prince of Wales, have been fondly recorded.) It is not, therefore, to be wondered, that the boyish days of Massinger present a blank, upon which it were easy to write a multitude of possibilities. For instance, we know that there was a company of actors, calling themselves the Earl of Pembroke's players. We know that theatrical companies were often itinerant, and used to be entertained and employed at the country mansions of the nobility; that the female parts always, and sometimes the whole plays, were performed by boys. It is possible enough that Massinger may have seen the earl's players in his boyhood; it is possible that he may have worn petticoats among them, as Achilles did at Scyros, and so may have acquired an early hankering after the stage. Both biographies and histories of formidable length have been constructed out of such possibilities, and put forth with all the confidence of eye-witness, sometimes to the subversion of all recorded testimony. But I dare not be thus dogmatically hypothetical. Facts are not to be deduced from premises, like conclusions in mood and figure.

Somewhere or other Massinger obtained a classical education. That his works evince. He was probably acquainted with the French and Italian, perhaps with the Spanish language, then a point of fashion: but these might be the acquisitions of his riper years. He seems to have read some of the Fathers, and to have dipped into theology and moral philosophy. But his learning is no way scholastic or profound: it is that of a reader, rather than of a student. His classical allusions are frequent, but not like those of Ben Jonson, recondite, nor like those of Shakspeare and of Milton, amalgamated and consubstantiated with his native thought. They float, like drops of oil on water, on the surface of his style, and have too much the air of quotations. What erudition he possessed he was not shy of displaying; no more was Shakspeare: Jonson was not a whit more of a pedant than his contemporaries; he showed more reading, because he had more to show.

Massinger, whoever was his schoolmaster, entered a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, May 14th, 1602. I give this date on the authority of Mr. Gifford, who says that he had the memorandum of his matriculation before him, wherein he is styled the son of a gentleman: "*Philip Massinger Sariaburiensis, Generosi filius.*" Yet Antony Wood places his entrance in 1601. Davies fails in his attempt to account for the discrepancy, by the change of Style. But Antony was not writing on oath, and was not likely to take the pains of accurate reference about a man who was only a poet,—a race for whom he had as little respect as for womankind. He differs from Langbaine on a point of rather more importance. Langbaine believes that he was supported by his father, and that he stuck closely to his studies. Wood asserts that his exhibition was from the Earl of Pembroke, and "*that he gave his mind more to poetry and romance for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronised to that end.*" Undoubtedly he ought, if he could. It would have been better for him if he had. He might have obtained a fellowship, and become, like Antony, a great antiquarian, though I think it more likely that he would have turned out a passionate puritan divine. But whatever were the cause, he quitted the

university abruptly, and without a degree; whether in consequence of his father's death, (the date of which is uncertain,) or of the failure of remittances from other quarters, or, which is most probable, from impatience of academic restraint, (the more irksome, as at the time of his entrance, he considerably exceeded the average years of an under-graduate of that time, when under-graduates were subject to a discipline only calculated for the *lowest form*,) or an eagerness to follow the bent of his genius, and the steps of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, no doubt, in his esteem, the greatest and happiest of men. We cannot conceive, with Davies, that his lack of logic made the terrors of an examination too awful for his nerves. He has never been accused of any criminal irregularity. *He*, at least, was not a deer-stealer, nor a libeller of the landed aristocracy. Wood only charges him with his addiction to poetry and romance. But it is very probable his father's death bereft him of the heart and hope of his academical studies; for it does not appear that he had brother or sister to rejoice in his success, or reprove his indiscretion. If any conception of his character may be formed from his plays, he had a strong and independent spirit, ill calculated to brook or retain the favour or surveillance of patronizing superiors. There is too much likelihood that he gave some offence to the Herberts, or he would hardly have been overlooked by so generous a friend of genius as earl William. Young men, smit with the passion of liberty, too often seek it where it is never to be found, in a life without regular profession or definite controul.

Gifford conjectures that Massinger had, "during his residence in the university, exchanged the religion of his father for one at that time the object of terror, persecution, and hatred;" and concludes, from the "Virgin Martyr, the Renegado, the Maid of Honour, and from casual intimations scattered over his remaining dramas," that he had attached himself to the Church of Rome. This is very possible, but there is not even circumstantial evidence of the fact. His dramas, like those of his contemporaries in general, were mostly founded on French or Italian novels, or old legends, which it would have been no easy matter to convert to Protestantism, without converting them to irony and satire. His characters are Catholics of the old church, and he makes them speak as such; they are Catholics, superstitious Catholics it may be, but neither Protestants nor Papists. He never brings the old and reformed churches into opposition, as had frequently been done upon the stage, in spite of repeated orders to the contrary. A writer, who lays his scene in a Mahometan country, and makes his characters Mahometans, must be, *pro tempore*, and dramatically, a Mahometan himself. He must speak of Mahomet as a true prophet, acknowledge the divine authenticity of the Koran, and use no ill language of the Houris; yet he may do all this without bringing any just suspicion upon his Christianity, so long as he does not bring Christian and Moslem together, for the purpose of throwing discredit on the former, or setting off the latter to advantage, as Voltaire has done in his "Zaire." Now Massinger has given no such proof of his preferring the proscribed to the established church. He never, that I can discover, alludes *specifically* to the Church of England at all. At any rate, his religious tendencies, whatever they might be, could have little to do with his quitting Oxford, a university always more *Catholic* than *Protestant*, attached to every relic of antique formality, as a faithful widow to the effigies of the husband of her youth, or a too confiding damsel to the tokens of a lover whom she would never have forsaken, if he had not forsaken her. Nothing but an overt act of *Popery* (not likely to have been unknown or unmentioned by Antony Wood) would have endangered Massinger on the banks of Isis. There is nothing in his known works from which we can even conjecture the creed of his conviction, what he did or did not believe. If there ever were any such data, the "Master of the Revels" has intercepted them on their way to posterity. It is impossible to say in what measure he partook of the errors and superstitions which had incrustated Christianity, in the lazy lapse of ages, and which were rejected by the Divines who undertook to restore the Primitive Church. But if it be duly considered, that in his days, the *visible* Church of England was an untrimmed vessel, lurching now towards Rome, and now towards Geneva, it is no wonder if many of the young, the impassioned, the imaginative, inclined towards that form of faith and of worship, which wore at least the semblance of venerable seniority, gave ample room for the fancy and the affections, was inextricably intertwined with the whole tissue of chivalry and romance, hallowed alike the gorgeous ceremony, the austere fast, and the periodic day of rustic merriment—and "was all things to all men," holding out the honours of

apotheosis to the ascetic, and offering an easy absolution to the voluptuous. Contrast with this the saturnine rigour of *Ultra-protestantism*, its utter antipathy, not only to the acted drama, but to all the poetry of life, manners, and nature; consider the indefatigable and undaunted industry of the propagandists of Romanism, then recommended by the prestige of peril, who so well know how much of their system it may be expedient to bring into relief, and what should be discreetly left in shadow, apprised, as by an instinct, whom and how, and when, to attack; and the most zealous Protestant will rather be thankful that all the young genius of Britain was not enlisted under the banner of the Cross Keys, than angry at such as clung to the "decaying sanctities" of olden time\*.

\* Let us examine how far these three plays—"The Virgin Martyr," "The Renegade," and "The Maid of Honour," exhibit "innumerable proofs" that Massinger was a Roman Catholic.

The "Virgin Martyr" is the joint work of Massinger and Decker; and though their several shares in the composition may be discerned with proximate probability, it is not known which of them selected the story, or whether either of them chose it at all. It may be the *risacciamento* of an older play. It may be borrowed from the work of some foreign dramatist, or founded on one of the so called mysteries. I am not well enough read in martyrology to point out the particular legend which suggested the plot; but the tale is made up in great measure of the common-places of the monastic romance, which were as often repeated, as ingeniously varied, and as indispensable, as those of the modern novel. The outline may be sketched as follows:—"In the bloody times of Dioclesian, there lived at Caesarea a noble virgin, named *Dorothea*, fair and rich, and much beloved of *Antoninus*, the Governor's son of Caesarea, who, for her sake, rejected the proffered love of *Artemia*, the Emperor's daughter. But because *Dorothea* was a Christian, and had devoted her virginity to Heaven, and *Antoninus* was an idolater, she would not be wooed of him, or other earthly suitor. And she had a page, named *Angelo*, whom she found at the temple-gate, in likeness of a 'sweet-faced, godly, beggar-boy,' asking an alms, but in truth he was an angel, come to guard her from all evil and temptation, from fear and from pleasure, for the exceeding favour he had to her holiness and her virginity. Now there was in Caesarea a certain *Theophilus*, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, who had for his servant a fiend named *Harpax*, by whose means he was informed of many things that of himself he could not have known, and particularly of the love that young *Antoninus* bore to *Dorothea*, whereof he also did inform the Princess *Artemia*; so, by the contrivance of *Dorothea's* wicked servants, *Theophilus*, with *Sapritius* the Governor, and the Princess, were brought to overlook where *Antoninus* was wooing *Dorothea*, promising her riches and worldly glory, and liberty to worship after her own fashion, if she would consent to be his wife—all which she set at nought for the love of Him to whom she was betrothed in Heaven. Whereat the Princess, seeing that she was lightly esteemed of him to whom she had demeaned herself to solicit his affection, was exceeding wroth, and would have slain both *Antoninus* and *Dorothea*, but that she loved him, and would not give to her the martyrdom which she longed for. Howbeit, *Dorothea* was bereft of all her goods, and shut up in prison; and *Antoninus* given in charge to his father the Governor.

"But when it was heard that the young man had fallen sick, and would not be comforted, the Princess, who was as Emperor's daughter, and of a high and noble spirit, was moved with compassion; and subduing her own desires, gave consent that if *Dorothea* would return and worship the gods of her fathers, she should be wedded unto *Antoninus*. Now, *Theophilus* had two daughters that had heretofore been Christians, but, because they loved the world, and feared their father, and the terror of his torments, had turned back to their idols. These young damsels, *Calista* and *Christeta*, were set on by their father to persuade *Dorothea* to renounce her faith and become even as they were. But *Dorothea* wrestled mightily, and overcame—having *Angelo*, her good angel, ever at her side, so that *Calista* and *Christeta* again forswore the gods of the heathen; and when the time came that they should bring forth *Dorothea* to bow before the image of Jupiter, they cast the image on the ground and spat upon it. Whereupon *Theophilus*, at the instigation of *Harpax*, slew them, and sent back *Dorothea* to be tortured. All this while *Antoninus* continued sick and beside himself, so that his father, hearing him still call out on *Dorothea*, not being willing that he should perish, sent for *Dorothea*, that the young man might have his will on her. But when the young man saw her, and heard her words how good they were, and perceived how excellent a thing is virgin chastity, his heart was changed, and he would not touch her. So *Sapritius*, in his rage, would have given her up to a slave; but the slave being a Briton, would do no such vile deed. Then the Governor would have sent for ten slaves, but he was smitten down by an unseen hand, and one side of his face blasted as with lightning; whereat he was the more hardened; and he and *Theophilus* called *Dorothea* wretch, and hired her wicked servants to torture her; but their arms were withered, so that they could not. Wherefore, because it was thought they did their work slightly, they were sent unto the death, and *Dorothea* was doomed to be beheaded. And when she was brought to the place of suffering, *Antoninus* would go with her, that he might see her for the last time, and die. But when he heard her discourse of Heaven, and the divine joys whereunto she was hastening, then did he desire to go with her. And behold, *Angelo*, in his true shape of an angel, appeared above to *Dorothea* alone, and told her that he had been her page, the beggar-boy, whom she had cherished. Then she made request, that *Antoninus*, for the true love he had borne her, might be converted and his 'love changed to the love of Heaven.' And forthwith he felt a holy fire within, and was changed, and became a Christian. And because *Theophilus*, mocking, had desired to taste the fruit of

Whatever might be Massinger's tenets, his works are strongly tinged with religious feeling. He had manifestly read and thought much on religious subjects, and sometimes ventures upon topics, which might be deemed fitter for the pulpit than the stage. Gifford has highly and justly commended his reverence for holy things, and his abstinence from jocular allusions to Scripture.

Paradise, of which she had spoken, she prayed that some of that fruit might be given to him after she was dead. And then she bowed her neck to the axe, and *Antoninus* fell dead at her feet. And they were both carried by *Angelo* to Heaven. Now, it came to pass, that *Theophilus* was sitting alone, devising new tortures for the Christians; and suddenly there was a great light, and a sound of heavenly music, and a fair-faced boy, which was *Angelo*, entered with a basket of fruit and flowers, the like whereof never grew on earth. And when he tasted the fruit, and found how good it was, and he thought how that it was deep winter, and found that the doors were closed, so that no mortal thing could come in, he remembered the words of *Dorothea*, and believed. And when *Harpax*, the fiend, in his own likeness, mocked and tempted him, he held up a cross made of the flowers of Paradise, and the fiend fled howling; and the angel came and strengthened him. So he gave his signet that all the Christians should be set at liberty, and conveyed away out of the hand of the persecutor. But when the Emperor found that *Theophilus* had become a Christian, he was hardened more and more, and put him to strange torments; *Harpax* also assaulting him. Then did *Dorothea* appear on high, in exceeding glory, with *Antoninus*, *Calista*, and *Christeta*, in white garments, and *Angelo*, after all, holding forth the crown of martyrdom. So *Theophilus*, the persecutor, died a martyr; but the Emperor was hardened still."

I cannot pretend, in this succinct narration, to have rivalled Charles Lamb and his excellent sister in the art of turning drama into narrative. The "Shakespeare Tales" is an unique book, the beauty of which all can perceive who are worth pleasing; but few, who have not tried the like, can appreciate the difficulty, the matchless skill of its execution. Neither am I fully satisfied with my imitation of the antique legendary style. But something like this, I opine, might have been the story on which Massinger and Decker founded the "Virgin Martyr." It is monastic enough in taste and feeling, but has nothing peculiarly popish, or even Romish; nothing that might not have been believed, in what are accounted the orthodox authoritative ages; little that contravenes the positive creed of the strictest Church-of-England man. The possible appearance of good and of evil spirits, guardian angels, and devils in masquerade, is no distinguishing tenet of the church of Rome. The extraordinary worship of virginity, the amorous piety, the yearning, the passionate seeking after martyrdom, not as a duty, but as a merit and an especial mark of favour, originated long before "the supremacy of crafty Rome," and survived, in a considerable portion of the church, long after the separation. They are (to use a word of my revered father's coinage,) rather *patriotic* than popish; those who objected to the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, and disapproved of the monastic constitution, yet held celibacy "a more excellent way." Queen Elizabeth disapproved of married bishops. Jeremy Taylor, himself twice married, is large in praise of single life, as a state vowed and devoted to God. And Donne, so passionate a lover of his wife, in speaking of the Saviour's immaculate conception, calls it "a singular testimony how acceptable to God that state of virginity is;" adding, "He does not dishonour physio that praises health; nor does he dishonour marriage that praises virginity." It should be remembered, however, that Donne had been a Roman Catholic, and change of communion by no means necessarily works a change in taste, sentiment, or feeling. But, on this head, it is impossible to go farther than Tertullian, Ambrose, and Jerome, (who asserts that the pagan sibyls received the gift of divination *in præmium virginitalis*.) Now it would be as absurd to call them papists as protestants. As for the miraculous events of the "Virgin Martyr," some of our soundest Divines allude to legends quite as marvellous, and no better authenticated, with apparent faith. Jeremy Taylor talks of the eleven thousand virgins as if he believed every word about them. The marvellous efficacy ascribed to the cruciform figure is the nearest approach to popery in the "Virgin Martyr." Persons who read the play *orough* for the first time, will be amazed and horrified at the unutterable beastliness which Decker has daubed upon this picture of virgin sanctity. The exhibition of racks, scourging, and beheading, with the poor appliances of Massinger's stage, must have been more ridiculous than terrible; but the superhuman atrocity, obduracy, and blasphemy of the persecutors, of the *Princess Artemia* herself, one might think would make an atheist shudder. Yet, I doubt not, they drew down thunders of applause, and contributed mainly to the great and continued popularity of the piece while the lovely strains of piety, the sweet imaginations realising wildest fancy, which the better genius, the still revisiting *Angelo* of the authors, charmed from their hours of quiet, passed off as heavily as pure poetry generally does in our overgrown theatres.

I have dwelt the longer on the "Virgin Martyr," not because it is a fair sample of Massinger; for though the opening speeches of *Dioclesian* and the captive kings (borrowed freely from Tacitus and Caractacus,) have much dignity, his part of the play is not in general above *good middling*, (to use the language of the trade quotations); but because it is the most remarkable exemplification of the taste of our play-going ancestors with which I am acquainted, and should be carefully perused by all people who exclaim against the *degenerate* taste of the moderns.

The "Renegade" must be despatched more briefly. Perhaps, the success of the conversion scene, in the "Virgin," induced Massinger, who, unlike Shakespeare, was apt to repeat himself, to try the effect of another. I shall not forestall the reader's curiosity by an abstract of the plot, which is amazingly complicated, nobly careless of the possible, but yet so vivid, so full of action, and so strongly drawn, that, with all its absurdities, it never perplexes, or leaves you in doubt

But I doubt whether the simple perversion of words found in the Bible to a ludicrous sense, however offensive to taste and decorum, would so much shock a modern hearer, as solemn appeals to Heaven, and discourses on the most awful mysteries, uttered by a painted player, or a boy in petticoats, upon a stage but just vacated by a buffoon or ribald rake. This incongruous mixture,

where the actors are or what they are about. But this lucidness of business, this clearly defined procession of incidents, is a common merit of all our elder dramatists, strongly contrasted with the confusion, perplexity, and inconsequence, occasionally to be found in the narrative poems and tales of the latter days. To our present purpose: it is decidedly Italian, and decidedly popish. There is a noble maiden abducted by a renegade pirate from Venice to Tunis, and sold to *Asambeg*, the viceroy, whose attempts upon her chastity are frustrated by the virtue of a relic which she always carries about her.—Her brother, *Vitelli*, who comes to seek her in the disguise of a merchant, sets up a shop in the bazaar, and puffs off his wares in a very English fashion.—His servant, *Gazel*, the clown, (rather more entertaining than the generality of Massinger's low characters).—The renegade, *Grimaldi*, a Venetian profligate, who has snatched the host out of the priest's hand at the moment of consecration; turned corsair in the Viceroy's service; bullies and blasphemes in the first act, falls into disgrace with the Viceroy, is stripped of all his plunder, sinks into despair, consigns himself to eternal perdition rather too learnedly, is converted by a Jesuit, (the same from whom he tore the consecrated element) by a pious fraud: becomes, after his melancholy, "a good and honest man," and finally aids the escape of the Christian captives; an instance of reformation unparalleled till the days of Count Fathom. Hardy Vaax turning preacher in Australia is nothing to it.—*Father Francisco*, the Jesuit, whose power of conversion is nothing short of miraculous. Massinger must have been a bold man, or confident of protection in some quarter, to represent in such fair colours, (for the character is beautiful in the detail) an order abhorred and dreaded like witchcraft.—*Asambeg*, the tyrant lover of *Paulina*, (not quite so bad as zeal could wish a Turk to be). The *Princess Donusa*—niece to *Sultan Amurath*, who falls in love with *Vitelli* at the Bazaar—has him smuggled into her palace, where, at first, he is desperately afraid, then desperately virtuous,—rather too innocent indeed for a full-grown Venetian—but, in the course of some twenty lines, all that a woman of *Donusa's* stamp could wish. A short conversation with *Francisco* convinces him of the enormity of the sin in which he was glorying; and when he is introduced a second time to his expectant mistress, he sets forth the horrors of her crime, and the depth of her degradation, with a fervour of indignant eloquence in which Massinger, always greatest when most moral, almost exceeds himself. Still it is not language that a youth could or should use to a woman in whose fall he had been participant. Like a hundred similar passages in the old plays, and old sermons too, it proves the co-existence of the austere *theoretical* chastity, with a total absence of that sensitive modesty, that instinctive shrinking from "every appearance of evil," which we suppose at once the sign and amulet of purity. This is very popish, and very *patristic*, and very puritanical; an inevitable consequence of auricular confession, that worst of popish abuses, and hardly less incident to the self-examination and *comparing of experiences* recommended by certain sectaries. Γυῖθ *καυρῖ* does not always descend from Heaven. We may be too well acquainted with ourselves. But to return. *Vitelli's* lecture is cut short by the entrance of the *Capiaga*, *Aga*, and *Janizaries*, shortly followed by *Asambeg* and *Mustapha*, Basha of Aleppo, the princess' suitor, (who has discovered her incontinence from one of her waiting-women,) and, in company with the Viceroy, has been lying perdu, to obtain evidence of the fact. *Vitelli*, of course, is carried off to prison, and *Donusa* committed to custody, to await the sultan's sentence. That sentence is death, reparable on condition that she convert her paramour to Islam, and marry him. This she joyfully consents to, notwithstanding the contemptuous rebukes of *Mustapha* and *Asambeg*, whom she has been lecturing very unanswerably on their enormous indulgence of the vice, one single case of which condemns a woman beyond earthly redemption. She is introduced into the prison. A scene of controversy follows. *Donusa* sets forth, in admirable language, the hard yoke of Christianity, and the boundless licence of Mahometism; and concludes with an argument taken in part from *Minucius Felix*, (as *Gifford* informs me) which Pagans have used against Christians, Romanists against Protestants, which Mussulmen might have used as plausibly against both, however its force be abated in the present condition of the Turkish and most other Mahometan empires.

Be wise, and weigh

The prosperous success of things; if blessings  
Are donatives from Heaven, (which, you must grant,  
Were blasphemy to question,) and that  
They are call'd down and pour'd on such as be  
Most gracious with the great disposer of them,  
Look on our flourishing empire, if the splendour  
The majesty and glory of it dim not  
Your feeble sight, and then turn back and see  
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant  
Rent in as many factions and opinions  
As you have petty kingdoms.

I have heard Protestants reason in the same way, not distinguishing between what makes a nation great, and what

derived from the old miracle-plays and moralities, is far more frequent in Massinger than could be wished. Even were his scenes entirely purged of their licence and scurrility, there would still remain an insuperable objection to prayers not meant to be prayed, but acted; and preaching, which however serious or tragic, could hardly be in earnest. Some people complain of the want of

makes a people happy. But let that pass. *Vitelli* replies in a fashion I should hardly recommend a missionary to follow. Without answering any of *Donusa's* arguments, or advancing one in favour of Christianity, without even explaining what Christianity is, he falls to abusing, first the lady, and then Mahomet, of whose doctrines it would seem that Massinger knew nothing, but the veracious story of the pigeon. He makes *Vitelli* accuse *Donusa* of bringing her "juggling prophet" in comparison with

That most unaccountable and infinite Essence  
That made us all and comprehends his work.

Now *Donusa* had done no such thing, and if she had, she would have been a heretic to her own creed, which is most strictly unitarian, or rather monotheistic, and lays to the charge of Christianity the giving to the All-One a son and an equal. However, *Vitelli* prevails by a question, which, well pronounced, might have its weight on the stage.

Can there be strength in that  
Religion that suffers us to tremble  
At that which every day, nay hour, we haste to?

*Donusa* replies, "This is unanswerable," and so it would be, if none but Christians dared to die, or if no Christian feared death. But is not this a singular conversion, sudden as ever took place at a revival or camp meeting, and effected without allusion to any single doctrine, name, or duty, but what Christians and Moslem hold in common reverence? I cannot but suspect that the Master of the Revels, who always seems to have done his work by halves, as piddlingly as the Editor of the "Family Dramatists," has been meddling here. Perhaps what he expunged would have placed the question of Massinger's religion out of all doubt. It may be remarked that *Dorothea* advances nothing in proof of her own faith, except obloquy against Jupiter, Venus, &c. But now we come upon ticklish ground indeed. *Donusa*, professing herself Christian, and therefore ready to die with *Vitelli*, must be baptized. *Francisco*, for some unexplained reason, cannot have access. *Vitelli* asks him, whether, as a layman, he may lawfully perform that office.

*Francisco.* A question in itself with much ease answered.  
Midwives upon necessity perform it;  
And knights that in the Holy Land fought for  
The freedom of Jerusalem, when full  
Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmets  
The fount out of which with their holy hands  
They drew that heavenly liquor; 'twas approved then  
By the holy Church, nor must I think it now  
In you a work less pious.

A few scenes further, the baptism is actually performed on the stage; at least, if simple aspersion suffice for that sacrament, for no form of words is employed. Perhaps the actor was directed to supply the omission by some indistinct muttering. Massinger plainly asserts baptismal regeneration—

The clearness of this is a perfect sign  
Of innocence: and as this washes off  
Stains and pollutions from the things we wear,  
Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power  
To purge those spots that cleave upon the mind,  
If thankfully received.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Donusa.* I am another woman;—till this minute  
I never lived, nor durst think how to die.  
How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,  
By this blest means, I feel the films of error  
Ta'en from my soul's eyes.

I do not think this can be orthodox Catholicism, either at Rome or anywhere else; but that it should have been presented on an English stage, when the stage itself was so sore a stumbling-block to the most popular party, and when the touching matter of religion or state was so strictly and repeatedly forbidden, is one of the strangest facts in dramatic history. Surely Sir Henry Herbert must have been weary with his expurgations, and fallen asleep over the MS. The validity of lay-baptism—a disputed point among Protestants—is allowed by the Church of Rome in extreme cases—a curious exception to her general system of hierarchy. But what a question to moot in a theatre! I conjecture

religion in plays; I complain of its superabundance. In palliation, however, of what cannot be justified, let it be remembered, that our ancestors, both before, and for some time after our secession from the Roman church, were upon much more familiar terms with their religion than we are wont to be with ours. It was not "of their lives a thing apart," the employment of a sabbath, of a morning and evening hour, demanding a remotion from all but itself: it mingled with everything, their labours, their bargains, their courtship, their daily business, and evening leisure, and was not frowned away (like the Chaplain, of the Spectator's day, at the drawing of the cloth) from their mummings, and Whitsun ales. Every period of relaxation was a feast of the church, and those who abolished the religious ceremonies, were not always able to abolish the eating, drinking, and merry-making. Whether the change be for the better, this is no place to discuss; but I assure such pious persons

that it was much agitated about the time when the "Renegado" was first produced (early in 1634); that some of Massinger's patrons were deeply interested in it; and that the theatres were chiefly patronised by Romanists and semi-Romanists. In fine, the "Renegado" is a monkish story, dramatised with the faith of the imagination; whether with the faith of the heart, I leave to the reader's decision.

The "Maid of Honour," though the scene be partly laid in Sicily—which was, indeed, long a Spanish dependency—looks liker a Spanish than an Italian story. It were well worth the while of a gentleman littérateur, who had leisure to search out, and wealth to purchase; literary rarities, to examine the numerous collections of French, Spanish, and Italian fictions, and half-fictitious histories, for the sources of Massinger's plots. But Gifford supposes that many of the loose pamphlets, to which the dramatists were more immediately indebted, lying heaps upon heaps in the vaults below St. Paul's, perished in the fire of London—a manifest judgment, as some will say, for such abuse of consecrated excavations: not worse, however, than making a Bond-street of Paul's Walk, as was usual with our ancestors, and not much worse than making the holy edifice itself an expensive show. From whatever quarter derived, the "Maid of Honour" is, in its conception, chivalric, though injudiciously overlaid, in the first acts, with English politics. Its religion is the religion of knighthood and *la belle science*, not of the cloister nor the Vatican. Except that the heroine turns nun, it furnishes no proof of Massinger's recusancy. One fine passage, indeed, proves, if anything, that he was not a papist:—

*Camilo.* Religion bars our entrance; you are, sir,  
A Knight of Malta, by your order bound  
To a single life; you cannot marry me:  
And I assure myself, you are too noble  
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,  
In a base path.

*Bertoldo.* A dispensation, lady,  
Will easily absolve me

*Camilo.* O, take heed, sir—  
When what is vow'd to Heaven is dispensed with,  
To serve our private ends, a curse must follow,  
And not a blessing.

*Act I. Scene 2.*

Now here is a plain denial of the Pope's prerogative. Dispensations were among the most profitable ways and means of the Roman court. Queen Henrietta herself, not waiting for a dispensation for her marriage with a heretic prince, was doomed by the priests to rigorous penance, and was even compelled to walk barefoot to Tyburn; "where, under the gallows where so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James, she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints, who had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause." Mr. D'Israeli, to whom I owe my acquaintance with this and many other almost incredible anecdotes, says there is a very rare print which has commemorated the circumstance. *Curiosities*, 297. But is the rare print the sole authority for the fact? A most extraordinary secret history of the late English reigns might be compiled out of the *rare* prints of Gilray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, &c.

But it is high time to conclude this long inquiry, from which, after all, nothing can be concluded, but that Massinger had no abhorrence of the ceremonies, institutions, or devotional affections, of the unreformed church. He probably went as near Rome as his reason would permit him; but there is no proof that he ever renounced the English communion: and I am confident that he was no *Papist*, no priest-ridden slave—never believed that any priest or bishop could reverse the immutable laws of right or wrong—dispense with the duties of children and parents, husbands and wives, subjects and rulers—insert or blot a name in the book of life. Superstitious he might be; most men of genius are so in some way or other: but the superstitious of genius are harmless to men of genius, however pernicious when congealed to dogmata by the sunless atmosphere of vulgar souls. Fanatic or bigot, Massinger was not.

acquainted with our ancient manners, imagine a superior sanctity, a more awful regard to times, and things, and words, in the days that are gone, that it is even as I have stated it. tion it merely to account for an apparent inconsistency in Massinger.

Massinger must have quitted Oxford about 1606. Antony Wood says, that "being sufficiently for several specimens of wit, he betook himself to writing plays." None of these early famed *ens of wit* are extant; nor is the precise period of his commencing dramatist ascertained. It is, indeed, a passage in the "Old Law," a play in which he is supposed to have had a share, might seem to carry back the date of his authorship to 1599, when he was only in his 15th year. The "Law," on which the play turns, enacted that all men in the dominions of Epire, "living in the age of fourscore, and women to the age of threescore, shall the same day be instantly put to death;" and the interest depends on the eagerness of bad sons to be rid of their fathers, bad wives of aged husbands, and tired husbands of their old wives, contrasted with the earnest endeavours of honest stragemoys of the good son Cleanthes to preserve his superannuated sire. Gnotho, the naturally curious concerning the years of his Agatha, desires the clerk to consult the register, which reads as follows:—"Agatha, the daughter of Pollux, born 1540, and now 'tis 1599." Now I think there can be no doubt, that this was the actual year in which the play was first performed. It could be no other reason for so monstrous an anachronism. But though the plot is tragical enough to have been invented by a boy of fifteen, it is utterly improbable that Massinger was named in it so early. If his name is correctly prefixed, it must have been for additions and alterations made at some subsequent period, according to the common practice of that age. Payments for additional scenes, *reformatio*ns, &c. are common in the old theatrical accounts. Thus Ben Jonson was paid of Henslow forty shillings for *writing his additions to Jeronimo*, 25th September, 1601; he 22d June, 1602, 10l. "in earnest of a book called 'Richard Crookback,' and for *new additions to Jeronimo*." In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Mr. Gifford found this item:—"Received on adding a new scene to the 'Virgin Martyr,' this 7th July, 1624, 10s." Shakspeare, doubtless, was first employed to make such *reformatio*ns upon older plays, as we know was the case with the comedy of Errors, "Taming the Shrew," and the 2d and 3d parts of "Henry VI." In the "Old Law" there are some scenes so vastly superior to the rest, that one could hardly wish them to be the work of the same brain. I would fain suppose them to be Massinger's; but Charles Lamb (who is a cold admirer of our author) hath judged otherwise. "There is," says he, "an exquisiteness of sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the probable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike anything in the dramas which Massinger wrote alone. Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate." Those who read Lamb's selections only (not that they are the only beauties) probably agree with his decision. They will not improve their relish by reading the piece throughout. The characters of Eugenia, the would-be widow, and Lysander, her dotard husband, attempt to give his years the lie by capering, drinking down a company of young springalds, and are pitifully disgusting. Mr. Lamb should have informed the readers of his *specimens* that the "Law" is all a trick of the Duke to try the temper of his young subjects, and that the old folks, who are dead, are produced alive and well, in the 5th act. The play was not printed till 1656, and only by some distressed actor for a temporary supply. I am inclined to think that the name of Massinger was added to those of Middleton and Rowley without any authority.

For some years after his departure from Oxford, we hear nothing of Massinger at all. We cannot say whether he went immediately to London, and applied to the theatres for employment, or tried to abandon any other pursuit, or dwindled away some small patrimony in attendance on fortune. He was great. But it is most likely, that repairing to the metropolis, an aimless adventurer, he fell in with some of the numerous players and play-writers with whom the town was swarming, some of whom might be old school or college associates, and between ambition and desperation, became a member of the fraternity. Play-writing was then the only species of literature, certainly the only species of poetry, by which ready money could be raised. Though not held in Athenian estimation, the drama was popular, fashionable, and highly patronised. King James was among its most distinguished protectors; at the very commencement of his reign he had licensed the company, heretofore



called the Lord Chamberlain's, whereof Shakspeare, Burbage, Hemming, Condell, Armin, &c., were members, to take upon themselves the title of "the King's Servants" (all actors, be it observed, were supposed to be *servants* either of the court or of the nobility). The Queen adopted the Earl of Worcester's players, and Prince Henry's name was bestowed on those of the Earl of Nottingham. Plays, as well as masques, were performed at court, and in great houses, on the principal festivals, weddings, and other days of high ceremony. Honourable gratuities had been given both to authors and actors. Many of the brightest of the time shone in both qualities. The stage was evoking and realizing the finest imaginations of the strongest intellects. It promised immediate profit, immediate applause, and a place among honoured names hereafter.

Massinger arrived in London at an exciting time. The visit of the King of Denmark to his august brother filled court and city with triumphs, masques, and revellings. No doubt the drama, decked out with a splendour alien to its usual habits, contributed to entertain the monarch stranger. It is said, that "Macbeth" was then first performed, and that King James wrote to Shakspeare a letter of compliment and commendation. I cannot tell what effect these incidents, if true, might have in determining Massinger's course; but dimmer omens of success have oftentimes given the casting-weight to inclination.

Massinger seems to have been of a shy, reserved, and somewhat melancholy nature. Nothing in his writings betokens the exuberant life and dancing blood of Shakspeare and Fletcher. This defect of animal spirits, perhaps, prevented him from following the example set by Peele, Marlow, Middleton, Rowley, Decker, Heywood, and Shakspeare himself, of uniting the functions of actor and author. This was probably a prudent course for prudent men. It secured a pittance not quite so precarious as the scanty remuneration of the dramatists. Instances were not rare of actors retiring in good circumstances. Dulwich college remains to testify the successful industry of Edward Alleyn, who, to his engagements of actor, author, and manager, added the important office of "Master of the Bears and Dogs\*." It is possible that Massinger had tried the stage and failed, as Ben Jonson had done before, and as Otway did afterwards; but we know nothing of his progress from 1606 till sometime between 1612 and 1614, when the melancholy document already alluded to, exhibits him as engaged with Field and Daborne in the construction of a drama—name unknown. It was discovered by Malone at Dulwich College, and seems to be without date; but Mr. Payne Collier judges it not later than 1614—eight years previous to the first edition of the "Virgin Martyr," the earliest published play bearing Massinger's name. It is as follows:—

\* This office must needs have been accounted honourable; for in 1600 it was held by a knight, Sir James Darrington. It could hardly have been esteemed profane or immoral (except by the rigid puritans who condemned all exhibitions as heathenish vanities); for Alleyn is designated by it in the letters patent for the foundation of Dulwich College, 1620. It could not be vulgar; for bear-baiting was among "the princely pleasures of Kenilworth," provided for the entertainment of a Virgin Queen. Nor could the penny-wise economist complain that it was over-paid; for the regular salary, exclusive of fees and perquisites, was but a farthing a day. As for the inhumanity of the business, that was little dreamed of; for in all the invectives and petitions launched against the sport by the city, and the pulpit, and the puritans, the torture of the animals is hardly alluded to. The only person who seemed to care for poor Bruin was his keeper. In Lysons's "Environs of London" is a curious complaint of Alleyn concerning the hard and unsportsmanlike usage which his shaggy charges had sustained, when lent out on some public occasion. There were Wyndhams in those days. Among the charges so perseveringly alleged against the theatres, one was that they seduced the people from bear-baiting and other manly recreations. Allusions to this amusement are so common in Shakspeare, that it is no breach of charity to suppose that he was an occasional visitor at "Military garden Paris." *Slender* could commend his valour to sweet Ann Page by no stronger instance than this: "I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and taken him by the chain." Why, *Othello* could not brag more amorously. It would be as utterly unjust to suppose that our bear-baiting ancestors resembled the blackleg ruffians of the modern fancy, as that the Olympic victors celebrated by Pindar were like modern prize-fighters, pigeon-shooters, and riders against time. Their amusement might be a rough relic of the hunter state, but it was not mercenary, base, and fraudulent. The vile spirit of gambling, which produces more cruelty than antique rudeness shall ever have to answer for, has degraded all the athletic exercises of England.

Butler is the Pindar of the bear-wards. There is more humour, as distinguished from wit, and more graphic power in his "Bear-Bait," than in any other part of Hudibras.

Some curious particulars concerning this ancient sport may be found in Hone's "Table-Book;" an amusing repository of antiquities, and modern oddities that will be antiquities in the twentieth century.

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, These,

" Mr. Hinchlow,

" You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is *xl.* more at least to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us *xl.* of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you *xzl.* ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and always acknowledgement to be ever,

" Your most thankfull and loving friend,

" NAT. FIELD."

" The money shall be abated out of the money remainys for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.

ROB. DABORNE."

" I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeing honest, I hope you will not fail us.

PHILIP MASSINGER."

*Indorsed :*

" Received by mee Robert Davison of Mr. Hinchlow for the use of Mr. Daborne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the sum of *xl.*

ROB. DAVISON."

This tripartite supplication requires a few remarks and commentaries. Philip Hinchlow, or Henslowe, whose account-book has thrown so much dubious light on our early theatrical history, though extensively engaged in theatrical speculation, was no regular scion of the play-house, but "seems originally to have been a sort of pawnbroker who advanced money upon various kinds of property, but especially wearing apparel. The players often pledged their dresses with him, and afterwards hired them when they were wanted; this probably was the commencement of Henslowe's connexion with plays and theatres. Various companies, in this manner, might become his debtors, and he ultimately possessed a large share of the wardrobe and properties of the play-houses in which he was concerned. In 1591 he either extensively repaired or built the Rose on the Bankside, and, on the 8th of February in that year, he began to register his receipts\*." A comfortable kind of person for three poets to be obliged to, when, it is to be feared, they had nothing but the forestalled labour of their brains to pledge; and were, too probably, in the catchpole's custody, if not actually in Limbo! Whether Christianity, or the loss of the 20*l.* suggested by Field, had most effect in moving the old pawnbroker's bowels, I leave to the reader's charitable judgment. The name of Nathaniel Field, who was Massinger's partner in the "Fatal Dowry," and author of two comedies—"Woman's a Weathercock," from which Lamb has given extracts, printed 1612; and "Amends for Fair Ladies," 1618; but both written and acted before 1611—appears in the list of sharers in the Globe and Blackfriars, along with Burbage, (the original Richard III., Hamlet, and Othello), Lowin, (the original Falstaff), and others of histrionic note, in a patent under the great seal, dated the 27th March 1619—20. He performed as one of the "Children of the Queen's Chapel" in Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," 1600—in his "Poetaster," 1601—and as a child of "the Queen's Revels" in "Epicœne," 1609—in which latter year he is mentioned with Shakspeare, Daborne, and Kirkham in

\* History of Dramatic Poetry, vol. iii. 85. By several passages in the same work, we find that Henslowe's extortion was a frequent subject of complaint with the players. But players are apt to be exorbitant as well as pawnbrokers. There is no coming at the rights of the matter now. Philip was far from a learned clerk; not that his orthography, or rather heterography, is any decisive test of his attainments; for men of classical education at that time spelt as strangely as any love-sick cook-maid, ere the schoolmaster was abroad. His diary, we are told, has been wickedly mutilated by thievish autograph hunters, who think themselves richer by filching an author's good or ugly name. It supplies a great deal of information respecting the payment of authors and actors, and the properties of the play-houses; which though in some respects far less various and appropriate than those exhibited in Hogarth's Barn, were exclaimed against by many, as tending by their mimic gorgeousness to bring the splendour of the crown itself into contempt.

a curious document brought to light by the indefatigable Collier, and given in his "New Facts." It authorises "the said Robert Daborne, William Shakspeare, Nath. Field, and Edward Kirkham, from time to time, to provide and bring upp a convenient number of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the quality of playing tragedies, comedies, &c., by the name of Children of the Revels to the Queene, within the Black fryers in our citie of London, or elsewhere within our realme of England." It would seem that Shakspeare soon drew out of the concern. He had formerly spoken with something like ridicule of these juvenile actors, who were thus enlisted, or rather impressed, into the service of Melpomene and Thalia, though with his usual discretion he muzzles the point of his censure, by intrusting it to that very civil, simple, good-sort of a gentleman, *Rosencrantz*:—"But there is, sir, an aviary of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills, and scarce dare come thither." But *Hamlet's* question in reply, is hardly fair. "What! are they children? Who maintains them? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?" Now, as to their maintenance, the children of the Queen's Chapel and the children of Paul's were probably better secured in that respect than their elders of the *quality*; and good provision was made for them when they *could no longer sing*. As early as the reign of Edward IV. it was appointed "Also when they" (the children of the Chapel) "be growen to the age of eighteen yeres, and then their voyces be chaunged, and they cannot be preferred in this chappell, nor within this court, the number being full, then yf they will *absent*, the king *signeth* onely such child to a colledge of Oxford or Cambridge of the king's foundation, there to be in findeing and study sufficiently till the king otherwise list to advance him." And James I., in the first year of his reign, ordained that "after serving three years, if they lose their voices they shall be sent to college to be taught at the king's charge." Yet many good people, who are scandalized at the Latin plays of Westminster, will be surprised that in the pious days of England; in the glorious morning of the Reformation; in "great Eliza's golden time;" under Kings and Queens, that were the nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers of the Church—the public acting of plays should be, not the permitted recreation, but the compulsory employment of children devoted to sing the praises of God,—of plays, too, the best of which children may now only *read* in a "family" edition,—of some, whose very titles a modern father would scruple to pronounce before a woman or a child\*.

Richard III., who appointed the first public bearwarden, was also the first who exercised the prerogative of impressing singing men and children, "even from cathedrals, colleges, chapels, and houses of religion," for the royal service. But a usurper may afford a precedent to the most legitimate sovereign; and accordingly we find that, in 1586, Queen Elizabeth "issued a warrant under her sign manual, authorising Thomas Gyles, master of the children of Paul's, to take up any boys in

\* Among the plays claimed by William Beeston, as "Master of the King and Queen's young company of players, at the Cockpit in Drury-lane," were Ford's "Tis Pity She's a Whore;" his only less offensive "Love's Sacrifice," and "A Fool and her Maidenhead soon parted;" a play of which I never heard elsewhere. This was in 1638. Three years afterwards the theatres were closed by authority of Parliament. I really think that it was almost time. Can it be wondered that old Prynne thought an attack upon plays a convenient vehicle for censure of a Court, which licensed such juvenile prostitution?

What made the abomination still worse was, that these poor children were purposely selected to utter the grossest licentiousness and personality—as Heywood was constrained to confess in his *Apology for Actors*: "Now to speak of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inveighing against the state, the court, the law, the city, and their governments, with the particularising of private men's humours, yet alive, noblemen and others, I know that it distastes many; neither do I by any means approve it, nor dare by any means excuse the liberty which some arrogate to themselves, committing their bitterness and liberal invectives against all estates to the mouths of children, supposing their junority to be a privilege for any railing, be it never so violent. I could advise all such to curb and limit this presumed liberty within the bounds of discretion and good government."

It should be mentioned that the acting of plays by the children of the Chapel Royal was forbidden, when a new warrant of imprisonment was issued to Nathaniel Giles, Mus. Doc., August 1636. Beeston's boys, therefore, needed not lose their voices with "hallooing and singing of anthems." But the part of a choir-boy is too histrionic to be wholesome in itself. Dicky Suet, "Cherub Dicky," was a chorister of Paul's.

cathedrals or collegiate churches, in order to be instructed for the entertainment of the court." James I. passed a similar order. I do not allude to these facts to throw odium on the memory of a great queen, or of a good-hearted and calumniated monarch, but that parents and children may be duly thankful that they do not live in the *good old times*.

Shakspeare seems to have foreseen, or more likely observed, one necessary consequence of this premature exhibition. "If they should grow themselves to common players (as is most like, if their means are no better)." The royal bounty would not, and could not, provide for all; and many, who had the offer of liberal education and a sober livelihood, would never be weaned from the stimulating pursuit of their boyhood. The Children of the Revels were not always children; and the argument of Reed, that Field, the juvenile actor, who played in "Epicœne," in 1609, could not be old enough to produce a comedy in 1611, and therefore could not be Massinger's coadjutor in the "Fatal Dowry," falls to the ground, when we see that in the same year, 1609, he was old enough to undertake a share in management with Shakspeare. I have little doubt that a considerable portion of those lads became confirmed players. Field must have been an actor of some eminence,—for we find that Henslowe stipulated to allow him six shillings a week (a fair salary at that time), in addition to the profits of his share (a theatre was then a sort of joint-stock company), as a retaining fee.

Robert Daborne, though he appears in such poor plight in the mendicant letter, was a man of good family, and academic education. In the preface to his "Christian turned Turk," 1612, he says, "my own descent is not obscure but generous." He wrote besides the "Christian turned Turk," and the "Poor Man's Comfort," printed, probably long after his death, in 1655; "The Devil and Machiavel," and the "Arraignment of London," which have not been discovered. He was in orders: his sermon, preached at Waterford, 1618, still survives. Perhaps he obtained some Irish preferment, and abandoned the "loathed stage." He was, however, by no means the only clerical dramatist of his time. Jasper Maine, and Cartwright, were both Divines,—the latter "a florid and seraphical preacher," as old Fuller hath it.

It does not appear to me certain, from Daborne's mention of "Mr. Fletcher's play and ours," that Massinger ever assisted Fletcher. But an epigram of Sir Aston Cockayne, who knew them both well, and was Massinger's friend and patron, is much stronger evidence on this point. It is addressed to Humphrey Moseley, on his publishing the folio Beaumont and Fletcher:—

In the large book of plays you late did print  
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't  
Did you not justice? Give to both their due?  
Since Beaumont of those many writ but few,  
And Massinger in other few; the main  
Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.  
But how came I, you ask, so much to know  
Fletcher's chief bosom friend inform'd me so.

I cannot agree with Mr. Gifford that the chief *bosom friend* was necessarily Massinger himself,—nor do I know that his hand has been detected in any of Fletcher's surviving works: but I think the lines almost conclusive of the fact, which may furnish a field of curious investigation to Fletcher's next editor.

Mr. Gifford asks, could the play for which the small advance was solicited be the "Fatal Dowry?" There is no knowing. The "Fatal Dowry" was not printed till 1632; but this proves nothing. The "Unnatural Combat" was not printed till 1639, yet there is every reason to suppose that it was written prior to the "Bondman," as it is not mentioned in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert; and Massinger, in his dedication, calls it an "old tragedy." There is strong internal evidence, in the earlier scenes of the "Fatal Dowry," that it was written by a man in debt,—for their direct tendency is to make creditors odious, and to hold up the laws of debtor and creditor to detestation. But it is not the only play in which Massinger has betrayed how keenly he felt

"The world was not his friend, nor the world's law."

He seldom slips an opportunity of glancing at the abuses of the courts, and the corruption of justice. The topic was, indeed, popular,—but he handles it with the sore sincerity of a sufferer. The "City Madam" sets forth with fearful vividness the miseries to which the mere turn of trade might reduce

an honest man, and the worse than despotic power which the law put into the hands of the obdurate,—allowing the same individual to be at once plaintiff, judge, and executioner. I cannot but think, that in penning the pathetic pleadings of *Luke* in behalf of the unfortunate merchants, he forgot that he was putting his own afflicted heart into the mouth of a villain. The “New Way to Pay Old Debts,” by its very title, indicates an embarrassed author; and the whole piece is a keen and powerful satire on the mis-government which furnishes arms to the wicked.

My revered father, in a lecture which I shall never forget, with an eloquence of which the Notes published in his Remains convey as imperfect an impression as the score of Handel's *Messiah* upon paper compared to the *Messiah* sounding in multitudinous unison of voices and instruments beneath the high embowered roof of some hallowed Minster, contrasted the calm, patriotic, constitutional loyalty of Shakspeare, with the ultra-royalism of Fletcher on the one hand, and the captious whiggism of Massinger on the other. He should have remembered that Shakspeare was a prosperous man, of a joyous poetic temperament, while Massinger's native melancholy was exacerbated by sorrow and disappointment.

The sequel of his story contains little but the dates of his works. His dedications inform us that he had patrons; but we know not who were his bosom friends. In all probability he never married; and if he loved, he has left not a stanza nor a hint of his success or rejection. Sometimes I have imagined that, like Tasso, he fixed his affections too high for hope, as his fortunes were certainly too low for marriage. I ground this fancy,—for it is but a fancy,—on the “Bondman,” the “Very Woman,” and the “Bashful Lover,” in all of which high-born ladies become enamoured, as they suppose, of men of low degree. To be sure, they all turn out to be gentlemen in disguise. This *discovery* is necessary to make the marriage prudent, like the reformation of the agreeable rake in the last scene of more recent comedy. But after all, the lady's love was for the slave, the incognito. Methinks, he soothed his despondency with a visionary unsphering of those stellar beauties, whose effluence was predominant over his affections, though they hardly consoled him with so much as “collateral light.” He dreamed and shut his eyes, and tried to dream again—a dream he willed not to see realized,\* for whatever might be his political bias, he was sufficiently aristocratic in all that

\* Massinger, liberal as he was, had a superstitious horror of *mesalliance*.

One airy with advantage, ne'er discloses  
The eagle and the wren. Tissue and frieze  
On the same garment! Monstrous.

MAID OF HONOUR.

Where, by the way, Massinger seems to have tumbled into an anti-climax. For the eagle's airy and an old cloak are as ill matched as the frieze and tissue. But the allusion is to the livery of Mary of France and Charles Brandon. Things may be good or beautiful in themselves, but their dignity or meanness is merely circumstantial. The fool's coxcomb was the *Kuzbaria* of the Persian king. Vide Aristophanes in *Avibus*, aut vocem *Kuzbaria* apud Scapulam.

The same comparison a little varied occurs in the “New Way to Pay Old Debts,” where *Margaret* says to *Lord Lovel*—

You are noble,  
I of a low descent, however rich,  
And tissue matched with scarlet suits but ill.

Where scarlet, which, in point of taste, might match with tissue very well, is evidently chosen as the city colour. But the sentiment is much more characteristic of *Margaret*, who could not be ignorant of her father's ill name, and who was in love with a page, that of the high and haughty “Maid of Honour,” whose descent could not be mean, and who loved the man to whom she depreciated herself. Besides, her scruple is frivolous and vexatious, for her lover is but a left-handed offspring of royalty. She had better reason to object to his birth than he to hers. In these cases, the old dramatists and *romantic* writers had an infallible mode of reconciling nature and aristocratic prejudice. The lovely Shepherdes or Squire of low degree always proves to be a lost or disowned shoot of royalty or nobility. “The Winter's Tale” furnishes a beautiful instance of this lucky *ἀναγνώρισις*.

Cervantes happily ridicules this sort of equivocal generation. “The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the ordinary manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage as the reward of his service; the father refuses to grant the boon on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheless, either by stealth or some other way, the infant becomes his wife; and at last the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when the knight proves to be the son of a vallant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found on the map.”—*Don Quixote*, part 1, book 9, chap. 7.

*Don't be too sure that he's a Beefeater.*

comes home, and concerns our "business and bosoms." His social morals were derived from chivalry and feudal days. In truth, both chivalry and feudalism tended to set the "few" on a level with the king—at an incommunicable distance from the many. The reverence for descent and degree, always stronger and longer strong, in the retainers of great houses than in the great themselves, was transfused from Arthur to Philip, and betrays itself in an aversion to *parvenu* wealth and civic ostentation, worthy a forfeited Highland chief of '45, or a French marquis of the old régime. Charles Lamb remarks how acceptable his *showing-up* of the City must have been to the haughty females of the Pembroke family. But it is only *poor* gentility that really enjoy such exhibitions, even as the rich vulgar gloat upon caricature representations of that esoteric school of fashion, in whose secrets they are uninitiate.

Massinger, who fell short of Shakspeare in his veneration for constituted authority, had a far more exclusive devotion to rank and blood. His menial and plebeian characters are, with hardly an exception, worthless, disagreeable, and stupid—stupider than he meant them to be; as he had no turn for low comedy, nor indeed for comedy of any sort, if comedy be that which "tendeth to laughter;" for of all dull jokers he would have been the dullest, if Ford had not contrived to be still duller. His fools are "fools indeed," and bores and blockheads into the bargain. His attempts at drollery painfully remind you of

Sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout.

What is much more grievous, he puts his worst ribaldry into the mouths of females. His chastest ladies are very *liberal* of speech, even according to the standard of his age, but some of his "humble companions" and waiting-gentlewomen would disgrace a penitentiary. I speak not of such as *Calipso* in the "Guardian," who only talk *professionally*, but of those in whom some regard to modesty and their mistresses' ears would not have been *dramatically* improper. It is a comfort that they resemble no *real* women of any sort, and that *no* women had to act them.

Now Shakspeare reserves all his contempt for the mob as a body corporate. For the *sovereignty of the people* he did entertain a most disloyal disrespect; but individually, his subordinates are good folks in their way: and when not merely fantastic, like *Trinculo*, *Nick Bottom*, and *Pistol*, have generally a heart under their garb of motley. *Lear's Fool*, half-crazy, half-idiot, is heart "every inch of him." How skilfully is he commended to our good-will before he enters on the scene! "Since my young lady's going into France, the Fool has much pined away." *Touchstone* is capable of love and fidelity, and *Costard* is stoical under his misfortunes. Then for the softer sex,—Who would not snatch a kiss of *Maria*, mischievous minx and forgeress as she is! "Nettle of India;" "Youngest wren of nine." She really deserved a soberer husband. But I hope *Sir Toby* reformed after marriage. The nurse is not a very discreet guardianship for a Beauty in her teens; but though her principles are far from rigid, and her language *sails a little too near the wind*, there is no harm in her at the bottom. She is none of your ever-craving doorkeepers of the stage. She does all for the best: errs out of pure good-nature, and anile importance, and is very near, if not quite, as honest as *Friar Lawrence*, himself a *Nurse* of different sex and higher education. *Emilia* is the same character, in somewhat higher rank. But is not *Mrs. Quickly* the pleasantest hostess that ever gave short measure and long credit! How different a being from Massinger's *Dame Tapwell*, who spurns from her door the man who had upmade her by his ruin! Even *Doll Tearsheet* is a presentable personage compared to some whom Massinger has made confidantes of noble maidens.

But Shakspeare scruples not to bestow the loftiest virtues and richest poetry \* on persons of menial

\* Hear *Timon's* Under Butler:

As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars from his buried fortunes  
Stink all away; leave their false vows with him  
Like empty purses plucked; and his poor self  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—Act iv. s. 2.

condition. Old *Adam* makes servitude as venerable as grey hairs; *Timon's* steward and household remain steadfast when all the "*summer flies*" have flown. Their loyalty is a holy relic of antique faith, an amulet against the infection of their master's misanthropy. Shakspeare seems to have disliked nobody—but constables and jobbing justices, and deals very leniently with them. He was in perfect good-humour with court, city, and country, and spared none of them when a joke came into his head. But again be it remembered, Shakspeare was a prosperous man, of a happy complexion, and could take an excursion when he chose into Warwickshire or Faëry land.

We are naturally curious to inquire whether Massinger was known to Shakspeare; and whether they liked one another; and what they thought of each other; and whether they ever took a cup of sack together at the Mitre or the Mermaid; and whether Massinger was ever umpire or bottle-holder (he was too grave to be a partaker) at those *wit-combats*, so happily described by Old Fuller; \* which nevertheless I shrewdly suspect, if taken down after the manner of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, † would

Hear too, *Alexander, Usher to false Cressida* :

Hector, whose patience  
Is, as a virtue, fixt, to-day was mov'd,—  
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath!—Act i. a. 2.

It may be asked, do not these poetic speeches in the mouths of underlings violate dramatic *decorum*? *et sic* *Spicium* of Aristotle? Certainly they do. Servants in general not only do not talk thus,—but they talk nothing like it. There is no hint in their talk, and probably no germ in their thoughts, that could under any circumstances expand into such poetry; and were a plebeian character to hold such language throughout a play, it would be an impropriety, in any but a romantic-pastoral drama, which nowhere imitated the language of real life. But with Shakspeare these speeches constituted the *whole character*,—the persons merely appear to utter them, and then depart. He felt in truth that they were too poetical, too *Shakspearian*, to be entrusted to any of the active partners of the plot. The Greek dramatists, whose practice Shakspeare follows in many things, whether knowingly or unconsciously, in like manner generally distribute the *ἀγυὰς μίση*—the reflections and retrospects, and descriptions, which suggest either a splendid or an abstruse diction, between the Chorus and the Nuntius,—who are, for the most part, no *characters*: the Chorus being only *συνδουλὸς ἀρεταίας* a sleeping partner, and the Nuntius a *viva-voce* newspaper. The restricted plan of the Greek drama, and the epic nature of many of its subjects, necessitated a great deal of narration, which it has been *thought* necessary to enliven by a gorgeous display of imagery, and an oriental pomp of words. But the good sense of the authors showed them that such language, uttered by interested personages, would destroy all verisimilitude; they therefore committed it to the Nuntius, whose only business was to talk. The English reader may form a good idea of this part from the choruses to Henry V.

\* "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built higher in learning,—sold but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with an English man-of-war,—lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."—*Fuller's Worthies*.

† The genuine *Noctes* (now collected, revised, and published in a separate form) will not only afford to future historians a true feeling of the spirit of the times, and to all readers a *shoeing-horn* to thought or to laughter, but form a valuable addition to dramatic literature. Barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of *comedy*. Indeed, I know not any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever stiffening into *debate* or *amæbean* oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle. Whatever the strain, whether wit, or fun, or pathos, or philosophy,—it arises spontaneously, as the tones of an æolian harp; you never feel that the party are met to discuss anything. One topic succeeds another, with the same apparent casualty, and the same under current of suggestion, as in the Odes of Pindar. The characters are sustained with consummate skill and consistency. Christopher North himself is, perhaps, the happiest speaking mask since *My Father Shandy* and *My Uncle Toby* were silent (for Elia is Charles himself). To be sure, the compositors have no bowels for Cockneys or Whigs. Yet I like their Toryism, because it is of the old, hearty, cavalier, fox-hunting, beef and port kidney, such as Ben and Shakspeare, and Diok Corbett (pride of the *lawn*), would have chimed in with. Tories, of the *Ambrosial* sect, understood, that in order to be a gentleman it is necessary to be a man. The prudish Conservatism of the present day is no more like genuine old Toryism, than Milton's Republicanism was like modern Radicalism. Let all *Blews*, of either sex, or

not have much enhanced the fame either of Shakspeare or Jonson, whatever they might say for their conviviality. The *wit-combats* in their plays, are the dullest sins of which they are ever guilty. Repartee is the accomplishment of lighter thinkers and a less earnest age. Besides, *Μισὸν μὴθυοῦνα Σουφορτίη*. Most likely Shakspeare and Massinger met, but we have no ground to conjecture the amount of their acquaintance. As dramatists, they were hardly contemporary—at least, Shakspeare retired some years before Massinger produced his earliest *extant* play; though no less than nine, exclusive of the "Old Law" (his share in which is doubtful), are placed, in the lists of Malone and Gifford, before the "Virgin Martyr.\*" Let us take it for granted that the old Bard encouraged the young aspirant (for he knew the fatalities of the human will too well to dissuade), and prognosticated his future greatness; though the prognostics of poets with regard to each other are as fallible as their political vaticinations. There can be no doubt that Massinger admired and studied Shakspeare. In the haste of composition, his mind turned up many thoughts and phrases of the elder writer, in a more or less perfect state of preservation, but he was neither a plagiarist nor an imitator. His style, conduct, characterisation, and metre, are perfectly distinct. No serious dramatist of the age owed Shakspeare so little. Yet in a mock romance called "Wit and Fancy in the Maze, or Don Zara del Fogo," 1656, where an uproar of the poets is described, Massinger is introduced as one of Shakspeare's body-guard. Hence, and from an ambiguous expression or two in his prologues,† seeming to glance

none,—liberal or conservative, high church, low church or no church,—water drinkers or liqueur sippers,—keep in good company, out of the reach of Christopher's crutch.

\* Their titles are, "The Forced Lady," "The Secretary," "The Noble Choice," "The Wandering Lovers," "Phileas and Hippolyta," "Antonio and Vallia," "The Tyrant," "Fast and Welcome" (a title that does not sound *popish*), and "The Woman's Plot," which last was acted at Court in 1631. All these, except "The Secretary," which seems to have been printed, though now lost, with "The Spanish Viceroy" (acted 1634), "Minerva's Sacrifice" (Nov. 3, 1639), and "Believe as You List" (May 7, 1631), perished in Mr. Herald Warburton's kitchen by a more ignominious combustion than the Alexandrian library, though that was twice consumed,—first by Christian zeal, and then by Saracenic fanaticism. Mr. Warburton should have walked barefoot over the ashes of Herulaneum for a penance; but he did no penance: and I am afraid he *did* scold his cook, who was not to blame. Yet I would commend this incident to the serious reflection of those persons who would not have domestics able to write, or to read writing. Only consider,—they might have been sermons instead of plays. Fifty-two sermons,—warranted original! We need not, however, utterly despair of recovering some of these sybilline books. The "Parliament of Love" came to light very opportunely for Mr. Gifford, by whom it was first printed (though with some unavoidable lacune) from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Malone, and supposed to be Massinger's autograph, with sundry obliterations and interpolations, by the officious—I mean official—Sir H. Herbert. A lucky discovery put the fact beyond doubt. Mr. Gifford, in the interval between his first and second edition, received a letter from Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, announcing that Mr. Blore, in collecting materials for a History of Derbyshire, had discovered, among the papers of the late Mr. Geil of Hopton, a copy of the original edition of the "Duke of Milan,"—presented by the author to Sir Francis Foljambe, a Derbyshire gentleman, to whom he afterwards dedicated his "Maid of Honour,"—interlined and corrected throughout with his own hand, and preceded by a copy of verses addressed to Sir Francis himself. The acquisition of this treasure must have brightened at least one day in Gifford's painful existence. It established Massinger's claim to the "Parliament of Love," sometime attributed to Rowley,—a play in which the Editor had the interest of a foster-father,—though, as seems to me, of no very gracious child. It decided the orthography of Massinger's name,—which Mr. Malone would have to be *Messenger*,—as it is spelt in Davison's endorsement. A man who makes a name has an undoubted right to spell it as he chooses. But, above all, Mr. Gifford ascertained from Massinger's own hand the correctness of several of his conjectural emendations! His triumph must have been as great as Bentley's when he found that his conjectural restoration of a Greek inscription was the actual reading of the stone. These statements, derived from the advertisement to the second edition, may give us hope, that in some forgotten hiding-place of some old Catholic or Royalist mansion, redolent of folsty antiquity—where countless generations of the genus *Blasta* have wrought their winding catacombs for centuries,—some unknown labour of Massinger, Fletcher, or Shakspeare himself, may now be *crawling*. . . . Were it but a note or a memorandum . . . . While speaking of Mr. Gifford, I must take leave gently to complain of him, and other investigators of curious literature, for referring, with the most provoking bibliographical accuracy, to books and manuscripts which, to all but one out of ten thousand, might as well be in the lost Pleiad as where they are; instead of transcribing the passages required to establish the point in question. I am sorely puzzled about Don Zara del Fogo, with whom I have no acquaintance, and no chance of an introduction. I cannot tell what he implies by making Massinger a satellite of Shakspeare.

† He submits

To the grave censure of those abler wits



at the impatience of Ben at the ill-usage of his "New Inn," and other *senilia*, it has been surmised, I hope erroneously, that he was ill-affected towards Jonson. It is an unwise thing in an author to show that he is hurt, and a vain attempt to appeal against the decrees of such an irresponsible despot as an audience. It is only for a Coriolanus, Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, to say to the people, "I banish you." But it is worse than unwise to reproach an aged genius with the decay of his powers, and if Massinger joined with the "stinkards, in the twopenny rooms," or the gallants who took tobacco on the stage, to insult the infirmities of poor old Ben, not all our admiration of the Dramatist ought to save the man from contempt. But I do not, I cannot believe it. Genius may be vicious, may be mad, but can it be base?

Massinger himself was not tame to censure. It appears that his "Emperor of the East" was opposed on its first appearance. The dishonour was fairly wiped off when the play was commanded at court. A court *bespeak*\* was the highest favour a dramatist could look for; and Massinger took the occasion to express his vexation in an occasional prologue, as follows:—

As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear  
To oppressed innocence, now vouchsafe to hear

His weakness, nor dares he profess that when  
The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them again.  
Strange self-love in a writer!—*Prologue to Guardian.*

Let others, building on their merit, say  
You're in the wrong, if you move not that way  
Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn  
Their maxims, but incapable to discern  
'Twixt truth and falsehood. Ours had rather be  
Censured by some for too much obsequy  
Than tax'd of self-opinion.—*Prologue to Bashful Lover.*

I cannot positively affirm that Massinger did not write this mob-adulation, for everything he has written in rhyme is exceedingly clumsy, but there is no proof whatever that he did write it. Prologues were then, as in later times, after-thoughts, and in general not composed by the author of the play. No one can think, for instance, that the prologue to "King Henry VIII." was written by Shakspeare,—or Ben Jonson either. Such jobs were generally committed to the operatives of the play-house. Dryden seems to have been the first who fairly set his wits to work at a prologue or epilogue. I believe Mr. Miles Peter Andrews was the last who acquired a reputation in this line. Epilogue writers in particular have applied the *experimentum crucis*, to ascertain how much doggerel, vulgarity, and impudence, they could get an actress to speak, or a gallery to endure.

Nothing short of demonstration shall make me believe that Massinger carried favour by insulting Jonson. There were hands enough about any play-house for such dirty work, and I beg leave to propose that the obnoxious lines be attributed to Swanston, the "wretched player," as Gifford calls him, who, while his fellow-actors either fought for their royal patron, or were content to beg, steal, or starve, as best they could, slunk over to the prevailing party, and professed that "he had always been a presbyterian in his heart." I confess, I can bring no evidence of this, only Swanston was an actor at the theatres where Massinger's plays were produced, very famous in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, and the only one of the quality that ratted; and what is a little additional soot to a chimney-sweeper?

\* Massinger had his share of *bespeaks*. It may surprise some of our sabbatarian high-church-men that the semi-canonical Charles ordered "The Guardian,"—no very Hannah *Morisco* drama—to be performed at court on SUNDAY, 12th January, 1633, just after the appearance of Prynne's *Histriomastix*. This looks like defiance, and to say the best of it, was in bad taste. For the *Book of Sports* there was at least a plausible pretext—the inhibition of healthful exercises in the open air does not induce the labouring class to keep the sabbath holy. But there is a wide difference between out-of-door recreation, permitted to the poor on their only day of leisure, and a play performed for lucre, in a crowded room, before persons who may see plays any day in the week. But it was by no means the only instance in which Charles, partly from opposition to the puritans, and partly in complaisance to his wife, outraged the religious feelings of his best friends. He actually gave leave to a French company to play on sermon-days during Lent. How came it that Laud did not remonstrate against acts, which, whether criminal or not, were certainly *scilicet exempti*, and superfluously unpopular? Perhaps he did—and was disregarded; perhaps his devotion to the king, as head of the church, closed his lips. Yet St. Ambrose did not scruple to put an emperor to open penance. Loyalty is the bounden duty of a Christian, but ultra-royalism is the Achilles heel of the Church of England, which has suffered more by the reign of Charles II. than by the temporary domination of its enemies. Sir Henry Herbert, who knew well enough who was at the bottom of the Lent business, refused ten pounds from the French players "because he

A short petition. At your feet, in me  
 The poet kneels, and to your Majesty  
 Appeals for justice. What we now present,  
 When first conceived, in his vote and intent  
 Was sacred to your pleasure, in each part  
 With his best of fancy, judgment, language, art  
 Fashioned and formed so as might well and may  
 Deserve a welcome, and no vulgar way.  
 He durst not, sir, at such a solemn feast,  
 Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest;  
 But laboured that no passage might appear  
 But what the Queen without a blush might hear,  
*And yet this poor work suffered by the rage  
 And envy of some Catos of the Stage.*  
*Yet still he hopes this play, which then was seen,  
 With sore eyes, and condemned out of their spleen,*  
 May be by you, the supreme judge, set free  
 And raised above the reach of calumny.

not what Queen Henrietta did and did not blush at, but certainly I would not undertake to see "Emperor of the East" in the presence of female majesty, without considerable curtailment, or an entire excision of the prose part of the fourth scene of the fourth act, in which the author (Massinger, who never wrote prose), for the sake of a *scurrilous jest*, has committed a medical

to "render the Queen, his mistress, an acceptable service." Yet he made Massinger pay twenty shillings for a play which would not permit to be performed.—Sneak!

Henrietta paid Massinger a more unusual compliment than ordering his plays at court. She attended the performance of his "Cleander" (a lost tragedy), at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Considering what theatres then were, and how young gallants were in the habit of displaying their bravery and tobacco-pipes on stools upon the stage (a custom which Charles II. thought necessary to abate by an order in council), and when there were twopenny rooms for the sale of tobacco, I cannot think this a very queenly or prudent condescension. On another occasion, in 1636, when Davenant's "Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour" was presented at the Middle Temple, the Duke of Henri Quatre with her ladies sat on the platform with the promiscuous assemblage, in the dress of wives, then far more distinct from court habiliments than at present. Charles should not have permitted such a farce. Unseemly condescension never atones for habitual hauteur; and unpopular personages, by hunting for popularity, only add contempt to hatred. Popular characters, while their day lasts, may do anything; their vices are proofs of a good heart; their ill-humours are *dulces Amaryllidis ira*—pretty Fanny's way—their grossness is perfume in the public nostrils.

Decipunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam hæc  
 Delectant, veluti Balbinum polypos Agnæ.

A man that squinted was not a Wilkes, even in the heyday of Wilkes and liberty. Kemble's cough and Kean's bleary eyes were only admired in Kemble and Kean. Desdemona might not have fancied Ignatius Sancho, but she fell in love with Othello. The very peculiarities, which as symbols of individuality, serve as pegs for love upon, are just as liable to arrest the burs of hatred. Every one must have felt this in their own case. A lip-mer—a provincial accent—a cast of the eye—*un petit nez retroussé*, how amiable in the amiable, in the bleary how odious.

A similar person can do nothing wrong: an unpopular person, especially if of high rank, can do nothing right. Rich never affected puritanical rigour. Yet the levities into which Marie Antoinette was seduced by the overflow of virtue, were served up as a *bonne-bouche* for Jacobin malice. But what with the common unthinking merely prejudice, becomes deadly rancour when vulgarity is intensified by fanaticism. Poor Henrietta and her husband were sorely mistaken if they thought that by publicity and splendour they could appease a hatred which had usurped the throne of duty.

It is not whether Massinger received any pecuniary bounty from the king beyond the customary honorarium, which might share with the players. Charles gave Cartwright forty pounds for his "Royal Slave," perhaps from a mercenary presentiment connected with the name. His interest in theatricals was more than consistent with the character of his character. He furnished Shirley with the plot of his "Gamester," and desired Sir H. Herbert to perform it, because that it was the best play he had seen for seven years. I like Charles all the better for these things, but he did not. His expenses in masques and pageants would have paid and armed many loyal soldiers, and might have bought off a patriot or two.

anachronism. But surely Massinger could have no right, after authorising this prologue, to reflect on Ben.

With this doubtful exception, our author seems to have lived on good terms with all his brethren. No line in his plays could annoy any writer—living or dead—which is more than can be said for Shakspeare, who was rather prone to parody. Shirley, Ford, May, Goff (in a Latin epigram which would puzzle Martial, and break Priscian's heart), George Donne (whom Mr. Weber innocently confounded with Dr. John Donne), and a cortege of Jays, and W. B.'s, and T. J.'s, heralded his plays, like the dwarf before the giant, with commendatory verses, which it is well to accept as testimonies of friendship—for assuredly they are good for nothing else.

His dedications are beautiful samples of pure mother English, commendable for a self-respectful respectfulness, very different from the presumptuous adulation of Dryden and Young, but painful from their weary iteration of complaint and acknowledgment—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.—WORDSWORTH.

Complaint seems to have become habitual to him, like the sickly tone of a confirmed valetudinarian, who thinks you unfeeling if you tell him he is looking well. We are accustomed to hear of the peaceful days of Charles, as days when the sister Muses sang together in the warm light of a Christian Phoebus. Yet Massinger continually talks of his "despised quality," and addresses each successive dedicatee as his sole and last hope. Gifford says, "all Massinger's patrons were persons of worth and consideration." He never degraded himself, like poor Otway, by dedicating to a titled courtesan; but his principal patron, Philip of Pembroke and Montgomery, has left a stain upon the name of Herbert which no dedication can wash away. His ignorance and cowardice have, no doubt, been much exaggerated; but of his brutality, meanness, and ingratitude, there can be no doubt at all.

The only undramatic *poem* (if so it may be called) of any length that Massinger has left, memorializes the death of this nobleman's eldest son, who died at Florence, January, 1636. It might as well be forgotten—if it were not for one passage, curious as illustrating the customs of the age.

That great ladies mourn  
His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn  
Drops of compassion; that true sorrow fed  
With showers of tears, still bathes the widowed bed  
Of his dear spouse—

Now this "dear spouse" had never been, in any rational or Christian sense, a wife at all. Charles Lord Herbert was married (if the profane abuse of a holy ceremony can constitute marriage) to Mary, daughter of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, 1634, when the poor little girl was so young, that it was expedient the bridegroom should immediately set out on his travels. Providence employed the small-pox to disappoint the avarice or ambition of the match-makers. Had this young couple arrived at nubile years, would either of them have been bound in conscience to stand to the bargain?

Is it not lamentable to see a man like Massinger, whom we would preserve in everlasting remembrance, constrained to write nonsense for a poor pittance from one who deserved not the impunity of oblivion?

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—JUVENAL, III 152.

The woes of poverty might well be borne,  
Were not the poor compelled to merit scorn.

Massinger did feel, painfully feel his humiliation. The degradation of patronage ate into his soul. It is good to be dependent, where the dependency grows out of natural relation, or constituted order. But to sue for dependence;—to court the bondage of obligation, as it is a sore evil for any

man, so for the highly-gifted and high-minded it is worse than pauperism. Literature is a bad trade; but it is better to pursue it as a trade, than calculate upon the bounty of great ones, which is only honourable when "it droppeth as the gracious dew from heaven." To inward disquietude, and a desire to utter in falsetto what his poverty forbade him to speak in his natural tones, rather than to any sincere sympathy with the nascent republicanism of his age, we must ascribe the angry dislike of kings, and courts, and ministers, which is so obtrusive in Massinger's plays, and the unnecessary,—unpoetical baseness of many of his characters. His political sentiments, abstractedly considered, are, for the most part, just; but they are thrust in head and shoulders, where there is no dramatic call for them. He could not get fairly out of England—not the grand ancestral England of imaginative patriotism—but the factious, quarrelsome, half-servile, half-rebellious England of his own day. He felt the manacles about him,

And dragged, at each remove, a lengthening chain.

His political allusions sometimes brought him into trouble; and if King Charles had not been more liberal than Sir Henry (who did little more credit to the name of Herbert than his kinsman Philip), he might have suffered more severely. On the 11th January, 1631, the Master of the Revels refused to license a play of his, the name of which has not transpired, "because it did contain dangerous matter, as the deposing of Sebastian king of Portugal by Philip II., there being peace sworn between England and Spain. I had my fee notwithstanding, which belongs to me for reading it over, and ought always to be brought with a book." So far Sir Henry, who seems to have been a mighty gnat-strainer, and a bit of a puritan, who reconciled his conscience to the profane employment of reading and allowing plays, by exacting the uttermost farthing from poet and player—holding with his *fellow-creature* in Sheffield's Session,

Though the function was wicked—the salary was good.

Now mark the difference between a Jack in office and a generous King. In 1638, when the dispute ran high about ship-money, Massinger produced a play on the history of Don Pedro the Cruel, called "The King and Subject," in which occurred the following passage:—

Monies? We'll raise supplies which ways we please,  
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which  
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars  
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws  
But what their swords did ratify; the wives  
And daughters of the senators bowing to  
Their wills as deities, &c.

"This is a piece taken out of Phillip Massinger's play, called the King and the Subject, and entered here for ever, to be remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes upon it, in honour of king Charles my master, who reading over the play at Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand, and in these words:—'This is too insolent, and to be changed.' Note, that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro, king of Spain, and spoken to his subjects."—*Register of Master of Revels.*

Now there can be little doubt, that by Don Pedro Massinger meant King Charles, and more than insinuated that the liberty taken with the people's purse would be extended to their wives and daughters; and had Charles not chanced to read the play at Newmarket, ten to one Sir Henry would have dealt with Don Pedro as he did with Don Sebastian, pocketed his fee, and left the poet his pains for his labour. But the king was content to set his mark over the obnoxious passage, and gave his special allowance to the writer who had gone out of the way for a clap-trap at his expense. In the same register we read:—

"At Greenwich, the 4th of June. Mr. W. Murray gave me power from the king to allow of the play, and told me that he would warrant it."

Sir Henry informs us that the name of the play was altered. Mr. Malone conjectures that it was the "Tyrant" before mentioned; but I do not see how that could mend the matter. It was acted June 5, 1638, but never printed, and has not been found. The subject has great dramatic

capabilities; but I doubt whether Massinger would treat it worthily either of the theme, or of himself. Neither Tragedy nor Comedy, in the strictest force of the terms, was his province. Besides, he had an unlucky habit of getting into a passion with his bad characters, and making them wilful demonstrators of their own depravity. Smollett, particularly in his *Count Fathom*, falls into this mistake. Euripides was not free from it. It nowhere occurs in Homer, Cervantes, or Shakspeare, the great and true dramatists, and very seldom in Fielding or Sir Walter Scott.

Massinger's excellence—a great and beautiful excellence it is—was in the expression of virtue, in its probation, its strife, its victory. He could not, like Shakspeare, invest the perverted will with the terrors of a magnificent intellect, or bestow the cestus of poetry on simple unconscious loveliness.

We draw to a close. After "The King and Subject," so happy in its timely expurgation, Massinger produced two dramas, "Alexius, or the Chaste Lover," and "The Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo." It is a pity they are both lost, for the titles promise much in his best way. The last was acted in January, 1640. On the 16th March in the same year, he went to bed in apparent health, and was found dead in the morning in his house on the Bankside. Such is the received account; but he seems to have had none to care for him, none to mark his symptoms, or to detect the slow decay which he might conceal in despair of sympathy.

Poorly, poor man, he lived—poorly, poor man, he died.

He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians were his only mourners—perhaps half envious of his escape from the storm that was already grumbling afar, and sending ahead its herald billows. No stone marked his neglected resting-place, but in the parish register appears this brief memorial, "March 20, 1639-40—buried Philip Massinger, a STRANGER." His sepulchre was like his life, obscure: like the nightingale, he sung darkling—it is to be feared, like the nightingale of the fable, with his breast against a thorn.\*

JOHN FORD † was descended from a family long settled in the north of Devonshire. Those who have an opportunity of consulting Prince's "Worthies of Devon," may find a great deal about his genealogy, but little or nothing about himself. Suffice it to say, that Thomas Ford, of Ilington, married the sister or daughter "of the famous Lord Chief Justice Popham, and had issue John the Poet and several others." John the Poet was baptized in Ilington church, 17th April, 1586, and became a member of the Middle Temple, November 1602. He found a cousin, John Ford (the Fords were almost all Johns,) at Gray's Inn. No small advantage is it for a youth, on his first entrance at town or college, to have a kinsman or friend established just before him, old enough for a counsellor, and not too old for a companion.‡ To the influence of John Ford, of Gray's Inn, it

\* Following Gifford, I was here led into an error in the first edition, which I suffer to stand in the text, the more to fix attention on the correction. Massinger was buried in St. Saviour's, March 18, 1639-9; and no less a sum than £9 was paid for his funeral, which shows that he was interred with unusual cost and ceremony. Gifford (strangely enough) did not know that every person there buried, who did not belong to the parish, was termed "a stranger." See these facts in Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare*.

† Lucian wrote a whimsical piece called *Δίκη Πρωίτων*, the lawsuit of the bowels. The letter E might find ground for litigation in the names of Shakspear or Shakespeare, Massinger or Messenger, and Ford or Forde. I am not aware that any autograph of the last has been discovered; but the anagram, Fide Honor, seen in the title-pages of some of his plays, pleads for the final E. I doubt, however, if anagrams are legal evidence in these cases; and the matter is not worth contesting,—as this anagram is no way significant or præfigurative, like some which Camden has collected. The most extraordinary instance of anagrammatical prophecy that I remember, is that of Horatio Nelson, —*Honor est a Nilo*. The Cabala cannot equal it.

‡ This observation I owe to my late father, who often used to dwell on the advantage he derived from finding his fellow Christ's-boy Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, at Cambridge, and the loss he sustained at the departure of such a guide and example. I experienced a similar loss at Oxford, in the late Bishop of Barbadoes, now master of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, though his rank in the university would have prohibited him from associating with a freshman who was not his kinsman.

may perhaps be attributed, that John Ford, of the Middle Temple, stuck to his legal studies, and persevered in his profession, seemingly with good success, though we know not what was the peculiar nature of his professional engagements. He did not forget the obligation, but affectionately remembered his cousin, and is anxious to proclaim to the world, that he had not left his "calling for the idle trade\*."

As plays and masques were periodically represented by the Inns of Court, a young lawyer's becoming a writer of plays could be no indecorum: yet it was not in this line that Ford first appeared in print. He was early in the field. In 1606, in his eighteenth year, he published "Fame's Memorial," a tribute to the memory of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy †, for by that title he is better and more honourably known, than by the earldom of Devonshire. It is dedicated to the Lady Penelope, the unhappy cause of the great Mountjoy's unhappiness. Ford speaks of himself as "a young stranger, totally unknown" to the lady, and probably to her lord also; but the sad history and premature death of such a man must have been rife in the mouths of men, and well might actuate a genius yet in the egg, but destined to be potent in the issues of erratic passion.

The dread strife  
Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.—WOODSWORTH.

I say genius in the egg, for a young crocodile could not crawl forth from the shell, prematurely crushed, a more unseemly miniature of its future self, than "Fame's Memorial" presents of the future Ford. It is worth reading as a warning to all those figure-casters who prognosticate the success or failure of authors from their *Juvenilia*. Had any seer predicted that the maker of all that stuff was to deserve a lofty seat among England's dramatists, he would have been as heartily laughed at, as he who should have foretold to Trajan, that a Christian priest would one day fulminate

\* His dedications are tiresomely iterative upon this point. He calls "The Lover's Melancholy" "the first fruits of his leisure,"—"Tis Pity, &c.," "the first fruits of his leisure,"—"The Lady's Trial," "the issue of less serious hours;" and he tells the Earl of Antrim, to whom he presented the "Fancies Chaste and Noble," that his "courtship of greatness never aimed at any thrift." So much the better; but what was all this to the public or his patrons either?

Ford's dedications present a curious contrast to Massinger's in another respect. In all his dramas his language, when not obscured by vain emulation of Shakespeare's involution and superflation of thought, is as clear as the stars on a frosty night when there is no moon,—but in his prose addresses he is sometimes as laboriously unintelligible as if he would give the Sphinx a lesson—that might have saved her life—to secure her meaning from being guessed by having no meaning at all. Take a specimen: "As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many, but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music." Is not this *curiosa infelicitas*?

† The life of this great man is the finest subject for biography now unoccupied. He was the true conqueror of Ireland,—the friendly rival of Essex,—the more his friend because he had been his rival; but that sad destiny which makes some men martyrs,—and inflicts on others infinite pains, far worse than martyrdom,—tried Mountjoy to the utmost. If he failed,—let him that has no sin throw the first stone. He loved the sister of Essex, and she loved him. But the Court of Wards interfered, and she was sold to Lord Rich. The natural consequences followed. Yet neither Mountjoy nor the lady suffered in reputation, till they married. It is difficult to calculate the issues of etiquette. Court morality, when it is at the best, was rather conventional at all times,—so, as long as Lord Mountjoy (made Earl of Devonshire by James I.) suffered his connexion with Lady Rich to be a thing which everybody knew but nobody was obliged to know, all went on well. The lady was received, and Mountjoy enjoyed the favour which his public service had earned. The lady parted from the man who, taking her against her will, must be deemed guilty of what the law, till lately, punished with death, a penalty which should have remained as long as death was inflicted at all. Yet I say not that Mountjoy and she did right. However bitter the cup of duty may be, duty commands us to drink it even to the dregs.

Love married them. King James said, "Ye have gotten a fair woman with a foul heart." I hope this was not true. But Mountjoy felt it. He that might fairly have claimed the highest place among England's subjects for his well-deserving, pined away, and died untimely,—the victim of an iniquitous law and an unfortunate passion.

Ford was not the only poet that wept for the death of Mountjoy. The moral Daniel wrote one of his sweetest monodies on that occasion.

Ford no doubt remembered Mountjoy and his hapless love when he wrote the "Broken Heart." By far the finest scene in all the old Dramatists (Shakespeare of course excepted) is that in which Penelope laments her "enforced marriage."

from the Seven Hills more dreaded edicts than his own. In the paucity of direct information, we are glad to hang a conjecture on any loop of an author's raggedness. Mr. Gifford has discovered, from certain hints in the "Memorial," that Ford, at eighteen, was the prey of a hopeless passion for a nymph so cruel, as to earn the classical appellation of Lycia, or she-wolf. Most poets think it necessary to be, or to have been, in love, and most men at eighteen fancy themselves so.

Ford submitted to the usual dramatic apprenticeship, and like the pupils of the great masters in painting, was content to forward the works which his elders had designed, or retouch what time had discoloured. He assisted Webster in "A late Murder of the Sonne upon the Mother," a play not extant, and perhaps no great loss. Such as have an appetite that way, and no dread of the nightmare, may "sup full of horrors" on the remaining dramas of Webster. No doubt it was of the same class with "Arden of Feversham," and the "Yorkshire Tragedy." He joined with Decker in the "Fairy Knight" and the "Bristowe Merchant"—both lost. The latter was probably founded on some recent event. "An Ill Beginning has a Good End," acted at the Cockpit, 1618, "The London Merchant," "The Royal Combat," and "Beauty in a Trance," entered on the Stationers' books, but not printed, were used up by Mr. Warburton's cook.

The "Witch of Edmonton," by Decker, Rowley, and Ford, probably appeared about 1622 or 1623, for a woman, named Elizabeth Sawyer, was executed on a charge of witchcraft in 1621, and the play was evidently got up to take advantage of a temporary excitement; it has all the incongruity that might be expected in a hasty work of three authors. Ford once more united with Decker in the "Sun's Darling," a moral masque, acted March, 1623-24, but supposed to be a recast of an older piece. The last act, which bears the strongest marks of Ford, may have been written at a later period, after the accession of Charles I., as it evidently alludes to the Scotch, and their repugnance to the religious ordinances of the prelacy\*. As it was not printed till 1657, when it appeared under

\* Raybright, "the Sun's Darling," having successfully sated himself with the other Seasons, threatens to visit the realm of Winter, by which Scotland is evidently intended—much to the consternation of the poorer inhabitants, two of whom open the 5th act, with politic grumbings, for which they are thus rebuked by Winter:—

What sullen murmurings does your gall bring forth?  
Will you prov't true, "No good comes from the north?"  
Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire  
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?  
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence  
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?  
How durst you else with force think to withstand  
Your Prince's entry into this his land?  
A Prince, who is so excellently good,  
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;  
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise  
The attributes of merciful and wise;  
Whose laws are so impartial, they must  
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just:  
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,  
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage  
War against Heaven; and from his shining throne  
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;  
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,  
Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroke;  
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,  
From Heaven's sublime height to the depth of Hell.

1st. *Clown*. The devil he can as soon! We fear no colours; let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up: all things are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2nd. *Clown*. They say this Prince too would bring new laws upon us; new rites into the temples of our Gods; and that's abominable.

*Winter* A most fair pretence,  
To found rebellion upon conscience!

the auspices of Theophilus Byrde and Andrew Pennycyke, two actors out of work, obliged, like other distressed tradesmen, to sell off their stock for what they could get, there was time enough for alterations; and it would naturally be printed as it was last acted.

Ford now took a long rest. At least we hear nothing of him till 1628, when he produced the "Lover's Melancholy," acted Nov. 24, and printed the following year. In his dedication he says, "My presumption of coming in print in this kind, has hitherto been irreprovable; this piece being the first that ever courted reader." We may fairly conclude, therefore, that whatever dramatic works he had previously written, alone or in concert, had not been printed. Though himself a member of the Middle Temple, he dedicates "*To my worthily respected friends, Nathaniel Finch, John Ford, Esqrs., Mr. Henry Blunt, Mr. Robert Ellice,* and all the rest of the noble society of Gray's Inn." This was a compliment to his cousin. Most likely N. Finch and John Ford, who are designated esquires, were benchers, or otherwise distinguished by forensic honours. The title of the piece was seemingly suggested by Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," then recently published. Ford borrowed as freely from that delightful book as Sterne—more honestly, for he could have neither hope nor wish of concealment, but not to so good purpose. The play is ushered, as usual, by commendatory verses by George Donne (a regular contributor on these occasions, whose rhymes, occasional as the bellman's or the Laureate's, may be excused if they exhibit the same degree of merit), William Singleton, a relation of Massinger's, Hum. Howorth, whose tribute has all the oracular darkness of no meaning; and 'Ο φάος, who seems to have estimated his offering at its true worth,—for thus saith he,

Tis not the language, nor the fore-plac'd rhymes  
Of friends, that shall commend to after times  
The Lover's Melancholy.

In great men's houses, you must thread your way through a file of menials, who pass your name like a watch-word, till the *man of figure* finally commits you to the drawing-room. The commendatory verses that throng the entrance of old books would be almost as troublesome, if you could not brush by without heeding them.

Massinger wrote rapidly and incessantly. No wonder. It was his vocation. A week's holiday might have thrown him out of employment for a year. Operative authors should keep the Sabbath, but they should make no Saint Mondays. They should observe the painter's rule, *ne dies sine linea*. Like poor hacks on the road, while warm in the harness we jog on, not very happy perhaps, but still with a certain sense of power, hardly conscious of each separate effort, and precipitated by accumulated velocity. But let us once get cold, and our joints stiff, the whole arrear of weariness comes upon us with compound interest, the toil which was hardly felt in the act becomes terrible in the retrospect, and nothing short of the actual cautery of antique Irish posting can set us in motion again. Ford was a professional gentleman. Perhaps in his younger days, he did look to the stage for a supplement

Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments still  
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,  
Not by indifferent reason, which to you  
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew  
Does to the parch'd earth; wets, but does not give  
Moisture enough to make the plants to live.  
Things void of soul! can you conceive, that he,  
Whose every thought's an act of piety,  
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good  
That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,  
Cannot direct you in the fittest way  
To serve those Powers, to which himself does pay  
True zealous worship; nay's so near allied  
To them, himself must needs be deified.

These passages proclaim a date later than 1634. It is to be remarked that all these deified perfections have fallen upon Raybright, between the 4th and 5th acts. In the previous scenes, little of which attest the hand of Ford, he has been represented as an unstable voluptuary, wholly governed by his minion, Folly.



to a scanty allowance. His share in the price of a play might pay for an extra supper, (not a ten-pound supper, however,) an excursion down the river, or a little extravagant charity. At least, his quality as dramatist gave him a free admission to the theatres, and entitled him to speak of Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Burbage, and Lowin, as if he belonged to the set. Young templars to this day are proud of knowing actors and dramatic authors. Ford could not pique himself on the smiles of actresses, for in his day there were none. But when he had outgrown the vanities of his youth, and established himself in business, he ostentatiously disdained all view to profit in his writings, and appeared on the stage or in print only at irregular intervals. He had, and took time, to write up to his own ideal. He disowned all courtship of the vulgar taste; we might therefore suppose that the horrible stories which he has embraced in "Tis Pity She's a Whore," "The Broken Heart," and "Love's Sacrifice," were his own choice, and his own taste. But it would be unfair from hence to conclude that he delighted in the contemplation of vice and misery, as vice and misery. He delighted in the sensation of intellectual power, he found himself strong in the imagination of crime and of agony; his moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, by compassion for rare extremes of suffering. He abhorred vice—he admired virtue; but ordinary vice or modern virtue were, to him, as light wine to a dram drinker. His genius was a telescope, ill-adapted for neighbouring objects, but powerful to bring within the sphere of vision, what nature has wisely placed at an unsocial distance. Passion must be incestuous or adulterous; grief must be something more than martyrdom, before he could make them big enough to be seen. Unquestionably he displayed great *power* in these horrors, which was all he desired; but had he been "of the first order of poets," he would have found and displayed superior power in "familiar matter of to-day," in failings to which all are liable, virtues which all may practise, and sorrows for which all may be the better.

These three tragedies were printed in 1633. It is in the two former that Ford's tragic fame is founded. "Love's Sacrifice," is a most unsavoury offering, certainly not to Venus Urania, and contains little to atone for a disgusting story, clumsily plotted, and characters essentially vile.

His next work was of a more pleasing description. It is indeed the best specimen of the historic drama to be found out of Shakspeare; and, as a compact consecutive representation of a portion of English history, excels King John or the two Parts of Henry IV. It has as much unity as the dramatic history admits or requires; a clearly defined catastrophe, to which every incident contributes, and every scene advances. Ford showed great judgment in selecting a manageable episode of history, instead of a reign or a "life and death," which no one but Shakspeare could ever make practicable. With still finer tact, he represents *Perkin Warbeck* as a thorough believer in his own royalty. It is not necessary to suppose that he anticipated Horace Walpole or Malcolm Laing. Most likely he never asked himself who was the real Perkin Warbeck, but what sort of a Perkin was best suited for dramatic effect. A poet or dramatist is not required to settle *historic doubts*. When Burns and Wordsworth tuned the complaints of the captive Mary, they did not consider whether the woman living in the 16th century, deserved captivity. "Perkin Warbeck" was printed in 1634. If we may judge from the unusual number of *Commentatory Verses* (among which the name of the perpetual George Donne and John Ford of Gray's Inn, are conspicuous) it must have excited much attention. We may regret that Ford did not pursue the vein so prosperously opened, or repose under his laurels; for his comedy, "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," adds little to his reputation. And his tragi-comedy "The Lady's Trial," though not ill conceived, and in some parts, beautifully written, is abrupt in its conclusion, and unsatisfactory as a whole. The former was printed in 1633; the latter in 1639.

From this time, we hear no more of Ford. Two years elapsed and the dramatist's "occupation was gone." Some suppose that our author died shortly after the appearance of "The Lady's Trial;" but inquiries, too late to arrive at certainty, have scented a faint tradition, that he withdrew to his native place, married, became a father, lived respected, and died at a good old age. It has even been asserted that Sir Henry Ford, secretary for Ireland in the reign of Charles II. (at whose death, in 1684, the line of Fords terminated,) was the poet's son or grandson. All this appears to me very dubious. John Fords were confessedly numerous in the neighbourhood. Curious people

who ask for information from country folks, will seldom be altogether disappointed. Some years ago, at least, there was in most villages a hoary chronicle, a dealer in recollections, who, like the host of the village inn, made it a rule never to be *out* of anything that was called for. Yet there is little wonder if Ford be not remembered in Devonshire, like his contemporary and countryman Herrick. Herrick was, till Burns appeared, the most rural of poets. There is a singular contrast between his avowed partiality for town, and the rusticity of his muse. He sung the employment, the festivals, the superstitions of the peasantry, the flowers that adorned their may-poles and hock carts, the ale that made their hearts merry, the yew and rosemary that made their funerals fragrant; and he had pious moods beside, in which he breathed hymns which some aged rustics still mutter among their nightly prayers. It is not likely that the lads or lasses of Ilstington got Ford's plays by heart. Besides, the parishioners of Dean Bourne might be proud to have had a poet for their parson; but how could it interest the yeomanry of Devon, that a retired lawyer, perhaps a man of cold and harsh demeanour\*, had written plays at which London playgoers had shuddered. Devonshire was a loyal county, or perhaps a retired dramatist might have found it prudent to say as little of his stage-triumphs, as a retired slave-trader in a philanthropic suburb, of the sale of his cargoes. Could it be proved that Ford enjoyed the fruits of his labours on his native ground, and lived contented and happy, an undistinguished country-gentleman, he might serve to "point a moral," though hardly to "adorn a tale." Massinger lived and died in poverty. He was a mere author. Ford, by adhering to a regular profession, held his head high in the world; addressed his dedicatees as men on whom he was conferring honour; laid aside both gown and pen when the first grey hair gave warning, and, free from care and ambition, had "leisure to be good" ere he was called away: and yet achieved the fame which so many seek by the sacrifice of health, fortune, and heart's ease, at those spare hours which every economist of time may make out of minutes wisely saved †. Pity that so excellent a lesson should rest on an obscure tradition.

\* Almost the only contemporary notice that occurs of Ford does not indicate a popular character.

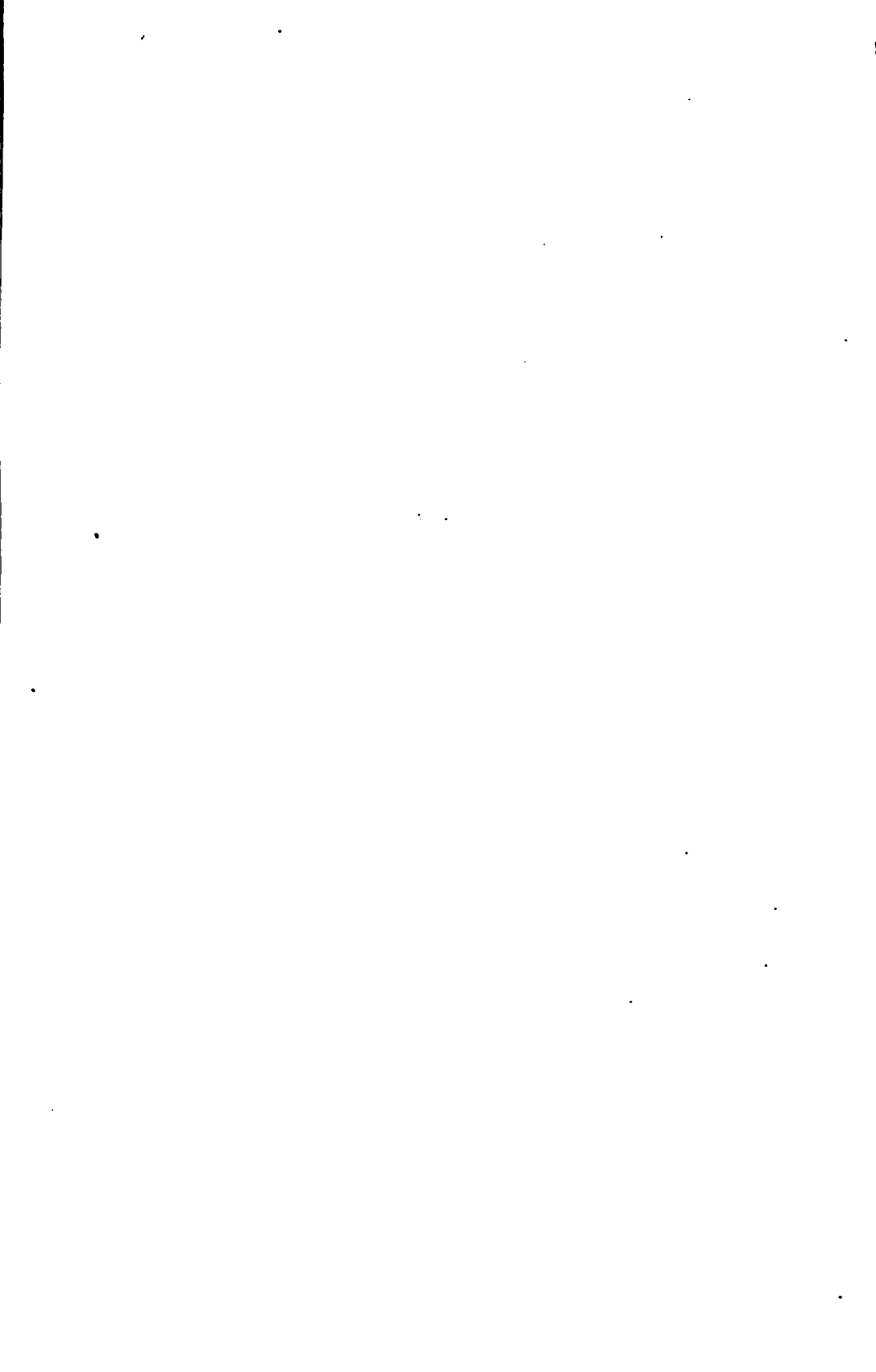
Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,  
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

So quotes Gifford from the "Times' Poets," a piece of which I never heard elsewhere. Probably it was a precursor of the *Dunciad*, *Pursuits of Literature*, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, &c. recording the names of many scribblers that would else have been forgotten; but affording no information about the names we should wish to remember. Whether the cited couplet had any other foundation than the gloom of Ford's plots, or perhaps the title of his "*Lover's Melancholy*," I cannot tell. Melancholy was the fashion of that age. It is the natural excess of a thoughtful generation. The "*melancholy hat*" is extremely graphic. Our present titles are ill adapted to the expression, but the large beavers of the seventeenth century (Ford hardly wore the puritanical high-crown) could be cocked to fierceness or slouched to despondence at pleasure. I am inclined to conjecture from these lines, and from the general hauteur of his dedications, that Ford kept much aloof from authors and actors by trade. Yet if we are to trust old Heywood, he did not escape that familiar corruption of his name, which in his case had not even the plea of brevity—

Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill  
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will,  
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen  
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.  
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack  
None of the meanest, neither was but Jack,  
Docker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,  
And he's but now Jack Ford, that once was John.

*Hierarchy of Angels*

† This sentiment I owe to a preface of the late Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, whence it was cited by Mr. Southey.



A LIST  
OF  
MASSINGER'S PLAYS.

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1. **THE FORCED LADY.** T. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
2. **THE NOBLE CHOICE.** C.
3. **THE WANDERING LOVERS.** C.
4. **PHILENZO AND HIPPOLITA.** T. C.  
The above three are entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley, Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
5. **ANTONIO AND VALLIA.** C.
6. **THE TYRANT.** T.
7. **FAST AND WELCOME.** C.  
The above three are entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley, June 29, 1660; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
8. **THE WOMAN'S PLOT.** C. Acted at Court 1621. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
9. **THE OLD LAW.** C.
10. **THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.** T. Acted by the Servants of his Majesty's Revels. Quarto, 1622; quarto, 1631; quarto, 1661.
11. **THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.** T. Acted at the Globe. Quarto, 1639.
12. **THE DUKE OF MILAN.** T. Acted at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1623; quarto, 1638.
13. **THE BONDMAN.** T. C. Acted Dec. 3, 1623; at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1624; quarto, 1638.
14. **THE RENEGADO.** T. C. Acted April 17, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1636.
15. **THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.** C. Acted Nov. 3, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.
16. **THE SPANISH VICEROY.** C. Acted in 1624. Entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 9, 1653, by H. Moseley; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
17. **THE ROMAN ACTOR.** T. Acted October 11, 1626, by the King's Company. Quarto, 1629.
18. **THE JUDGE.** Acted June 6, 1627, by the King's Company. Lost.
19. **THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.** Acted July 5, 1627, at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1636.
20. **THE HONOUR OF WOMEN.** Acted May 6, 1628. Lost.
21. **THE MAID OF HONOUR.** T. C. Acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. Date of its first appearance uncertain. Quarto, 1632.
22. **THE PICTURE.** T. C. Acted June 8, 1629, at the Globe. Quarto 1630.
23. **MINERVA'S SACRIFICE.** T. Acted Nov. 3, 1629, by the King's Company. Entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
24. **THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.** T. C. Acted March 11, 1631, at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1632.
25. **BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.** C. Acted May 7, 1631. Entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 9, 1653, and again June 29, 1660; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

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| <p>26. <b>THE UNFORTUNATE PIETY.</b> T. Acted June 13, 1631, by the King's Company. Lost.</p> <p>27. <b>THE FATAL DOWRY.</b> T. Acted by the King's Company. Quarto, 1632.</p> <p>28. <b>A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.</b> C. Acted at the Phoenix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1633.</p> <p>29. <b>THE CITY MADAM.</b> C. Acted May 25, 1632, by the King's Company. Quarto, 1659.</p> <p>30. <b>THE GUARDIAN.</b> C. Acted October 31, 1633, by the King's Company. Octavo, 1655.</p> <p>31. <b>THE TRAGEDY OF CLAUDER.</b> Acted May 7, 1634, by the King's Company. Lost.</p> | <p>32. <b>A VERY WOMAN.</b> T. C. Acted June 6, 1634, by the King's Company. Octavo, 1655.</p> <p>33. <b>THE ORATOR.</b> Acted June 10, 1635, by the King's Company. Lost.</p> <p>34. <b>THE BASHFUL LOVER.</b> T. C. Acted May 9, 1636, by the King's Company. Octavo, 1655.</p> <p>35. <b>THE KING AND THE SUBJECT.</b> Acted June 5 1638, by the King's Company. Lost.</p> <p>36. <b>ALEXIUS, OR THE CHASTE LOVER.</b> Acted Sept. 25, 1639, by the King's Company. Lost.</p> <p>37. <b>THE FAIR ANCHORESS OF PAUSILIPPO.</b> Acted Jan. 26, 1640, by the King's Company. Lost.</p> |
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## COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

### MASSINGER.

WORK, "THE DUKE OF MILAN," OF HIS BELOVED FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

I AM snapt already, and may go my way ;  
The poet-critic's come ; I hear him say  
This youth 's mistook, the author's work 's a play.

He could not miss it, he will straight appear  
At such a bait ; 'twas laid on purpose there,  
To take the vermin, and I have him here.

Sirrah ! you will be nibbling ; a small bit,  
A syllable, when you're in the hungry fit,  
Will serve to stay the stomach of your wit.

Fool, knave, what worse, for worse cannot deprave thee ;  
And were the devil now instantly to have thee,  
Thou canst not instance such a work to save thee,

'Mongst all the ballets which thou dost compose,  
And what thou stylest thy Poems, ill as those,  
And void of rhyme and reason, thy worse prose :

Yet like a rude jack-sauce in poesy,  
With thoughts unblest, and hand unmannerly,  
Ravishing branches from Apollo's tree ;

Thou mak'st a garland, for thy touch unfit,  
And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd sconce with it,  
As if it were the supreme head of wit :

The blameless Muses blush ; who not allow  
That reverend order to each vulgar brow,  
Whose sinful touch profanes the holy bough.

Hence, shallow prophet ! and admire the straiu  
Of thine own pen, or thy poor cope-mate's vein ;  
This piece too curious is for thy coarse brain.

Here wit, more fortunate, is join'd with art,  
And that most sacred frenzy bears a part,  
Infused by nature in the Poet's heart.

Here may the puny wits themselves direct,  
Here may the wisest find what to affect,  
And kings may learn their proper dialect.

On then, dear friend ! thy pen, thy name, shall spread,  
And shouldst thou write, while thou shalt not be read,  
The Muse must labour, when thy hand is dead.

W. S.

## THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND TO THE READER, ON THE "BONDMAN."

The printer's haste calls on ; I must not drive  
 My time past six, though I begin at five.  
 One hour I have entire, and 'tis enough ;  
 Here are no gipsy jigs, no drumming-stuff,  
 Dances, or other trumpery to delight,  
 Or take, by common way, the common sight.  
 The author of this poem, as he dares  
 To stand the austerest censure, so he cares  
 As little what it is ; his own best way  
 Is, to be judge, and author of his play :  
 It is his knowledge makes him thus secure ;  
 Nor does he write to please, but to endure.  
 And, reader, if you have disbursed a shilling,  
 To see this worthy story, and are willing  
 To have a large increase, if ruled by me,  
 You may a merchant and a poet be.  
 'Tis granted for your twelve-pence you did sit,  
 And see, and hear, and understand not yet.  
 The author, in a Christian pity, takes  
 Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes ;  
 That such as will but venture sixpence more,  
 May know what they but saw and heard before :  
 'Twill not be money lost, if you can read,  
 (There's all the doubt now,) but your gains exceed,  
 If you can understand, and you are made  
 Free of the freest and the noblest trade ;  
 And in the way of poetry, now-a-days,  
 Of all that are call'd works, the best are plays.

W. B.

## TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS "RENEGADO."

Dabblers in poetry, that only can  
 Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,  
 With some loose wit in rhyme ;  
 Others that fright the time  
 Into belief, with mighty words that tear  
 A passage through the ear ;  
 Or nicer men,  
 That through a perspective will see a play,  
 And use it the wrong way,  
 (Not worth thy pen,)  
 Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be  
 Competent judges of thy lines or thee.

I must confess I have no public name  
 To rescue judgment, no poetic flame  
 To dress thy Muse with praise,  
 And Phœbus his own bays ;  
 Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell  
 The world I liked it well ;  
 And if there be  
 A tribe who in their wisdoms dare accuse  
 This offspring of thy Muse,  
 Let them agree  
 Conspire one comedy, and they will say,  
 'Tis easier to commend, than make a play.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS PLAY CALLED  
"THE RENEGADO."

The bosom of a friend cannot breathe forth  
A flattering phrase to speak the noble worth  
Of him that hath lodged in his honest breast  
So large a title : I, among the rest  
That honour thee, do only seem to praise,  
Wanting the flowers of art to deck that bays  
Merit has crown'd thy temples with. Know, friend,  
Though there are some who merely do commend  
To live i' the world's opinion, such as can  
Censure with judgment, no such piece of man  
Makes up my spirit : where desert does live,  
There will I plant my wonder, and there give  
My best endeavours to build up his story  
That truly merits. I did ever glory  
To behold virtue rich ; though cruel Fate  
In scornful malice does beat low their state  
That best deserve ; when others, that but know  
Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow  
Great in their favours, that would seem to be  
Patrons of wit, and modest poesy :  
Yet, with your abler friends, let me say this,  
Many may strive to equal you, but miss  
Of your fair scope ; this work of yours men may  
Throw in the face of envy, and then say  
To those, that are in great men's thoughts more blest,  
Imitate this, and call that work your best.  
Yet wise men, in this, and too often, err,  
When they their love before the work prefer.  
If I should say more, some may blame me for't,  
Seeing your merits speak you, not report.

DANIEL LAKYN.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON "THE ROMAN ACTOR."

I am no great admirer of the plays,  
Poets, or actors, that are now-a-days ;  
Yet, in this work of thine, methinks I see  
Sufficient reason for idolatry.  
Each line thou hast taught Cæsar is as high  
As he could speak, when groveling flattery,  
And his own pride (forgetting heaven's rod)  
By his edicts styled himself great Lord and God.  
By thee, again the laurel crowns his head,  
And, thus revived, who can affirm him dead !  
Such power lies in this lofty strain as can  
Give swords and legions to Domitian :  
And when thy Paris pleads in the defence  
Of actors, every grace and excellence  
Of argument for that subject, are by thee  
Contracted in a sweet epitome.  
Nor do thy women the tired hearers vex  
With language no way proper to their sex.  
Just like a cunning painter thou let'st fall  
Copies more fair than the original.  
I'll add but this : from all the modern plays  
The stage hath lately born, this wins the bays ;  
And if it come to trial, boldly look  
To carry it clear, thy witness being thy book.

T. J.



IN PHILIPPI MASSINGERI, POETÆ ELEGANTISS. ACTOREM ROMANUM, TYPIS EXCUSUM.

Δεκαστιχόν.

Ecce Philippinæ celebrata Tragedia Musæ,  
 Quam Roseus Britonum Roscius egit, adest.  
 Semper fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper  
 Liber ab invidiæ dentibus esto, liber.  
 Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pæti,  
 Thus, vœnum expositi tegmina suta libri :  
 Nec metuas raucos, Momorum sibila, rhoncos,  
 Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus erit.  
 Nam toties festis, actum, placuisse theatris  
 Quod liquet, hoc, cusum, crede, placebit, opus.

THO. GOFF.

TO HIS DESERVING FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGEDY,  
 "THE ROMAN ACTOR."

Paris, the best of actors in his age,  
 Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman stage  
 Such lines by thee, as do not derogate  
 From Rome's proud heights, and her then learned state.  
 Nor great Domitian's favour ; nor the embraces  
 Of a fair empress, nor those often graces  
 Which from th' applauding theatres were paid  
 To his brave action, nor his ashes laid  
 In the Flaminian way, where people strow'd  
 His grave with flowers, and Martial's wit bestow'd  
 A lasting epitaph ; not all these same  
 Do add so much renown to Paris' name  
 As this, that thou present'st his history  
 So well to us : for which, in thanks, would he,  
 (If that his soul, as thought Pythagoras,  
 Could into any of our actors pass,)  
 Life to these lines by action gladly give,  
 Whose pen so well has made his story live.

THO. MAY.

UPON MR. MASSINGER HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

To write is grown so common in our time,  
 That every one who can but frame a rhyme,  
 However monstrous, gives himself that praise,  
 Which only he should claim, that may wear bays  
 By their applause, whose judgments apprehend  
 The weight and truth of what they dare commend.  
 In this besotted age, friend, 'tis thy glory  
 That here thou hast outdone the Roman story.  
 Domitian's pride, his wife's lust, unabated  
 In death, with Paris, merely were related,  
 Without a soul, until thy abler pen  
 Spoke them, and made them speak, nay act again  
 In such a height, that here to know their deeds,  
 He may become an actor that but reads.

JOHN FORD.

## UPON MR. MASSINGER'S "ROMAN ACTOR."

Long'st thou to see proud Cæsar set in state,  
 His morning greatness, or his evening fate,  
 With admiration here behold him fall;  
 And yet outlive his tragic funeral :  
 For 'tis a question whether Cæsar's glory  
 Rose to its height before, or in this story ;  
 Or whether Paris, in Domitian's favour,  
 Were more exalted, than in this thy labour.  
 Each line speaks him an emperor, every phrase  
 Crowns thy deserving temples with the bays ;  
 So that reciprocally both agree,  
 Thou liv'st in him, and he survives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY.

TO HIS LONG-KNOWN AND LOVED FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS  
"ROMAN ACTOR."

If that my lines, being placed before thy book,  
 Could make it sell, or alter but a look  
 Of some sour censurer, who 's apt to say,  
 No one in these times can produce a play  
 Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true,  
 The old accepted are more than the new :  
 Or, could I on some spot o' the court work so,  
 To make him speak no more than he doth know ;  
 Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd friend  
 What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend :  
 Then, gentle friend, I should not blush to be  
 Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones which here I see  
 Ushering this work ; but why I write to thee  
 Is, to profess our love's antiquity,  
 Which to this tragedy must give my test,  
 Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

TO MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND, ON HIS "GREAT  
DUKE OF FLORENCE."

Enjoy thy laurel ! 'tis a noble choice,  
 Not by the suffrages of voice  
 Procured, but by a conquest so achieved,  
 As that thou hast at full relieved  
 Almost neglected poetry, whose bays,  
 Sullied by childish thirst of praise,  
 Wither'd into a dullness of despair,  
 Had not thy later labour (heir  
 Unto a former industry) made known  
 This work, which thou mayst call thine own,  
 So rich in worth, that th' ignorant may grudge  
 To find true virtue is become their judge.

GEORGE DOWNE.

TO THE DESERVING MEMORY OF THIS WORTHY WORK, "THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE,"  
AND THE AUTHOR, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER.

Action gives many poems right to live ;  
This piece gave life to action ; and will give,  
For state and language, in each change of age,  
To time delight, and honour to the stage.  
Should late prescription fail which fames that seat,  
This pen might style the Duke of Florence Great.  
Let many write, let much be printed, read,  
And censured ; toys, no sooner hatch'd than dead :  
Here, without blush to truth of commendation,  
Is proved, how art hath outgone imitation.

JOHN FORD.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY "THE MAID OF HONOUR."

Was not thy Emperor enough before  
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more ?  
I would be just, but cannot : that I know  
I did not slander, this I fear I do.  
But pardon me, if I offend ; thy fire  
Let equal poets praise, while I admire.  
If any say that I enough have writ,  
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.  
Believe not them, nor me ; they know thy lines  
Deserve applause, but speak against their minds.  
I, out of justice, would commend thy play,  
But (friend, forgive me) 'tis above my way.  
One word, and I have done, (and from my heart  
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part,  
Because 'tis thine,) it henceforth will be said,  
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COCKAINE.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY STYLED  
"THE PICTURE."

Methinks I hear some busy critic say,  
Who's this that singly ushers in this play ?  
'Tis boldness, I confess, and yet perchance  
It may be construed love, not arrogance.  
I do not here upon this leaf intrude,  
By praising one to wrong a multitude.  
Nor do I think, that all are tied to be  
(Forced by my vote) in the same creed with me,  
Each man hath liberty to judge ; free will,  
At his own pleasure, to speak good or ill.  
But yet your Muse already 's known so well  
Her worth will hardly find an infidel.  
Here she hath drawn a Picture, which shall lie  
Safe for all future times to practise by ;  
Whate'er shall follow are but copies, some  
Preceding works were types of this to come.  
'Tis your own lively image, and sets forth,  
When we are dust, the beauty of your worth.  
He that shall duly read, and not advance  
Aught that is here, betrays his ignorance :  
Yet whosoe'er beyond desert commends,  
Errs more by much than he that reprehends ;

For praise misplaced, and honour set upon  
 A worthless subject, is detraction.  
 I cannot sin so here, unless I went  
 About to style you only excellent.  
 Apollo's gifts are not confined alone  
 To your dispose, he hath more heirs than one,  
 And such as do derive from his blest hand  
 A large inheritance in the poets' land,  
 As well as you ; nor are you, I assure  
 Myself, so envious, but you can endure  
 To hear their praise, whose worth long since was known,  
 And justly too preferr'd before your own.  
 I know you'd take it for an injury,  
 (And 'tis a well-becoming modesty,)  
 To be paralle'd with Beaumont, or to hear  
 Your name by some too partial friend writ near  
 Unequall'd Jonson ; being men whose fire,  
 At distance, and with reverence, you admire.  
 Do so, and you shall find your gain will be  
 Much more, by yielding them priority,  
 Than, with a certainty of loss, to hold  
 A foolish competition : 'tis too bold  
 A task, and to be shunn'd : nor shall my praise,  
 With too much weight, ruin what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY CALLED  
 "THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

Suffer, my friend, these lines to have the grace,  
 That they may be a mole on Venus' face.  
 There is no fault about thy book but this,  
 And it will show how fair thy Emperor is,  
 Thou more than poet ! our Mercury, that art  
 Apollo's messenger, and dost impart  
 His best expressions to our ears, live long  
 To purify the slighted English tongue,  
 That both the nymphs of Tagus and of Po  
 May not henceforth despise our language so.  
 Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen  
 The matchless features of the Fairy Queen,  
 Read Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or  
 Thy neat-linn'd pieces, skilful Massinger.  
 Thou known, all the Castilians must confess  
 Vego de Carpio thy foil, and bless  
 His language can translate thee, and the fine  
 Italian wits yield to this work of thine.  
 Were old Pythagoras alive again,  
 In thee he might find reason to maintain  
 His paradox, that souls by transmigration  
 In divers bodies make their habitation :  
 And more, than all poetic souls yet known,  
 Are met in thee, contracted into one.  
 This is a truth, not an applause : I am  
 One that at furthest distance views thy flame,  
 Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,  
 In thee his poesy might all be read.  
 Forbear thy modesty : thy Emperor's vein  
 Shall live admired, when poets shall complain  
 It is a pattern of too high a reach,  
 And what great Phoebus might the Muses teach.  
 Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold  
 To say, it with the world shall not grow old.

ASTON COCKAINE.

A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, AND WELL-WISHER TO THE READER, ON "THE EMPEROR  
OF THE EAST."

Who with a liberal hand freely bestows  
His bounty on all comers, and yet knows  
No ebb, nor formal limits, but proceeds,  
Continuing his hospitable deeds,  
With daily welcome shall advance his name  
Beyond the art of flattery ; with such fame,  
May yours, dear friend, compare. Your Muse hath been  
Most bountiful, and I have often seen  
The willing seats receive such as have fed,  
And risen thankful ; yet were some misled  
By NICETY, when this fair banquet came,  
(So I allude) their stomachs were to blame,  
Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant sauce,  
Was wanting, they arose without due grace,  
Lo ! thus a second time he doth invite you :  
Be your own carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAVELL.

TO MY TRUE FRIEND AND KINSMAN, PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS "EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

I take not upon trust, nor am I led  
By an implicit faith : what I have read  
With an impartial censure I dare crown  
With a deserved applause, how'er cried down  
By such whose malice will not let them be  
Equal to any piece limn'd forth by thee.  
Contemn their poor detraction, and still write  
Poems like this, that can endure the light,  
And search of abler judgments. This will raise  
Thy name ; the others' scandal is thy praise.  
This, oft perused by grave wits, shall live long,  
Not die as soon as past the actor's tongue,  
The fate of slighter toys ; and I must say,  
'Tis not enough to make a passing play  
In a true poet : works that should endure  
Must have a genius in them strong as pure,  
And such is thine, friend : nor shall time devour  
The well-form'd features of thy Emperor.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED  
"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

'Tis a rare charity, and thou couldst not  
So proper to the time have found a plot :  
Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend ; the age  
We wretches live in, that to come the stage,  
The thronged audience that was thither brought,  
Invited by your fame, and to be taught  
This lesson ; all are grown indebted more,  
And when they look for freedom, ran in score.  
It was a cruel courtesy to call  
In hope of liberty, and then, intrall.  
The nobles are your bondmen, gentry, and  
All besides those that did not understand.

They were no men of credit, bankrupts born,  
 Fit to be trusted with no stock but scorn.  
 You have more wisely credited to such,  
 That though they cannot pay, can value much.  
 I am your debtor too, but, to my shame,  
 Repay you nothing back but your own fame.

HENRY MOODY, *Miles*.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

You may remember how you chid me, when  
 I rank'd you equal with those glorious men,  
 Beaumont and Fletcher : if you love not praise,  
 You must forbear the publishing of plays.  
 The crafty mazes of the cunning plot,  
 The polish'd phrase, the sweet expressions, got  
 Neither by theft nor violence ; the conceit  
 Fresh and unsullied ; all is of weight,  
 Able to make the captive reader know  
 I did but justice when I placed you so.  
 A shame-faced blushing would become the brow  
 Of some weak virgin writer ; we allow  
 To you a kind of pride, and there where most  
 Should blush at commendations, you should boast.  
 If any think I flatter, let him look  
 Off from my idle trifles on thy book.

THOMAS JAY, *Miles*.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for a systematic approach to data collection and the importance of using reliable sources of information.

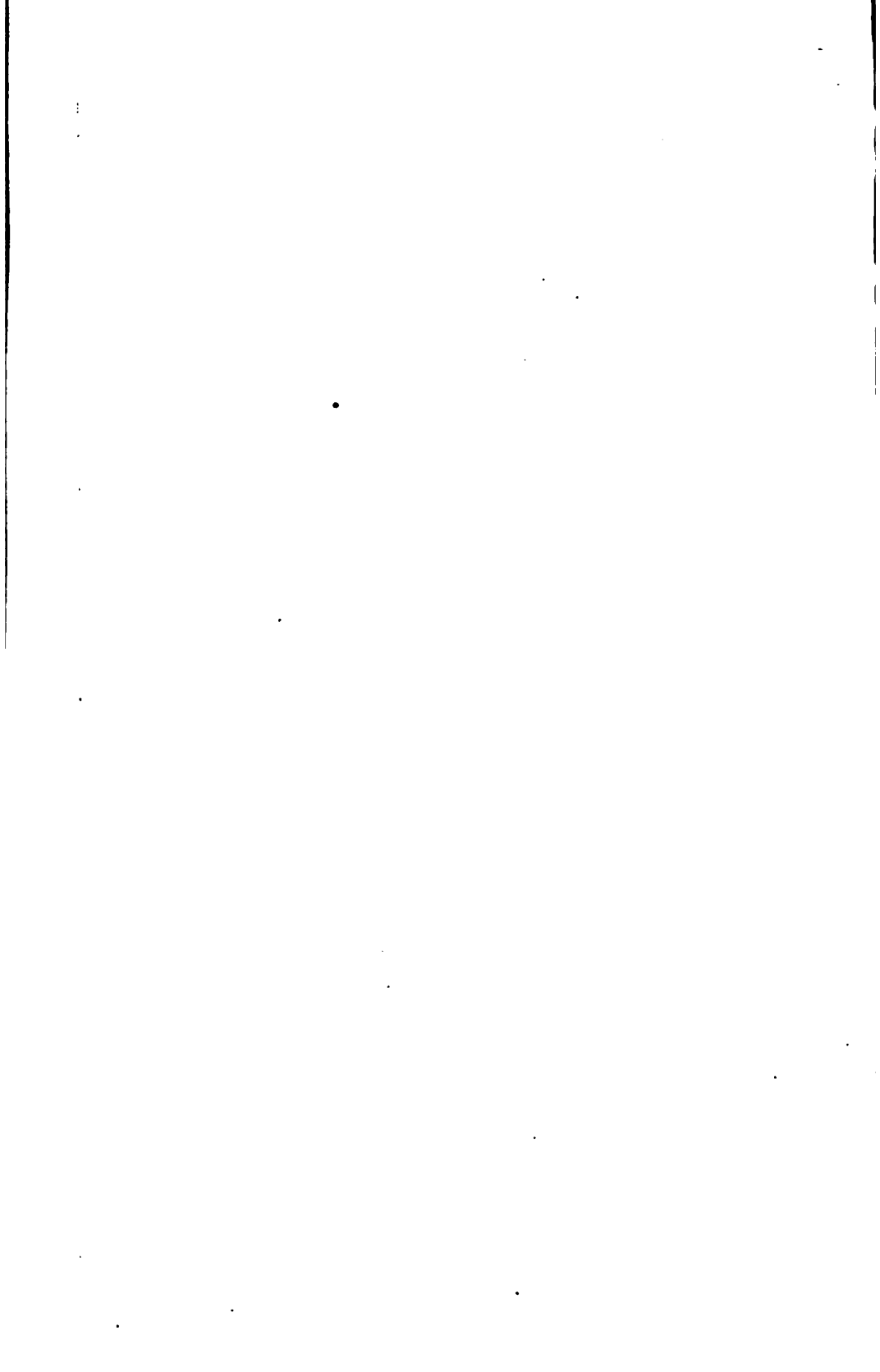
3. The third part of the document focuses on the analysis and interpretation of the collected data. It discusses the various statistical and analytical tools that can be used to identify trends and patterns in the data.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and the need for further research. It emphasizes that the results of the study should be used to inform decision-making and to guide the development of policies and procedures.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions of the study. It highlights the main points of the research and the implications for the organization's future operations.

**THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.**





# THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIOCLESIAN, } *Emperors of Rome.*  
 MAXIMINUS, }  
 KING OF PONTUS.  
 KING OF EPIRE.  
 KING OF MACEDON.  
 SAPRITIUS, *Governor of Cæsarea.*  
 THEOPHILUS, *a zealous Persecutor of the Christians.*  
 SEMPRONIUS, *Captain of SAPRITIUS' Guards.*  
 ANTONINUS, *Son to SAPRITIUS.*  
 MACRINUS, *Friend to ANTONINUS.*  
 HARFAX, *an evil Spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the shape of a Secretary.*  
 ANGELO, *a good Spirit, serving DOROTHEA in the habit of a Page.*

HIRCIUS, *a Whoremaster,* } *Servants of*  
 SPUNGUS, *a Drunkard,* } *DOROTHEA.*  
 JULIANUS, } *Servants of THEOPHILUS.*  
 GETA,  
 Priest of Jupiter.  
 British Slave.

ARTEMIA, *Daughter to DIOCLESIAN.*  
 CALISTA, } *Daughters to THEOPHILUS.*  
 CHRISTETA, }  
 DOROTHEA, *the VIRGIN-MARTYR.*

Officers and Executioners.

## SCENE,—CÆSAREA.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Governor's Palace.*

*Enter THEOPHILUS and HARFAX.*

*Theoph.* Come to Cæsarea to-night!

*Harp.* Most true, sir.

*Theoph.* The emperor in person!

*Harp.* Do I live?

*Theoph.* 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches of great princes, Like to the motions of prodigious meteors, Are step by step observ'd; and loud-tongued Fame

The harbinger to prepare their entertainment: And, were it possible so great an army, Though cover'd with the night, could be so near, The governor cannot be so unfriended Among the many that attend his person, But, by some secret means, he should have notice Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this, then, excuse me, If I appear incredulous.

*Harp.* At your pleasure.

*Theoph.* Yet, when I call to mind you never fail'd me

In things more difficult, but have discover'd Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,

When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults, No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians

Or from my reach or punishment but thy magic Still laid them open; I begin again To be as confident as heretofore, It is not possible thy powerful art Should meet a check, or fail.

*Enter the Priest of Jupiter, bearing an Image, and followed by CALISTA and CHRISTETA.*

*Harp.* Look on the Vestals, The holy pledges that the gods have given you, Your chaste, fair daughters. Were't not to up- A service to a master not unthankful, [braid I could say these, in spite of your prevention, Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason, (Which is the strength of nature,) quite forsaking The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves To this new-found religion. This I cross'd, Discover'd their intents, taught you to use, With gentle words and mild persuasions, The power and the authority of a father, Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaim'd them: And, whereas they with torment should have died, (Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!)

[*Aside.* They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple, And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse Belonging to his deity. [ones,

*Theoph.* 'Twas a benefit, For which I ever owe you.—Hail, Jove's flamen! Have these my daughters reconciled themselves, Abandoning for ever the Christian way, To your opinion?

*Priest.* And are constant in it. They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,

And are with arguments able to convert The enemies to our gods, and answer all They can object against us.

*Theoph.* My dear daughters!

*Cal.* We dare dispute against this new-sprung  
In private or in public. [sect.

*Harp.* My best lady,  
Perséver in it.

*Chris.* And what we maintain,  
We will seal with our bloods.

*Harp.* Brave resolution!  
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.

*Theoph.* I young again. To your devotions.

*Harp.* Do—

My prayers be present with you.

[*Exeunt Priest, CAL. and CHRIS.*]

*Theoph.* O my Harpax!

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st  
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st  
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compas-  
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on [sion  
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts  
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;  
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;  
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;  
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy—

*Harp.* And in that, just, not cruel.

*Theoph.* Were all sceptres

That grace the hands of kings, made into one,  
And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet,  
I would condemn them all,—thus spit at them;  
So I to all posterities might be call'd  
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,  
And rooter out of Christians.

*Harp.* Oh, mine own,  
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,  
I ever live thy slave.

[*Enter SAPRITIUS and SEMPRONIUS.*]

*Theoph.* No more—The governor.

*Sap.* Keep the ports close, and let the guards  
be doubled;

Disarm the Christians; call it death in any  
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.

*Semp.* I shall be careful, sir.

*Sap.* 'Twill well become you.

Such as refuse to offer sacrifice  
To any of our gods, put to the torture.  
Grab up this growing mischief by the roots;  
And know, when we are merciful to them,  
We to ourselves are cruel.

*Semp.* You pour oil

On fire that burns already at the height:  
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,  
And they shall find no favour.

*Theoph.* My good lord,

This care is timely for the entertainment  
Of our great master, who this night in person  
Comes here to thank you.

*Sap.* Who! the emperor?

*Harp.* To clear your doubts, he doth return in  
triumph,

Kings lacking by his triumphant chariot;  
And in this glorious victory, my lord,  
You have an ample share: for know, your son,  
The ne'er enough commended Antoninus,  
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and died  
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,  
That, besides public grace beyond his hopes,  
There are rewards propounded.

*Sap.* I would know  
No mean in thine, could this be true.

*Harp.* My head

Answer the forfeit.

*Sap.* Of his victory

There was some rumour: but it was assur'd,  
The army pass'd a full day's journey higher,  
Into the country.

*Harp.* It was so determined;

But, for the further honour of your son,  
And to observe the government of the city,  
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,  
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here:

[*Trumpets.*]

For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.

*Sap.* Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our  
guards,

And with all ceremonious pomp receive  
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak  
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city shew  
Her state and wealth.

*Semp.* I'm gone. [Exit

*Sap.* O, I am ravish'd

With this great honour! cherish, good Theophilus,  
This knowing scholar. Send [for] your fair daugh-  
I will present them to the emperor, [ters];  
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,  
Express your zeal and duty.

*Theoph.* Fetch them, good Harpax.

[*Exit HARPAZ.*]

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, at the head of the guard, soldiers lead-  
ing three Kings bound; ANTONINUS and MACRINUS bear-  
ing the Emperor's eagles; DIOCLESIAN with a gilt laurel  
on his head, leading in ARTEMIA; SAPRITIUS kisses the  
Emperor's hand, then embraces his Son; HARPAZ brings  
in CALPETA and CHRISTETA. Loud shouts.*

*Diocle.* So: at all parts I find Cæsarea  
Completely govern'd: the licentious soldier  
Confined in modest limits, and the people  
Taught to obey, and not compell'd with rigour:  
The ancient Roman discipline revived,  
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and pro-  
claim'd her

The glorious mistress of the conquer'd world;  
But, above all, the service of the gods  
So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,  
In words to thank you for your care and duty,  
Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour,  
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.—  
But I shall find a time with noble titles  
To recompense your merits.

*Sap.* Mightiest Cæsar,

Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal  
To Jove's in heaven; whose victorious triumphs  
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,  
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies  
Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword,  
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills  
As did His thunder! all that I have done,  
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,  
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.  
But, if in anything I have deserved  
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care  
Still to preserve the honour of those gods,  
That make him what he is: my zeal to them  
I ever have express'd in my fell hate  
Against the Christian sect that, with one blow,  
(Ascribing all things to an unknown Power,)  
Would strike down all their temples, and allows  
Nor sacrifice nor altars. [them

*Diocle.* Thou, in this,  
Walk'st at hand in hand with me: my will and power  
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all  
That are in this most forward.

red Cæsar,  
 erial majesty stand pleased  
 your favours upon such as are  
 champions of our religion ;  
 is reverend man, [*points to THEOPHI-*  
*OS*] to whom the power  
 g out, and punishing such delinquents,  
 ir choice committed : and, for proof,  
 serv'd the grace imposed upon him,  
 fair and even hand proceeded,  
 one, not to himself, or those  
 arness to himself ; behold  
 ' virgins.

What are these ?  
 daughters.

Now by your sacred fortune, they are  
 ir ones,  
 fair ones : would 'twere in my power  
 em mine !

They are the gods', great lady,  
 most happy in your service else :  
 hen they fell from their father's faith,  
 lge's power, entreaties failing  
 ; seduced) to win them to adore  
 owers we worship ; I put on  
 robe of bold authority,  
 y had been strangers to my blood,  
 hem in the most horrid form,  
 tortures ; part of which they suffer'd  
 in constancy.

And could you endure,  
 er, to behold their limbs  
 n the rack ?

I did ; but must  
 re was a strange contention in me,  
 e impartial office of a judge,  
 f a father ; to help justice  
 ept in, under which odds  
 I fell :—yet still I was a father.  
 en, when the flinty hangman's whips  
 with stripes spent on their tender limbs,  
 and wept, and begg'd them, though they  
 ould

themselves, they would take pity  
 y hairs ; now note a sudden change,  
 ith joy remember ; those, whom torture,  
 death could terrify, were o'ercome  
 of my sufferings ; and so won,  
 to the faith that they were born in,  
 to the gods. And be assured,  
 justice with a rigorous hand,  
 beauteous virgins, and mine own,  
 favour, where the cause commands me,  
 er ; but, as rocks, be deaf  
 aties.

Thou deserv'st thy place ;  
 ; and with honour. Things thus order'd  
 be gods, 'tis lawful to descend  
 cares, and exercise that power  
 ; conferr'd upon me ;—which that you,  
 traitors to the power of Rome,  
 with all extremities undergo,  
 you urge to qualify your crimes,  
 e my anger ?

*pire.* We are now  
 by power, that yesterday were kings,  
 ommand o'er others ; we confess  
 sires paid yours tribute, yet left us,  
 refathers had, desire of freedom.  
 a Romans hold it glorious honour,

Not only to defend what is your own.  
 But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune  
 Denies that happiness,) who can accuse  
 The famish'd mouth, if it attempt to feed ?  
 Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,  
 If they desire to shake them off ?

*K. of Pontus.* We stand  
 The last examples, to prove how uncertain  
 All human happiness is ; and are prepared  
 To endure the worst.

*K. of Macedon.* That spoke, which now is  
 highest

In Fortune's wheel, must, when she turns it next,  
 Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,  
 Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Seaostris,  
 That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,  
 To free them from that slavery ;—but to hope  
 Such mercy from a Roman, were mere madness :  
 We are familiar with what cruelty  
 Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used  
 Such as she triumph'd over ; age nor sex  
 Exempted from her tyranny ; scepter'd princes  
 Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,  
 In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts,  
 For public bondmen. In the catalogue  
 Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have  
 Our names remember'd.

*Diocle.* In all growing empires,  
 Even cruelty is useful ; some must suffer,  
 And be set up examples to strike terror  
 In others, though far off : but, when a state  
 Is raised to her perfection, and her bases  
 Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,  
 And do't with safety : but to whom ? not cowards,  
 Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,  
 And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus  
 Did great Æmilius. Know, therefore, kings  
 Of Epir, Pontus, and of Macedon,  
 That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,  
 As well as make them mine by force, provided  
 That they are noble enemies : such I found you,  
 Before I made you mine ; and, since you were so,  
 You have not lost the courages of princes,  
 Although the fortune. Had you born yourselves  
 Dejectedly, and base, no slavery  
 Had been too easy for you : but such is  
 The power of noble valour, that we love it  
 Even in our enemies, and taken with it,  
 Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

*K. of Epir.* Mock us not, Cæsar.

*Diocle.* By the gods, I do not.  
 Unloose their bonds :—I now as friends embrace  
 Give them their crowns again. [you.]

*K. of Pontus.* We are twice o'ercome ;  
 By courage, and by courtesy.

*K. of Macedon.* But this latter,  
 Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals  
 To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.

*K. of Epir.* All kingdoms fall before her !

*K. of Pontus.* And all kings  
 Contend to honour Cæsar !

*Diocle.* I believe  
 Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,  
 And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,  
 Imperious Fortune ! mix some light disaster  
 With my so many joys, to season them,  
 And give them sweeter relish : I'm girt round  
 With true felicity ; faithful subjects here,  
 Here bold commanders, here with new-made  
 friends :

But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,  
My only child, whose love to me and duty,  
Strive to exceed each other!

*Artem.* I make payment

But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender  
As a daughter and a subject.

*Diocle.* Which requires yet  
A retribution from me, Artemia,  
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow  
A jewel, of all things to me most precious:  
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from  
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;  
Which that thou may'st with greater pleasures  
taste of,

Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.  
Among these kings, forgetting they were captives;  
Or those, remembering not they are my subjects,  
Make choice of any: By Jove's dreadful thunder,  
My will shall rank with thine.

*Artem.* It is a bounty

The daughters of great princes seldom meet with;  
For they, to make up breaches in the state,  
Or for some other public ends, are forced  
To match where they affect not. May my life  
Deserve this favour!

*Diocle.* Speak; I long to know  
The man thou wilt make happy.

*Artem.* If that titles,

Or the adored name of Queen could take me,  
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further;  
But these are baits to take a mean-born lady,  
Not her, that boldly may call Cæsar father:  
In that I can bring honour unto any,  
But from no king that lives receive addition:  
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,  
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,  
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes  
No worth but that name only.

*Diocle.* I commend thee;  
'Tis like myself.

*Artem.* If, then, of men beneath me,  
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,  
But among those that best deserve from you?  
That have served you most faithfully; that in dan-  
gers

Have stood next to you; that have interposed  
Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the swords  
Aim'd at your bosom; that have spent their blood  
To crown your brows with laurel?

*Maac.* Cytherea,

Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me!

*Harp.* [to SAP.] Now mark what I foretold.

*Anton.* Her eye's on me.

Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart,  
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;  
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,  
Shoot it in the behalf of any other:

Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere. [Aside.

*Artem.* [advances to ANTON.] Sir.

*Theoph.* How he blushes!

*Sap.* Welcome, fool, thy fortune.

Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!  
*Artem.* I am no object to divert your eye  
From the beholding.

*Anton.* Rather a bright sun,  
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,  
That took not first flight from the eagle's aerie.  
As I look on the temples, or the gods,  
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,  
And shall do ever.

*Artem.* And it will become you,  
While thus we stand at distance; but, if love,  
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,  
Teach me to stoop so low—

*Anton.* O, rather take  
A higher flight.

*Artem.* Why, fear you to be raised?  
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits  
On majesty, or with you share my beams,  
Nay, make you to outshine me; change the name  
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service  
That's due from you to me; and in me make it  
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

*Anton.* Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I  
am,

Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for!  
Call it, great lady, by another name;  
An humble modesty, that would not match  
A molehill with Olympus.

*Artem.* He that's famous  
For honourable actions in the war,  
As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,  
Is fellow to a king.

*Anton.* If you love valour,  
As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,  
And cherish it in a king; there it shines brightest.  
And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,  
A prince, in whom it is incorporate:  
And let it not disgrace him that he was  
O'ercome by Cæsar; it was victory,  
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,  
How in one bloody scene he did discharge  
The parts of a commander and a soldier,  
Wise in direction, bold in execution;  
You would have said, Great Cæsar's self excepted,  
The world yields not his equal.

*Artem.* Yet I have heard,  
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,  
You took him prisoner.

*K. of Epire.* 'Tis a truth, great princess;  
I'll not detract from valour.

*Anton.* 'Twas mere fortune;

Courage had no hand in it.

*Theoph.* Did ever man  
Strive so against his own good?

*Sap.* Spiritless villain!

How I am tortured! By the immortal gods,  
I now could kill him.

*Diocle.* Hold, Sapritius, hold,  
On our displeasure hold!

*Harp.* Why, this would make  
A father mad; 'tis not to be endured;  
Your honour's tainted in't.

*Sap.* By heaven, it is:  
I shall think of it.

*Harp.* 'Tis not to be forgotten.  
*Artem.* Nay, kneel not, sir, I am no ravisher,  
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,  
But that I can retire, my honour safe:—  
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected  
What, but seen in possession of another,  
Will make thee mad with envy.

*Anton.* In her looks  
Revenge is written.

*Mac.* As you love your life,  
Study to appease her.

*Anton.* Gracious madam, hear me.

*Artem.* And be again refused?

*Anton.* The tender of  
My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,

heart, my all : and pardon me,  
 O princess, that I made some scruple  
 of security,  
 to the hill of majesty,  
 nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.  
 but your grace made trial of me ;  
 me to embrace, where but to touch  
 anner'd hand, was death ? The fox,  
 first the forest's king, the lion,  
 lead with fear ; the second view  
 launted him ; the third,  
 te him boldly : pray you, apply this ;  
 find a little time will teach me  
 more familiar eyes upon you,  
 allows me.  
 excused.  
 u may redeem all yet.  
 d, that he may  
 and opportunity to do so,  
 ave you my substitute  
 ea.  
 here, as yourself,  
 and serve her.  
 Antoninus,  
 hers, I wish no other heir ;  
 —be careful of your charge, Theophi-  
 you my daughter's guardian. [Ius ;  
 y I wish, confederate princes,  
 atian wars ; which finished  
 I hope, and Maximinus,  
 and copartner in the empire,  
 st won to confirm as much,  
 as I took from you we'll restore,  
 ou greater than you were before.  
 [Exit all but ANTONINUS and MACRINUS.  
 h, I am lost for ever ! lost, Macrinus !  
 of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,  
 : blast of Fortune all my light  
 is put out.  
 are like to those  
 only, 'cause they are too well ;  
 ing in the excess of blessings,  
 undance want. What could you wish,  
 all'n upon you ? honour, greatness,  
 lth, favour, the whole world for a dower ;  
 rincess, whose excelling form  
 fortune.  
 et poison still is poison,  
 nk in gold ; and all these flattering  
 to starve, a painted banquet, [glories  
 atial food. When I am scorch'd  
 n flames in any other quench me ?  
 love to me, greatness, or empire,

That am slave to another, who alone  
 Can give me ease or freedom !

*Mac.* Sir, you point at  
 Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea :  
 Is she, though fair, the same day to be named  
 With best Artemia ? In all their courses,  
 Wise men propose their ends : with sweet Artemia,  
 There comes along pleasure, security,  
 Usher'd by all that in this life is precious :  
 With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,  
 The daughter to a senator of Rome,  
 By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,  
 And far inferior to yours) arrives  
 The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,  
 Speaks death is near, the princess' heavy scorn,  
 Under which you will shrink ; your father's fury,  
 Which to resist, even piety forbids :—  
 And but remember that she stands suspected  
 A favourer of the Christian sect ; she brings  
 Not danger, but assured destruction with her.  
 This truly weigh'd, one smile of great Artemia  
 Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before  
 All joys in Dorothea : therefore leave her.

*Anton.* In what thou think'st thou art most  
 wise, thou art

Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.

For any man to match above his rank,  
 Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia  
 I still must live a servant ; but enjoying  
 Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,  
 Rule as becomes a husband : for the *danger*,  
 Or call it, if you will, *assured destruction*,  
 I slight it thus.—If, then, thou art my friend,  
 As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take  
 A governor's place upon thee, be my helper.

*Mac.* You know I dare, and will do anything ;  
 Put me unto the test.

*Anton.* Go then, Macrinus,  
 To Dorothea ; tell her I have won,  
 In all the battles I have fought, her figure,  
 Her figure in my heart, which, like a deity,  
 Hath still protected me. Thou can'st speak well ;  
 And of thy choicest language spare a little,  
 To make her understand how much I love her,  
 And how I languish for her. Bear these jewels,  
 Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,  
 As to my goddess : all lets thrown behind me,  
 Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning  
 I mean to visit her by the name of friendship :  
 —No words to contradict this.

*Mac.* I am yours :

And, if my travail this way be ill spent,  
 Judge not my readier will by the event. [Exit.

## ACT II.

—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

Enter SPUNGIUS and HIR.

urn Christian ! Would he that first  
 to have my shoes walk upon Christian  
 urn'd me into a capon ; for I am sure  
 ones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly  
 off.

then, if any coxcomb has a galloping  
 de, here's a gelding, if he can but sit

*Spun.* I kick, for all that, like a horse ;—look  
 else.

*Hir.* But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spun-  
 gius. Have not I as much cause to complain as  
 thou hast ? When I was a pagan, there was an  
 infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon  
 trust for my curvetting : a pox on your Christian  
 cockatrices ! they cry, like poulterers' wives :—No  
 money, no coney.

*Spun.* Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and  
 sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freasy tip-

plers, and super-naculum takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner, mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses; lanceprezade to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimped, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces—

*Hir.* What of all this?

*Spun.* This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.

*Hir.* Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

*Spun.* There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another; they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

*Hir.* Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her anything hardly, (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

*Spun.* I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

*Hir.* Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

*Spun.* True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in shew I carry a Christian's face.

*Hir.* Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

*Spun.* Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and goose, fellow Hircius—

*Hir.* And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

*Spun.* Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almawomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

*Hir.* Eat it; or be choked else.

*Spun.* Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle pots of wine.

*Hir.* Therein thou shewed'st thyself a perfect demi-christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners:—Did I so, think you?

*Spun.* Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

*Hir.* As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first: for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

*Spun.* And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy

knaves: and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

*Hir.* All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, per page.

*Spun.* As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

*Hir.* With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

*Spun.* Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

*Hir.* 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

*Enter ANGELO with a book, and a taper lighted; seeing him, they counterfeit devotion.*

*Ang.* O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,  
In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion  
Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste  
your time,

When the religious man was on his knees,  
Speaking the heavenly language?

*Spun.* Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French, I hope.

*Hir.* We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

*Ang.* Have you the baskets emptied, which  
your lady  
Sent, from her charitable hands, to women  
That dwell upon her pity?

*Spun.* Emptied them! yes; I'd be loth to have  
my belly so empty: yet, I am sure, I munched  
not one bit of them neither.

*Ang.* And went your money to the prisoners?

*Hir.* Went! no; I carried it, and with these  
fingers paid it away.

*Ang.* What way? the devil's way, the way of  
The way of hot damnation, way of lust? [sin,  
And you, to wash away the poor man's bread,  
In bowls of drunkenness?

*Spun.* Drunkenness! yes, yes, I use to be  
drunk; our next neighbour's man, called Chris-  
topher, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

*Hir.* Or me given so to the flesh: my cheeks  
speak my doings.

*Ang.* Avaunt, ye thieves, and hollow hypocrites!  
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,  
And there I read your doings.

*Spun.* And what do you read in my heart?

*Hir.* Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat  
the flint of your brains.

*Spun.* And let's see what sparks of wit fly out  
to kindle your cerebrum.

*Ang.* Your names even brand you; you are  
Spungius call'd,

And like a sponge, you suck up lickerish wines,  
Till your soul reels to hell.

*Spun.* To hell! can any drunkard's legs carry  
him so far?

*Ang.* For blood of grapes you sold the widows  
food.

starving them, 'tis murder; what's this but hell?—

us your name, and goatish is your nature; match the meat out of the prisoner's mouth, tten harlots: is not this hell too? agel, but the devil, waits on you.

us. Shall I cut his throat?

r. No; better burn him, for I think he is a: but sooth, sooth him.

us. Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling he company of wicked he-christians, for my

r. And she ones, for mine,—we have them in shoals hard by—

us. We must confess, I took too much out: pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

r. Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us; zen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing: a one, that counts himself a better Christian we two, has done it, by this light!

us. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the sle to my lady; and, if you take us creeping any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, ts flay off our skins.

r. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of into those skins.

g. Will you dishonour her sweet charity, saved you from the tree of death and shame?

r. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be of my faults!

us. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; hope she will not bar yeoman sprats to have swing.

g. She comes,—beware, and mend.

r. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

*Enter DOROTHEA.*

r. Have you my messages, sent to the poor, er'd with good hands, not robbing them y jot was theirs?

us. Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellow I am thieves.

r. Delivered with good hands, madam! else e never lick my fingers more when I eat r'd fish.

r. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,

r from heaven; and there are thunderbolts, thence to beat them ever. Do not lie;

; you both faithful, true distributors?

us. Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally nts the lie!

r. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people,

you they pine for want of any thing, sper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

r. Whisper! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.

g. Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;

if you do—

us. Are we Christians?

r. The foul fiend snap all pagans for me!

g. Away, and, once more, mend.

us. 'Takes us for botchers.

r. A patch, a patch! [*Exit Bron. and Hin.*]

g. My book and taper.

g. Here, most holy mistress.

*Dor.* Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never

Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound. Were every servant in the world like thee, So full of goodness, angels would come down To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo, And like that name thou art; get thee to rest, Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

*Ang.* No, my dear lady, I could weary stars, And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes, By my late watching, but to wait on you. When at your prayers you kneel before the altar, Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven, So blest I hold me in your company: Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence For then you break his heart.

*Dor.* Be nigh me still, then: In golden letters down I'll set that day, Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself, This little, pretty body; when I, coming Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy, My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!— And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,

Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire, But with a holy flame, mounting since higher, On wings of cherubins, than it did before.

*Ang.* Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye So likes so poor a servant.

*Dor.* I have offer'd Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents. I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some, To dwell with thy good father; for, the son Bewitching me so deeply with his presence, He that begot him must do't ten times more. I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents; Be not ashamed.

*Ang.* I am not: I did never Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace, Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,

And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand, My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress, If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand, No worse than yet it does; upon my life, You and I both shall meet my father there, And he shall bid you welcome.

*Dor.* A blessed day! We all long to be there, but lose the way.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street, near DOROTHEA'S House.*

*Enter MACRINUS, met by THEOPHILUS and HARPAX.*

*Theoph.* The Sun, god of the day, guide thee, Macrinus!

*Mac.* And thee, Theophilus!

*Theoph.* Glad'st thou in such scorn?

I call my wish back.

*Mac.* I'm in haste.

*Theoph.* One word,

Take the least hand of time up:—stay.

*Mac.* Be brief.

*Theoph.* As thought: I prithee tell me, good Macrinus,

How health and our fair princess lay together



This night, for you can tell ; courtiers have flies,  
That buzz all news unto them.

*Mac.* She slept but ill.

*Theoph.* Double thy courtesy ; how does Antoninus ?

*Mac.* Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not

*Theoph.* Once more ; [how.

—Thy head is full of windmills :—when doth the princess

Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it

On Antoninus, on the wedding-night ?

*Mac.* I know not.

*Theoph.* No ! thou art the manuscript,  
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets :  
Honest Macrinus, tell me.

*Mac.* Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

*Harp.* Honesty is some fiend, and frights him  
A many courtiers love it not. [hence ;

*Theoph.* What piece

Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,

Is broke, it runs so jarringly ? the man

Is from himself divided : O thou, the eye,

By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,

What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,

That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus from me.

*Harp.* Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,  
Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose  
poisonous spawn

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies,

That, unless charms more strong than adamant

Be used, the Roman angel's wings shall melt,

And Cæsar's diadem be from his head

Spurn'd by base feet ; the laurel which he wears,

Returning victor, be enforced to kiss

That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,

This Antoninus-Engine, being made ready

To so much mischief, keep a steady motion ?—

His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.

*Theoph.* I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy language,

Which printed is in such crabb'd characters,

It puzzles all my reading : what, in the name

Of Pluto, now is hatching ?

*Harp.* This Macrinus,

The line is, upon which love-errands run

'Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,

The bloodless Dorothea ; who in prayer

And meditation, mocking all your gods,

Drinks up her ruby colour : yet Antoninus

Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced Moon,

Courts, seeks to catch her eyes—

*Theoph.* And what of this ?

*Harp.* These are but creeping billows,

Not got to shore yet : but if Dorothea

Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,

(Your coldest women do so),—had you ink

Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that black-

Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours, [ness

Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts

Upon the bright Artemia, star o' the court,

Great Cæsar's daughter.

*Theoph.* I now conster thee.

*Harp.* Nay, more ; a firmament of clouds, being

With Jove's artillery, shot down at once, [fill'd

To pash your gods in pieces, cannot give,

With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow

To the religion there, and pagan lore,

As this ; for Dorothea hates your gods,

And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,

Making it foul like hers, Oh ! the example—

*Theoph.* Eats through Cæsar's heart like  
liquid poison.

Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,  
To see but which, could all that feel bell's tor-  
ments

Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,

They would be mad till they again descended,

Holding the pains most horrid of such souls.

May-games to those of mine ; has this my hand

Set down a Christian's execution

In such dire postures, that the very hangman

Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures ;

And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masquer

Strangle me in a dance ?

*Harp.* No :—on ; I hug thee,

For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot

Of tortures 'gainst these Christians : on ; I hug  
thee !

*Theoph.* Both hug and holy me : to this Doro-  
thy thou and I in thunder. [thea.

*Harp.* Not for kingdoms

Piled upon kingdoms : there's a villain page

Waits on her, whom I would not for the world

Hold traffic with ; I do so hate his sight,

That, should I look on him, I must sink down.

*Theoph.* I will not lose thee then, her to con-  
found :

None but this head with glories shall be crown'd

*Harp.* Oh ! mine own as I would wish thee !

[Exit

### SCENE III.—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, and ANGELO.

*Dor.* My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye  
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,  
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,  
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them  
To the good of others ; else will you find them flie.  
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies :  
Be careful, dear boy.

*Ang.* Yes, my sweetest mistress. [Exit

*Dor.* Now, sir, you may go on.

*Mac.* I then must study

A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues

Which Antoninus gracefully become.

There is in him so much man ; so much goodness,

So much of honour, and of all things else,

Which make our being excellent, that from his store

He can enough lend others ; yet, much ta'en from

The want shall be as little, as when seas [him,

Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorress

Of needy rivers.

*Dor.* Sir, he is more indebted

To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.

*Mac.* If queens, viewing his presents paid to the  
whiteness

Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious

But to be parted in their numerous shares ;

This he counts nothing : could you see main armies

Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,

That 'tis the best, the truest ; this were nothing :

The greatness of his state, his father's voice,

And arm, awing Cæsar's, he ne'er boasts of ;

The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,

Shine there but as in water, and gild him

Not with one spot of pride : no, dearest beauty,

All these, heap'd up together in one scale,

Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you

Being put into the other.

*Dor.* Could gold buy you  
To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy  
Of more than I will number; and this your lan-  
Hath power to win upon another woman, [guage  
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world  
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,  
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

*Mac.* You make me a sad messenger;—but  
himself

*Enter ANTONIUS.*

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you  
Music more pleasing.

*Anton.* Has your ear, Macrinus,  
Heard none, then?

*Mac.* None I like.

*Anton.* But can there be  
In such a noble casket, wherein lie  
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections.  
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty  
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

*Dor.* I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,  
Thus to hold parley with you;—pray, sir, pardon.

[*Going.*

*Anton.* Good sweetness, you now have it, and  
shall go:

Be but so merciful, before your wounding me  
With such a mortal weapon as Farewell,  
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,  
What I was loth to lay on any tongue  
But this mine own.

*Dor.* If one immodest accent  
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

*Anton.* My true love dares not do it.

*Mac.* Hermes inspire thee!

*Enter above, ARTEMIA, SAPATIUS, TEROPHILUS,  
SPUNGUIS, and HINCIA.*

*Spun.* So, now, do you see?—Our work is done;  
the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and  
therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward,  
no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about  
our heels.

*Theoph.* The gold you earn is here; dam up  
And no words of it. [your mouths,

*Hir.* No; nor no words from you of too much  
damning neither. I know women sell themselves  
daily, and are hacknied out for silver: why may  
not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?

*Spun.* She saved us from the gallows, and, only  
to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll  
hang her.

*Theoph.* 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine  
white boys.

*Spun.* If your red boys, 'tis well known more  
ill-favoured faces than ours are painted.

*Sap.* Those fellows trouble us.

*Theoph.* Away, away!

*Hir.* I to my sweet placket.

*Spun.* And I to my full pot.

[*Exeunt Hir. and Spun.*

*Anton.* Come, let me tune you:—glaze not thus  
With self-love of a vow'd virginity, [your eyes  
Make every man your glass; you see our sex  
Do never murder propagation;  
We all desire your sweet society,  
But if you bar me from it, you do kill me,  
And of my blood are guilty.

*Artem.* O base villain!

*Sap.* Bridle your rage, sweet princess.

*Anton.* Could not my fortunes,

Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of you,  
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.

*Dor.* Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of  
He that I love is richer; and for worth, [gold,  
You are to him lower than any slave  
Is to a monarch.

*Sap.* So insolent, base Christian!

*Dor.* Can I, with wearing out my knees before  
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast [him,  
You're equal to a king,

*Sap.* Confusion on thee,  
For playing thus the lying sorceress!

*Anton.* Your mocks are great ones; none be-  
neath the sun

Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,  
Pity me, wondrous maid.

*Sap.* I curse thy baseness.

*Theoph.* Listen to more.

*Dor.* O kneel not, sir, to me.

*Anton.* This knee is emblem of an humbled  
heart:

That heart which tortured is with your disdain,  
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,  
To which for pity such a princess sues,  
As in her hand offers me all the world,  
Great Caesar's daughter.

*Artem.* Slave, thou liest.

*Anton.* Yet this  
Is adamant to her, that melts to you  
In drops of blood.

*Theoph.* A very dog!

*Anton.* Perhaps

'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow  
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:  
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that Power,  
On which you Christians lean.

*Sap.* I can no longer

Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain.  
Sirrah!

[*Aloud.*

Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's hand  
Had struck thee in the womb!

*Mac.* We are betray'd.

*Artem.* Is that the idol, traitor, which thou  
Trampling upon my beauty? [kneel'st to,

*Theoph.* Sirrah, bandog!

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter  
For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?—  
A whore! a hell-bound! In this globe of brains,  
Where a whole world of furies for such tortures  
Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,  
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,  
To find one horrider than all, for you,  
You three!

*Artem.* Threaten not, but strike: quick ven-  
geance flies

Into my bosom; caitiff! here all love dies.

[*Exeunt above.*

*Anton.* O! I am thunderstruck! We are both  
o'erwhelm'd—

*Mac.* With one high-raging billow.

*Dor.* You a soldier,

And sink beneath the violence of a woman!

*Anton.* A woman! a wrong'd princess. From  
such a star

Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,  
But tragical events? my life is now  
The subject of her tyranny.

*Dor.* That fear is base,  
Of death, when that death doth but life displace  
Out of her house of earth; you only dread

The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;

There's the great fear, indeed : come, let your eyes Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

*Re-enter below, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEROPHILUS, a guard ; ANGELO comes and stands close by DOROTHEA.*

*Artem.* My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm,

And I his strength must use. Because I once Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion, Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey, [heart, By lingering out thy terrors; but, with one frown, Kill thee :—hence with them all to execution.

Seize him ; but let even death itself be weary In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks ;

Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom : In pieces rack that bawd too. [Points to MACH.

*Sap.* Albeit the reverence

I owe our gods and you, are, in my bosom, Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd From saving this young man ; yet, when I see What face death gives him, and that a thing within me

Says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man, And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

*Artem.* And I deny.

*Anton.* Sir, you dishonour me, To sue for that which I disclaim to have. I shall more glory in my sufferings gain, Than you in giving judgment, since I offer My blood up to your anger ; nor do I kneel To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin : Preserve this temple, build'd fair as yours is, And Cæsar never went in greater triumph, Than I shall to the scaffold.

*Artem.* Are you so brave, sir ?

Set forward to his triumph, and let those two Go cursing along with him.

*Dor.* No, but pitying,

For my part, I, that you lose ten times more By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures : Through all the army of my sins, I have even Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face. The visage of a hangman frights not me ; The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires, Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up To an eternal habitation.

*Theoph.* Cæsar's imperial daughter ! hear me speak.

Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar, Build to herself a kingdom in her death, Going laughing from us : no ; her bitterest torment Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down ; The bravery of her resolution lie Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces, That she again shall, on her belly, creep To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.

*Artem.* How to be done ?

*Theoph.* I'll send my daughters to her, And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax ; Else spit at me, let me be made your slave, And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

*Artem.* Thy prisoner let her be, then ; and, Saprilius,

Your son and that, be yours : death shall be sent To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,

To greet each other. Rife her estate ; Christians to beggary brought, grow desperate.

*Dor.* Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

*Ang.* O ! my admired mistress, quench not out The holy fires within you, though temptations Shower down upon you : Clasp thine armour on, Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars, Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars. [Exeunt all but ANGELO,

*Enter HIRCIUS and SPURIOUS.*

*Hir.* How now, Angelo ; how is it, how is it ? What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now ?

*Spun.* Com' esta, com' esta, poor knave ?

*Hir.* Comment portes-vous, comment portes-vous, mon petit garçon ?

*Spun.* My pretty wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha ?

*Ang.* Too well on your sides ; you are hid in gold, o'er head and ears.

*Hir.* We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

*Spun.* Who would think that we, coming forth of the a—, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring ?

*Hir.* Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for loading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him ? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold ?

*Spun.* And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambray ?

*Ang.* That gold will melt to poison.

*Spun.* Poison ! would it would ! whole pints for healths should down my throat.

*Hir.* Gold, poison ! there is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so.

*Ang.* Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dress,

Bewraying her to death, who stept between You and the gallows.

*Spun.* It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

*Hir.* The gallows and we fell out : so she did but part us.

*Ang.* The misery of that mistress is mine own ; She beggar'd, I left wretched.

*Hir.* I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

*Spun.* The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess.

*Hir.* Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

*Ang.* For love you bear to her, for some good turns

Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

*Hir.* How ! a piece of silver ! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money unless I weigh'd thee ; and I weigh thee not a rush.

*Spun.* A piece of silver ! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

*Hir.* And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.  
*Spun.* Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu!  
*Ang.* Stay,—one word yet; you now are full of gold.  
*Hir.* I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.  
*Spun.* Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.  
*Ang.* Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not worth That leather on your feet.  
*Hir.* Away, away, boy!  
*Spun.* Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.  
*Ang.* I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not, So long as this is full.  
*Both.* And so long as this, so long as this.  
*Hir.* Spangius, you are a pickpocket.  
*Spun.* Hircius, thou hast nimm'd:—*So long as!*—not so much money is left as will buy a louse.  
*Hir.* Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.  
*Spun.* Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.  
*Ang.* No blows, no bitter language;—all your gold gone!  
*Spun.* Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

*Hir.* Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.  
*Ang.* Come, sigh not; I so little am in love With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,  
 All yours: divide the heap in equal share,  
 So you will go along with me to prison,  
 And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part:  
 Say, will you?  
*Both.* Will we!  
*Spun.* If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.  
*Hir.* Let us both be turn'd into a rope of onions, if we do not.  
*Ang.* Follow me, then; repair your bad deeds past;  
 Happy are men, when their best days are last!  
*Spun.* True, master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the way. [Exit ANGELO.  
*Hir.* Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.  
*Spun.* I live in a gaol!  
*Hir.* Away, and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.  
*Spun.* Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

*Enter SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, Priest, CALISTA, and CHRISTETA.*

*Sap.* Sick to the death, I fear.  
*Theoph.* I meet your sorrow,  
 With my true feeling of it.  
*Sap.* She's a witch,  
 A sorceress, Theophilus; my son  
 Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes; and, like  
 An image made of wax, her beams of beauty  
 Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,  
 And all his gotten honours, find their grave  
 In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first  
 He saw and loved her, that the earth had open'd,  
 And swallow'd both alive!  
*Theoph.* There's hope left yet.  
*Sap.* Not any: though the princess were ap-  
 All title in her love surrender'd up; [peased,  
 Yet this coy Christian is so transported  
 With her religion, that unless my son  
 (But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,  
 And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe  
 To be his lawful wife.  
*Priest.* But, once removed  
 From her opinion, as I rest assured  
 The reasons of these holy maids will win her,  
 You'll find her tractable to anything,  
 For your content or his.  
*Theoph.* If she refuse it,  
 The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,  
 The mandrake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing eye,  
 The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones,  
 And never singe the skin, shall not appear  
 Less fatal to her, than my zeal made hot  
 With love unto my gods. I have deferr'd it,  
 In hopes to draw back this apostata,

Which will be greater honour than her death,  
 Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,  
 Have brought my daughters hither.

*Cal.* And we doubt not  
 To do what you desire.  
*Sap.* Let her be sent for.  
 Prosper in your good work; and were I not  
 To attend the princess, I would see and hear  
 How you succeed.  
*Theoph.* I am commanded too,  
 I'll bear you company.  
*Sap.* Give them your ring,  
 To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,  
 Before her highness. [Exit  
*Theoph.* Spare no promises,  
 Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:  
 If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work  
 You ever undertook.

*Enter DOROTHEA and ANGELO.*

*Priest.* She comes.  
*Theoph.* We leave you;  
 Be constant, and be careful. [Exeunt THEOPH. and Priest.  
*Cal.* We are sorry  
 To meet you under guard.  
*Dor.* But I more grieved  
 You are at liberty. So well I love you,  
 That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,  
 You were my fellow-prisoners: Prithce, Angelo,  
 Reach us some chairs. Please you sit—  
*Cal.* We thank you:  
 Our visit is for love, love to your safety.  
*Christ.* Our conference must be private, pray  
 you, therefore,  
 Command your boy to leave us.  
*Dor.* You may trust him

With any secret that concerns my life,  
 Falschood and he are strangers: had you, ladies,  
 Been bleas'd with such a servant, you had never  
 Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,  
 That leads to joys eternal. In the place  
 Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd  
 To holy meditations; and so far [you  
 He is from flattery, that he would have told you,  
 Your pride being at the height, how miserable  
 And wretched things you were, that, for an hour  
 Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale  
 Of all your right in happiness hereafter.  
 He must not leave me; without him I fall:  
 In this life he's my servant, in the other  
 A wish'd companion.

*Ang.* 'Tis not in the devil,  
 Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

*Dor.* But you were speaking, lady.

*Cal.* As a friend

And lover of your safety, and I pray you  
 So to receive it; and, if you remember  
 How near in love our parents were, that we,  
 Even from the cradle, were brought up together,  
 Our amity increasing with our years,  
 We cannot stand suspected.

*Dor.* To the purpose.

*Cal.* We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,  
 To make you happy; and the means so easy,  
 That, be not you an enemy to yourself,  
 Already you enjoy it.

*Christ.* Look on us,  
 Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it,  
 By your persuasion.

*Cal.* But what follow'd, lady?

Leaving those blessings which our gods gave  
 freely,

And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand,  
 As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,  
 And the free use of these without control,  
 Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indul-  
 gence!

All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters,  
 For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's  
 whips,

In place of choice delights? our parents' curses  
 Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,  
 Fell thick upon us.

*Christ.* This consider'd wisely,  
 We made a fair retreat; and reconciled  
 To our forsaken gods, we live again  
 In all prosperity.

*Cal.* By our example,  
 Bequeathing misery to such as love it,  
 Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too  
 heavy

For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather  
 To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar,  
 More precious than crystal, to support  
 Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,  
 Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil  
 Slaves would shrink under.

*Dor.* Have you not cloven feet? are you not  
 devils?

Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it  
 Without a virtuous and religious anger?  
 Now to put on a virgin modesty,  
 Or maiden silence, when His power is question'd  
 That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,  
 Than in a bad cause to be impudent.  
 Your gods! your temples! brothel-houses rather,

Or wicked actions of the worst of men,  
 Pursued and practis'd. Your religious rites!  
 Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,  
 The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey  
 For which the devil angles; your false pleasures  
 A steep descent, by which you headlong fall  
 Into eternal torments.

*Cal.* Do not tempt  
 Our powerful gods.

*Dor.* Which of your powerful gods?  
 Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,  
 That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?  
 Most pitied women! will you sacrifice  
 To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,  
 Your parents would disdain to be the same,  
 Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!  
 Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,  
 Or anything you hold more dear, would you,  
 To have him defied to posterity,  
 Desire your father an adulterer,  
 A ravisher, almost a parricide,  
 A vile incestuous wretch?

*Cal.* That, piety

And duty answer for me.

*Dor.* Or you, Christeta,  
 To be hereafter register'd a goddess,  
 Give your chaste body up to the embraces  
 Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead,  
 "This is the common whore, the prostitute,  
 The mistress in the art of wantonness,  
 Knows every trick, and labyrinth of desires  
 That are immodest?"

*Christ.* You judge better of me,  
 Or my affection is ill placed on you;  
 Shall I turn strumpet?

*Dor.* No, I think you would not.  
 Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore  
 Flora, the foundress of the public stews,  
 And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,  
 Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,  
 Incestuous with his sister: read but those  
 That have canonized them, you'll find them worse  
 Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.  
 Are they immortal then, that did partake  
 Of human weakness, and had ample share  
 In men's most base affections; subject to  
 Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men  
 are?

Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull,  
 The shape, indeed, in which he stole Europa;  
 Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy  
 As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps  
 Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith  
 Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,  
 With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;  
 Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains:  
 And thousands more, on whom abused error  
 Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,  
 For I would have you such, pay your devotions  
 To things of less power than yourselves?

*Cal.* We worship

Their good deeds in their images.

*Dor.* By whom fashion'd?

By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale,  
 Nor can you but confess it is a true one:  
 A king of Egypt, being to erect  
 The image of Osiris, whom they honour,  
 Took from the matrons' neck the richest jewels,  
 And purest gold, as the materials,  
 To finish up his work; which perfected,

With all solemnity he set it up,  
To be adored, and served himself his idol ;  
Desiring it to give him victory  
Against his enemies : but, being overthrown,  
Enraged against his god, (these are fine gods,  
Subject to human fury !) he took down  
The senseless thing, and melting it again,  
He made a bason, in which eunuchs wash'd  
His concubine's feet ; and for this sordid use,  
Some months it served : his mistress proving  
false,

As most indeed do so, and grace concluded  
Between him and the priests, of the same bason  
He made his god again !—Think, think, of this,  
And then consider, if all worldly honours,  
Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind  
them,

Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,  
To put their trust in dross.

*Cal.* Oh, that I had been born  
Without a father !

*Christ.* Piety to him  
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

*Dor.* Think not so ;  
You may repair all yet : the attribute  
That speaks his Godhead most, is merciful :  
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,  
Yet cannot strike without his leave.—You weep,—  
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower ! celestial balm  
To cure your wounded conscience ! let it fall,  
Fall thick upon it ; and, when that is spent,  
I'll help it with another of my tears :

And may your true repentance prove the child  
Of my true sorrow, never mother had  
A birth so happy !

*Cal.* We are caught ourselves,  
That came to take you ; and, assured of conquest,  
We are your captives.

*Dor.* And in that you triumph :  
Your victory had been eternal loss,  
And this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,  
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd  
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell :—but, take heed,  
sisters,

That, or through weakness, threats, or mild  
Thought of a father, you fall not into [persuasions,  
A second and a worse apostacy.

*Cal.* Never, oh never ! steel'd by your example,  
We dare the worst of tyranny.

*Christ.* Here's our warrant,  
You shall along and witness it.

*Dor.* Be confirm'd then ;  
And rest assured, the more you suffer here,  
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Governor's Palace.*

*Enter ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, and HARPAX.*

*Artem.* Sapritius, though your son deserve no  
pity,

We grieve his sickness : his contempt of us,  
We cast behind us, and look back upon  
His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down  
Our just displeasure. If his malady  
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think  
His liberty can cure him, let him have it :  
Say, we forgive him freely.

*Sap.* Your grace binds us,  
Ever your humblest vassals.

*Artem.* Use all means  
For his recovery ; though yet I love him,  
I will not force affection. If the Christian,  
Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won  
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her ;  
That all may know, when the cause wills, I can  
Command my own desires.

*Theoph.* Be happy then,  
My lord Sapritius : I am confident,  
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell  
Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work  
To anything they please. [her

*Sap.* I wish they may !  
Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,  
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.

[*A shout within : loud music.*

*Artem.* What means this shout ?

*Sap.* 'Tis seconded with music,  
Triumphant music.—Ha !

*Enter SEMPRONIUS.*

*Semp.* My lord, your daughters,  
The pillars of our faith, have converted,  
For so report gives out, the Christian lady,  
The image of great Jupiter born before them,  
Sue for access.

*Theoph.* My soul divined as much.  
Best be the time when first they saw this light !  
Their mother, when she bore them to support  
My feeble age, filled not my longing heart  
With so much joy, as they in this good work  
Have thrown upon me.

*Enter Priest, with the image of Jupiter, incense and censers ; followed by CALISTA and CHRISTETA, leading DOROTHEA.*

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,  
Daughters, both of my body and my mind !  
Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort ;  
And, Dorothea, now more welcome too,  
Than if you never had fallen off ! I am ravish'd  
With the excess of joy :—speak, happy daughters,  
The blest event.

*Cal.* We never gain'd so much  
By any undertaking.

*Theoph.* O my dear girl,  
Our gods reward thee !

*Dor.* Nor was ever time,  
On my part better spent.

*Christ.* We are all now  
Of one opinion.

*Theoph.* My best Christeta !  
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,  
Vouchsafe your princely hands.

*Artem.* Most willingly—  
Do you refuse it ?

*Cal.* Let us first deserve it.

*Theoph.* My own child still ! here set our god ;  
prepare

The incense quickly : Come, fair Dorothea,  
I will myself support you ;—now kneel down,  
And pay your vows to Jupiter.

*Dor.* I shall do it  
Better by their example.

*Theoph.* They shall guide you,  
They are familiar with the sacrifice.  
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,  
Make a joint offering.

*Christ.* Thus— [They both spit at the image,

*Cal.* And thus.— [throw it down, and spurn it.

*Harp.* Profane,

And impious ! stand you now like a statue ?  
Are you the champion of the gods ? where is  
Your holy zeal, your anger ?

*Theoph.* I am blasted ;

And, as my feet were rooted here, I find  
I have no motion ; I would I had no sight too !  
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,  
Give me, thou injured Power ! a sea of tears,  
To expiate this madness in my daughters ;  
For, being themselves, they would have trembled  
So blasphemous a deed in any other :— [at  
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,  
And give me patience to demand a reason  
Wor this accursed act.

*Dor.* 'Twas bravely done.

*Theoph.* Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace !—I  
should look on you

With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,  
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my  
tongue,  
And seal my vengeance on your hearts ;—but  
nature,

To you that have fallen once, bids me again  
To be a father. Oh ! how durst you tempt  
The anger of great Jove ?

*Dor.* Alack, poor Jove !

He is no swaggerer ; how smug he stands !  
He'll take a kick, or anything.

*Sap.* Stop her mouth.

*Dor.* It is the patient'st godling ! do not fear  
him ;

He would not hurt the thief that stole away  
Two of his golden locks ; indeed he could not :  
And still 'tis the same quiet thing.

*Theoph.* Blasphemer !

Ingenious cruelty shall punish this :  
Thou art past hope : but for you yet, dear  
daughters,

Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness  
May gently fall, provided you deserve it,  
With true contrition : be yourselves again ;  
Sue to the offended deity.

*Christ.* Not to be

The mistress of the earth.

*Cal.* I will not offer

A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,  
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,  
To have a thousand years conferr'd upon me  
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves  
To be, like Dorothea, Christians ;  
And owe her for that happiness.

*Theoph.* My ears

Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms,  
Powerful to make man wretched.

*Artem.* Are these they

You bragg'd could convert others !

*Sap.* That want strength

To stand, themselves !

*Harp.* Your honour is engaged,

The credit of your cause depends upon it :  
Something you must do suddenly.

*Theoph.* And I will.

*Harp.* They merit death ; but, falling by your  
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge, [hand,  
And holy fury in you.

*Theoph.* Do not blow

The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already ;  
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,  
Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power !  
Which from my infancy I have adored,

Look down with favourable beams upon  
The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest,  
Which I will offer to thee ; and be pleased,  
My fiery zeal inciting me to act,  
To call that justice others may style murder.  
Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag you  
Before this holy altar ; thus look on you,  
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey :  
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life  
Which I gave to you. [Kill them.

*Dor.* O most cruel butcher !

*Theoph.* My anger ends not here : hell's dread-  
ful porter,

Receive into thy ever-open gates  
Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips  
On them alone be wasted ; and, when death  
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me  
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me,  
Pluto,

Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls  
Of that accursed sect ; nor let me fall,  
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.

[Exit, with HARPAZ.

*Artem.* 'Tis a brave seal.

Enter ANGELO, smiling.

*Dor.* Oh, call him back again,  
Call back your hangman ! here's one prisoner left  
To be the subject of his knife.

*Artem.* Not so ;

We are not so near reconciled unto thee ;  
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.  
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now ; and suffer  
None to come near her, till we have found out  
Some torments worthy of her.

*Ang.* Courage, mistress ;

These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate ;  
You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A Room in DOROTHEA'S House.

Enter BRUNOUS and HINCUS, ragged, at opposite doors.

*Hir.* Spungius !

*Spun.* My fine rogue, how is it ? how goes this  
tattered world ?

*Hir.* Hast any money ?

*Spun.* Money ! no. The tavern ivy clings  
about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any  
money ?

*Hir.* No. My money is a mad bull ; and find-  
ing any gap opened, away it runs.

*Spun.* I see then a tavern and a bawdyhouse  
have faces much alike ; the one hath red grates  
next the door, the other hath peeping-holes within  
doors : the tavern hath evermore a bush, the  
bawdyhouse sometimes neither hedge nor bush.  
From a tavern a man comes reeling ; from a  
bawdyhouse, not able to stand. In the tavern you  
are cozen'd with paltry wine ; in a bawdyhouse,  
by a painted whore : money may have wine, and a  
whore will have money ; but to neither can you  
cry Drawer, you rogue ! or, Keep door, rotten  
bawd ! without a silver whistle :—We are justly  
plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

*Hir.* Thou didst : I did not : Yet I had run  
too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and  
that staid my running.

*Spun.* Well ! the thread of my life is drawn  
through the needle of necessity, whose eye, look-

ing upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body, (and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts and midriff,) that I beg on my knees, to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her sheers, and cut my thread in two; or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

*Hir.* Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

*Spun.* And what was thy father?

*Hir.* A low-minded cobbler, a cobbler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.

*Spun.* Pity that e'er thou trod'at thy shoe awry.

*Hir.* Long I cannot last; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rupt, and go wet-shod.

*Spun.* This shows thou art a cobbler's son, by going through stitch: O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be cobblers!

*Hir.* So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.

*Spun.* I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

*Hir.* So am not I; but I am more than famished.

*Spun.* All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

*Hir.* So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

*Spun.* But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

*Hir.* And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

*Spun.* Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

*Hir.* Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon: sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

*Spun.* But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase anything.

*Hir.* Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemalions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

*Spun.* Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

*Hir.* Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assa foetida?

*Spun.* Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

*Hir.* As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

*Spun.* Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore bawd,

and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright!

*Hir.* Stop, look! who's yonder?

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Spun.* Fellow Angelo! how does my little man? well?

*Ang.* Yes;

And would you did so too! Where are your clothes?

*Hir.* Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

*Spun.* Would they were loose!

*Ang.* Why, where are they?

*Spun.* Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

*Ang.* Why pawn'd? where's all the gold I left with you?

*Hir.* The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozen'd us.

*Spun.* And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

*Ang.* Are you made all of lies? I know which way

Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more be mock'd by you: be sorry for your riots, Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip, To draw drops of repentance from your heart: When I read this amendment in your eyes, You shall not want; till then, my pity dies.

[*Exit.*]

*Spun.* Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

*Hir.* I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

*Enter HARPAK behind.*

*Spun.* O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of *Score a pottle of sack*, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster wench, or two cats incorporating.

*Harp.* This must not be—I do not like when conscience

Thaws; keep her frozen still. [*Comes forward.*]

How now, my masters!

Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn?

Lean, and ill colour'd? sighing? where's the whirlwind

Which raises all these mischiefs? I have seen you Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me

You both would come to this, when in you thrust Yourself into the service of that lady,

Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying?

What good got you by wearing out your feet,

To run on scurvy errands to the poor,

And to bear money to a sort of rogues,

And lousy prisoners?

*Hir.* Fox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

*Spun.* Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Poh!



*Harp.* You're rightly served; before that peevish lady

Had to do with you, women, wine, and money  
Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

*Hir.* Oh, those days! those days!

*Harp.* Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair  
in madness;

Those days shall come again, be ruled by me;  
And better, mark me, better.

*Spun.* I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the lord Theophilus.

*Harp.* Yes, yes; in shew his servant: but—  
hark, hither!—

Take heed nobody listens.

*Spun.* Not a mouse stirs.

*Harp.* I am a prince disguised.

*Hir.* Disguised! how? drunk?

*Harp.* Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk;

I am a prince, and any man by me,  
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,  
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:  
He that shall serve me, is not starved from pleasures

As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

*Spun.* But that, sir, we're so ragged—

*Harp.* You'll say, you'd serve me?

*Hir.* Before any master under the zodiac.

*Harp.* For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.

And one thing I like in you; now that you see  
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,  
You give it over, do you not?

*Hir.* Let her be hang'd!

*Spun.* And pox'd!

*Harp.* Why, now you're mine;

Come, let my bosom touch you.

*Spun.* We have bugs, sir.

*Harp.* There's money, fetch your clothes home;  
there's for you.

*Hir.* Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress; a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil.

*Harp.* How! the devil? I'll tell you what now  
of the devil,

He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed,  
Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,  
As these lying Christians make him.

*Both.* No!

*Harp.* He's more loving  
To man, than man to man is.

*Hir.* Is he so? Would we two might come  
acquainted with him.

*Harp.* You shall. he's a wondrous good fellow,  
loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything; if you  
have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to  
some tavern to you or other.

*Spun.* I'll bespeak the best room in the house  
for him.

*Harp.* Some people he cannot endure.

*Hir.* We'll give him no such cause.

*Harp.* He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does  
peace.

*Spun.* How a commoner?

*Harp.* Loves him from the teeth outward.

*Spun.* Pray, my lord and prince, let me  
counter you with one foolish question: does the  
devil eat any mace in his broth?

*Harp.* Exceeding much, when his burning fever

takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a  
bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

*Hir.* Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does  
he not?

*Harp.* As a bearward doth a dog. A catchpole!  
he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant  
his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

*Spun.* How if he come to any great man's gate,  
will the porter let him come in, sir?

*Harp.* Oh! he loves porters of great men's  
gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

*Hir.* Do not they whom he makes much on, for  
all his stroaking their cheeks, lead hellish lives  
under him?

*Harp.* No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd be-  
fore he hurts any man: do but you (when you are  
thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for anything,  
see if it does not come.

*Spun.* Anything!

*Harp.* Call for a delicate rare whore. she is  
brought you.

*Hir.* Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil  
keep the door?

*Harp.* Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

*Spun.* O my fine devil! some watchman, I  
warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

*Harp.* Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps  
you—

*Hir.* How? on the chaps?

*Harp.* No, on the shoulder; and cries, O, my  
brave boys! Will any of you kill a man?

*Spun.* Yes, yes; I, I.

*Harp.* What is his word? Hang! hang! 'tis  
nothing.—Or stab a woman?

*Hir.* Yes, yes; I, I.

*Harp.* Here is the worst word he gives you:

A pox on't, go on!

*Hir.* O inveigling rascal!—I am ravish'd.

*Harp.* Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass  
of youth,

And let the sands run merrily: nor do I care  
From what a lavish hand your money flies,

So you give none away to beggars—

*Hir.* Hang them!

*Harp.* And to the scrubbing poor.

*Hir.* I'll see them hang'd first.

*Harp.* One service you must do me.

*Both.* Anything.

*Harp.* Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,  
Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts  
To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul  
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?

*Hir.* Suppose this she, and that I had no hands,  
here's my teeth.

*Spun.* Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth,  
here's my nails.

*Hir.* But will not you be there, sir?

*Harp.* No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand  
master,

Who schools her in the Christian discipline,  
Abhors my company: should I be there,  
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so  
quarrel.

Ply you this business; he, her flesh who spares,  
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [Exit.

*Spun.* Here's a master, you rogue!

*Hir.* Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible  
number of servants. [Exeunt

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Governor's Palace.*

*on a couch, asleep, with Doctors about him ;*  
SAPRITIUS and MACRINUS.

you, that are half gods, lengthen that life

ies lend us ; turn o'er all the volumes  
ysterious Æsculapian science,  
e number of this young man's days :  
ach minute of his time prolong'd,  
hall be a piece of Roman gold  
ar's stamp, such as he sends his captains  
he wars they earn well : do but save him,  
e's half myself, be you all mine.

What art can do, we promise ; physic's  
to destroy as to preserve, [hand  
make not the medicine : all this while,  
bath combat held with his disease ;  
arm'd, and a deep melancholy,  
h in part with death, we are in fear  
must mock our labours.

I have been  
r in this sickness, with such eyes  
seen my mother watch o'er me ;  
that observation, sure I find  
dwife must deliver him.

Is he with child ? a midwife !  
Yes, with child ;

I fear, lose life, if by a woman  
brought to bed. Stand by his pillow  
e while, and, in his broken slumbers,  
you hear cry out on Dorothea ;  
n his arms fly open to catch her,  
gether, he falls fast asleep,  
ith embracings of her airy form.  
s but torment him, his disease  
t their gibberish language ; let him hear  
of Dorothea, nay, but the name,  
up with high colour in his face :  
one, cures him ; and how that can be,  
cess' strict command barring that happi-  
possible seems. [ness,

o me it shall not ;  
subject to the greatest Cæsar  
crown'd with laurel, rather than cease  
ther. [Exit.

Silence, sir, he wakes.

Thou kill'st me, Dorothea ; oh, Doro-  
she's here :—enjoy her. [thea !

Where ? Why do you mock me ?  
y head hath stuck no white hairs yet,  
in old man, a fond doating fool  
oman. I, to buy her beauty,  
I am bewitch'd,) offer my life,  
for my acquaintance, hazards hers :  
ur equal sufferings, none holds out  
f pity.

Let him have some music.  
Hell on your fiddling !

[Starting from his couch.

Take again your bed, sir ;

sovereign physic.

Take an ass's head, sir :

o on your fooleries, your charms !—  
inking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,  
and base apothecary drugs  
d to bring unto me ? Out, you impostors !

Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks ! your skill  
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear friend.

Anton. Myself, Macrinus !

How can I be myself, when I am mangled  
Into a thousand pieces ? here moves my head,  
But where's my heart ? wherever—that lies dead.

*Re-enter SAPRITIUS, dragging in DOROTHEA by the hair,*  
*ANGELO following.*

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress ! Call  
up thy spirits,

And, if they can, now let them from my hand  
Untwine these witching hairs.

Anton. I am that spirit :

Or, if I be not, were you not my father,  
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,  
That so defaces this sweet monument  
Of my love's beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick ?

Anton. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover ?

Anton. Would I live in bliss !

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that  
That brings thee health ? [man

Anton. It is not in the world.

Sap. It's here.

Anton. To treasure, by enchantment lock'd  
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.

Sap. Break that enchanted cave : enter, and  
The spoils thy lust hunts after ; I descend [rifle  
To a base office, and become thy pander,  
In bringing thee this proud thing : make her thy  
whore,

Thy health lies here ; if she deny to give it,  
Force it : imagine thou assault'st a town's  
Weak wall ; to't, 'tis thine own, but beat this down.  
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery,  
How the coy strumpet yields.

I Doct. Shall the boy stay, sir ?

Sap. No matter for the boy :—pages are used  
To these odd bawdy shufflings ; and, indeed, are  
Those little young snakes in a Fury's head,  
Will sting worse than the great ones.—

Let the pimp stay. [Exit SAP., MAC., and DOCT.

Dor. O, guard me, angels !

What tragedy must begin now ?

Anton. When a tiger

Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,  
Being hunger-starv'd, what tragedy then begins ?

Dor. Death ; I am happy so ; you, hitherto,  
Have still had goodness spher'd within your eyes,  
Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not, mistress ;

If he dare offer violence, we two

Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir ? your  
Bears danger in it. [eye

Anton. I must—

Dor. What ?

Sap. [within.] Speak it out.

Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. [within.] Plague o' your trees !

Anton. And pluck that fruit which none, I think,  
e'er tasted.

Sap. [within.] A soldier, and stand fumbling so !

Dor. Oh, kill me, [Kneels.

And heaven will take it as a sacrifice ;  
But, if you play the ravisher, there is  
A hell to swallow you.

*Sap.* [*within.*] Let her swallow thee !

*Anton.* Rise :—for the Roman empire, Dorothea,  
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced,  
Are unripe apples ; sour, not worth the plucking :  
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will,  
That I should seize upon you, as my prey ;  
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin  
The villainy of man did ever act.

[*SAPRITIUS breaks in with MACHIVUS.*]

*Dor.* Die happy for this language !

*Sap.* Die a slave,  
A blockish idiot !

*Mac.* Dear sir, vex him not.

*Sap.* Yes, and vex thee too ; both, I think, are  
geldings ;

Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine ;  
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine.  
By this had made a bonfire : a tempting whore,  
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,  
And stand'st thou puling ! Had a tailor seen her  
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers,  
Had ruffled her by this : but thou shalt curse  
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,  
Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave  
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those plea-  
sures

Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave ;  
You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

*Anton.* What will you do, dear sir ?

*Sap.* Teach her a trade, which many a one would  
learn

In less than half an hour,—to play the whore.

*Enter Soldiers with a Slave.*

*Mac.* A slave is come ; what now ?

*Sap.* Thou hast bones and flesh  
Enough to ply thy labour ; from what country  
Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave ?

*Slave.* From Britain.

*Sap.* In the west ocean ?

*Slave.* Yes.

*Sap.* An island ?

*Slave.* Yes.

*Sap.* I'm fitted : of all nations

Our Roman swords e'er conquer'd, none comes  
The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah fellow, [near  
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty ?

*Slave.* Do ! liberty ! fight naked with a lion,  
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart  
Of an arm'd legion. Liberty ! I'd thus  
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit  
I' the face of death, then, when the battering ram  
Was fetching his career backward, to push  
Me with his horns in pieces To shake my chains  
And that I could not do't but by thy death, [off.  
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock  
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,  
Or die myself : what is for man to do,  
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave.

*Sap.* Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set  
Upon a piece of work is fit for man ; [three  
Brave for a Briton :—drag that thing aside,  
And ravish her.

*Slave.* And ravish her ! is this your manly ser-  
A devil scorns to do it ; 'tis for a beast, [vice ?  
A villain, not a man : I am, as yet,  
But half a slave ; but, when that work is past.

A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,  
The slave of all base slaves :—do't thyself, Roman.  
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.

*Sap.* He's bewitch'd too :

Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,  
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.

*Slave.* Thou art more slave than I.

[*He is carried in*  
*Dor.* That Power supernal, on whom waits my  
Is captain o'er my chastity. soul.

*Anton.* Good sir, give o'er :

The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd the more.

*Sap.* Plagues light on her and thee !—thus down  
I throw

Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.

Call in ten slaves, let every one discover

What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.

Call in ten slaves.

*Enter Slaves.*

*Mac.* They are come, sir, at your call.

*Sap.* Oh, oh ! [*Falls down.*]

*Enter THEOPHILUS.*

*Theoph.* Where is the governor ?

*Anton.* There's my wretched father.

*Theoph.* My lord Sapritius—he's not dead !—  
That witch there— [my lord !

*Anton.* 'Tis no Roman gods can strike

These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid,

Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.

*Dor.* I do.

*Theoph.* Gone, gone ; he's pepper'd. It is thou  
Hast done this act infernal.

*Dor.* Heaven pardon you !

And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down.

(I can no miracles work,) yet, from my soul,

Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover.

*Theoph.* He stirs—help, raise him up,—my lord !

*Sap.* Where am I ?

*Theoph.* One cheek is blasted.

*Sap.* Blasted ! where's the lamia

That tears my entrails ? I'm bewitch'd ; seize on

*Dor.* I'm here ; do what you please. [her

*Theoph.* Spurn her to the bar.

*Dor.* Come, boy, being there, more near to  
heaven we are.

*Sap.* Kick harder ; go out, witch ! [*Exit.*]

*Anton.* O bloody hangmen ! Thine own gods  
give thee breath !

Each of thy tortures is my several death. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A Public Square.

*Enter HARPAZ, HIRCIUS, and SPUNOUS.*

*Harp.* Do you like my service now ? say, an  
A master worth attendance ? [not !

*Spun.* Attendance ! I had rather lick clean the  
soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest  
suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs  
between the two poles.

*Hir.* A lord's suit ! I would not give up the  
cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate  
of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes ; be-  
cause they are unlucky to meet.

*Harp.* This day I'll try your loves to me ; to  
But well to use the agility of your arms. [only

*Spun.* Or legs, I am lusty at them.

*Hir.* Or any other member that has no legs.

*Spun.* Thou'lt run into some hole.

*Hir.* If I meet one that's more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

*Harp.* Hear me, my little team of villains, hear me ;  
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels, Yet you must use them ; lay them on but soundly ; That's all.

*Hir.* Nay, if we come to mauling once, pah !

*Spun.* But what walnut-tree is it we must beat ?

*Harp.* Your mistresses.

*Hir.* How ! my mistresses ? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt ; I cannot strike a woman.

*Spun.* Nor I, unless she scratch ; bum my mis-

*Harp.* You're coxcombs, silly animals. [treats !

*Hir.* What's that ?

*Harp.* Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not thrust

Your arms out to catch fortune : say, you fall off, It must be done. You are converted rascals, And, that once spread abroad, why every slave Will kick you, call you motley Christians, And half-faced Christians.

*Spun.* The guts of my conscience begin to be of whitelather.

*Hir.* I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.

*Harp.* Deny this, and each pagan whom you meet,

Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes——

*Hir.* If we be cuckolds.

*Harp.* Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow Shall add a fathom to your line of years. [to,

*Spun.* A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

*Hir.* I desire but one inch longer.

*Harp.* The senators will, as you pass along, Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand, And with this give you gold : when you are dead, Happy that man shall be, can get a nail, The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail, Of any of you both, to say, this dirt Belonged to Spungius or Hircius.

*Spun.* They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

*Hir.* The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.

*Spun.* And I the hips,—we may strike any where !

*Harp.* Yes, any where.

*Hir.* Then I know where I'll hit her.

*Harp.* Prosper, and be mine own ; stand by, I must not

To see this done, great business calls me hence : He's made can make her curse his violence. [Exit.

*Spun.* Fear it not, sir ; her ribs shall be basted.

*Hir.* I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwack-thwack-thirlery bouncing.

Enter DOROTHEA, led prisoner ; SAPIRIUS, THEOPHILUS, ANGELO, and a Hangman, who sets up a Pillar ; SAPIRIUS and THEOPHILUS sit ; ANGELO stands by DOROTHEA. A Guard attending.

*Sap.* According to our Roman customs, bind That Christian to a pillar.

*Theoph.* Infernal Furies,

Could they into my hand thrust all their whips To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,

For wrongs done me ; me ! for flagitious facts, By thee done to our gods : yet, so it stand To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure, Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer Any slight sacrifice ; or do but swear By Cæsar's fortune, and —— be free.

*Sap.* Thou shalt.

*Dor.* Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it chain'd To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world, And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy Your hangmen ; you now shew me whither to fly.

*Sap.* Are her tormentors ready ?

*Ang.* Shrink not, dear mistress.

*Spun.* and *Hir.* My lord, we are ready for the business.

*Dor.* You two ! whom I like foster'd children fed,

And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread. You be my hangmen ! whom, when up the ladder Death haled you, and warm'd you, I fetch'd down, Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors !

*Both.* Yes, we.

*Dor.* Divine Powers pardon you !

*Sap.* Strike.

[They strike at her : ANGELO kneeling holds her fast.

*Theoph.* Beat out her brains.

*Dor.* Receive me, you bright angels !

*Sap.* Faster, slaves.

*Spun.* Faster ! I am out of breath, I am sure ; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

*Hir.* O mine arms ! I cannot lift them to my head.

*Dor.* Joy above joys ! are my tormentors weary In torturing me, and, in my sufferings, I fainting in no limb ! tyrants, strike home, And feast your fury full.

*Theoph.* These dogs are curs,

[Comes from his seat.

Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face Has more bewitching beauty than before : Proud whore, it smiles ! cannot an eye start out, With these ?

*Hir.* No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall ; 'tis full of iron-work.

*Sap.* Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit ?

*Ang.* There fix thine eye still ;—thy glorious crown must come

Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.

There fix thine eye still ;—when we next do meet, Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet :

There fix thine eye still. [Exit.

*Dor.* Ever, ever, ever !

Enter HARPAX, sneaking.

*Theoph.* We're mock'd ; these bats have power Yet her skin is not scarr'd. [to fell down giants,

*Sap.* What rogues are these ?

*Theoph.* Cannot these force a shriek ?

[Beats SPUNGIUS.

*Spun.* Oh ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

*Theoph.* Cannot this make her roar ?

[Beats HIRCUS ; he roars.

*Sap.* Who hired these slaves ? what are they ?

*Spun.* We serve that noble gentleman, there ; he enticed us to this dry beating : oh ! for one half pot.

*Harp.* My servants ! two base rogues, and some-time servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

*Sap.* Unbind her; hang up these.

*Theoph.* Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

*Hir.* Hang us! master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used?

*Harp.* What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?

Your mistress? I but clapt you, you flew on. Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-hounds! traitors!

Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;— But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.

*Hir.* I thank you.

*Harp.* 'Tis your best course.

*Theoph.* Why stay they trifling here?

To the gallows drag them by the heels;—away!

*Spun.* By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.

*Hir.* Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

*Harp.* Dispatch them.

*Spun.* The devil dispatch thee!

[*Exeunt Guard with SPUNIOUS and HIRCIUS.*]

*Sap.* Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus. See this witch made away too. [philus.]

*Theoph.* My soul thirsts for it;

Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.

*Dor.* O haste me to my coronation day!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Place of Execution. A Scaffold, Block, &c.*

*Enter ANTONINUS, supported by MACRINUS, and Servants*

*Anton.* Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer,

And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth, To make a glad return from whence it came? Is it, Macrinus?

*Mac.* By this preparation, You well may rest assured that Dorothea This hour is to die here.

*Anton.* Then with her dies

The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman! Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once Take my last leave both of this light and her: For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself To me's Cimmerian darkness..

*Mac.* Strange affection! Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with And kills, instead of giving life. [Death,

*Anton.* Nay, weep not;

Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm, On me they're cast away. It is decreed That I must die with her; our clue of life Was spun together.

*Mac.* Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,

That you, who, hearing only what she suffers, Partake of all her tortures, yet will be, To add to your calamity, an eye-witness Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper, And make the wound more desperate.

*Anton.* Oh, Macrinus!

'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me, Which is the end I aim at: being to die too, What instrument more glorious can I wish for, Than what is made sharp by my constant love

And true affection? It may be, the duty And loyal service, with which I pursued her, And seal'd it with my death, will be remember'd Among her blessed actions: and what honour Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a Guard bringing in DOROTHEA, a Headsmen before her; followed by THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, and HARPAZ.*

See, she comes;

How sweet her innocence appears! more like To heaven itself, than any sacrifice That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful In my belief; nor can I think our gods Are good, or to be served, that take delight In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain Their power, defeat the master-piece of nature, Which they themselves come short of. She ascends. And every step raises her nearer heaven. What god so'er thou art, that must enjoy her, Receive in her a boundless happiness!

*Sap.* You are to blame

To let him come abroad.

*Mac.* It was his will;

And we were left to serve him, not command him.

*Anton.* Good sir, be not offended; nor deny My last of pleasures in this happy object, That I shall e'er be blest with.

*Theoph.* Now, proud contemner Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee. Not all the riches of the sea, increased By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines. (Mammon's unknown exchequer,) shall redeem thee:

And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go Where all antipathies to comfort dwell, Furies behind, about thee, and before thee; And, to add to affliction, the remembrance Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted, Hadst thou not turn'd apostata to those gods That so reward their servants; let despair Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold Make thy first entrance into hell.

*Anton.* She smiles, Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured Death, looking on her constancy, would forget The use of his inevitable hand.

*Theoph.* Derided too! dispatch, I say.

*Dor.* Thou fool!

That gloriest in having power to ravish A trifle from me I am weary of. What is this life to me? not worth a thought; Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it To win a better: even thy malice serves To me but as a ladder to mount up To such a height of happiness, where I shall Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world: Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory To think at what an easy price I bought it. There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth: No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat, Famine, nor age, have any being there. Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:— The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon, Which did require a Hercules to get it,

Compared with what grows in all plenty there,  
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,  
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the  
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bowers  
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

*Anton.* O, take me thither with you!

*Dor.* Trace my steps,  
And be assured you shall.

*Sap.* With my own hands  
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,  
And rob thy killing fever.

*Theoph.* By no means;  
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man,  
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:  
And, when you come to that imagined place,  
That place of all delights—pray you, observe me,  
And meet those cursed things I once call'd  
Daughters,

Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;  
If there be any truth in your religion,  
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten  
Your journey thither, pray you send me some  
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

*Anton.* Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

*Sap.* Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?

*Theoph.* The gates to hell are open.

*Dor.* Know, thou tyrant,  
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,  
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,  
I can, and will.

*Enter ANGELO, in the Angel's habit.*

*Harp.* Oh! mountains fall upon me,  
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,  
Where light may never find me!

*Theoph.* What's the matter?

*Sap.* This is prodigious, and confirms her witch-

*Theoph.* Harpax, my Harpax, speak! [craft.

*Harp.* I dare not stay:

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.  
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,  
To which compared, (and with what now I suffer,)  
Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [Exit.

*Sap.* Follow him.

*Theoph.* He is distracted, and I must not lose  
Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch, [him.  
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die,  
Till my return. [Exit *SAP.* and *THEOPH.*

*Anton.* She minds him not: what object  
Is her eye fix'd on!

*Mac.* I see nothing.

*Anton.* Mark her. [serve!

*Dor.* Thou glorious minister of the Power I  
(For thou art more than mortal,) is't for me,  
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave  
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,  
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—  
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd  
My lovely Angelo.

*Ang.* Know, I am the same;  
And still the servant to your piety. [me,  
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won  
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent  
To guide your steps. I tried your charity, [them)  
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,  
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,  
As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,  
By your example, to look on the poor  
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,  
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,

Nor will I now: for I am sent to carry  
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,  
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,  
Ask anything from me, and rest assured,  
You shall obtain it.

*Dor.* I am largely paid  
For all my torments. Since I find such grace,  
Grant that the love of this young man to me,  
In which he languisheth to death, may be  
Changed to the love of Heaven.

*Ang.* I will perform it;  
And in that instant when the sword sets free  
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.  
Is there aught else?

*Dor.* For proof that I forgive  
My persecutor, who in scorn desired  
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;  
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased  
To give him of it.

*Ang.* Willingly, dear mistress.

*Mac.* I am amazed.

*Anton.* I feel a holy fire,  
That yields a comfortable heat within me;  
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.  
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel  
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand  
With a religious kiss. [Kneels.

*Re-enter SARPENTUS and THEOPHILUS.*

*Sap.* He is well now,  
But will not be drawn back.

*Theoph.* It matters not,  
We can discharge this work without his help.  
But see your son.

*Sap.* Villain!

*Anton.* Sir, I beseech you,  
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

*Theoph.* I'll quickly make a separation of them:  
Hast thou aught else to say?

*Dor.* Nothing, but to blame  
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;  
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul  
Begins to take her flight: strike, O! strike  
quickly;

And, though you are unmoved to see my death,  
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,  
As they were present now, the hearers shall  
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,  
"She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies."

[Her head is struck off.

*Anton.* O, take my soul along, to wait on thine!

*Mac.* Your son sinks too. [ANTONINUS falls.

*Sap.* Already dead!

*Theoph.* Die all

That are, or favour this accursed sect:  
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up  
A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook  
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out  
These superstitious fools, and leave the world  
No name of Christian.

[Loud music: Exit ANGELO, having first laid his hands  
upon the mouths of ANTON. and DOR.

*Sap.* Ha! heavenly music!

*Mac.* 'Tis in the air.

*Theoph.* Illusions of the devil,  
Wrought by some witch of her religion,  
That fain would make her death a miracle;  
It frights not me. Because he is your son,  
Let him have burial; but let her body  
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway.  
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [Exit *MAC.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*THEOPHILUS discovered sitting in his Study: books about him.*

*Theoph.* Is't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant, Thy provost, to see execution done On these base Christians in Cæsarea, Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters, That none are stirring?—As a curious painter, When he has made some honourable piece, Stands off, and with a searching eye examines Each colour, how 'tis sweeten'd; and then hugs Himself for his rare workmanship—so here, Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes, Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry With shadows, now I want the substances, My muster-book of hell-hounds. Were the Chris-

tians, Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd, not Rome

Could move upon her hinges. What I've done, Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate To poor tormented wretches; no, I'm carried With violence of zeal, and streams of service I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain,—*what?

*[Reads.]*  
*A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts, Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine; And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,*

*Were minced, and baked in pies, to feed starv'd Ha! ha!* *[Christians.]*

Again, again,—*East Angles,—oh, East Angles: Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worried A thousand British rascals, stied up fat Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarm'd.* I could outstare a year of suns and moons, To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I Could thereby but one Christian win to fall In adoration to my Jupiter.—*Twelve hundred Eyes bored with augres out—Oh! Eleven thousand*

*Torn by wild beasts: two hundred ramm'd in the earth*

*To the armpits, and full platters round about them, But far enough for reaching: Eat, dogs, ha! ha! ha!* *[Herics.]*

Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings, Fleabittings; I, before the Destinies

*Enter ANGELO with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself Once more upon some one remarkable Above all these. This Christian slut was well, A pretty one; but let such horror follow The next I feed with torments, that when Rome Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound May feel an earthquake. How now? *[Music.]*

*Ang.* Are you amazed, sir?

So great a Roman spirit—and doth it tremble!

*Theoph.* How cam'st thou in? to whom thy *Ang.* To you; *[business?]*

I had a mistress, late sent hence by you Upon a bloody errand; you entreated, That, when she came into that blessed garden Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy, She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here, To have her promise saved, are brought by me.

*Theoph.* Cannot I see this garden?

*Ang.* Yes, if the master

Will give you entrance. *[He vanishes.]*

*Theoph.* 'Tis a tempting fruit, And the most bright-cheek'd child I ever view'd Sweet smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these?

In Dioclesian's gardens, the mostauteous, Compared with these, are weeds: is it not February,

The second day she di'd? frost, ice, and snow, Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say, In what country shall a man find this garden?—My delicate boy,—gone! vanish'd! within there Julianus! Geta!—

*Enter JULIANUS and GETA.*

*Both.* My lord.

*Theoph.* Are my gates shut?

*Geta.* And guarded.

*Theoph.* Saw you not

A boy?

*Jul.* Where?

*Theoph.* Here he enter'd; a young lad;

A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes:

A smooth-faced, glorious thing, that brought this *Geta.* No, sir! *[bask.]*

*Theoph.* Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you. *[Exit J. and G.]*

No!—vanish'd and not seen!—Be thou a spirit, Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure This is essential, and how'er it grows, Will taste it. *[Eats of the fruit.]*

*Harp.* *[within.]* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* So good! I'll have some more, sure.

*Harp.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool!

*Theoph.* What art thou?

*Harp.* A fisherman.

*Theoph.* What dost thou catch?

*Harp.* Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.

*Theoph.* Geta!

*Re-enter GETA.*

*Geta.* My lord.

*Harp.* *[within.]* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* What insolent slave is this, dars Or what is't the dog grins at so? *[laugh at me:]*

*Geta.* I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.

*Theoph.* Jupiter! all within me is not well; And yet not sick.

*Harp.* *[within.]* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* What's thy name, slave?

*Harp.* *[at one end of the room.]* Go look.

*Geta.* 'Tis Harpax' voice.

*Theoph.* Harpax! go, drag the caitiff to my foot. That I may stamp upon him.

*Harp.* *[at the other end.]* Fool, thou liest!

*Geta.* He's yonder, now, my lord.

*Theoph.* Watch thou that end, Whilst I make good this.

*Harp.* *[in the middle.]* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Theoph.* He is at barley-break, and the last Are now in hell. *[couple]*

Search for him. *[Exit GETA.]* All this ground, methinks is bloody,

And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes  
Whom I have tortured; and they stare upon me.  
What was this apparition? sure it had  
A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled,  
And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore  
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings;  
And hence he flew:—'tis vanish'd! Jupiter,  
For all my sacrifices done to him,  
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone  
once smile?

Or wooden image laugh? [*Music.*] Ha! I remember,

Such music gave a welcome to mine ear,  
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,  
Or from some better place; a Power divine,  
Through my dark ignorance, on my soul does shine,  
And nakes me see a conscience all stain'd o'er,  
Nay, drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian  
*Harp.* [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha! [*gore.*]

*Theoph.* Again!—What dainty relish on my tongue

This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed;  
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. [*Eats again.*]

*Enter HARPAX in a fearful shape, Arc flashing out of the Study.*

*Harp.* Hold!

*Theoph.* Not for Cæsar.

*Harp.* But for me thou shalt.

*Theoph.* Thou art no twin to him that last was here.

Ye Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,  
What art thou? [*guard me!*]

*Harp.* I am thy master.

*Theoph.* Mine!

*Harp.* And thou my everlasting slave: that Harpax,

Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,  
Am I.

*Theoph.* Avaunt!

*Harp.* I will not; cast thou down  
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up  
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink,  
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

*Theoph.* My fruit!  
Does this offend thee? see! [*Eats again.*]

*Harp.* Spit it to the earth,  
And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.

*Theoph.* Art thou with this affrighted! see,  
here's more. [*Pulls out a hand/ul of flowers.*]

*Harp.* Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and  
In a contorted chain of icicles, [*hang thee*  
In the frigid zone: down with them!

*Theoph.* At the bottom  
One thing I found not yet. See!  
[*Holds up a cross of flowers.*]

*Harp.* Oh! I am tortured.

*Theoph.* Can this do't! hence, thou fiend infernal, hence!

*Harp.* Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.

*Theoph.* At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, methinks,

I serve a better master: he now checks me  
For murdering my two daughters, put on by thee.—

By thy damn'd rhetoric did I hunt the life  
Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.  
She is not angry with the axe, nor me,  
But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel

O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand  
Beg a forgiveness.

*Harp.* No; I'll bind thee here.

*Theoph.* I serve a strength above thine; this  
small weapon,  
Methinks, is armour hard enough.

*Harp.* Keep from me. [*Sinks a little.*]

*Theoph.* Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-  
hound! down!

Me thou hast lost. That arm, which hurls thee  
hence, [*HARPAX disappears.*]

Save me, and set me up, the strong defence,  
In the fair Christian's quarrel!

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Fix thy foot there,  
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,  
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then  
Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash  
Thy bloody hands clean and more white than  
snow;

And to that garden where these blest things grow,  
And to that martyr'd virgin, who hath sent  
That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave  
wing,

And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king. [*Exit.*]  
*Theoph.* It is, it is, some angel. Vanish'd  
again!

Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!  
Thou hast, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,  
Illumined all my soul. Now look I back  
On my black tyrannies, which, as they did  
Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that  
lead'st me,

Teach me what I must to do, and, to do well,  
That my last act the best may parallel. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—DIOCLESIAN'S Palace.

*Enter DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, the Kings of Epire, Pontus and Macedonia, meeting ARTEMIA; Attendants.*

*Artem.* Glory and conquest still attend upon  
Triumphant Cæsar!

*Diocle.* Let thy wish, fair daughter,  
Be equally divided; and hereafter  
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,  
Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar.

*Max.* But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,  
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,  
As love and empire, I should say, till now  
I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy  
To be my mistress.

*Artem.* Sir, you shew yourself  
Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,  
Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,  
Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant,  
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,  
You may encounter such a powerful one,  
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,  
Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is Love;  
His bow and arrows are the same: Great Julius,  
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,  
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes  
Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd  
With the dead carcasses of senators,  
And citizens of Rome; when the world knew  
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,  
(And men gray-hair'd forget the lusts of youth,)  
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,



A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,  
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive :  
Nor are you more secure.

*Mac.* Were you deform'd,  
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent,)  
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me ;  
And I should be more proud in being prisoner  
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,  
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath pur-  
chased.

*Diocle.* This meets my wishes. Welcome it,  
Artemia,  
With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget  
That Antoninus ever was : thy fate  
Reserved thee for this better choice ; embrace it.

*Mac.* This happy match brings new nerves to  
To our continued league. [give strength]

*Diocle.* Hymen himself  
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize  
In the presence of these kings.

*K. of Pontus.* Who rest most happy,  
To be eyewitnesses of a match that brings  
Peace to the empire.

*Diocle.* We much thank your loves :  
But where's Sapritius, our governor,  
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus ?  
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,  
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,  
Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish  
His piety and service.

*Artem.* Sir, the governor  
Brooke sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd  
Apostate in death ; but bold Theophilus,  
Who for the same cause, in my presence seal'd  
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts ;  
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,  
Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,  
And saw her lose her head.

*Diocle.* He is all worthy :  
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear  
The manner how she suffer'd.

*Artem.* 'Twill be deliver'd  
With such contempt and scorn, (I know his nature,)  
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,  
Than the least pity.

*Diocle.* To that end I would hear it.

*Enter THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, and MACRINUS.*

*Artem.* He comes ; with him the governor.

*Diocle.* O, Sapritius,  
I am to chide you for your tenderness ;  
But yet remembering that you are a father,  
I will forget it. Good Theophilus,  
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear.

[To SAPRITIUS.]

*Theoph.* [aside to MACRINUS.] By Antoninus'  
soul, I do conjure you,  
And though not for religion, for his friendship,  
Without demanding what's the cause that moves  
Receive my signet :—By the power of this, [me,  
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians,  
That are in fetters there by my command..

*Mac.* But what shall follow ?

*Theoph.* Haste then to the port ;  
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd,  
In which embark the poor distressed souls,  
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.  
Enquire not whither you are bound : the Deity  
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,  
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for

Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here ;  
There is a scene that I must act alone :  
Haste, good Macrinus ; and the great God guide  
you !

*Mac.* I'll undertake't ; there's something prompt  
me to it ;

'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act :  
And to be merciful has never been  
By moral men themselves esteem'd a sin. [Exit]

*Diocle.* You know your charge ?

*Sap.* And will with care observe it.

*Diocle.* For I profess he is not Cæsar's friend,  
That sheds a tear for any torture that  
A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,  
My careful, zealous provost ! thou hast toil'd  
To satisfy my will, though in extremes :  
I love thee for't ; and thou art firm rock, no change-  
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it, [ling.  
Without excess of bitterness or scoffs,  
Before my brother and these kings, how took  
The Christian her death ?

*Theoph.* And such a presence  
Though every private head in this large room  
Were circled round with an imperial crown,  
Her story will deserve, it is so full  
Of excellence and wonder.

*Diocle.* Ha ! how is this ?

*Theoph.* O ! mark it, therefore, and with that  
attention,

As you would hear an embassy from heaven  
By a wing'd legate ; for the truth deliver'd,  
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd,  
And Dorothea but hereafter named,  
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,  
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember  
What the canonized Spartan ladies were,  
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own ma-  
trons,

Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep  
As holy relics, in her history  
Will find a second urn : Gracchus' Cornelia,  
Paulina, that in death desired to follow  
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,  
That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him,  
Though all their several worths were given to one,  
With this is to be mention'd.

*Mac.* Is he mad ?

*Diocle.* Why, they did die, Theophilus, and  
boldly ;

This did no more.

*Theoph.* They, out of desperation,  
Or for vain glory of an after-name,  
Parted with life : this had not mutinous sons,  
As the rash Gracchi were ; nor was this saint  
A doating mother, as Cornelia was.  
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow  
Her wealth and honour sunk ; no fear of want  
Did make her being tedious ; but, aiming  
At an immortal crown, and in His cause  
Who only can bestow it ; who sent down  
Legions of ministering angels to bear up  
Her spotless soul to heaven, who entertain'd it  
With choice celestial music, equal to  
The motion of the spheres ; she, uncompell'd,  
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,  
You were present at her death : did you e'er hear  
Such ravishing sounds ?

*Sap.* Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,  
And devilish illusions.

*Theoph.* I then heard it

With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words

Against his Deity, which then I knew not,  
Nor did believe in him.

*Diocle.* Why, dost thou now?  
Or dar'st thou, in our hearing—

*Theoph.* Were my voice  
As loud as is His thunder, to be heard  
Through all the world, all potentates on earth  
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;  
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,  
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,  
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship,  
But dreams of fools and madmen.

*Max.* Lay hands on him.  
*Diocle.* Thou twice a child! for doating age so  
makes thee,

Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life  
Being almost past through, in this last moment  
Destroy what'er thou hast done good or great—  
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,  
Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,  
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,  
Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant  
course

In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,  
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,  
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?

*Sap.* Yet confess  
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart  
Had no agreement.

*Max.* Do; no way is left, else,  
To save thy life, Theophilus.

*Diocle.* But, refuse it,  
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,  
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,  
And thou wert sinking thither.

*Theoph.* Hear me, yet;  
Hear, for my service past.

*Artem.* What will he say?  
*Theoph.* As ever I deserved your favour, hear  
me,

And grant one boon; 'tis not for life I sue for;  
Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity  
To any Christian, being one myself,  
Should look for any; no, I rather beg  
The utmost of your cruelty. I stand  
Accountable for thousand Christians' deaths;  
And, were it possible that I could die  
A day for every one, then live again  
To be again tormented, 'twere to me  
An easy penance, and I should pass through  
A gentle cleansing fire; but, that denied me,  
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,  
My suit is, you would have no pity on me.  
In mine own house there are a thousand engines  
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare  
For miserable Christians; let me feel  
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,  
The horrid'st you can find; and I will say,  
In death, that you are merciful.

*Diocle.* Despair not;  
In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither:  
[*Exit some of the Guard.*]

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,  
And so appear before thee; racks, and whips!—  
Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed  
The fire that heats them; and what's wanting to  
The torture of thy body, I'll supply  
In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians

That are in hold; and here, before his face,  
Cut them in pieces.

*Theoph.* 'Tis not in thy power:  
It was the first good deed I ever did.  
They are removed out of thy reach; how'er,  
I was determined for my sins to die,  
I first took order for their liberty;  
And still I dare thy worst.

*Re-enter Guard with racks and other instruments of  
torture.*

*Diocle.* Bind him, I say;  
Make every artery and sinew crack:  
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,  
Shall have ten thousand drachmas; wretch! I'll  
To curse the Power thou worship'st. [force thee

*Theoph.* Never, never:  
No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on Him,  
[*They torment him.*]

But what shall speak His majesty or mercy.  
I'm honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,  
More tortures, more:—alas! you are unskilful—  
For heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn:  
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.  
The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;  
Spare no part of me.

*Max.* He endures beyond  
The sufferance of a man.

*Sap.* No sigh nor groan,  
To witness he hath feeling!

*Diocle.* Harder, villains!

*Enter HARPAZ.*

*Harp.* Unless that he blasphemè, he's lost for  
ever.

If torments ever could bring forth despair,  
Let these compel him to it:—Oh me!  
My ancient enemies again! [Falls down.

*Enter DOROTHEA in a white robe, a crown upon her  
head, led in by ANGLO; ANTONINUS, CALISTA, and  
CHRISTETA following, all in white, but less glorious;  
ANGELO holds out a crown to THEOPHILUS.*

*Theoph.* Most glorious vision!—  
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream  
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,  
Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste  
To take that crown of immortality  
You offer to me. Death! till this blest minute,  
I never thought thee slow-paced; nor would I  
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,  
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,  
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,  
And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.  
Oh! now I feel thee:—blessed spirits! I come;  
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,  
I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [Dies.

*Sap.* I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er  
A constancy like this. [yet

*Harp.* I am twice damn'd.

*Ang.* Haste to thy place appointed, cursed  
fiend!

[*HARPAZ sinks with thunder and lightning.*  
In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;  
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.  
[Exit with DON. &c.

*Diocle.* I think the centre of the earth be  
crack'd—

Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on.  
The persecution that is here begun,  
Through all the world with violence shall run.

[*Flourish. Exit.*]

# THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

TO  
MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, ANTHONY SENTLEGER,  
OF OAKHAM IN KENT, ESQ.

SIR,—That the patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedications, and inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weakness, or wilful error: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, SIR WARHAM SENTLEGER (whose remarkable virtues must be ever remembered) being while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgment, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ample testimony, than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the least encouragement to me) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to find your name written. I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the author,

Your servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRAUFORT Senior, *Governor of Marseilles.*  
BRAUFORT Junior, *his Son.*  
MALEFORT Senior, *Admiral of Marseilles.*  
MALEFORT Junior, *his Son.*  
CHAMONT,  
MONTAIGNE, } *Assistants to the Governor.*  
LANOUR,  
MONTREVILLE, *a pretended Friend to MALEFORT Senior.*  
BELGARDE, *a poor Captain.*  
*Three Sea Captains, of the Navy of MALEFORT Junior.*

*A Steward.*  
*An Usher.*  
*A Page.*

*THEOCRINE, Daughter to MALEFORT Senior.*  
*Two Waiting-Women.*  
*Two Courtesans.*  
*A Bawd.*

*Servants and Soldiers.*

SCENE,—MARSEILLES.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Court of Justice.*

*Enter MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, and Waiting-women.*

*Montrev.* Now to be modest, madam, when you are

A suitor for your father, would appear  
Coarser than boldness: you a while must part  
with

Soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin:  
Though I must grant, did not this cause command it.

They are rich jewels you have ever worn  
To all men's admiration. In this age,

If, by our own forced importunity,  
Or others purchased intercession, or  
Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches  
To justice, guarded from us by stern power,  
We bless the means and industry.

*Ush.* Here's music

In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk  
opium,

Or eaten mandrakes. Let commanders talk  
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire  
To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,  
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance;  
When they (let them do what they can) with all  
Their mines, their culverins, and basiliscos,

Shall cool their feet without; this being the pick-  
That never fails. [lock

*Montr.* 'Tis true, gold can do much,  
But beauty more. Were I the governor,  
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted  
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen  
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,  
With some short active conference in private,  
Should sign his general pardon.

*Theoc.* These light words, sir,  
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;  
And I much wonder you, that do profess  
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,  
Can raise mirth from his misery.

*Montr.* You mistake me;  
I share in his calamity, and only  
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do  
For such a rare petitioner: and if  
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,  
With my best judgment I'll mark out the way  
For his enlargement.

*Theoc.* With all real joy  
I shall put what you counsel into act,  
Provided it be honest.

*Montr.* Honesty  
In a fair she client (trust to my experience)  
Seldom or never prospers; the world's wicked.  
We are men, not saints, sweet lady; you must  
practise

The manners of the time, if you intend  
To have favour from it: do not deceive yourself,  
By building too much on the false foundations  
Of chastity and virtue. Bid your waiters  
Stand further off, and I'll come nearer to you.

1 *Wom.* Some wicked counsel on my life.

2 *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it,  
If it proceed from him.

*Page.* I wonder that  
My lord so much affects him.

*Ush.* Thou'rt a child,  
And durst not understand on what strong basis  
This friendship's raised between this Montreville  
And our lord, monsieur Malefort; but I'll teach  
thee:

From thy years they have been joint purchasers  
In fire and water works, and truck'd together.

*Page.* In fire and water works!

*Ush.* Commodities, boy,  
Which you may know hereafter.

*Page.* And deal in them,  
When the trade has given you over, as appears by  
The increase of your high forehead.

*Ush.* Here's a crack!

I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.

*Page.* I had an ignorant nurse else. I have  
My lady's garter, and can guess— [tied, sir,

*Ush.* Peace, infant!

Fales out of school! take heed, you will be  
breach'd else.

1 *Wom.* My lady's colour changes.

2 *Wom.* She falls off too.

*Theoc.* You are a naughty man, indeed you are;  
And I will sooner perish with my father,  
Than at this price redeem him.

*Montr.* Take your own way,  
Your modest, legal way: 'tis not your veil,  
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught  
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper;  
Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt,  
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe,

Will do it, when there's something he likes better.  
These courses in an old crone of threescore,  
That had seven years together tired the court  
With tedious petitions, and clamours,  
For the recovery of a straggling husband,  
To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her;—  
But for a lady of your tempting beauties.  
Your youth, and ravishing features, to hope only  
In such a suit as this is, to gain favour,  
Without exchange of courtesy,—you conceive  
me—

*Enter BEAUFORT JUNIOR, and BELGARDE.*

Were madness at the height. Here's brave young  
Beaufort,

The meteor of Marseilles, one that holds  
The governor his father's will and power  
In more awe than his own! Come, come, ad-  
vance,

Present your bag, cramm'd with crowns of the  
sun;

Do you think he cares for money? he loves plea-  
sure.

Burn your petition, burn it: he doats on you,  
Upon my knowledge: to his cabinet, do,  
And he will point you out a certain course,  
Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father  
Released with much facility. [Exit.

*Theoc.* Do you hear?

Take a pander with you.

*Beauf. jun.* I tell thee there is neither  
Employment yet, nor money.

*Belg.* I have commanded,  
And spent my own means in my country's service,  
In hope to raise a fortune.

*Beauf. jun.* Many have hoped so;  
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

*Belg.* If no preferment, let me but receive  
My pay that is behind, to set me up  
A tavern, or a vaulting-house; while men love  
Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:  
Shall I have that?

*Beauf. jun.* As our prizes are brought in;  
Till then you must be patient.

*Belg.* In the mean time,  
How shall I do for clothes?

*Beauf. jun.* As most captains do:  
Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.

*Belg.* But how shall I do, to satisfy colon,  
monsieur?

There lies the doubt.

*Beauf. jun.* That's easily decided;  
My father's table's free for any man

That hath born arms.

*Belg.* And there's good store of meat?

*Beauf. jun.* Never fear that.

*Belg.* I'll seek no other ordinary then,  
But be his daily guest without invitation;  
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,  
As he shall pay me suddenly, to be quit of me.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis she.

*Belg.* And further—

*Beauf. jun.* Away, you are troublesome;  
Designs of more weight—

*Belg.* Ha! fair Theocrine.

Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,  
Buff jerkins must to the rear; I know my man-  
ners:

This is, indeed, great business, mine a gewgaw.  
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatch'd,

And suddenly, or all will go to wreck ;  
Charge her home in the flank, my lord : nay, I am gone, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Beauf. jun. [raising THEOC. from her knees.]*  
Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel with you.  
*Page.* I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.

*Beauf. jun.* What is it can deserve so poor a name,

As a suit to me ? This more than mortal form  
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat :  
Your will but known is served.

*Theoc.* Great sir, my father,  
My brave deserving father ;—but that sorrow  
Forbids the use of speech—

*Beauf. jun.* I understand you,  
Without the aids of those interpreters  
That fall from your fair eyes : I know you labour  
The liberty of your father ; at the least,  
An equal hearing to acquit himself :  
And, 'tis not to endear my service to you,  
Though I must add, and pray you with patience  
hear it,

'Tis hard to be effected, in respect  
The state's incensed against him : all presuming,  
The world of outrages his impious son,  
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,  
Express'd to this poor country, could not be  
With such ease put in execution, if  
Your father, of late our great admiral,  
Held not or correspondence, or conniv'd  
At his proceedings.

*Theoc.* And must he then suffer,  
His cause unheard ?

*Beauf. jun.* As yet it is resolved so,  
In their determination. But suppose  
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)  
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,  
And render them, that are implacable,  
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen ;  
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,  
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,  
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit  
To you, be gracious ?

*Theoc.* You entreat of me, sir,  
What I should offer to you, with confession  
That you much undervalue your own worth,  
Should you receive me, since there come with you  
Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames.  
But I must be excused, 'tis now no time  
For me to think of Hymeneal joys.  
Can he (and pray you, sir, consider it)  
That gave me life, and faculties to love,  
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd  
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I  
But entertain a thought of those delights,  
In which, perhaps, my ardour meets with yours !  
Duty and piety forbid it, sir.

*Beauf. jun.* But this effected, and your father free,

What is your answer ?

*Theoc.* Every minute to me  
Will be a tedious age, till our embraces  
Are warrantable to the world.

*Beauf. jun.* I urge no more ;  
Confirm it with a kiss.

*Theoc. [Kissing him.]* I doubly seal it.

*Ush.* This would do better abed, the business ended :—

They are the loving'at couple !

*Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, and LANOUR.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here comes my father,  
With the Council of War : deliver your petition,  
And leave the rest to me.

*[THEOC. offers a paper.]*

*Beauf. sen.* I am sorry, lady,  
Your father's guilt compels your innocence  
To ask what I in justice must deny.

*Beauf. jun.* For my sake, sir, pray you receive  
and read it.

*Beauf. sen.* Thou foolish boy ! I can deny thee  
nothing. *[Takes the paper from THEOC.]*

*Beauf. jun.* Thus far we are happy, madam :  
quit the place ;

You shall hear how we succeed.

*Theoc.* Goodness reward you !  
*[Exit THEOCENE, Usher, Page, and Women.]*

*Mont.* It is apparent ; and we stay too long  
To censure Malefort as he deserves.

*[They take their seats.]*

*Cham.* There is no colour of reason that makes  
for him :

Had he discharged the trust committed to him,  
With that experience and fidelity  
He practis'd heretofore, it could not be  
Our navy should be block'd up, and, in our sight,  
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,  
By his prodigious issue.

*Lan.* I much grieve,  
After so many brave and high achievements,  
He should in one ill forfeit all the good  
He ever did his country.

*Beauf. sen.* Well, 'tis granted.

*Beauf. jun.* I humbly thank you, sir.

*Beauf. sen.* He shall have hearing,  
His irons too struck off ; bring him before us,  
But seek no further favour.

*Beauf. jun.* Sir, I dare not. *[Exit.]*

*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne,  
Lanour, assistants,

By a commission from the most Christian king,  
In punishing or freeing Malefort,  
Our late great admiral : though I know you need  
Instructions from me, how to dispose of *[not]*  
Yourself in this man's trial, that exacts  
Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with fa-  
To offer my opinion. We are to hear him, *[your]*  
A little looking back on his fair actions,  
Loyal, and true demeanour ; not as now  
By the general voice already he's condemn'd.  
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held  
Intelligence with his accursed son,  
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd  
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody  
And fatal enemy this country ever  
Repented to have brought forth ; all compassion  
\* \* \* \* \*

Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd ;  
We sit engaged to censure him with all  
Extremity and rigour.

*Cham.* Your lordship shews us  
A path which we will tread in.

*Lan.* He that leaves

To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

*Mont.* I'll not be singular.

*Re-enter BEAUFORT JUNIOR, with MONTREVILLE, MALSFORT SENIOR, BELGARDES, and Officers.*

*Beauf. sen.* He comes, but with  
A strange distracted look.

*Malaf. sen.* Live I once more

To see these hands and arms free! these, that  
In the most dreadful horror of a fight, [often,  
Have been as seamarks to teach such as were  
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between  
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,  
To reach the port of victory! when my sword,  
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd  
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin  
To such as durst behold it! These the legs,  
That, when our ships were grappled, carried me  
With such swift motion from deck to deck,  
As they that saw it, with amazement cried,  
He does not run, but flies!

*Mont.* He still retains

The greatness of his spirit.

*Malaf. sen.* Now cramped with irons,

Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support me—  
But I forget myself. O, my good lords,  
That sit there as my judges, to determine  
The life, and death of Malefort, where are now  
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud  
applauses,

With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil,  
You entertain'd your admiral? all's forgotten:  
And I stand here to give account of that  
Of which I am as free and innocent  
As he that never saw the eyes of him,  
For whom I stand suspected.

*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur Malefort,

Let not your passion so far transport you,  
As to believe from any private malice,  
Or envy to your person, you are question'd:  
Nor do the suppositions want weight,  
That do invite us to a strong assurance,  
Your son—

*Malaf. sen.* My shame!

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you, hear with patience, —  
never

Without assistance or sure aids from you,  
Could, with the pirates of Argiers and Tunis,  
Even those that you had almost twice defeated,  
Acquire such credit, as with them to be  
Made absolute commander; (pray you observe  
me;)

If there had not some contract pass'd between you,  
That, when occasion serv'd, you would join with  
To the ruin of Marseilles? [them,

*Mont.* More, what urged

Your son to turn apostata?

*Cham.* Had he from

The state, or governor, the least neglect,  
Which envy could interpret for a wrong?

*Lan.* Or, if you slept not in your charge, how  
So many ships as do infest our coast, [could  
And have in our own harbour shut our navy,  
Come in unfought with?

*Beauf. jun.* They put him hardly to it.

*Malaf. sen.* My lords, with as much brevity as  
I'll answer each particular objection [I can,  
With which you charge me. The main ground,  
on which

You raise the building of your accusation,  
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse  
him,

Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul,  
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,  
You'll say 'tis from the purpose; and I, therefore,  
Betake him to the devil, and so leave him!  
Did never loyal father but myself

Beget a treacherous issue? was't in me,  
With as much ease to fashion up his mind,  
As, in his generation, to form  
The organs to his body? Must it follow,  
Because that he is impious, I am false?—  
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful  
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.  
Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the streights  
But Malefort? Who rescued the French mer-  
chants,

When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches  
By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute  
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,  
But your now doubted admiral? then you fill'd  
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,  
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair  
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads,  
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,  
They owed the restitution of their goods,  
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then  
Be probable, my lords, that he that never  
Became the master of a pirate's ship,  
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,  
And caused the rest to be thrown over-board;  
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,  
So oft express'd against them, entertain  
A thought of quarter with them; but much less  
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)  
To join with them to lift a wicked arm  
Against my mother-country, this Marseilles,  
Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,  
I have so oft protected!

*Beauf. sen.* What you have done  
Is granted and applauded; but yet know  
This glorious relation of your actions  
Must not so blind our judgments, as to suffer  
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of,  
To pass unquestion'd.

*Cham.* No; you must produce  
Reasons of more validity and weight,  
To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly  
Conclude you innocent.

*Mont.* The large volume of  
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,  
Both what and when to do, but makes against you.

*Lan.* For had your care and courage been the  
same

As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in  
Had been with ease prevented.

*Malaf. sen.* What have I

Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood,  
Even in the birth to strangle the designs of  
This hell-bred wolf, my son? alas! my lords,  
I am no god, nor like him could foresee  
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes:  
Nor would the sun at my command forbear  
To make his progress to the other world,  
Affording to us one continued light.

Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,  
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,  
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance,  
Beset our harbour: make not that my fault,  
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.—  
But if that nor my former acts, nor what  
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you,  
To make good my integrity and truth;  
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart  
That hath been ever loyal. [A trumpet within.

*Beauf. sen.* How! a trumpet?  
Enquire the cause. [Exit MONTREVILLE.

*Malef. sen.* Thou searcher of men's hearts,  
And sure defender of the innocent,  
(My other crying sins—awhile not look'd on)  
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,  
Or by some unexpected means confirm,  
I am accused unjustly! [*Aside.*]

*Re-enter MONTREVILLE with a Sea Captain.*

*Beauf. sen.* Speak, the motives  
That bring thee hither?

*Capt.* From our admiral thus:  
He does salute you fairly, and desires  
It may be understood no public hate  
Hath brought him to Marseilles; nor seeks he  
The ruin of his country, but aims only  
To wreak a private wrong: and if from you  
He may have leave and liberty to decide it  
In single combat, he'll give up good pledges,  
If he fall in the trial of his right,  
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest  
This town with hostile arms.

*Beauf. sen.* Speak to the man,  
If in this presence he appear to you,  
To whom you bring this challenge.

*Capt.* 'Tis to you.

*Beauf. sen.* His father!

*Montr.* Can it be?

*Beauf. jun.* Strange and prodigious!

*Malef. sen.* Thou seest I stand unmoved: were  
thy voice thunder,

It should not shake me; say, what would the viper?

*Capt.* The reverence a father's name may chal-  
And duty of a son no more remember'd, [*lunge,*  
He does defy thee to the death.

*Malef. sen.* Go on.

*Capt.* And with his sword will prove it on thy  
Thou art a murderer, an atheist; [*head,*  
And that all attributes of men turn'd furies,  
Cannot express thee: this he will make good,  
If thou dar'st give him meeting.

*Malef. sen.* Dare I live!

Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,  
At my last gasp ask for mercy! How I bless  
Thy coming, captain; never man to me  
Arrived so opportunely; and thy message,  
However it may seem to threaten death,  
Does yield to me a second life in curing  
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected  
As a confederate with this enemy,  
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature,  
He marks out for destruction! you are just,  
Immortal Powers, and in this merciful;

And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame  
For being the father to so bad a son,  
In that you are pleased to offer up the monster  
To my correction. Blush and repent,  
As you are bound, my honourable lords,  
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus,  
The father of the Roman liberty,  
With more assured constancy beheld  
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home  
The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,  
Than I will shew, when I take back the life  
This prodigy of mankind received from me.

*Beauf. sen.* We are sorry, monsieur Malefort,  
for our error,

And are much taken with your resolution;  
But the disparity of years and strength,  
Between you and your son, duly consider'd,  
We would not so expose you.

*Malef. sen.* Then you kill me,  
Under pretence to save me. O my lords,  
As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's fame,  
Deny me not this fair and noble means  
To make me right again to all the world.  
Should any other but myself be chosen  
To punish this apostata with death,  
You rob a wretched father of a justice  
That to all after times will be recorded.

I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal  
To my experience, that in his fall  
He may not shame my victory! I feel  
The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.  
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted  
Would make way to him.—As you do affect, sir,  
My daughter Theocrine; as you are  
My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant;  
And as all love a soldier, second me  
[*They all sue to the Governor.*]

In this my just petition. In your looks  
I see a grant, my lord.

*Beauf. sen.* You shall o'erbear me;  
And since you are so confident in your cause,  
Prepare you for the combat.

*Malef. sen.* With more joy  
Than yet I ever tasted: by the next sun,  
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,  
And so return in safety. [*To the Captain.*] My  
good lords,

To all my service.—I will die, or purchase  
Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt,  
But his impiety is a potent charm,  
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—An open space without the City.

*Enter three Sea Captains.*

2 *Capt.* He did accept the challenge, then?

1 *Capt.* Nay more,

Was overjoy'd in't; and, as it had been  
A fair invitation to a solemn feast,  
And not a combat to conclude with death,  
He cheerfully embraced it.

3 *Capt.* Are the articles  
Sign'd to on both parts?

1 *Capt.* At the father's suit,

With much unwillingness the governor  
Consented to them.

2 *Capt.* You are inward with  
Our admiral; could you yet never learn  
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders  
The son more than incensed, implacable,  
Against the father?

1 *Capt.* Never; yet I have,  
As far as manners would give warrant to it,  
With my best curiosity of care observed him.  
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,  
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us.

Sigh he did often, as if inward grief  
 And melancholy at that instant would  
 Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then  
 A tear or two, as in derision of  
 The toughness of his rugged temper, would  
 Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,  
 A sudden flash of fury did dry up;  
 And laying then his hand upon his sword,  
 He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,  
 We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall;  
 When I'll exact, for every womanish drop  
 Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict account  
 Of much more from the heart.

2 *Capt.* 'Tis wondrous strange.

3 *Capt.* And past my apprehension.

1 *Capt.* Yet what makes

The miracle greater, when from the maintop  
 A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern  
 Himself laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,  
 Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,  
 Than he comes on the deck; and there how wisely  
 He gives directions, and how stout he is  
 In his executions, we, to admiration,  
 Have been eyewitnesses: yet he never minds  
 The booty when 'tis made ours; but as if  
 The danger, in the purchase of the prey,  
 Delighted him much more than the reward,  
 His will made known, he does retire himself  
 To his private contemplation, no joy  
 Express'd by him for victory.

*Enter MALEFORT JUN.*

2 *Capt.* Here he comes,  
 But with more cheerful looks than ever yet  
 I saw him wear.

*Malef. jun.* It was long since resolved on,  
 Nor must I stagger now [in't.] May the cause,  
 That forces me to this unnatural act  
 Be buried in everlasting silence,  
 And I find rest in death, or my revenge!  
 To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,  
 Be charitable in your censures of me,  
 And do not entertain a false belief  
 That I am mad, for undertaking that  
 Which must be, when effected, still repented.  
 It adds to my calamity, that I have  
 Discourse and reason, and but too well know  
 I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,  
 But both ways I am impious. Do not, therefore,  
 Ascribe the perturbation of my soul  
 To a servile fear of death: I oft have view'd  
 All kinds of his inevitable darts,  
 Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap  
 From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock,  
 Into the deep; or, Curtius like, to fill up,  
 For my country's safety, and an after-name,  
 A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,  
 It could not so much shake me, as th' encounter  
 Of this day's single enemy.

1 *Capt.* If you please, sir,  
 You may shun it, or defer it.

*Malef. jun.* Not for the world:  
 Yet two things I entreat you; the first is,  
 You'll not enquire the difference between  
 Myself and him, which as a father once  
 I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy;  
 The last is, if I fall, to bear my body [it.—  
 Far from this place, and where you please inter  
 I should say more, but by his sudden coming  
 I am cut off.

*Enter BEAUFORT JUNIOR and MONTREVILLE, leading in  
 MALEFORT SENIOR; BELGARDE following, with others.*

*Beauf. jun.* Let me, sir, have the honour  
 To be your second.

*Montr.* With your pardon, sir,  
 I must put in for that, since our tried friendship  
 Hath lasted from our infancy.

*Belg.* I have served  
 Under your command, and you have seen me  
 fight,

And handsomely, though I say it; and if now,  
 At this downright game, I may but hold your  
 I'll not pull down the side. [cards,

*Malef. sen.* I rest much bound  
 To your so noble offers, and I hope  
 Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse them;  
 For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly  
 As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow  
 (That am supposed the weaker) any aid  
 From the assistance of my second's sword,  
 Might write me down in the black list of those  
 That have nor fire nor spirit of their own;  
 But dare, and do, as they derive their courage  
 From his example, on whose help and valour  
 They wholly do depend. Let this suffice,  
 In my excuse for that. Now, if you please,  
 On both parts, to retire to yonder mount  
 Where you, as in a Roman theatre,  
 May see the bloody difference determined,  
 Your favours meet my wishes.

*Malef. jun.* 'Tis approved of  
 By me; and I command you [To his Captains.]  
 And leave me to my fortune. [Lead the way,

*Beauf. jun.* I would gladly  
 Be a spectator (since I am denied  
 To be an actor) of each blow and thrust,  
 And punctually observe them.

*Malef. jun.* You shall have  
 All you desire; for in a word or two  
 I must make bold to entertain the time,  
 If he give suffrage to it.

*Malef. sen.* Yes, I will;  
 I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: nay, farewell.

*Malef. jun.* Embrace with love on both sides,  
 Leave deadly hate and fury. [and with us

*Malef. sen.* From this place  
 You ne'er shall see both living.

*Belg.* What's past help, is  
 Beyond prevention.

[They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally  
 of the father and son.

*Malef. sen.* Now we are alone, sir;  
 And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen  
 Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.

*Malef. jun.* I shall, sir;  
 But in a perplex'd form and method, which  
 You only can interpret: Would you had not  
 A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of  
 The language which you force me to deliver,  
 So I were nothing! As you are my father,  
 I bend my knee, and, uncompell'd, profess  
 My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift;  
 And that in a son's duty I stand bound  
 To lay this head beneath your feet, and run  
 All desperate hazards for your ease and safety:  
 But this confest on my part, I rise up,  
 And not as with a father, (all respect,  
 Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as  
 A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.  
 Why have you done that which I dare not speak,



And in the action changed the humble shape  
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage,  
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes con-  
To run my bark of honour on a shelf [strain'd me  
I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it?  
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,  
And mankind trembles to see me pursue  
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance  
This sword, as I must do, against your head,  
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,  
To see their altars which you built up in me,  
In a moment razed and ruin'd. That you could  
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce,  
To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,  
One seeming reason, that I might fix here,  
And move no further!

*Malef. sen.* Have I so far lost  
A father's power, that I must give account  
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead  
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he  
That owes his being to me sits a judge  
To censure that, which only by myself  
Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall  
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine  
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is  
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue  
In one short syllable yield satisfaction  
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were  
A certainty disdaining argument!  
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,  
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,  
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound  
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,  
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

*Malef. jun.* This sword divides that slavish  
*Malef. sen.* It cannot: [knob.  
It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember  
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not  
hope it. [thee

Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught  
Men were men only when they durst look down  
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd  
All opposition, till plumed Victory  
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?  
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely  
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings  
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.  
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;  
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.  
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,  
Presuming to contend with him, to whom  
Submission is due, I will take from thee.  
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not  
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee  
As a serpent swollen with poison; who surviving  
A little longer, with infectious breath,  
Would render all things near him, like itself,  
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,  
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,  
And with one general cry howling for mercy,  
Shall not redeem thee.

*Malef. jun.* Thou incensed Power,  
Awhile forbear thy thunder! let me have  
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave  
My mother —

*Malef. sen.* Thou shalt never name her more.  
[They fight.

BEAUFORT JUNIOR, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, and the three  
Sea Captains, appear on the Mount.

*Beauf. jun.* They are at it.

2 *Capt.* That thrust was put strongly home.

*Montr.* But with more strength avoided.

*Belg.* Well come in;

He has drawn blood of him yet: well done, old

1 *Capt.* That was a strange miss. [coc.

*Beauf. jun.* That a certain hit.  
[Young MALEFORT is slain

*Belg.* He's fallen, the day is ours!

2 *Capt.* The admiral's slain.

*Montr.* The father is victorious!

*Belg.* Let us haste

To gratulate his conquest.

1 *Capt.* We to mourn

The fortune of the son.

*Beauf. jun.* With utmost speed

Acquaint the governor with the good success,

That he may entertain, to his full merit.

The father of his country's peace and safety.

*Malef. sen.* Were a new life hid in each  
mangled limb,

I would search, and find it: and howe'er to some

I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize

Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.—

That I have power to be unnatural,

Is my security; die all my fears,

And waking jealousies, which have so long

Been my tormentors! there's now no suspicion:

A fact, which I alone am conscious of,

Can never be discover'd, or the cause

That call'd this duel on, I being above

All perturbations; nor is it in

The power of fate, again to make me wretched.

Re-enter BEAUFORT JUNIOR, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, and  
the three Sea Captains.

*Beauf. jun.* All honour to the conqueror! who  
My friend of treachery now? [dares tax

*Belg.* I am very glad, sir,  
You have sped so well: but I must tell you this  
much,

To put you in mind that a low ebb must follow  
Your high-swoll'n tide of happiness, you have  
This honour at a high price. [purchased

*Malef.* 'Tis, Belgarde,

Above all estimation, and a little

To be exalted with it cannot savour

Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword

Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears,

Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed,

Shines now more bright than ever, are not things

To be lamented; though, indeed, they may

Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories

Being made up again, and cemented

With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son,

While he was worthy; but when he shook off

His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence,

Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd)

And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him

As a stranger to my family, and a traitor

Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded

That could bring in his head. I know in this

That I am censured rugged, and austere,

That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear

Upon his slaughter'd body: but I rest

Well satisfied in myself, being assured that

Extraordinary virtues, when they soar

Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,

Losing their proper splendor, are condemn'd

For most remarkable vices.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis too true, sir,

In the opinion of the multitude ;  
But for myself, that would be held your friend,  
And hope to know you by a nearer name,  
They are as they deserve, received.

*Malef.* My daughter  
Shall thank you for the favour.

*Beauf. jun.* I can wish  
No happiness beyond it.

*1 Capt.* Shall we have leave  
To bear the corpse of our dead admiral,  
As he enjoin'd us, from this coast ?

*Malef.* Provided  
The articles agreed on be observed,  
And you depart hence with it, making oath  
Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch  
Upon this shore.

*1 Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.

*Malef.* Then as you please dispose of it : 'tis an  
object

That I could wish removed. His sins die with him !  
So far he has my charity.

*1 Capt.* He shall have  
A soldier's funeral.

*[The Captains bear the Body off, with sad Music.]*

*Malef.* Farewell !

*Beauf. jun.* These rites  
Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives  
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.  
Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,  
And with all circumstance and ceremony,  
Wait on the patron of our liberty,  
Which he at all parts merits.

*Malef.* I am honour'd  
Beyond my hopes.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis short of your deserts.  
Lead on : oh, sir, you must ; you are too modest.  
*[Exeunt with loud Music.]*

### SCENE II.—A Room in MALEFORT'S House.

*Enter THROCKMOR, Page, and Waiting-women.*

*Theoc.* Talk not of comfort ; I am both ways  
wretched,

And so distracted with my doubts and fears,  
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss  
Is certain in a father, or a brother,  
Or both ; such is the cruelty of my fate,  
And not to be avoided.

*1 Wom.* You must bear it  
With patience, madam.

*2 Wom.* And what's not in you  
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow  
Which cannot help it.

*Page.* Fear not my brave lord,  
Your noble father ; fighting is to him  
Familiar as eating. He can teach  
Our modern duellists how to cleave a button,  
And in a new way, never yet found out  
By old Caranza.

*1 Wom.* May he be victorious,  
And punish disobedience in his son !  
Whose death, in reason, should at no part move  
you,

He being but half your brother, and the nearness  
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited  
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom  
He received life. *[A shout within.]*

*2 Wom.* A general about—

*1 Wom.* Of joy.

*Page.* Look up, dear lady ; sad news never came  
Usher'd with loud applause.

*Theoc.* I stand prepared  
To endure the shock of it.

*Enter Usher.*

*Ush.* I am out of breath  
With running to deliver first—  
*Theoc.* What ?

*Ush.* We are all made.  
My lord has won the day ; your brother's slain ;  
The pirates gone : and by the governor,  
And states, and all the men of war, he is  
Brought home in triumph :—nay, no musing, pay  
For my good news hereafter. *[me]*

*Theoc.* Heaven is just !

*Ush.* Give thanks at leisure ; make all haste to  
meet him.

I could wish I were a horse, that I might bear you  
To him upon my back.

*Page.* Thou art an ass,  
And this is a sweet burthen.

*Ush.* Peace, you crack-ropes ! *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Loud Music.* *Enter* MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, BEAUFORT  
SENIOR, BEAUFORT JUNIOR ; MALEFORT, followed by MONT-  
TAIGONS, CHAMONT, and LANOUR.

*Beauf. sen.* All honours we can give you, and  
rewards,

Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles  
Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight  
With your deservings : let me glory in  
Your action, as if it were mine own ;  
And have the honour, with the arms of love,  
To embrace the great performer of a deed  
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.

*Mont.* Imagine, noble sir, in what we may  
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured  
It shall be freely granted.

*Cham.* He's an enemy  
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think  
There's anything within our power to give,  
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

*Lan.* And as your own ; for we will ever be  
At your devotion.

*Malef.* Much honour'd sir,  
And you, my noble lords, I can say only,  
The greatness of your favours overwhelms me,  
And like too large a sail, for the small bark  
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand  
Upright in your opinions, is an honour  
Exceeding my deserts, I having done  
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to :  
And to expect a recompense were base,  
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.  
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that  
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor,  
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,  
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will  
Censure me over bold.

*Beauf. sen.* It must be something  
Of a strange nature, if it find from me  
Denial or delay.

*Malef.* Thus then, my lord,  
Since you encourage me : You are happy in  
A worthy son, and all the comfort that  
Fortune has left me, is one daughter ; now,

If it may not appear too much presumption,  
To seek to match my lowness with your height,  
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,  
I write *nil ultra* to my largest hopes)  
She may in your opinion be thought worthy  
To be received into your family,  
And married to your son : their years are equal,  
And their desires, I think, too ; she is not  
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,  
And if you think me worthy your alliance,  
'Tis all I do aspire to.

*Beauf. jun.* You demand  
That which with all the service of my life  
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.  
O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair  
And noble an offer ? can France shew a virgin  
That may be parallel'd with her ? is she not  
The phoenix of the time, the fairest star  
In the bright sphere of women ?

*Beauf. sen.* Be not rapt so :  
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet  
In what so near concerns me, it is fit  
I should proceed with judgment.

*Enter Usher, THEOCRINE, Page, and Waiting-women.*

*Beauf. jun.* Here she comes :  
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then  
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature  
In which she is defective.

*Malef.* Welcome, girl !  
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,  
Why dost thou come to greet my victory  
In such a sable habit ? This shew'd well  
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected ;  
But now his faith and loyalty are admired,  
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments  
You are to express the joy you feel within :  
Nor should you with more cautiousness and care  
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,  
Than now, when all men's eyes are fixt upon you.  
You should appear to entertain the honour  
From me descending to you, and in which  
You have an equal share.

*Theoc.* Heaven has my thanks,  
With all humility paid for your fair fortune,  
And so far duty binds me ; yet a little  
To mourn a brother's loss, however wicked,  
The tenderness familiar to our sex  
May, if you please, excuse.

*Malef.* Thou art deceived.  
He, living, was a blemish to thy beauties,  
But in his death gives ornament and lustre  
To thy perfections, but that they are  
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not  
The least addition. Ha ! here's yet a print  
Of a sad tear on thy cheek ; how it takes from  
Our present happiness ! with a father's lips,

A loving father's lips, I'll kiss it off,  
The cause no more remember'd.

*Theoc.* You forget, sir,  
The presence we are in.

*Malef.* 'Tis well consider'd ;  
And yet, who is the owner of a treasure  
Above all value, but, without offence,  
May glory in the glad possession of it ?  
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,  
Or any here, that looking on the daughter,  
I feast myself in the imagination  
Of those sweet pleasures, and allow'd delights,  
I tasted from the mother, who still lives  
In this her perfect model ; for she had  
Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such spark-  
ling eyes,

Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied quiver,  
Such ruby lips,—and such a lovely bloom,  
Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,  
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,  
As Death himself lamented, being forced  
To blast it with his paleness : and if now  
Her brightness dimm'd with sorrow, take and  
please you,

Think, think, young lord, when she appears herself,  
This veil removed, in her own natural pureness,  
How far she will transport you.

*Beauf. jun.* Did she need it,  
The praise which you (and well deserved) give to  
Must of necessity raise new desires [her,  
In one indebted more to years ; to me  
Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire,  
That flames already at the height.

*Malef.* No more ;  
I do believe you, and let me from you  
Find so much credit ; when I make her yours,  
I do possess you of a gift, which I  
With much unwillingness part from. My good lords,  
Forbear your further trouble ; give me leave,  
For on the sudden I am indisposed,  
To retire to my own house, and rest : to-morrow,  
As you command me, I will be your guest,  
And having deck'd my daughter like herself,  
You shall have further conference.

*Beauf. sen.* You are master  
Of your own will ; but fail not, I'll expect you.

*Malef.* Nay, I will be excused ; I must part  
with you. [*To young BEAUFORT and the rest.*]

My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,  
I will support thee.

*Theoc.* You gripe it too hard, sir.

*Malef.* Indeed I do, but have no further end in it  
But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge,  
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one ; yes,  
And to be cherish'd.

*Theoc.* May I still deserve it !

[*Exeunt several ways*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Banqueting-room in BEAUFORT'S House.*

*Enter BEAUFORT senior, and Steward.*

*Beauf. sen.* Have you been careful ;  
*Stew.* With my best endeavours. [sir.  
Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat.

Portly and curious viands are prepared,  
To please all kinds of appetites.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis well.  
I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,  
And store of friends to eat it : but with this caution,  
I would not have my house a common inn,  
For some men that come rather to devour me,

Than to present their service. At this time, too, It being a serious and solemn meeting, I must not have my board pester'd with shadows, That, under other men's protection, break in Without invitation.

*Stew.* With your favour, then, You must double your guard, my lord, for on my knowledge,

There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out By a file of musketeers: and 'tis less danger, I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike, With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too, And the cannon playing on it, than to stop One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance, When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,

The service will be lost else!

*Beauf. sen.* What is he!

*Stew.* As tall a trencherman, that is most As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification [certain, As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly Were not made up of a much tougher stuff Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,

He's eminent for his eating.

*Beauf. sen.* O, Belgarde!

*Stew.* The same; one of the admiral's cast captains,

Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any, The only drilling is to eat devoutly, And to be ever drinking—that's allow'd of, But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.

*Beauf. sen.* The more their misery; yet, if you For this day put him off. [can,

*Stew.* It is beyond

The invention of man.

*Beauf. sen.* No:—say this only, [Whispers to him. And as from me; you apprehend me?

*Stew.* Yes, sir.

*Beauf. sen.* But it must be done gravely.

*Stew.* Never doubt me, sir.

*Beauf. sen.* We'll dine in the great room, but let the music

And banquet be prepared here. [Exit.

*Stew.* This will make him

Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him. As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under foot,

Let him take his share with the pages and the Or scramble in the rushes. [lackies,

Enter BELGARDE.

*Belg.* 'Tis near twelve; I keep a watch within me never misses.— Save thee, master steward!

*Stew.* You are most welcome, sir.

*Belg.* Has thy lord slept well to-night? I come to enquire.

I had a foolish dream, that, against my will, Carried me from my lodging, to learn only How he's disposed.

*Stew.* He's in most perfect health, sir.

*Belg.* Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner, And I'll believe so too; for from that ever I make a certain judgment.

*Stew.* It holds surely

In your own constitution.

*Belg.* And in all men's,

'Tis the best symptom; let us lose no time, Delay is dangerous.

*Stew.* Troth, sir, if I might, Without offence, deliver what my lord has Committed to my trust, I shall receive it As a special favour.

*Belg.* We'll see it, and discourse, As the proverb says, for health sake, after dinner, Or rather after supper; willingly thou I'll walk a mile to hear thee.

*Stew.* Nay, good sir, I will be brief and pithy.

*Belg.* Prithce be so.

*Stew.* He bid me say, of all his guests, that he Stands most affected to you, for the freedom And plainness of your manners. He ne'er observed you

To twirl a dish about you, you did not like of, All being pleasing to you; or to take A say of venison, or stale fowl, by your nose, Which is a solecism at another's table; But by strong eating of them, did confirm They never were delicious to your palate, But when they were mortified, as the Hugonot says, And so you part grows greater; nor do you Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the best,

Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with Nor will you with impertinent relations, [you; Which is a master-piece when meat's before you, Forget your teeth, to use your nimble tongue, But do the feat you come for.

*Belg.* Be advised,

And end your jeering; for, if you proceed, You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry; And beating may ensue.

*Stew.* I'll take your counsel, And roundly come to the point: my lord much wonders,

That you, that are a courtier as a soldier, In all things else, and every day can vary Your actions and discourse, continue constant To this one suit.

*Belg.* To one! 'tis well I have one, Unpawnd, in these days; every cast commander Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you. But why this question? does this offend him?

*Stew.* Not much; but he believes it is the reason You ne'er presume to sit above the salt; [son And therefore, this day, our great admiral, With other states, being invited guests, He does entreat you to appear among them, In some fresh habit.

*Belg.* This staff shall not serve To beat the dog off; these are soldier's garments, And so by consequence grow contemptible.

*Stew.* It has stung him. [Aside.

*Belg.* I would I were acquainted with the players,

In charity they might furnish me: but there is No faith in brokers; and for believing tailors, They are only to be read of, but not seen; And sure they are confined to their own bells, And there they live invisible. Well, I must not Be fubb'd off thus; pray you, report my service To the lord governor; I will obey him; And though my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose His company at this feast, I will put on The richest suit I have, and fill the chair That makes me worthy of. [Exit.

*Stew.* We are shut of him,  
He will be seen no more here : how my fellows  
Will bless me for his absence ! he had starved  
them,  
Had he staid a little longer. Would he could,  
For his own sake, shift a shirt ! and that's the ut-  
Of his ambition : adieu, good captain. [most  
[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* BEAUFORT senior, and BEAUFORT junior.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis a strange fondness.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis beyond example.

His resolution to part with his estate,  
To make her dower the weightier, is nothing ;  
But to observe how curious he is  
In his own person, to add ornament  
To his daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.  
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship  
This morning to her, to present my service,  
From whom I understand all. There he found him  
Solicitous in what shape she should appear ;  
This gown was rich, but the fashion stale ; the  
other

Was quaint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough :  
Then does he curse the tailor, and in rage  
Falls on her shoemaker, for wanting art  
To express in every circumstance the form  
Of her most delicate foot ; then sits in council  
With much deliberation, to find out  
What tire would best adorn her ; and one chosen,  
Varying in his opinion, he tears off,  
And stamps it under foot ; then tries a second,  
A third, and fourth, and satisfied at length,  
With much ado, in that, he grows again  
Perplex'd and troubled where to place her jewels,  
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear  
This diamond on her forehead, or between  
Her milkwhite paps, disputing on it both ways.  
Then taking in his hand a rope of pearl,  
(The best of France,) he seriously considers,  
Whether he should dispose it on her arm,  
Or on her neck ; with twenty other trifles,  
Too tedious to deliver.

*Beauf. sen.* I have known him

From his first youth, but never yet observed,  
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,  
Virtues so mix'd with vices : valiant the world  
speaks him,

But with that, bloody ; liberal in his gifts too,  
But to maintain his prodigal expense,  
A fierce extortioner ; an impotent lover  
Of women for a flash, but, his fires quench'd,  
Hating as deadly : the truth is, I am not  
Ambitious of this match ; nor will I cross you  
In your affections.

*Beauf. jun.* I have ever found you  
(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father,

[*Loud music.*

And careful of my good :—by the loud music,  
As you gave order, for his entertainment,  
He's come into the house. Two long hours since,  
The colonels, commissioners, and captains,  
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,  
Went to wait on him hither.

*Enter* MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, and Waiting-women.

*Beauf. sen.* You are most welcome,

And what I speak to you, does from my heart  
Disperse itself to all.

*Malef.* You meet, my lord,  
Your trouble.

*Beauf. sen.* Rather, sir, increase of honour,  
When you are pleased to grace my house.

*Beauf. jun.* The favour  
Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,  
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mis-  
tress,  
Deigns us her presence.

*Malef.* View her well, brave Beaufort,  
But yet at distance ; you hereafter may  
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest  
Hath made it lawful : and were not she mine,  
I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never  
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe, to change  
A barren virgin name, with more good omens  
Than at her nuptials. Look on her again,  
Then tell me if she now appear the same,  
That she was yesterday.

*Beauf. sen.* Being herself,  
She cannot but be excellent ; these rich  
And curious dressings, which in others might  
Cover deformities, from her take lustre,  
Nor can add to her.

*Malef.* You conceive her right,  
And in your admiration of her sweetness,  
You only can deserve her. Blush not, girl,  
Thou art above his praise, or mine ; nor can  
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use  
Her thousand oil'd tongues to advance thy worth,  
Give aught, (for that's impossible,) but take from  
Thy more than human graces ; and even then,  
When she hath spent herself with her best strength  
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent  
That, losing her own servile shape and name,  
She will be thought Detraction : but I  
Forget myself ; and something whispers to me,  
I have said too much.

*Mont.* I know not what to think on't,  
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear  
Will be too soon discover'd.

*Malef.* I much wrong  
Your patience, noble sir, by too much hugging  
My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,  
Believe my black brood swans.

*Beauf. sen.* There needs not, sir,  
The least excuse for this ; nay I must have  
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,  
And this the mistress.

*Theoc.* I am any thing  
That you shall please to make me.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, 'tis yours,  
Without more compliment.

*Mont.* Your will's a law, sir.

[*Loud music. Enter* BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT,  
THEOCRINE, BEAUFORT junior, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT,  
LANOUR, MONTREVILLE.

*Ush.* Would I had been born a lord !

*I Wom.* Or I a lady !

*Page.* It may be you were both begot in court,  
Though bred up in the city ; for your mothers,  
As I have heard, loved the lobby ; and there,  
nighly,

Are seen strange apparitions : and who knows  
But that some noble faun, heated with wine,  
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of longing  
To trade in sprats ? this needs no exposition :—  
But can you yield a reason for your wishes ?

*Ush.* Why, had I been born a lord, I had been no servant.

1 *Wom.* And whereas now necessity makes us We had been attended on. [waiters,

2 *Wom.* And might have slept then As long as we pleased, and fed when we had stomachs,

And worn new clothes, nor lived as now, in hope Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

*Page.* You are fools,

And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was Sworn to the pantofle, I have heard my tutor Prove it by logic, that a servant's life Was better than his master's; and by that I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail not, I'll make it good.

*Ush.* Proceed, my little wit

*In decimo sexto.*

*Page.* Thus then : From the king To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants ; And you must grant, the slavery is less To study to please one, than many.

*Ush.* True.

*Page.* Well then ; and first to you, sir : you complain

You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand, Besides his passions, that are his worst masters ; You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth Every grim sir above him : if he frown, For the least neglect you fear to lose your place ; But if, and with all slavish observation, From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure [stool, To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought Nay, more ; that high disposer of all such [it. That are subordinate to him, serves and fears The fury of the many-headed monster, The giddy multitude : and as a horse Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings, So your men of purchased titles, at their best, are But serving-men in rich liveries.

*Ush.* Most rare infant !

Where learn'st thou this morality ?

*Page.* Why, thou dull pate,

As I told thee, of my tutor.

2 *Wom.* Now for us, boy.

*Page.* I am cut off :—the governor.

*Enter BEAUFORT senior and BEAUFORT junior, Servants setting forth a banquet.*

*Beauf. sen.* Quick, quick, sirs.

See all things perfect.

*Serv.* Let the blame be ours else.

*Beauf. sen.* And, as I said, when we are at the banquet,

And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it, Especially among soldiers ; Theocrine Being retired, as that's no place for her, Take you occasion to rise from the table, And lose no opportunity.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis my purpose ;

And if I can win her to give her heart, I have a holy man in readiness

To join our hands ; for the admiral, her father, Repents him of his grant to me, and seems So far transported with a strange opinion Of her fair features, that, should we defer it, I think, ere long, he will believe, and strongly, The dauphin is not worthy of her : I Am much amazed with't.

*Beauf. sen.* Nay, dispatch there, fellows.

[*Exit BEAUFORT senior and BEAUFORT junior.*

*Serv.* We are ready, when you please. Sweet forms, your pardon !

It has been such a busy time, I could not Tender that ceremonious respect Which you deserve : but now, the great work ended,

I will attend the less, and with all care Observe and serve you.

*Page.* This is a penn'd speech, And serves as a perpetual preface to A dinner made of fragments.

*Ush.* We wait on you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Banquet set forth.*

*Loud music. Enter BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, and Servants.*

*Beauf. sen.* You are not merry, sir.

*Malef.* Yes, my good lord,

You have given us ample means to drown all cares :—

And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*

*Beauf. sen.* Pray you take your place.

*Beauf. jun.* And drink a health ; and let it be, if you please,

To the worthiest of women.—Now observe him.

*Malef.* Give me the bowl ; since you do me the I will begin it. [*honour,*

*Cham.* May we know her name, sir ?

*Malef.* You shall ; I will not choose a foreign queen's,

Nor yet our own, for that would relish of Tame flattery ; nor do their height of title, Or absolute power, confirm their worth and goodness,

These being heaven's gifts, and frequently con-On such as are beneath them ; nor will I [*ferr'd* Name the king's mistress, howsoever she In his esteem may carry it : but if I, As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom, Not sway'd this way or that, with confidence, (And I will make it good on any equal,) If it must be to her whose outward form Is better'd by the beauty of her mind, She lives not that with justice can pretend An interest to this so sacred health, But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it, I do pronounce a villain : this to her, then. [*Drinks.*

*Mont.* What may we think of this ?

*Beauf. sen.* It matters not.

*Jan.* For my part, I will sooth him, rather than Draw on a quarrel.

*Cham.* It is the safest course ;

And one I mean to follow.

*Beauf. jun.* It has gone round, sir. [*Exit.*

*Malef.* Now you have done her right ; if there be any

Worthy to second this, propose it boldly, I am your pledge.

*Beauf. sen.* Let's pause here, if you please, And entertain the time with something else. Music there ! in some lofty strain ; the song too That I gave order for ; the new one call'd *The Soldier's Delight.* [*Music and a song.*

*Enter BELGARDE in armour, a case of carbines by his side.*

*Belg.* Who stops me now ?

Or who dares only say that I appear not  
In the most rich and glorious habit that  
Renders a man complete? What court so set off  
With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus  
Accounted, I may enter? Or what feast,  
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd  
To store it with variety transcending  
The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birth-day;  
(Where princes only, and confederate kings,  
Did sit as guests, served and attended on  
By the senators of Rome,) at which a soldier,  
In this his natural and proper shape,  
Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by  
His presence make the great solemnity  
More honour'd and remarkable?

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis acknowledged;  
And this a grace done to me unexpected.

*Mont.* But why in armour?

*Malef.* What's the mystery?

Pray you, reveal that.

*Belg.* Soldiers out of action,  
That very rare \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* but, like unbidden guests,  
Bring their stools with them, for their own defence,  
At court should feed in gauntlets; they may have  
Their fingers cut else: there your carpet knights,  
That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,  
Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,  
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will  
Address my speech, and, with a soldier's freedom,  
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff  
You threw upon my poverty: you contemn'd  
My coarser outside, and from that concluded  
(As by your groom you made me understand)  
I was unworthy to sit at your table,  
Among these tissues and embroideries,  
Unless I changed my habit: I have done it,  
And shew myself in that which I have worn  
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight;  
And then it was in fashion, not as now,  
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through  
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,  
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury:  
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,  
I've charged through fire that would have singed  
your aibles,  
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud  
colour

Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—  
But now, as if the trappings made the man,  
Such only are admired that come adorn'd  
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,  
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,  
But not regarded now: and yet remember,  
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,  
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,  
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us  
To be made sharers in the harvest, which  
Our sweat and industry reap'd, and sow'd for you.  
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for  
you;

This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight  
Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted  
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,  
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait  
With open jaws still ready to devour us,)  
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,  
In after ages, to your shame be spoken,

That you, with no relenting eyes, look on  
Our wants that feed your plenty: or consume,  
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,  
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us  
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,  
We have made you stand engaged for; or force us,  
Against all civil government, in armour  
To require that, which with all willingness  
Should be tender'd ere demanded.

*Beauf. sen.* I commend  
This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it  
Before obsequious tameness; it shews lovely:  
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall  
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit,  
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest  
Of your profession, like you, discontented  
For want of means, shall, in their present payment,  
Be bound to praise your boldness: and hereafter  
I will take order you shall have no cause,  
For want of change, to put your armour on,  
But in the face of an enemy; not as now,  
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,  
To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty  
I'll add five hundred crowns.

*Cham.* I, to my power,  
Will follow the example.

*Mont.* Take this captain,  
'Tis all my present store; but when you please,  
Command me further.

*Lan.* I could wish it more.

*Belg.* This is the luckiest jester ever came from me.  
Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw  
The form of his petition. This will speed  
When your thrice-humble supplications,  
With prayers for increase of health and honours  
To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read,  
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd:  
When this dumb rhetoric [*Aside.*—Well, I have  
a life,

Which I, in thankfulness for your great favours,  
My noble lords, when you please to command it,  
Must never think mine own.—Broker, be happy,  
These golden birds fly to thee. [*Exit.*

*Beauf. sen.* You are dull, sir,  
And seem not to be taken with the passage  
You saw presented.

*Malef.* Passage! I observed none,  
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is  
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,  
If speedily I come not to her rescue,  
For so my genius tells me

*Monstr.* What chimeras  
Work on your fantasy?

*Malef.* Fantasies! they are truths.  
Where is my Theocrine! you have plotted  
To rob me of my daughter; bring me to her  
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me,  
You are inhospitable.

*Beauf. sen.* You amaze me. [*ship*  
Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging court—  
With my son, her servant. Why do you hear this  
With such distracted looks, since to that end  
You brought her hither?

*Malef.* 'Tis confess'd I did;  
But now, pray you, pardon me; and, if you please,  
Ere she delivers up her virgin fort,  
I would observe what is the art he uses  
In planting his artillery against it:  
She is my only care, nor must she yield,  
But upon noble terms.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis so determined.

*Malef.* Yet I am jealous.

*Mont.* Overmuch, I fear.

What passions are these? [*Aside.*]

*Beauf. sen.* Come, I will bring you

Where you, with these, if they so please, may see  
The love-scene acted.

*Montr.* There is something more

Than fatherly love in this. [*Aside.*]

*Mont.* We wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in BEAUFORT'S House.*

*Enter BEAUFORT JUNIOR, and THEOCARNS.*

*Beauf. jun.* Since then you meet my flames with  
equal ardour,

As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress,  
Nor must I call it debt; yet 'tis your glory,  
That your excess supplies my want, and makes  
me

Strong in my weakness, which could never be,  
But in your good opinion.

*Theoc.* You teach me, sir,  
What I should say; since from your sun of favour,  
I like dim Phoebe, in herself obscure,  
Borrow that light I have.

*Beauf. jun.* Which you return  
With large increase, since that you will o'ercome,  
And I dare not contend, were you but pleased  
To make what's yet divided one.

*Theoc.* I have  
Already in my wishes; modesty  
Forbids me to speak more.

*Beauf. jun.* But what assurance,  
But still without offence, may I demand,  
That may secure me that your heart and tongue  
Join to make harmony?

*Theoc.* Choose any,  
Suiting your love, distinguished from lust,  
To ask, and mine to grant.

*Enter at a distance BEAUFORT SENIOR, MALEFORT, MONTREVILLE, and the rest.*

*Beauf. sen.* Yonder they are.

*Malef.* At distance too! 'tis yet wall.

*Beauf. jun.* I may take then  
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,  
Swear 'tis the anchor to my hopes?

*Theoc.* You may, sir.

*Malef.* Somewhat too much.

*Beauf. jun.* And this done, view myself  
In these true mirrors?

*Theoc.* Ever true to you, sir:

And may they lose the ability of sight,  
When they seek other object!

*Malef.* This is more

Than I can give consent to.

*Beauf. jun.* And a kiss

Thus printed on your lips, will not distaste you?

*Malef.* Her lips!

*Montr.* Why, where should he kiss? are you  
distracted?

*Beauf. jun.* Then, when this holy man hath  
made it lawful— [*Brings in a Priest.*]

*Malef.* A priest so ready too! I must break  
in.

*Beauf. jun.* And what's spoke here is register'd  
above;

I must engross those favours to myself  
Which are not to be named.

*Theoc.* All I can give,  
But what they are I know not.

*Beauf. jun.* I'll instruct you.

*Malef.* O how my blood boils!

*Montr.* Pray you, contain yourself;  
Methinks his courtship's modest.

*Beauf. jun.* Then being mine,  
And wholly mine, the river of your love  
To kinsmen and allies, nay, to your father,  
(Howe'er out of his tenderness he admires you,)  
Must in the ocean of your affection  
To me, be swallow'd up, and want a name,  
Compared with what you owe me.

*Theoc.* 'Tis most fit, sir.  
The stronger bond that binds me to you, must  
Dissolve the weaker.

*Malef.* I am ruin'd, if  
I come not fairly off.

*Beauf. sen.* There's nothing wanting  
But your consent.

*Malef.* Some strange invention aid me!  
This! yes, it must be so. [*Aside.*]

*Montr.* Why do you stagger,  
When what you seem'd so much to wish, is offer'd,  
Both parties being agreed to?

*Beauf. sen.* I'll not court  
A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,  
Though I say my son deserves her.

*Malef.* 'Tis far from  
My humble thoughts to undervalue him  
I cannot prize too high: for howsoever  
From my own fond indulgence I have sung  
Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,  
That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd,  
All that I fancied excellent in her,  
Balanced with what is really his own,  
Holds weight in no proportion.

*Montr.* New turnings!

*Beauf. sen.* Whither tends this?

*Malef.* Had you observed, my lord,  
With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,  
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,  
Though she did listen with a greedy ear  
To his fair modest offers: but so great  
A good as then flow'd to her, should have been  
With more deliberation entertain'd,  
And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first  
Consider seriously what the blessing is,  
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,  
And then receive it. And though I shall think  
Short minutes years, till it be perfected,  
I will defer that which I most desire;  
And so must she, till longing expectation,  
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know  
Her happiness, and with what outstretch'd arms  
She must embrace it.

*Beauf. jun.* This is ccriousness  
Beyond example,

*Malef.* Let it then begin

From me: in what's mine own I'll use my will,  
And yield no further reason. I lay claim to  
The liberty of a subject. [*Rushes forward and  
seizes THEOC.*—Full not off,  
But be obedient, or by the hair  
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,  
I'll take my own way.—O, the inward fires  
That, wanting vent, consume me!

[*Exit with THEOCARNS.*]



*Montr.* 'Tis most certain  
He's mad, or worse.

*Beauf. sen.* How worse?

*Montr.* Nay, there I leave you;  
My thoughts are free.

*Beauf. jun.* This I foresaw.

*Beauf. sen.* Take comfort,  
He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him :  
And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,  
And with strong reasons, this gross injury,  
I can make use of my authority. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in MALEFORT'S House.

*Enter MALEFORT.*

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me?  
The torch that feeds them was not lighted at  
Thy altars, Cupid : vindicate thyself,  
And do not own it ; and confirm it rather,  
That this infernal brand, that turns me cinders,  
Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into  
My guilty bosom. O that I was ever  
Accurs'd in having issue ! my son's blood,  
(That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules  
Grows to each part about me,) which my hate  
Forced from him with much willingness, may  
admit

Some weak defence ; but my most impious love  
To my fair daughter Theocrine, none ;  
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)  
That does pursue her, is a greater crime  
Than any detestation, with which  
I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning  
I have betray'd myself, and did not feel  
The scorching heat that now with fury rages !  
Why was I tender of her? cover'd with  
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.  
I thought it no offence to kiss her often,  
Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,  
And by false shadows of a father's kindness  
I long deceived myself : but now the effect  
Is too apparent. How I strove to be  
In her opinion held the worthiest man  
In courtship, form, and feature ! envying him  
That was preferr'd before me ; and yet then  
My wishes to myself were not discover'd.  
But still my fires increased, and with delight  
I would call her mistress, willingly forgetting  
The name of daughter, choosing rather she  
Should style me servant. than. with reverence,  
father :

Yet, waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes,  
But in my troubled slumbers often thought  
She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd  
At my imagination ; which pass'd,  
(My eyes being open not condemning it,)  
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream.  
Yet, spite of these temptations, I have reason  
That pleads against them, and commands me to  
Extinguish these abominable fires :  
And I will do it ; I will send her back  
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there !

*Enter THEOCRINE.*

*Theoc.* Sir, did you call?

*Malef.* I look no sooner on her.  
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,  
And passion again usurps her empire.—  
Does none else wait me?

*Theoc.* I am wretched, sir,  
Should any owe more duty.

*Malef.* This is worse  
Than disobedience ; leave me.

*Theoc.* On my knees, sir,  
As I have ever squared my will by yours,  
And liked and loath'd with your eyes, I beseech  
To teach me what the nature of my fault is, [you  
That hath incens'd you ; sure 'tis one of weakness  
And not of malice, which your gentler temper,  
On my submission, I hope, will pardon :  
Which granted by your piety, if that I,  
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,  
Make you remember it, may I sink ever  
Under your dread command, sir.

*Malef.* O my stars !  
Who can but doat on this humility,  
That sweetness—Lovely in her tears !—The  
fettars,  
That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,  
By this grow heavier on me. [Aside.]

*Theoc.* Dear sir—

*Malef.* Peace !

I must not hear thee.

*Theoc.* Nor look on me ?

*Malef.* No,  
Thy looks and words are charms.

*Theoc.* May they have power then  
To calm the tempest of your wrath ! Alas, sir,  
Did I but know in what I give offence,  
In my repentance I would show my sorrow  
For what is past, and, in my care hereafter,  
Kill the occasion, or cease to be :  
Since life, without your favour, is to me  
A load I would cast off.

*Malef.* O that my heart  
Were rent in sunder, that I might expire,  
The cause in my death buried ! yet I know  
not—

With such prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me,  
That to deny thee would convince me to  
Have suck'd the milk of tigers ; rise, and I,  
But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,  
Will make relation : That which all the world  
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,  
Are to unhappy me foul blemishes,  
And mulcts in nature. If thou hadst been born  
Deform'd and crooked in the features of  
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind ;  
Moor-lipp'd, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-  
brow'd.

With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist ;  
Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,  
Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over all  
A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,  
And made thee shunn'd of human fellowships ;  
I had been blest.

*Theoc.* Why, would you wish a monster  
(For such a one, or worse, you have described)  
To call you father?

*Malef.* Rather than as now,  
(Though I had drown'd thee for it in the sea,)  
Appearing, as thou dost, a new Pandora,  
With Juno's fair cow-eyes, Minerva's brow,  
Aurora's blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,  
Venus' soft paps, with Thetis' silver feet.

*Theoc.* Sir, you have liked and loved them, and  
oft forced,

With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them,  
My modesty to a defensive red,  
Strew'd o'er that paleness, which you then were  
To style the purest white. [pleas'd

*Malef.* And in that cup  
I drank the poison I now feel dispersed  
Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art  
So cruel to me? This thy outward shape [thou  
Brought a fierce war against me, not to be  
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me  
No hope of freedom, from the magazine  
Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou drew'st  
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that [up  
Which was already in itself too potent.

Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty,  
Seconded with thy care and watchful studies  
To please, and serve my will, in all that might  
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through  
All opposition; and, my ranks of reason  
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell  
To bloody execution, and compell'd me  
With willing hands to tie on my own chains,  
And with a kind of flattering joy, to glory  
In my captivity.

*Theoc.* I, in this you speak, sir,  
Am ignorance itself.

*Malef.* And so continue;  
For knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me,  
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids  
For thee to help me: and 'twere cruelty  
In me to wound that spotless innocence,  
Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,  
Thy pluriety of goodness is thy ill;  
Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness  
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride;  
Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,  
As killing as the basilisk's, thy tears,  
Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,  
A glorious insultation, and no sign  
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak  
In thy defence, though but in silent action,  
Would make the hurt, already deeply feater'd,  
Incurable: and therefore, as thou wouldst not  
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me,  
I do conjure thee by a father's power,  
(And 'tis my curse I dare not think it lawful  
To sue unto thee in a nearer name,)  
Without reply to leave me.

*Theoc.* My obedience  
Never learn'd yet to question your commands,  
But willingly to serve them; yet I must,  
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of  
My fault, lament my fortune. [Exit.

*Malef.* O that I  
Have reason to discern the better way,  
And yet pursue the worse! When I look on her,  
I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze  
With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another  
Should e'er taste those delights that are denied me;  
And which of these afflictions brings less torture,  
I hardly can distinguish: Is there then  
No mean? no; so my understanding tells me,

And that by my cross fates it is determined  
That I am both ways wretched.

*Enter Usher and MONTREVILLE.*

*Ush.* Yonder he walks, sir,  
In much vexation he hath sent my lady,  
His daughter, weeping in; but what the cause is,  
Rests yet in supposition.

*Montr.* I guess at it,  
But must be further satisfied; I will sift him  
In private, therefore quit the room.

*Ush.* I am gone, sir. [Exit.

*Malef.* Ha! who disturbs me? Montreville!  
your pardon.

*Montr.* Would you could grant one to yourself!  
I speak it

With the assurance of a friend, and yet,  
Before it be too late, make reparation  
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offer'd  
To the governor and his son; nay, to yourself;  
For there begins my sorrow.

*Malef.* Would I had  
No greater cause to mourn, than their displeasure!  
For I dare justify—

*Montr.* We must not do  
All that we dare. We're private, friend. I ob-  
Your alterations with a stricter eye, [serv'd  
Perhaps than others; and, to lose no time  
In repetition, your strange demeanour  
To your sweet daughter.

*Malef.* Would you could find out  
Some other theme to treat of!

*Montr.* None but this;  
And this I'll dwell on; how ridiculous,  
And subject to construction—

*Malef.* No more!

*Montr.* You made yourself, amazes me, and if  
The frequent trials interchanged between us  
Of love and friendship, be to their desert  
Esteem'd by you, as they hold weight with me,  
No inward trouble should be of a shape  
So horrid to yourself, but that to me  
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock  
Your secret'st thoughts; though the most inno-  
Loud crying sins. [cent were

*Malef.* And so, perhaps, they are:  
And therefore be not curious to learn that  
Which known, must make you hate me.

*Montr.* Think not so.  
I am yours in right and wrong: nor shall you find  
A verbal friendship in me, but an active;  
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know  
What the disease is, but, if you give leave,  
I will apply a remedy. Is it madness?  
I am familiarly acquainted with  
A deep-read man, that can with charms and herbs  
Restore you to your reason: or, suppose  
You are bewitch'd,—he with more potent spells  
And magical rites shall cure you. Is't heaven's  
anger?

With penitence and sacrifice appease it.—  
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can  
Imagine dreadful: in your fame and fortunes  
You are secure; your impious son removed too,  
That render'd you suspected to the state;  
And your fair daughter—

*Malef.* Oh! press me no further.

*Montr.* Are you wrung there! Why, what of  
her? hath she  
Made shipwreck of her honour, or conspired

Against your life ? or seal'd a contract with  
The devil of hell, for the recovery of  
Her young Inamorato ?

*Malef.* None of these ;

And yet, what must increase the wonder in you,  
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me ;  
But where, enquire not. Yet, I know not how  
I am persuaded, from my confidence  
Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with  
My dearest secret ; pray you chide me for it,  
But with a kind of pity, not insulting  
On my calamity.

*Montr.* Forward.

*Malef.* This same daughter—

*Montr.* What is her fault ?

*Malef.* She is too fair to me.

*Montr.* Ha ! how is this ?

*Malef.* And I have look'd upon her  
More than a father should, and languish to  
Enjoy her as a husband.

*Montr.* Heaven forbid it !

*Malef.* And this is all the comfort you can  
give me !

Where are your promised aids, your charms, your  
herbs,

Your deep-read scholar's spells and magic rites ?  
Can all these disenchant me ? No, I must be  
My own physician, and upon myself  
Practise a desperate cure.

*Montr.* Do not contemn me :

Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard  
I'll undertake it. What means have you practis'd  
To quench this hellish fire ?

*Malef.* All I could think on,

But to no purpose ; and yet sometimes absence  
Does yield a kind of intermission to  
The fury of the fit.

*Montr.* See her no more, then.

*Malef.* 'Tis my last refuge ; and 'twas my intent,  
And still 'tis, to desire your help.

*Montr.* Command it.

*Malef.* Thus then : you have a fort, of which  
you are

The absolute lord, whither, I pray you, bear her :  
And that the sight of her may not again  
Nourish those flames, which I feel something  
lessen'd,

By all the ties of friendship I conjure you,  
And by a solemn oath you must confirm it,  
That though my now calm'd passions should rage  
Than ever heretofore, and so compel me [higher  
Once more to wish to see her ; though I use  
Persuasions mix'd with threat'nings, (nay, add to  
it,

That I, this failing, should with hands held up  
thus,

Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with my tears,  
Prayers or curses, vows or imprecations,  
Only to look upon her, though at distance,  
You still must be obdurate.

*Montr.* If it be

Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmoved,  
I will endeavour.

*Malef.* You must swear to be  
Inexorable, as you would prevent  
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate  
Could throw upon him.

*Montr.* Well, I will obey you.

But how the governor will be answer'd yet,  
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.

*Malef.* Leave that to me. I'll presently give  
order

How you shall surprise her ; be not frighted with  
Her exclamations.

*Montr.* Be you constant to  
Your resolution, I will not fail  
In what concerns my part.

*Malef.* Be ever bless'd for't !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter* BEAUFORT JUNIOR, CHAMONT, and LABOUR.

*Cham.* Not to be spok'd with, say you ?

*Beauf. jun.* No.

*Lan.* Nor you

Admitted to have conference with her ?

*Beauf. jun.* Neither.

His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude  
Dwells round about them, no access allow'd  
To friend or enemy ; but—

*Cham.* Nay, be not moved, sir ;  
Let his passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,  
'Twill quickly tire itself.

*Beauf. jun.* Or in his death.

Which, for her sake, till now I have forborn,  
I will revenge the injury he hath done to  
My true and lawful love.

*Lan.* How does your father,  
The governor, relish it ?

*Beauf. jun.* Troth, he never had  
Affection to the match ; yet in his pity  
To me, he's gone in person to his house,  
Nor will he be denied ; and if he find not  
Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from  
In a kind he does not look for. [his

*Cham.* In the mean time,  
Pray you put on cheerful looks.

*Enter* MONTAIGNE.

*Beauf. jun.* Mine suit my fortune.

*Lan.* O, here's Montaigne.

*Mont.* I never could have met you  
More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest  
By my relation ; but if you will look on  
The malecontent Belgarde, newly rigg'd up,  
With the train that follows him, 'twill be an object  
Worthy of your noting.

*Beauf. jun.* Look you the comedy  
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell  
Upon yourself.

*Mont.* I'll hazard that ; observe now.

*BELGARDE comes out of his house in a gallant habit ; stop  
at the door with his sword drawn.*

*Several voices within.* Nay, captain ! glorious

*Belg.* Fall back, rascals ! [captain :

Do you make an owl of me ? this day I will  
Receive no more petitions.—

Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes !  
If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would I were  
Again in my buff jerkin, or my armour !

Then I walk'd securely by my creditors' noses,  
Not a dog mark'd me ; every officer shunn'd me.  
And not one lousy prison would receive me :

But now, as the ballad says, *I am turn'd gallant.*  
There does not live that thing I owe a sou to,  
But does torment me. A faithful cobbler told me.  
With his awl in his hand, I was behindhand with  
him

For setting me upright, and bade me look to myself.

A sempstress too, that traded but in socks,  
Swore she would set a serjeant on my back  
For a borrow'd shirt: my pay, and the benevo-  
lence

The governor and the states bestow'd upon me,  
The city cormorants, my money-mongers,  
Have swallow'd down already; they were sums,  
I grant,—but that I should be such a fool,  
Against my oath, being a cashier'd captain,  
To pay debts, though grown up to one and twenty,  
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgment,  
Than a shopkeeper, or a lawyer that lends money,  
In a long dead vacation.

*Mont.* How do you like  
His meditation?

*Cham.* Peace! let him proceed.

*Belg.* I cannot now go on the score for shame,  
And where I shall begin to pawn—ay, marry,  
That is consider'd timely! I paid for  
This train of yours, dame Estridge, fourteen crowns,  
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass  
For a tavern reckoning, unless it be,  
To save the charge of painting, nail'd on a post,  
For the sign of the feathers. Pox upon the fashion,  
That a captain cannot think himself a captain,  
If he wear not this, like a fore-horse! yet it is not  
Staple commodity: these are perfumed too  
O' the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring  
Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head less:  
And this is Venice gold; would I had it again  
In French crowns in my pocket! O you com-  
manders,

That, like me, have no dead pays, nor can cozen  
The commissary at a muster, let me stand  
For an example to you! as you would  
Enjoy your privileges, *videlicet*,  
To pay your debts, and take your litchery gratis;  
To have your issue warm'd by others fires;  
To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no forfeit  
To the poor, but when you share with one another;  
With all your other choice immunities:  
Only of this I seriously advise you,  
Let courtiers trip like courtiers, and your lords  
Of dirt and dunghills mete their woods and acres,  
In velvets, satins, tissues; but keep you  
Constant to cloth and shamois.

*Mont.* Have you heard  
Of such a penitent homily?

*Belg.* I am studying now  
Where I shall hide myself till the rumour of  
My wealth and bravery vanish: let me see,  
There is a kind of vaulting-house not far off,  
Where I used to spend my afternoons, among  
Suburb she-gamsters; and yet, now I think on't,  
I have crack'd a ring or two there, which they made  
Others to solder: No—

*Enter a Hawd, and two Courtesans with two Children.*

*1 Court.* O! have we spied you!

*Bawd.* Upon him without ceremony! now's the time  
While he's in the paying vein. [time,

*2 Court.* Save you, brave captain!

*Beauf. jun.* 'Slight, how he stares! they are  
worse than she-wolves to him.

*Belg.* Shame me not in the streets; I was com-  
ing to you.

*1 Court.* O, sir, you may in public pay for the  
You had in private. [fiddling

*2 Court.* We hear you are full of crowns, sir.

*1 Court.* And therefore, knowing you are open-  
handed,

Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in mind, sir,  
Of your young heir here.

*2 Court.* Here's a second, sir,  
That looks for a child's portion.

*Bawd.* There are reckonings  
For muscadine and eggs too, must be thought on.

*1 Court.* We have not been hasty, sir.

*Bawd.* But staid your leisure:

But now you are ripe, and loaden with fruit—

*2 Court.* 'Tis fit you should be pull'd; here's  
a boy, sir,

Pray you, kiss him; 'tis your own, sir.

*1 Court.* Nay, buss this first,  
It hath just your eyes; and such a promising nose,  
That, if the sign deceive me not, in time  
'Twill prove a notable striker, like his father.

*Belg.* And yet you laid it to another.

*1 Court.* True;

While you were poor; and it was policy;  
But she that has variety of fathers,  
And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,  
Ne'er studied Aristotle.

*Lan.* A smart quean!

*Belg.* Why, braches, will you worry me?

*2 Court.* No, but ease you

Of your golden burthen, the heavy carriage may  
Bring you to a sweating sickness.

*Belg.* Very likely;

I foam all o'er already.

*1 Court.* Will you come off, sir?

*Belg.* Would I had ne'er come on! Hear me  
with patience,

Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me;  
And do not vex me further: by my sins,  
And your diseases, which are certain truths,  
Whate'er you think, I am not master, at  
This instant, of a livre.

*2 Court.* What, and in

Such a glorious suit!

*Belg.* The liker, wretched things,

To have no money.

*Bawd.* You may pawn your clothes, sir.

*1 Court.* Will you see your issue starve?

*2 Court.* Or the mothers beg?

*Belg.* Why, you unconscionable strumpets,  
would you have me,

Transform my hat to double clouts and biggings?

My coselet to a cradle? or my belt

To swaddlebands? or turn my cloak to blankets?

Or to sell my sword and spurs, for soap and  
candles?

Have you no mercy? what a chargeable devil

We carry in our breeches!

*Beauf. jun.* Now 'tis time

To fetch him off. [They come forward.

*Enter BEAUFORT senior.*

*Mont.* Your father does it for us.

*Bawd.* The governor!

*Beauf. sen.* What are these?

*1 Court.* An it like your lordship,  
Very poor spinsters.

*Bawd.* I am his nurse and laundress.

*Belg.* You have nurs'd and launder'd me, hell  
Vanish! [take you for it!

*Cham.* Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.

*1 Court.* 'Tis our best course.

2 *Court.* We'll find a time to fit him.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Courtesans.*]

*Beauf. sen.* Why in this heat, Belgarde?

*Belg.* You are the cause of't.

*Beauf. sen.* Who, I?

*Belg.* Yes, your pied livery and your gold  
Draw these vexations on me; pray you strip me,  
And let me be as I was: I will not lose  
The pleasures and the freedom which I had  
In my certain poverty, for all the wealth  
Fair France is proud of.

*Beauf. sen.* We at better leisure  
Will learn the cause of this.

*Beauf. jun.* What answer, sir,  
From the admiral?

*Beauf. sen.* None; his daughter is removed  
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself  
In person fled, but where, is not discover'd:  
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me  
Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice  
The power of our great master is contemn'd,  
The sacred laws of God and man profaned;  
And if I sit down with this injury,  
I am unworthy of my place, and thou  
Of my acknowledgment: draw up all the troops;  
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.  
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare,  
From fear or from connivance, others ill,  
Though not in act, assist them in their will.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street near MALEVORT'S House

*Enter MONTREVILLE and Servants, with THEOCRINE, Page, and Waiting-women.*

*Montr.* Bind them, and gag their mouths sure;  
Will be your convoy. [I alone]

1 *Wom.* Madam!

2 *Wom.* Dearest lady!

*Page.* Let me fight for my mistress.

*Serv.* 'Tis in vain,  
Little cockerel of the kind.

*Montr.* Away with them,  
—And do as I command you.

[*Exeunt Servants with Page and Waiting-women.*]

*Theoc.* Montreville,  
You are my father's friend; nay more, a soldier,  
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,  
Though in a lawful war you had surprised  
A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure,  
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin  
From violence; but in a free estate,  
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong  
Which noble enemies never consent to,  
Is such an insolence—

*Montr.* How her heart beats!  
Much like a partridge in a sparrow's foot,  
That with a panting silence does lament  
The fate she cannot fly from!—Sweet, take com-  
fort,

You are safe, and nothing is intended to you,  
But love and service.

*Theoc.* They came never clothed  
In force and outrage. Upon what assurance  
(Remembering only that my father lives,  
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace.)  
Have you presumed to hurry me from his house,  
And, as I were not worth the waiting on,  
To snatch me from the duty and attendance  
Of my poor servants!

*Montr.* Let not that afflict you,  
You shall not want observance; I will be  
Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool,  
Or any other property, provided  
You answer my affection.

*Theoc.* In what kind?

*Montr.* As you had done young Beaufort's.

*Theoc.* How?

*Montr.* So, lady;  
Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke

Too heavy for your tender neck, so I  
Enjoy you as a private friend or mistress,  
'Twill be sufficient.

*Theoc.* Blessed angels guard me!  
What frontless impudence is this? what devil  
Hath, to thy certain ruin, tempted thee  
To offer me this motion? by my hopes  
Of after joys, submission nor repentance  
Shall expiate this foul intent.

*Montr.* Intent!  
'Tis more, I'll make it act.

*Theoc.* Ribald, thou dar'st not:  
And if (and with a fever to thy soul)  
Thou but consider that I have a father,  
And such a father, as, when this arrives at  
His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of  
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,  
Will make thee curse the hour in which lust  
taught thee

To nourish these bad hopes;—and 'tis my wonder  
Thou dar'st forget how tender he is of me,  
And that each shadow of wrong done to me,  
Will raise in him a tempest not to be  
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this, when I see  
him—

*Montr.* As thou shalt never.  
*Theoc.* Wilt thou murder me?

*Montr.* No, no, 'tis otherwise determined, fool.  
The master which in passion kills his slave  
That may be useful to him, does himself  
The injury: know, thou most wretched creature,  
That father thou presumest upon, that father,  
That, when I sought thee in a noble way,  
Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope  
A higher match, from his excess of dotage,  
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame  
Of impious and most unnatural lust,  
That now he fears his furious desires  
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.

*Theoc.* O me, most wretched!

*Montr.* Never hope again  
To blast him with those eyes: their golden beams  
Are unto him arrows of death and hell,  
But unto me divine artillery.  
And therefore, since what I so long in vain  
Pursued, is offer'd to me, and by him  
Given up to my possession; do not flatter  
Thyself with an imaginary hope,  
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,

And make use of my fortune. As we walk,  
I'll tell thee more.

*Theoc.* I will not stir.

*Montr.* I'll force thee.

*Theoc.* Help, help!

*Montr.* In vain.

*Theoc.* In me my brother's blood  
Is punish'd at the height.

*Montr.* The coach there!

*Theoc.* Dear sir—

*Montr.* Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me;  
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,  
And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure.

[*He bears her off.*]

SCENE II.—*A Space before the Fort.*

*Enter MONTREUIL.*

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe  
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret,  
Mine own could not contain; and my industry  
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,  
Out of false hopes of freedom to myself,  
Is, in the little help it yields me, punish'd.  
She's absent, but I have her figure here;  
And every grace and rarity about her,  
Are, by the pencil of my memory,  
In living colours painted on my heart.  
My fires too, a short interim closed up,  
Break out with greater fury. Why was I,  
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declined,  
In this so tender-conscienced? Say I had  
Enjoy'd what I desired, what had it been  
But incest? and there's something here that tells  
I stand accountable for greater sins [me  
I never check'd at. Neither had the crime  
Wanted a precedent: I have read in story,  
Those first great heroes, that, for their brave  
deeds,

Were in the world's first infancy styled gods,  
Freely enjoy'd what I denied myself.

Old Saturn, in the golden age, embraced  
His sister Ops, and, in the same degree,  
The Thunderer Juno, Neptune Thetis, and  
By their example, after the first deluge,  
Deucalion Pyrrha. Universal nature,  
As every day 'tis evident, allows it  
To creatures of all kinds: the gallant horse  
Covers the mare to which he was the sire;  
The bird with fertile seed gives new increase  
To her that hatch'd him: why should envious  
man then

Brand that close act, which adds proximity  
To what's most near him, with the abhorred title  
Of incest? or our later laws forbid,  
What by the first was granted! Let old men,  
That are not capable of these delights,  
And solemn superstitious fools, prescribe  
Rules to themselves; I will not curb my freedom,  
But constantly go on, with this assurance,  
I but walk in a path which greater men  
Have trod before me. Ha! this is the fort:  
Open the gate! Within, there!

*Enter two Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* With your pardon  
We must forbid your entrance.

*Malef.* Do you know me?

2 *Sold.* Perfectly, my lord.

*Malef.* I am [your] captain's friend.

1 *Sold.* It may be so; but till we know his  
You must excuse us. [pleasure,

2 *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with

Your waiting here.

*Malef.* Waiting, slave! he was ever  
By me commanded.

1 *Sold.* As we are by him.

*Malef.* So punctual! pray you then, in my  
His presence. [name entreat

2 *Sold.* That we shall do. [*Exeunt Sold.*

*Malef.* I must use

Some strange persuasions to work him to  
Deliver her, and to forget the vows,  
And horrid oaths I, in my madness, made him  
Take to the contrary: and may I get her  
Once more in my possession, I will bear her  
Into some close cave or desert, where we'll end  
Our lusts and lives together.

*Enter MONTREVILLE and Soldiers upon the Walls.*

*Montr.* Fail not, on  
The forfeit of your lives, to execute  
What I command. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

*Malef.* Montreville! how is't, friend?

*Montr.* I am glad to see you wear such cheerful  
The world's well alter'd. [looks;

*Malef.* Yes, I thank my stars:  
But methinks thou art troubled.

*Montr.* Some light cross,  
But of no moment.

*Malef.* So I hope: beware  
Of sad and impious thoughts; you know how far  
They wrought on me.

*Montr.* No such come near me, sir.  
I have, like you, no daughter, and much wish  
You never had been curs'd with one.

*Malef.* Who, I?

Thou art deceived, I am most happy in her.

*Montr.* I am glad to hear it.

*Malef.* My incestuous fires  
To'ards her are quite burnt out; I love her now  
As a father, and no further.

*Montr.* Fix there then  
Your constant peace, and do not try a second  
Temptation from her.

*Malef.* Yes, friend, though she were  
By millions of degrees more excellent  
In her perfections; nay, though she could borrow  
A form angelical to take my frailty,  
It would not do: and therefore, Montreville,  
My chief delight next her, I come to tell thee,  
The governor and I are reconciled,  
And I confirm'd, and with all possible speed,  
To make large satisfaction to young Beaufort,  
And her, whom I have so much wrong'd; and for  
Thy trouble in her custody, of which  
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in  
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be  
At thy devotion.

*Montr.* You promise fairly,  
Nor doubt I the performance; yet I would not  
Hereafter be reported to have been  
The principal occasion of your falling  
Into a relapse: or but suppose, out of  
The easiness of my nature, and assurance  
You are firm and can hold out, I could consent;  
You needs must know there are so many lets  
That make against it, that it is my wonder  
You offer me the motion; having bound me,  
With oaths and imprecations, on no terms,

Reasons, or arguments, you could propose,  
I ever should admit you to her sight,  
Much less restore her to you.

*Malef.* Are we soldiers,  
And stand on oaths!

*Montr.* It is beyond my knowledge  
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping  
Our words, much more our vows.

*Malef.* Heaven pardon all!  
How many thousands, in our heat of wine,  
Quarrels, and play, and in our younger days,  
In private I may say, between ourselves,  
In points of love, have we to answer for,  
Should we be scrupulous that way?

*Montr.* You say well:  
And very aptly call to memory  
Two oaths, against all ties and rights of friendship  
Broken by you to me.

*Malef.* No more of that.  
*Montr.* Yes, 'tis material, and to the purpose:  
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought  
you

As a visitant to my mistress then, (the mother  
Of this same daughter,) whom, with dreadful words,  
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply  
For my sake never to attempt; yet then,  
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own,  
I know not with what arts, philtres, and charms  
(Unless in wealth and fame you were above me)  
You won her from me; and, her grant obtain'd,  
A marriage with the second waited on  
The burial of the first, that to the world  
Brought your dead son: this I sat tamely down by,  
Wanting, indeed, occasion and power  
To be at the height revenged.

*Malef.* Yet this you seem'd  
Freely to pardon.

*Montr.* As perhaps I did.  
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,  
(Her mother too deceased,) and fit for marriage,  
I was a suitor for her, had your word,  
Upon your honour, and our friendship made  
Authentic, and ratified with an oath,  
She should be mine: but vows with you being like  
To your religion, a nose of wax  
To be turn'd every way, that very day  
The governor's son but making his approaches  
Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition  
For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand  
In which you wrote your full consent to me,  
And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd  
You bear a register in your own bosom, [since,  
That can at large inform you.

*Malef.* Montreville,  
I do confess all that you charge me with  
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause  
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge  
That though your goodness made me mine own  
I should not shew the least compassion [judge,  
Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet  
My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehood  
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith!  
My ills, if not return'd by you, will add  
Lustre to your much good; and to o'ercome  
With noble sufferance, will express your strength,  
And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too,  
My black deeds being only known to you,  
And, in surrendering up my daughter, buried,  
You not alone make me your slave, (for I  
At no part do deserve the name of friend,)

But in your own breast raise a monument  
Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice  
You may express all cruelty.

*Montr.* You much move me.

*Malef.* O that I could but hope it! To revenge  
An injury, is proper to the wishes  
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:  
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,  
Peculiar to princes. See! these knees, [Kneels.  
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,  
To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this  
That may speak my submission? or can pride  
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)  
Desire a feast of more humility,  
To kill her growing appetite?

*Montr.* I required not

To be sought to this poor way; yet 'tis so far  
A kind of satisfaction, that I will  
Dispense a little with those serious oaths  
You made me take: your daughter shall come to  
I will not say, as you deliver'd her, [you,  
But, as she is, you may dispose of her  
As you shall think most requisite. [Exit.

*Malef.* His last words

Are riddles to me. Here the lion's force  
Would have proved useless, and, against my nature,  
Compell'd me from the crocodile to borrow  
Her counterfeit tears: there's now no turning  
backward.  
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,  
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it!

*Enter Soldiers below, thrusting forth THEOCRINE; her  
garments loose, her hair dishevelled.*

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.

*Theoc.* Hath he robb'd me of  
Mine honour, and denies me now a room  
To hide my shame!

2 *Sold.* My lord the admiral  
Attends your ladyship.

1 *Sold.* Close the port, and leave them.

[*Exit Soldiers.*

*Malef.* Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how  
deform'd!

It cannot be: and yet this creature has  
A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,  
My Theocrine! but as different  
From that she was, as bodies dead are, in  
Their best perfections, from what they were  
When they had life and motion.

*Theoc.* 'Tis most true, sir;  
I am dead indeed to all but misery.  
O come not near me, sir, I am infectious:  
To look on me at distance, is as dangerous  
As, from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire,  
With giddy eyes to view the deep descent;  
But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin.  
O, sir,

*Malef.* Speak, Theocrine, force me not  
To further question; my fears already  
Have choked my vital spirits.

*Theoc.* Pray you turn away  
Your face and hear me, and with my last breath  
Give me leave to accuse you: What offence,  
From my first infancy, did I commit,  
That for a punishment you should give up  
My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard  
Of goatish Montreville?

*Malef.* What hath he done?

*Theoc.* Abused me, sir, by violence; and this told,

I cannot live to speak more : may the cause  
In you find pardon, but the speeding curse  
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on him !—  
Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever. [*Dies.*]

*Malef.* Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate  
'Tis fled already.—How the innocent, [*spirit!*]  
As in a gentle slumber, pass away !  
But to cut off the knotty thread of life  
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos  
To use her sharp knife often. I would help  
The edge of her's with the sharp point of mine,  
But that I dare not die, till I have rent  
This dog's heart piecemeal. O, that I had wings  
To scale these walls, or that my hands were can-  
nons,

To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring  
The villain in the reach of my good sword !  
The Turkish empire offer'd for his ransom,  
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice  
Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds  
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,  
And through them reach his soul ! Libidinous  
monster !

Foul ravisher ! as thou durst do a deed  
Which forced the sun to hide his glorious face  
Behind a sable mask of clouds, appear,  
And as a man defend it ; or, like me,  
Shew some compunction for it.

*Enter MONTREVILLE on the Walls, above.*

*Montr.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Malef.* Is this an object to raise mirth ?

*Montr.* Yes, yes.

*Malef.* My daughter's dead.

*Montr.* Thou hadst best follow her ;

Or, if thou art the thing thou art reported,  
Thou shouldst have led the way. Do tear thy hair,  
Like a village nurse, and mourn, while I laugh at  
Be but a just examiner of thyself, [*thee.*]  
And in an equal balance poise the nothing,  
Or little mischief I have done, compared  
With the pond'rous weight of thine : and how  
canst thou

Accuse or argue with me ? mine was a rape,  
And she being in a kind contracted to me,  
The fact may challenge some qualification :  
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,  
And done, had caused an earthquake.

*Enter Soldiers above.*

1 *Sold.* Captain !

*Montr.* Ha !

2 *Sold.* Our outworks are surprised, the centinel  
The corps de guard defeated too. [*slain,*]

*Montr.* By whom ?

1 *Sold.* The sudden storm and darkness of the  
night

Forbids the knowledge ; make up speedily,  
Or all is lost. [*Exeunt.*]

*Montr.* In the devil's name, whence comes this ?

[*Exit.*]

[*A storm ; with thunder and lightning.*]

*Malef.* Do, do rage on ! rend open, *Eolus,*  
Thy frozen prison, and let loose at once  
Thy stormy issue ! Blustering Boreas,  
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers  
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest  
Through the vast region of the air, like that  
I feel within me : for I am possess'd  
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me is  
A dreadful hurricano. Though this centre

Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open  
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,  
They cannot add an atom to the mountain  
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten  
To fall on my accursed head.—

*Enter the Ghost of young MALEFORT, naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the Shadow of a Lady, her face leprous.*

Ha ! is't fancy ?

Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I  
Dare stand the trial ? Yes, I do ; and now  
I view these apparitions, I feel  
I once did know the substances. For what come  
you ?

Are your aerial forms deprived of language,  
And so denied to tell me, that by signs

[*The Ghosts use various gestures.*]

You bid me ask here of myself ? 'Tis so :  
And there is something here makes answer for you.  
You come to lance my sear'd up conscience ; yes,  
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,  
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,  
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forged  
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs,  
And cruelty to you ! I do confess it ;  
And that my lust compelling me to make way  
For a second wife, I poison'd thee ; and that  
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)  
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty  
To me, thy father, had its spring and source  
From thy impatience, to know thy mother,  
That with all duty and obedience served me,  
(For now with horror I acknowledge it,)  
Removed unjustly : yet, thou being my son,  
Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven  
For her revenger, which thy falling by  
My weaker hand confirm'd.—[*Answered still by  
signs.*]'Tis granted by thee.

Can any penance expiate my guilt,  
Or can repentance save me ?—

[*The Ghosts disappear.*]

They are vanish'd !

What's left to do then ? I'll accuse my fate,  
That did not fashion me for nobler uses :  
For if those stars, cross to me in my birth,  
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,  
With peace of conscience, like to innocent men,  
I might have ceased to be, and not as now,  
To curse my cause of being—

[*He is kill'd with a flash of lightning*]

*Enter BELGARDE, with Soldiers.*

*Belg.* Here's a night

To season my silks ! Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee :  
Thou hast endured many foul nights, but never  
One like to this. How fine my feather looks now !  
Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen,  
And hid in the sink ; and yet 't had been dishonour  
To have charged without it.—Wilt thou never  
cease ?

Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd  
On the portcullis ?

1 *Sold.* It hath been attempted  
By divers, but in vain.

*Belg.* These are your gallants,  
That at a feast take the first place, poor I  
Hardly allow'd to follow ; marry, in  
These foolish businesses they are content  
That I shall have precedence : I much thank  
Their manners, or their fear. Second me, soldiers :



They have had no time to undermine, or if  
They have, it is but blowing up, and fetching  
A caper or two in the air; and I will do it.  
Rather than blow my nails here.

2 *Sold.* O brave captain! [Exeunt.

*An Alarm; noise and cries within. After a flourish,  
enter BRAUFORT senior, BRAUFORT junior, MON-  
TAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BELGARDE, and Soldiers,  
with MONTREVILLE, prisoner.*

*Mont.* Racks cannot force more from me than  
I have  
Already told you: I expect no favour;  
I have cast up my account.

*Beauf. sen.* Take you the charge  
Of the fort, Belgarde; your dangers have de-  
served it.

*Belg.* I thank your excellence: this will keep  
me safe yet

From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember  
The thing I wot of.

*Beauf. jun.* All that have eyes to weep,  
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.

*Mont.* Her father too lies breathless here, I  
Struck dead with thunder. [think

*Cham.* 'Tis apparent: how  
His carcass smells!

*Lon.* His face is alter'd to  
Another colour.

*Beauf. jun.* But here's one retains  
Her native innocence, that never yet  
Call'd down heaven's anger.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis in vain to mourn  
For what's past help.—We will refer, bad man,  
Your sentence to the king. May we make use of  
This great example, and learn from it, that  
There cannot be a want of power above,  
To punish murder, and unlawful love! [Exeunt.

# THE DUKE OF MILAN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MUCH ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH BIRTH, BUT MORE  
ADMIR'D FOR HER VIRTUE,

THE LADY KATHERINE STANHOPE,

WIFE TO PHILIP LORD STANHOPE, BARON OF SHELFORD.

MADAM,—If I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my pardon, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever be

An humble servant to your Ladyship, and yours.

PHILIP MANNING.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUDOVICO SPORLA, *supposed Duke of Milan.*  
FRANCISCO, *his especial Favourite.*  
TIBERIO, } *Lords of his Couns*  
STEPHANO, }  
GRACCHO, *a creature of MARIANA.*  
JULIO, } *Courtiers.*  
GIOVANNI, }  
CHARLES, *the Emperor.*  
PESCARA, *an Imperialist, but a Friend to SPORLA.*  
HERNANDO, } *Captains to the Emperor.*  
MEDINA, }  
ALPHONSO, }  
*Three Gentlemen.*

Fiddlers.  
An Officer.  
Two Doctors.  
Two Couriers.

MARCELLA, *the Dutchess, Wife to SPORLA.*  
ISABELLA, *Mother to SPORLA.*  
MARIANA, *Wife to FRANCISCO, and Sister to SPORLA.*  
EUGENIA, *Sister to FRANCISCO.*  
A Gentlewoman.

Guards, Servants, Attendants.

SCENE,—FOR THE FIRST AND SECOND ACTS, IN MILAN; DURING PART OF THE THIRD,  
IN THE IMPERIAL CAMP NEAR PAVIA; THE REST OF THE PLAY,  
IN MILAN, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An outer Room in the Castle.*

*Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, and GIOVANNI, with Flaggons.*

*Grac.* Take every man his flaggon: give the oath

To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard, I am sure against my will; and if you find A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor, And, in my name, arrest him.

*Jul.* Very good, sir:

But, say he be a sexton?

*Grac.* If the bells

Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning, And he cry, 'Tis rare music! bid him sleep:

'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet An officer preaching of sobriety, Unless he read it in Geneva print, Lay him by the heels.

*Jul.* But think you 'tis a fault To be found sober?

*Grac.* It is capital treason:

Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension To all the magistrates you find singing catches, Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling, And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd, But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing, They do the country service. If you meet One that eats bread, a child of ignorance.

And bred up in the darkness of no drinking,  
Against his will you may initiate him  
In the true posture ; though he die in the taking  
His drench, it skills not : what's a private man,  
For the public honour ! We've nought else to  
think on.

And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,  
Drink hard ; and let the health run through the city,  
Until it reel again, and 'with me cry,  
Long live the dutcheess !

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Jul.* Here are two lords ;—what think you ?  
Shall we give the oath to them ?

*Grac.* Fie ! no : I know them,  
You need not swear them ; your lord, by his  
patent,  
Stands bound to take his rouse. Long live the  
dutchess ! *[Exeunt GRAC. JUL. and GIO.]*

*Steph.* The cause of this ? but yesterday the  
court

Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear ;  
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,  
Or common jester : the Great Duke himself  
Had sorrow in his face ! which, waited on  
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutcheess,  
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan ;  
As if some great blow had been given the state,  
Or were at least expected.

*Tib.* Stephano,  
I know as you are noble, you are honest,  
And capable of secrets of more weight  
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,  
The present duke, (though his whole life hath  
been

But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,  
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided  
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,)  
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder :  
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest  
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,  
Being now at stake ; and all his hopes confirm'd,  
Or lost for ever.

*Steph.* I know no such hazard :  
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full ;  
The people well affected ; and so wisely  
His provident care hath wrought, that though war  
rages

In most parts of our western world, there is  
No enemy near us.

*Tib.* Dangers, that we see  
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented ;  
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected :  
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,  
We may behold the terrible effects  
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,  
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.  
The wars so long continued between  
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,  
Have interest'd, in either's cause, the most  
Of the Italian princes ; among which, Sforza,  
As one of greatest power, was sought by both ;  
But with assurance, having one his friend,  
The other lived his enemy.

*Steph.* 'Tis true :  
And 'twas a doubtful choice.

*Tib.* But he, well knowing,  
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,  
Lent his assistance to the king of France :  
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,

That all his hopes and honours are embark'd  
With his great patron's fortune.

*Steph.* Which stands fair,  
For aught I yet can hear.

*Tib.* But should it change,  
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the  
field

Two royal armies, full of fiery youth ;  
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do :  
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope  
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,  
Until it be determined by the sword,  
Who hath the better cause : for the success,  
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd  
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain  
The fortune of the war is, children know ;  
And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent  
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,  
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear  
Perplex'd and troubled.

*Steph.* But why, then,  
In such a time, when every knee should bend  
For the success and safety of his person,  
Are these loud triumphs ! in my weak opinion,  
They are unseasonable.

*Tib.* I judge so too ;  
But only in the cause to be excused.  
It is the dutcheess' birthday, once a year  
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony ;  
In which the duke is not his own, but her's :  
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,  
For never man so doated ;—but to tell  
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,  
Would argue me of fiction.

*Steph.* She's, indeed,  
A lady of most exquisite form.

*Tib.* She knows it,  
And how to prize it.

*Steph.* I ne'er heard her tainted  
In any point of honour.

*Tib.* On my life,  
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves  
His largest favours. But, when beauty is  
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,  
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,  
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride ;  
Nor is she that way free : presuming on  
The duke's affection, and her own desert,  
She bears herself with such a majesty,  
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,  
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part  
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,  
A lady too acquainted with her worth,  
Will brook it well ; and howso'er their hate  
Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd  
It will at length break out.

*Steph.* He in whose power it is,  
Turn all to the best !

*Tib.* Come, let us to the court ;  
We there shall see all bravery and cost,  
That art can boast of.

*Steph.* I'll bear you company. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.*

*Mari.* I will not go ; I scorn to be a sport  
In her proud train.

*Isab.* Shall I, that am his mother,

Be so indulgent, as to wait on her  
That owes me duty?

*Fran.* 'Tis done to the duke,  
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,  
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,  
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;  
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him  
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,  
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,  
And not to question or contend with her  
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men  
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,  
And blest with one that is the paradise  
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge  
The stock of women's goodness is given up,  
Not use her like herself?

*Isab.* You are ever forward  
To sing her praises.

*Mari.* Others are as fair;  
I am sure, as noble.

*Fran.* I detract from none,  
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,  
Yet being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;  
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife  
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;  
A happy pair, one in the other blest!  
She confident in herself he's wholly hers,  
And cannot seek for change; and he secure,  
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.  
And therefore to contest with her, that is  
The stronger and the better part of him,  
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature  
Not to be played with; and, should you forget  
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember  
The duty that he owes you.

*Isab.* 'Tis but truth:  
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;  
But not to serve his idol.

*Mari.* I shall do  
What may become the sister of a prince;  
But will not stoop beneath it.

*Fran.* Yet, be wise;  
Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

*Enter three Gentlemen, setting forth a Banquet.*

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the  
court put on  
Her choicest outside: cost and bravery  
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had  
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,  
Are carefully provided.

3 *Gent.* There's a masque:  
Have you heard what's the invention?

1 *Gent.* No matter:  
It is intended for the dutchess' honour;  
And if it give her glorious attributes,  
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,  
'Twill please the duke. [*Loud music.*] They come.

3 *Gent.* All is in order.

*Flourish. Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, SFORZA,  
MARCELLA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, and Attendants.*

*Sfor.* You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,  
O my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows  
Thus low to do you honour, let none think  
The meanest service they can pay my love,

But as a fair addition to those titles  
They stand possess of. Let me glory in  
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale  
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.  
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!  
And, since this present age yields not a woman  
Worthy to be her second, borrow of  
Times past, and let imagination help.  
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,  
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,  
To fashion one; yet still you must confess,  
The phoenix of perfection ne'er was seen,  
But in my fair Marcella.

*Fran.* She's, indeed,  
The wonder of all times.

*Tib.* Your excellence,  
Though I confess, you give her but her own,  
Forces her modesty to the defence  
Of a sweet blush.

*Sfor.* It need not, my Marcella;  
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear  
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,  
So absolute in body and in mind,  
That, but to speak the least part to the height,  
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end  
In silent admiration!

*Isab.* You still court her,  
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

*Sfor.* A mistress, mother! she is more to me,  
And every day deserves more to be sued to.  
Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced,  
May think their wooing done: no night to me  
But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights  
His torches fresh and new; and those delights,  
Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,  
Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat,  
And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted  
Her virgin fruit.—Blest night! and be it number'd  
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing  
Was, by the full consent of all the stars,  
Conferr'd upon mankind.

*Mari.* My worthiest lord!  
The only object I behold with pleasure,—  
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!  
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself  
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise  
You can bestow, unless it be in this,  
That in my heart I love and honour you.  
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,  
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,  
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw  
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers  
Were sent to heaven for the prosperity  
And safety of my lord: nor have I ever  
Had other study, but how to appear  
Worthy your favour; and that my embraces  
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content  
For all your noble travail, in the purchase  
Of her that's still your servant: By these lips,  
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss—

*Sfor.* O swear, for ever swear!

*Mari.* I ne'er will seek  
Delight but in your pleasure: and desire,  
When you are sated with all earthly glories,  
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,  
That one grave may receive us.

*Sfor.* 'Tis believed,  
Believed, my blest one.

*Mari.* How she winds herself  
Into his soul!

*Sfor.* Sit all.—Let others feed  
On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with  
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.  
I could live ever thus.—Command the eunuch  
To sing the ditty that I last composed,

*Enter a Courier.*

In praise of my Marcellia.—From whence?

*Cour.* From Pavia, my dread lord.

*Sfor.* Speak, is all lost?

*Cour.* [Delivers a letter.] The letter will inform you. [Exit.]

*Fran.* How his hand shakes,  
As he receives it!

*Mari.* This is some alloy  
To his hot passion.

*Sfor.* Though it bring death, I'll read it:

May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battalies being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.

Your Highness's humble servant,  
GASPERO.

*Ready to join!*—By this, then, I am nothing,  
Or my estate secure. [Aside.]

*Marc.* My lord.

*Sfor.* To doubt,

Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,  
Is but to antedate those miseries  
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending  
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,  
Methinks, there should be that imperious power  
By supernatural, not usual means,  
T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,  
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,

Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;  
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,  
Hot in his executions; fortunate  
In his attempts; married to victory:—  
Ay, there it is that shakes me. [Aside.]

*Fran.* Excellent lady,  
This day was dedicated to your honour;  
One gale of your sweet breath will easily  
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's  
That dare speak to him. [None]

*Marc.* I will run the hazard.—  
My lord!

*Sfor.* Ha!—pardon me, Marcellia, I am troubled;  
And stand uncertain, whether I am master  
Of aught that's worth the owning.

*Marc.* I am yours, sir;  
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,  
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,  
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke  
A grant made to Marcellia? your Marcellia?  
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,  
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,  
Be, as you purposed, merry.

*Sfor.* Out of my sight! [Throws away the Letter.]  
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake  
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate: [me.  
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,  
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,  
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,  
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?  
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,  
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told  
There was a masque.

*Fran.* They wait your highness' pleasure,  
And when you please to have it.

*Sfor.* Bid them enter:

Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—  
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,  
But all my days, and years, shall be employ'd  
To do thee honour.

*Marc.* And my life to serve you.

[A Horn without.]  
*Sfor.* Another post! Go hang him, hang him, I  
I will not interrupt my present pleasures, [say;  
Although his message should import my head:  
Hang him, I say.

*Marc.* Nay, good sir, I am pleased  
To grant a little intermission to you;  
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,  
To heighten our delights!

*Sfor.* As wise as fair!

*Enter another Courier.*

From Gaspero!

*Cour.* That was, my lord.

*Sfor.* How! dead?

*Cour.* [Delivers a Letter.] With the delivery  
of this, and prayers,  
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,  
He ceased to be a man. [Exit.]

*Sfor.* All that my fears  
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,  
Is fallen upon me.—Silence that harsh music;  
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,  
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that  
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,  
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.

*Marc.* My lord!

*Sfor.* Sick to the death, Marcellia. Remove  
These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and but  
Sorrow and ruin. [usher'd]

*Marc.* Bless us, heaven!

*Isab.* My son.

*Marc.* What sudden change is this?

*Sfor.* All leave the room;

I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,  
And must admit no partner. I am yet  
Your prince, where's your obedience?—Stay,  
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow, [Marcellia;  
In which you must not share.

[Exit TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, ISABELLA,  
MARIANA, and Attendants.]

*Marc.* And cheerfully

I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?  
Where is that wonted constancy and courage  
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,  
To whom all dangers that fright common men,  
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me  
With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty, ser-  
May flow from me, not danger. [vice,

*Sfor.* O, Marcellia!

It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza  
Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmoved,  
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,  
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes  
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,  
The king of France, my greatest friend, made pri-  
To so proud enemies. [sonet]

*Marc.* Then you have just cause  
To shew you are a man.

*Sfor.* All this were nothing,  
Though I add to it, that I am assur'd,  
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,  
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command

On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,  
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,  
And seize on my estates; suppose that done too,  
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,  
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;  
My mother, in my sight, toas'd on their pikes,  
And sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast  
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else  
An enemy's insolence could load me with,  
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think  
That my Marcellia, to whom all these  
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,  
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!  
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd  
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared  
To what I feel, Marcellia.

*Marc.* Good sir, have patience:  
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,  
As I thus long have had an ample share  
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power  
Of fate to alter me; for while I am,  
In spite of it, I'm yours.

*Sfor.* But should that will  
To be so . . . forced, Marcellia: and I live  
To see those eyes I prize above my own,  
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;  
Or those sweet lips yielding immortal nectar,  
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;  
Think, think, Marcellia, what a cursed thing  
I were, beyond expression!

*Marc.* Do not feed  
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that  
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,  
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.  
Besides, were I now in another's power,  
There are so many ways to let out life,  
I would not live, for one short minute, his;  
I was born only yours, and I will die so.

*Sfor.* Angels reward the goodness of this  
woman!

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?

*Fran.* It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus  
press

Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,  
The Marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,  
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,  
And with speed to impart.

*Sfor.* Wait on him hither. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*]  
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers  
Assist my councils.

*Marc.* To spare imprecations  
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*]

*Sfor.* The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;  
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,  
Ever my constant friend.

*Re-enter FRANCISCO with PESCARA.*

*Fran.* Yonder he walks,  
Full of sad thoughts.

*Pesc.* Blame him not, good Francisco,  
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might end  
And not add this,—to fear! [*so,*]

*Sfor.* My dear Pescara;  
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,  
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

*Pesc.* If it were  
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,  
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,  
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara

Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,  
When he made suit to be writ in the list  
Of those you favoured.—But my haste forbids  
All compliment; thus, then, sir, to the purpose:  
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither  
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;  
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,  
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you  
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make  
Your sad disaster less.

*Sfor.* You are all goodness;  
And I give up myself to be disposed of,  
As in your wisdom you think fit.

*Pesc.* Thus, then, sir:  
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,  
Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing:  
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,  
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,  
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,  
A voluntary yielding may find grace,  
And will admit defence, at least, excuse:  
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers  
Have seized your person and estates perforce,  
You must expect extremes.

*Sfor.* I understand you;  
And I will put your counsel into act,  
And speedily. I only will take order  
For some domestical affairs, that do  
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun  
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best friend,  
Pray take your rest.

*Pesc.* Indeed, I have travell'd hard;  
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*]

*Sfor.* With all care,  
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.  
You see how things stand with me?

*Fran.* To my grief:  
And if the loss of my poor life could be  
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,  
I willingly would lay it down.

*Sfor.* I think so;  
For I have ever found you true and thankful,  
Which makes me love the building I have raised  
In your advancement: and repent no grace  
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,  
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,  
The titles I have given you, and the means  
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you  
Worthy my sister and my family,  
And in my dukedom made you next myself;  
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you  
I find you are worthy of them, in your love  
And service to me.

*Fran.* Sir, I am your creature;  
And any shape, that you would have me wear,  
I gladly will put on.

*Sfor.* Thus, then, Francisco:  
I now am to deliver to your trust  
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,  
And 'twill, I know, appear, so monstrous to you,  
That you will tremble in the execution,  
As much as I am tortured to command it:  
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,  
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,  
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;  
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,  
And from me most deserving, such my state  
And strange condition is, that thou alone  
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

*Fran.* These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,

Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,  
Might appear useful ; but to me they are  
Needless impertinencies : for I dare do  
Whate'er you dare command.

*Sfor.* But you must swear it ;  
And put into the oath all joys or torments  
That fright the wicked or confirm the good ;  
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,  
But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now !  
To fall upon't like thunder.

*Fran.* Minister

The oath in any way or form you please,  
I stand resolved to take it.

*Sfor.* Thou must do, then,  
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,  
It is so wicked : for which men will curse thee  
For being the instrument ; and the blest angels  
Forsake me at my need, for being the author :  
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco !  
In which the memory of all good actions  
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :  
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be  
To fright posterity by our example,  
That have outgone all precedents of villains  
That were before us ; and such as succeed,  
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er  
come near us.—

Art thou not shaken yet ?

*Fran.* I grant you move me :  
But to a man confirm'd—

*Sfor.* I'll try your temper :  
What think you of my wife ?

*Fran.* As a thing sacred ;  
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly  
These signs of duty.

*Sfor.* Is she not the abstract  
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman ?

*Fran.* It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it :  
But to the purpose, sir.

*Sfor.* Add too, her goodness,  
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,  
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd ;  
Her innocence, her honour :—O, I am lost  
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,  
When I think of them !

*Fran.* Now I find the end  
Of all your conjurations : there's some service  
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have ene-  
That she would have removed— [mies,

*Sfor.* Alas ! Francisco,  
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover ;

Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.  
One smile of her's would make a savage tame ;  
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,  
Though all the winds at once strove there for em-  
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little, [pire.  
Should I miscarry in this present journey,  
From whence it is all number to a cipher,  
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand  
Must have her murder'd.

*Fran.* Murder'd !—She that loves so,  
And so deserves to be below'd again !  
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,  
Pick'd out the instrument !

*Sfor.* Do not fly off :  
What is decreed can never be recall'd ;  
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out  
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes :  
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,  
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that  
Racks should not have forced from me. O,

Francisco !  
There is no heaven without her ; nor a hell,  
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,  
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,  
Or any other accident, divorced  
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.  
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,  
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,  
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,  
To do them service in another world :  
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.  
And therefore trifle not, but, in thy looks,  
Express a ready purpose to perform  
What I command ; or, by Marcellia's soul,  
This is thy latest minute.

*Fran.* 'Tis not fear  
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it ;  
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,  
What warrant have I ? If you please to sign one,  
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,  
Perform your dreadful charge.

*Sfor.* I will, Francisco :  
But still remember, that a prince's secrets  
Are balm conceal'd ; but poison, if discover'd.  
I may come back ; then this is but a trial  
To purchase thee, if it were possible,  
A nearer place in my affection :—but  
I know thee honest.

*Fran.* 'Tis a character  
I will not part with.

*Sfor.* I may live to reward it. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open space before  
the Castle.*

*Enter TERRIBO AND STEPHANO.*

*Steph.* How ! left the court ?

*Tib.* Without guard or retinue  
Fitting a prince.

*Steph.* No enemy near, to force him  
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up  
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion  
Of him that hates him ! 'tis beyond example.  
You never heard the motives that induced him  
To this strange course ?

*Tib.* No, those are cabinet councils,  
And not to be communicated, but  
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas  
We fill up empty places, and in public  
Are taught to give our suffrages to that  
Which was before determined ; and are safe so.  
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone  
His absolute power is, with all strength, con-  
fer'd,  
During his absence) can with ease resolve you :  
To me they are riddles.

*Steph.* Well, he shall not be  
My  $\text{\textcircled{C}}\text{\textcircled{D}}\text{\textcircled{P}}\text{\textcircled{U}}\text{\textcircled{S}}$  ; I'll rather dwell in darkness.

But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco is, on the sudden, strangely raised.

*Tib.* O sir,

He took the thriving course : he had a sister, A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd, The duke was too familiar ; but she, cast off, (What promises soever past between them,) Upon the sight of this, forsook the court, And since was never seen. To smother this, As honours never fail to purchase silence, Francisco first was graced, and, step by step, Is raised up to this height.

*Steph.* But how is His absence born ?

*Tib.* Sadly, it seems, by the dutchess ; For since he left the court, For the most part she hath kept her private chamber. No visitants admitted. In the church, [her, She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions, Season'd with tears ; and sure her sorrow's true, Or deeply counterfeited ; pomp, and state, And bravery cast off : and she, that lately Rival'd Poppæa in her varied shapes, Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like, In sable colours, as her husband's dangers Strangled in her the use of any pleasure, Mourns for his absence.

*Steph.* It becomes her virtue, And does confirm what was reported of her.

*Tib.* You take it right : but, on the other side, The darling of his mother, Mariana, As there were an antipathy between Her and the dutchess' passions ; and as She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune, She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.

*Steph.* 'Tis strange.

*Enter GRACCHO with Fiddlers.*

But see ! her favourite, and accompanied, To your report.

*Grac.* You shall scrape, and I will sing A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune, Repine who dares.

*Fid.* But if we should offend, The dutchess having silenced us ;—and these lords, Stand by to hear us.—

*Grac.* They in name are lords, But I am one in power : and, for the dutchess, But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure, We now'll be for my lady's.

*Tib.* Signior Graccho.

*Grac.* A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess ; But you, great lords and counsellors of state, Whom I stand bound to reverence.

*Tib.* Come ; we know You are a man in grace.

*Grac.* Fie ! no : I grant, I bear my fortunes patiently ; serve the princess, And have access at all times to her closet, Such is my impudence ! when your grave lordships Arc masters of the modesty to attend Three hours, nay sometimes four ; and then bid wait Upon her the next morning.

*Steph.* He derides us.

*Tib.* Pray you, what news is stirring ? you know all.

*Grac.* Who, I ? alas ! I've no intelligence At home nor abroad ; I only sometimes guess The change of the times : I should ask of your lordships,

Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them ; Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,

You only can resolve me ; we poor waiters Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles : It is our element ; and—could you tell me What point of state 'tis that I am commanded To muster up this music, on mine honesty, You should much befriend me.

*Steph.* Sirrah, you grow saucy.

*Tib.* And would be laid by the heels.

*Grac.* Not by your lordships, Without a special warrant ; look to your own stakes ;

Were I committed, here come those would bail me ; Perhaps, we might change places too.

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA ; GRACCHO whispers the latter.*

*Tib.* The princess !

We must be patient.

*Steph.* There is no contending.

*Tib.* See, the informing rogue !

*Steph.* That we should stoop To such a mushroom !

*Mari.* Thou dost mistake ; they durst not Use the least word of scorn, although provoked, To anything of mine.—Go, get you home, And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number

How many descents you're noble ;—look to your wives too ;

The smooth-chinn'd courtiers are abroad.

*Tib.* No way to be a freeman !

[*Exit TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*]

*Grac.* Your Excellence hath the best gift to dispatch

These arras pictures of nobility.

I ever read of.

*Mari.* I can scrape sometimes.

*Grac.* And cover so your bitter pills with sweet— Of princely language to forbid reply, [ness They are greedily swallow'd.

*Isab.* But the purpose, daughter, That brings us hither ? Is it to bestow A visit on this woman, that, because She only would be thought truly to grieve The absence and the dangers of my son, Proclaims a general sadness ?

*Mari.* If to vex her May be interpreted to do her honour, She shall have many of them. I'll make use Of my short reign : my lord now governs all ; And she shall know that her idolater, My brother, being not by now to protect her, I am her equal.

*Grac.* Of a little thing, It is so full of gall ! A devil of this size, Should they run for a wager to be spiteful, Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside.*]

*Mari.* On her birthday, We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty, We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure : We will, we will ! this is her private chamber, Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle, She seems to mourn her absent mate ; her servants Attending her like mutes : but I'll speak to her, And in a high key too.—Play anything That's light and loud enough but to torment her, And we will have rare sport. [*Music and a song*]



*MARCELIA appears at a Window above, in black.*

*Isab.* She frowns as if  
Her looks could fright us.

*Mari.* May it please your greatness,  
We heard that your late physic hath not work'd;  
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells  
us:

To purge which, we, that are born your highness'  
vassals,  
And are to play the fool to do you service,  
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you  
Of a new antic?

*Isab.* 'Twould shew rare in ladies.

*Mari.* Being intended for so sweet a creature,  
Were she but pleased to grace it.

*Isab.* Fie! she will,

Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.

*Mari.* The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I  
pray you,

On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;  
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,  
We will enshrine it as a holy relic.

*Isab.* 'Tis wormwood, and it works.

*Mari.* If I lay by

My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,  
If doting age could let you but remember  
You have a son; or frontless impudence,  
You are a sister; and, in making answer  
To what was most unfit for you to speak,  
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger—

*Isab.* A set speech, on my life.

*Mari.* Penn'd by her chaplain.

*Mari.* Yes, it can speak, without instruction  
speak,

And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,  
And saucily rude, too.

*Grac.* Now the game begins.

*Mari.* You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,  
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,  
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb  
The least of my retirements.

*Mari.* Note her, now.

*Mari.* For both shall understand, though the  
one presume

Upon the privilege due to a mother,  
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs  
No nurse to lead him.

*Isab.* How, a nurse!

*Mari.* A dry one,  
And useless too:—but I am merciful,  
And dotage signs your pardon.

*Isab.* I defy thee;

Thee, and thy pardons, proud one!

*Mari.* For you, puppet—

*Mari.* What of me, pine-tree?

*Mari.* Little you are, I grant,  
And have as little worth, but much less wit;  
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,  
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,  
You owe him, as a subject, due to me—

*Mari.* To you?

*Mari.* To me: and therefore, as a vassal,  
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel  
I must make use of my authority,  
And, as a princess, punish it.

*Isab.* A princess!

*Mari.* I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,  
Than know thee for my equal.

*Isab.* Scornful thing!  
Proud of a white face.

*Mari.* Let her but remember  
The issue in her leg.

*Isab.* The charge she puts  
The state to, for perfumes.

*Mari.* And howsoe'er  
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself,  
She stinks above the ground. O that I could  
reach you!

The little one you scorn so, with her nails  
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those  
Do but come down. [eyes out.

*Mari.* Were there no other way,  
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,  
Rather than be outbraved thus. [She retires

*Grac.* Forty ducats  
Upon the little hen; she's of the kind,  
And will not leave the pit. [Aside.

*Mari.* That it were lawful  
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!  
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen—

*Re-enter MARCELIA below.*

*Mari.* Where are you,  
You modicum, you dwarf!

*Mari.* Here, gigantes, here.

*Enter FRANCISCO, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and Guards.*

*Fran.* A tumult in the court!

*Mari.* Let her come on.

*Fran.* What wind hath raised this tempest?  
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?  
Speak, Mariana.

*Mari.* I am out of breath;  
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, sir!  
Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet  
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have  
A quiet hour with me.

*Isab.* If my son were here,  
And would endure this, may a mother's curse  
Pursue and overtake him!

*Fran.* O forbear;  
In me he's present, both in power and will;  
And, madam, I much grieve that in his absence,  
There should arise the least distaste to move you;  
It being his principal, nay, only charge,  
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,  
As when himself perform'd the willing office.

*Mari.* This is fine, i'faith.

*Grac.* I would I were well off!

*Fran.* And therefore, I beseech you, madam,  
frown not,

Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,  
On your poor servant; to your excellence  
I ever was and will be such; and lay  
The duke's authority, trusted to me,  
With willingness at your feet.

*Mari.* O base!

*Isab.* We are like  
To have an equal judge!

*Fran.* But, should I find  
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,  
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,  
I then stand up a prince.

! *Fid.* Without reward,  
Pray you dismiss us.

*Grac.* Would I were five leagues hence!

*Fran.* I will be partial  
To none, not to myself;  
Be you but pleased to shew me my offence,  
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,  
Name those that have offended you.

*Isab.* I am one,  
And I will justify it.

*Mari.* Thou art a base fellow,  
To take her part.

*Fran.* Remember, she's the dutchess.

*Marc.* But used with more contempt, than if I  
were

A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,  
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises  
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,  
Which with all willingness I would make my pri-  
During the absence of my lord, denied me: [son  
But if he e'er return—

*Fran.* Were you an actor  
In this lewd comedy?

*Mari.* Ay, marry was I;  
And will be one again.

*Isab.* I'll join with her,  
Though you repine at it.

*Fran.* Think not, then, I speak,  
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you;  
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,  
For the contempt of him in her, commands you  
To be close prisoners.

*Isab. Mari.* Prisoners!

*Fran.* Bear them hence;  
This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,  
And, Stephano, this is yours.

*Marc.* I am not cruel,  
But pleased they may have liberty.

*Isab.* Pleased, with a mischief!

*Mari.* I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,  
Than in a paradise at her entreaty;

And, for you, upstart—

*Steph.* There is no contending.

*Tib.* What shall become of these?

*Fran.* See them well whipp'd,  
As you will answer it.

*Tib.* Now, signior Gracchio,  
What think you of your greatness?

*Grac.* I preach patience,  
And must endure my fortune.

*I Fid.* I was never yet

At such a hunt's-up, nor was so rewarded.

[*Exeunt all but FRANCISCO and MARCELLA.*]

*Fran.* Let them first know themselves, and how  
you are

To be served and honour'd; which, when they con-  
fess,

You may again receive them to your favour:  
And then it will shew nobly.

*Marc.* With my thanks

The duke shall pay you his, if he return  
To bless us with his presence.

*Fran.* There is nothing

That can be added to your fair acceptance;  
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,  
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,  
The undertaker finds a full reward,  
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;  
So, any service done to so much sweetness,  
However dangerous, and subject to  
An ill construction, in your favour finds  
A wish'd, and glorious end.

*Marc.* From you, I take this  
As loyal duty; but, in any other,  
It would appear gross flattery.

*Fran.* Flattery, madam!

You are so rare and excellent in all things,  
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,

As that vice cannot reach you; who but looks on  
This temple, built by nature to perfection,  
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,  
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?

*Marc.* Whither will this fellow?

[*Aside.*]

*Fran.* Pardon, therefore, madam,  
If an excess in me of humble duty,  
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in  
The power of man to merit such a blessing,  
My piety, for it is more than love,  
May find reward.

*Marc.* You have it in my thanks;  
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take  
A full possession of it: but, take heed  
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;  
If you do, it will prove fatal.

*Fran.* Be it death,  
And death with tortments tyrants ne'er found out,  
Yet I must say, I love you.

*Marc.* As a subject;  
And 'twill become you.

*Fran.* Farewell, circumstance!  
And since you are not pleased to understand me,  
But by a plain and useful form of speech:  
All superstitious reverence laid by,  
I love you as a man, and, as a man,  
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?  
I am no monster, and you but a woman,  
A woman made to yield, and by example  
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,  
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;  
And, therefore, lady—

*Marc.* Keep off!—O you Powers!—  
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!  
A crime, which creatures wanting reason, fly from.  
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,  
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,  
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,  
In three days absence buried? Hath he made thee,  
A thing obscure, almost without a name,  
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,  
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as  
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,  
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,  
The fair return of both our ventured favours!

*Fran.* Hear my excuse.

*Marc.* The devil may plead mercy,  
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.  
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride  
Grown up to such a height, that but a princess,  
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,  
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied  
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,  
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,  
That could invite a most self-loving fool,  
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,  
To the least hope to find way to my favour;  
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,  
I'll be thy strumpet.

*Fran.* 'Tis acknowledged, madam;  
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern  
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,  
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,  
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;  
And while the duke did prize you to your value,  
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,  
I well might envy him, but durst not hope  
To stop you in your full career of goodness:  
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,  
And, howsoever he would appear doting,

Grown cold in his affection ; I presume,  
From his most barbarous neglect of you,  
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,  
To look back on the courtesies of him,  
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

*Marc.* Unheard-of impudence !

*Fran.* You'll say I am modest,  
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,  
That have received some worldly trifles from him,  
For being ungrateful ; when he, that first tasted,  
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,  
In which all blessings that our frail condition  
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,  
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver  
Of his felicity ; and, as he reach'd not  
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,  
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,  
With fell and deadly hate ! You think he loves you  
With unexampled fervour ; nay, dotes on you,  
As there were something in you more than woman :  
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd  
You were among the dead ;—and I, you scorn so,  
Perhaps, am your preserver.

*Marc.* Bless me, good angels,  
Or I am blasted ! Lies so false and wicked,  
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,  
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.  
My husband hate me ! give thyself the lie,  
False and accurs'd ! Thy soul, if thou hast any,  
Can witness, never lady stood so bound  
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,  
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work  
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,  
That the earth moves ; the sun and stars stand still ;  
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebb ; or that  
There's peace between the lion and the lamb ;  
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove  
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young ;  
Or anything that is averse to nature :  
And I will sooner credit it, than that  
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,  
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

*Fran.* O innocence abused ! simplicity cozen'd !  
It were a sin, for which we have no name,  
To keep you longer in this wilful error.  
Read his affection here ;—[ *Gives her a paper.* ]—  
and then observe

How dear he holds you ! 'Tis his character,  
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

*Marc.* 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved of it. I'll try  
What the inscription is.

*Fran.* Pray you do so.

*Marc.* [*Reads.*] You know my pleasure, and the hour  
of Marcella's death, which fall not to execute, as you will  
answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with  
the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with  
mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall  
be your sufficient warrant.

LODOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it ! every word's a poniard,  
And reaches to my heart.

[*Swoons.*]

*Fran.* What have I done ?  
Madam ! for heaven's sake, madam !—O my fate !

I'll bend her body : this is yet some pleasure :  
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady !—  
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—  
*Marc.* Sforza's ! stand off ; though dead, I will  
be his,

And even my ashes shall abhor the touch  
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel !  
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another ;  
There is no faith in man : Sforza is false,  
False to Marcella !

*Fran.* But I am true,  
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,  
State, and observance, you had, being his,  
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,  
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,  
And look with cheerful beams on your new  
creature ;

And know what he hath plotted for your good,  
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor  
Take not his life, at his return he dies,  
And by my hand ; my wife, that is his heir,  
Shall quickly follow :—then we reign alone !  
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,  
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,  
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,  
Dearest, and best of women !

*Marc.* Thou art a villain !  
All attributes of arch-villains made into one,  
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate  
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,  
Before thy base affection. I am yet  
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him ;  
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted :  
Nor will I part with innocence, because  
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art  
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,  
I do detest and scorn.

*Fran.* Thou, then, art nothing :  
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman !  
Think on't, and tremble.

*Marc.* No, though thou wert now  
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be  
My executioner, and art only fit  
For such employment ; but ne'er hope to have  
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,  
But as the shame of men : so, with my curses  
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,  
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee ;  
And, making haste to make my peace with heaven,  
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*]

*Fran.* I am lost  
In the discovery of this fatal secret.  
Curs'd hope that flatter'd me, that wrongs could  
make her

A stranger to her goodness ! all my plots  
Turn back upon myself ; but I am in,  
And must go on : and, since I have put off  
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my  
pilot !

Revenge first wrought me ; murder's his twin-  
brother :  
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another !

[*Exit.*]

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Imperial Camp, before PAVIA.*

*Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, and ALPHONSO.*

*Med.* The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier fights for.

Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing  
But wounds and empty honour. We have pass'd  
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced  
A passage with our swords through all the dangers

That, page-like, wait on the success of war;  
And now expect reward.

*Hern.* Hell put it in  
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!  
Yieldings and compositions will undo us; and  
And what is that way given, for the most part,  
Comes to the emperor's coffers, to defray  
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd:  
When usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er  
heard

The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,  
Puts in, and for his intercession shares  
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left  
To starve, or fill up hospitals.

*Alph.* But, when  
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,  
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines  
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them  
New blood and fervour—

*Med.* I long to be at it;  
To see these chuffs, that every day may spend  
A soldier's entertainment for a year,  
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins:  
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,  
Battening like scarabs in the dung of peace,  
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;  
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,  
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,  
With one gripe to be ravish'd.

*Hern.* I would be tousing  
Their fair madonas, that in little dogs,  
Monkeys, and paraquittos, consume thousands;  
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,  
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:  
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop  
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,  
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not  
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice  
wantons,

Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise,  
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd,  
Durst enter into any common brothel,  
Though all varieties of stink contend there;  
Yet praise the entertainment.

*Med.* I may live  
To see the tatter'd rascals of my troop  
Drag them out of their closets, with a vengeance!  
When neither threat'ning, flattering, kneeling,  
howling,

Can ransom one poor jewel, or redeem  
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.

*Hern.* My main hope is,  
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,  
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,  
To satisfy the most covetous.

*Alph.* Every day,  
We look for a remove.

*Med.* For Lodowick Sforza,

The duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,  
Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier,  
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,  
And understands too well the emperor hates him,  
To hope for composition.

*Alph.* On my life,  
We need not fear his coming in.

*Hern.* On mine,  
I do not wish it: I had rather that,  
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble  
To fetch him in by the ears.

*Med.* The emperor!

*Flourish.* *Enter CHARLES, PESCARA, and Attendants.*

*Charl.* You make me wonder:—nay, it is no  
counsel,

You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have  
thought,

That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity  
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd,  
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,  
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)  
First kneel for mercy?

*Med.* When your majesty  
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may  
Admire it with you.

*Charl.* Who, but the duke of Milan,  
The right hand of the French! of all that stand  
In our displeasure, whom necessity  
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn  
Sforza had been the last.

*Hern.* And should be writ so,  
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city  
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,  
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat  
you

Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories  
We have sweat blood to purchase!

*Med.* With your honour  
You cannot hear him.

*Alph.* The sack alone of Milan  
Will pay the army.

*Charl.* I am not so weak,  
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant  
That money is the sinew of the war:  
And on what terms soever he seek peace,  
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it:  
Yet, for our glory, and to show him that  
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved  
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;  
But let him see the effects of our just anger,  
In the guard that you make for him.

[*Exit PESCARA.*]

*Hern.* I am now  
Familiar with the issue; all plagues on it!  
He will appear in some dejected habit,  
His countenance suitable, and for his order,  
A rope about his neck: then kneel, and tell  
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is  
To have power, and not to use it; then add to  
that

A tale of king Tigranes, and great Pompey,  
Who said, forsooth, and wisely; 'twas more  
honour

To make a king, than kill one: which, applied  
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted

To him an enemy ; and we, his servants,  
Condemn'd to beggary. *[Aside to Medo.]*

*Med.* Yonder he comes ;  
But not as you expected.

*Re-enter PESCARA with SFORZA, strongly guarded.*

*Alph.* He looks as if  
He would outface his dangers.

*Hern.* I am cozen'd :  
A suitor, in the devil's name !

*Med.* Hear him speak.

*Sfor.* I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,  
By fawning on thy fortune ; nor bring with me  
Excuses, or denials. I profess,  
And with a good man's confidence, even this  
instant

That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy ;  
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy : one that wish'd  
Confusion to thy person and estates ;  
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,  
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.  
Nor will I now, although my neck were under  
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable  
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,  
More than thyself, and all men.

*Med.* By saint Jaques,  
This is no flattery.

*Hern.* There is fire and spirit in't ;  
But not long-lived, I hope.

*Sfor.* Now give me leave,  
My hate against thyself, and love to him  
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons  
That made me so affected : In my wants  
I ever found him faithful ; had supplies  
Of men and monies from him ; and my hopes,  
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again :  
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel  
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,  
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high  
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.—  
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not  
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own  
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.  
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,  
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,  
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,  
They served but as small tapers to attend  
The solemn flame at this great funeral :  
And with them I will gladly waste myself,  
Rather than undergo the imputation  
Of being base, or unthankful.

*Alph.* Nobly spoken !

*Hern.* I do begin, I know not why, to hate him  
Less than I did.

*Sfor.* If that, then, to be grateful  
For courtesies received, or not to leave  
A friend in his necessities, be a crime  
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations  
That, like you, aim'd at empire, loved, and  
cherish'd

Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head  
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,  
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,  
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,  
For a forestall'd remission : that were poor,  
And would but shame thy victory ; for conquest  
Over base foes, is a captivity,  
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,  
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd  
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,

This crown upon my head, and to my side  
This sword was girt ; and witness truth, that, now  
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part  
With them and life together, I'm the same :  
My veins then did not swell with pride ; nor now  
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands  
Prepared for either fortune.

*Hern.* As I live,  
I do begin strangely to love this fellow ;  
And could part with three quarters of my share in  
The promised spoil, to save him.

*Sfor.* But, if example  
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,  
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,  
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,  
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,  
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,  
And to be thankful : this my crown, now yours,  
You may restore me, and in me instruct  
These brave commanders, should your fortune  
change,

Which now I wish not, what they may expect  
From noble enemies, for being faithful.  
The charges of the war I will defray,  
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,  
Bring freely to you : I'll prevent the cries  
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,  
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,  
And stop the course of glorious victories :  
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,  
That have in the late battle done best service,  
And are to be rewarded, I myself,  
According to their quality and merits,  
Will see them largely recompens'd.—I have said,  
And now expect my sentence.

*Alph.* By this light,

'Tis a brave gentleman.  
*Med.* How like a block  
The emperor sits !

*Hern.* He hath deliver'd reasons,  
Especially in his purpose to enrich  
Such as fought bravely, (I myself am one,  
I care not who knows it), as I wonder that  
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir :  
Mercy, an't be thy will !

*Charl.* Thou hast so far  
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,  
For such I hold thee ;—and true constancy,  
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm  
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,  
Though in an enemy, it does command us  
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,  
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,  
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,  
Crooked, and abject means ; and for mine own,  
That, since my purposes must now be changed,  
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot  
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels ;  
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,  
Nor servile flattery ; but forced into it  
By a fair war of virtue.

*Hern.* This sounds well.

*Charl.* All former passages of hate be buried :  
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,  
And as a friend embrace it ; and so far  
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,  
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,  
I set thy crown once more upon thy head ;  
And do not only style thee Duke of Milan,  
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take

From others to give only to myself,  
I will not hinder your magnificence  
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;  
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you  
To be your own disposer.

[Flourish. Exit with Attendants.]

*Sfor.* May I live  
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,  
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,  
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,  
Receive me to your loves; and if henceforth  
There can arise a difference between us,  
It shall be in a noble emulation  
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,  
To fight for Charles the emperor.

*Hera.* We embrace you,  
As one well read in all the points of honour:  
And there we are your scholars.

*Sfor.* True; but such  
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend  
In love hereafter; in the mean time, pray you,  
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest  
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet;  
In the small body of it there are jewels  
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,  
Which honour me to receive.

*Med.* You bind us to you.

*Sfor.* And when great Charles commands me  
to his presence,

If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,  
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,  
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,  
And gratify the favour.

*Hera.* In this, and all things,  
We are your servants.

*Sfor.* A name I ever owe you.

[Exit MEDINA, HERNANDO, and ALFONSO.]

*Pesc.* So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,  
And all things fall out to our wishes: but,  
In my opinion, this quick return,  
Before you've made a party in the court  
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains  
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,  
At least suspicion.

*Sfor.* Where true honour lives,  
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn  
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.  
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,  
I will confess my weakness:—though my state  
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,  
And that a little stay might be a step  
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!  
I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,  
Being absent, I am dead. Prithce, excuse,  
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fond-  
ness,

But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons,  
And strong ones, to plead for me.

*Pesc.* Use your own pleasure;  
I'll bear you company.

*Sfor.* Farewell, grief! I am stored with  
Two blessings most desired in human life,  
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter an Officer with GRACCHO.

*Offic.* What I did I had warrant for; you have  
tasted

My office gently, and for those soft strokes,

Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,  
There does belong a feeling.

*Grac.* Must I pay  
For being tormented, and dishonour'd?

*Offic.* Fie! no,  
Your honour's not impair'd in't. What's the let-  
ting out

Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way too?  
There is no surgeon like me, to take off  
A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,  
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud  
Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokerage,  
And so forgets his betters.

*Grac.* Very good, sir:  
But am I the first man of quality  
That e'er came under your fingers?

*Offic.* Not by a thousand;  
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:  
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd  
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow  
That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres  
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,  
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me  
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,  
Discharged by another that set him on, I have  
seen him

Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off  
With oil of angels.

*Grac.* 'Twas a sovereign cure.

*Offic.* There was a sectary too, that would not be  
Conformable to the orders of the church,  
Nor yield to any argument of reason,  
But still rail at authority, brought to me,  
When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his  
haunches,

Grew a fine pulpitian, and was benefited:  
Had he not cause to thank me?

*Grac.* There was physic  
Was to the purpose.

*Offic.* Now, for women, sir,  
For your more consolation, I could tell you  
Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,  
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

*Grac.* Prithce, do;  
For I grow weary of thee.

*Offic.* There was lately  
A fine she-waiter in the court that doted  
Extremely of a gentleman, that had  
His main dependence on a signior's favour  
I will not name, but could not compass him  
On any terms. This wanton, at dead midnight,  
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,  
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,  
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,  
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often  
Curvet and caper, she would never tell  
Who play'd at push-pin with her.

*Grac.* But what follow'd?  
Prithce be brief.

*Offic.* Why this, sir: She deliver'd,  
Had store of crowns assign'd her by her patron,  
Who forc'd the gentleman, to save her credit,  
To marry her, and say he was the party  
Found in Lob's pound: so she, that, before, gladly  
Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his  
wife;

Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,  
Is not my office lucky?

*Grac.* Go, there's for thee;  
But what will be my fortune?

*Offic.* If you thrive not  
After that soft correction, come again.

*Grac.* I thank you, knave.

*Offic.* And then, knave, I will fit you. [Erit.

*Grac.* Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve

To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well;  
My credit sunk for ever, I am now  
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,  
That have perused the porter's lodge.

Enter JULIO and GIOVANNI.

*Giov.* See, Julio,  
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,  
After his castigation!

*Jul.* As he came

From a close fight at sea under the hatches,  
With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before  
Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a  
Or I am cozen'd. [leak too,

*Giov.* Let's be merry with him.

*Grac.* How they stare at me! am I turn'd to  
The wonder, gentlemen? [an owl?—

*Jul.* I read, this morning,  
Strange stories of the passive fortitude  
Of men in former ages, which I thought  
Impossible, and not to be believed:

But now I look on you my wonder ceases.

*Grac.* The reason, sir?

*Jul.* Why, sir, you have been whipt,  
Whipt, Signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,  
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial  
That may be of his patience.

*Grac.* Sir, I'll call you  
To a strict account for this.

*Giov.* I'll not deal with you,  
Unless I have a beadle for my second:  
And then I'll answer you.

*Jul.* Farewell, poor Graccho.

[Ereunt JULIO and GIOVANNI.

*Grac.* Better and better still. If ever wrongs  
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO and a SERVANT.

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!  
My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private?  
I will not see him. [Stands aside.

*Fran.* If I am sought for,  
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear  
Or suits, or suitors.

*Serv.* But, sir, if the princess  
Enquire, what shall I answer?

*Fran.* Say, I am rid  
Aboard to take the air: but by no means  
Let her know I'm in court.

*Serv.* So I shall tell her. [Erit.

*Fran.* Within there, ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

*Gentlew.* My good lord, your pleasure?

*Fran.* Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access  
To the dutchess.

*Gentlew.* In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;  
She's very private.

*Fran.* Come, there's gold to buy thee  
A new gown, and a rich one.

*Gentlew.* I once swore  
If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be  
With a great lord, as you are; and, I know not how,  
I feel a yielding inclination in me,  
If you have appetite.

*Fran.* Pox on thy maidenhead!  
Where is thy lady?

*Gentlew.* If you venture on her,  
She's walking in the gallery; perhaps,  
You will find her less tractable.

*Fran.* Bring me to her.

*Gentlew.* I fear you'll have cold entertainment  
when

You are at your journey's end; and 'twere dis-  
To take a snatch by the way. [cretion

*Fran.* Pr'ythee, leave fooling:  
My page waits in the lobby; give him sweetmeats;  
He is train'd up for his master's ease,  
And he will cool thee. [Ereunt FRAN. and Gentlew.

*Grac.* A brave discovery beyond my hope,  
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!  
If I am dull now, may I live and die  
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;  
My lady and her mother first committed,  
In the favour of the dutchess; and I whipt!  
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass  
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—  
And all his bribed approaches to the dutchess  
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady  
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.—  
But this may prove but courtship! let it be,  
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [Erit.

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELLA and FRANCISCO.

*Marc.* Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be  
hoped

After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,  
Repentance e'er can find thee?

*Fran.* Dearest lady,  
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,  
Make a superlative of excellence,  
In being greatest in your saving mercy.  
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,  
To be beyond all pity; my attempt,  
So barbarously rude, that it would turn  
A saint-like patience into savage fury.  
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,  
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,  
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,  
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,  
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better;  
A sin, a monstrous sin! yet with it many  
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;  
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power  
To make me straight again.

*Marc.* Is't possible  
This can be cunning! [Aside.

*Fran.* But, if no submission,  
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know  
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,  
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,  
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;  
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,  
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself,  
Will do a fearful justice on myself,  
No witness by but you, there being no more,  
When I offended. Yet, before I do it,  
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,  
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,  
May prove your ruin.

*Marc.* Speak it; it will take from  
The burthen of thy conscience.

*Fran.* Thus, then, madam :  
The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,  
Was but conditional ; but you must swear,  
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,  
Or I end here abruptly.

*Marc.* By my hopes  
Of joys hereafter. On.

*Fran.* Nor was it hate  
That forced him to it, but excess of love.  
*And, if I ne'er return, (so said great Sforza,)*  
*No living man deserving to enjoy*  
*My best Marcelia, with the first news*  
*That I am dead, (for no man after me*  
*Must e'er enjoy her,) fail not to kill her —*  
*But till certain proof*  
*Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words,)*  
*Observe and honour her, as if the soul*  
*Of woman's goodness only dwell in her's.*  
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd ;  
And, if the excellent pity of your mind  
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,  
Rather than look on my offended lord,  
I stand resolved to punish it. [*Draws his sword.*]

*Marc.* Hold ! 'tis forgiven,  
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life  
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,  
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,  
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—  
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem  
My life fit only as a page, to wait on  
The various course of his uncertain fortunes ;  
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,  
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me ;  
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,  
Which though, such is my love, I would not nourish,  
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him  
Return in safety.

*Fran.* But if your entertainment  
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,  
To raise up an opinion I am false,  
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,  
(Though I shall ever look on you as on  
My life's preserver, and the miracle  
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,  
In company, to do me those fair graces,  
And favours, which your innocence and honour  
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,  
I being to your best self alone known guilty,  
Make me appear most innocent.

*Marc.* Have your wishes ;  
And something I may do to try his temper,  
At least, to make him know a constant wife  
Is not so slav'd to her husband's doting humours,  
But that she may deserve to live a widow,  
Her fate appointing it.

*Fran.* It is enough ;  
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way  
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself  
On him, on her, and all.

[*Aside and exit.—Shout and flourish.*]

*Marc.* What shout is that ?

*Enter TIBBIO and STEPHANO.*

*Tib.* All happiness to the dutchess, that may  
flow

From the duke's new and wish'd return !

*Marc.* He's welcome.

*Steph.* How coldly she receives it !

*Tib.* Observe the encounter.

*Flourish.* *Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, GRACCHO, and Attendants.*

*Mari.* What you have told me, Graccho, is be-  
And I'll find time to stir in't. [*lied,*]

*Grac.* As you see cause ;  
I will not do ill offices.

*Sfor.* I have stood  
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting  
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst  
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips  
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires  
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have born me  
With more than human speed : nor durst I stay  
In any temple, or to any saint  
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,  
Till I had seen thee.

*Marc.* Sir, I am most happy  
To look upon you safe, and would express  
My love and duty in a modest fashion,  
Such as might suit with the behaviour  
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how  
To temper her desires, not like a wanton  
Fired with hot appetite ; nor can it wrong me  
To love discreetly.

*Sfor.* How ! why, can there be  
A mean in your affections to Sforza ?  
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may  
Invite or heighten appetite, appear  
Immodest or uncomely ? Do not move me ;  
My passions to you are in extremes,  
And know no bounds :—come ; kiss me.

*Marc.* I obey you.  
*Sfor.* By all the joys of love, she does salute me  
As if I were her grandfather ! What witch,  
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous  
heat  
That lived upon these lips ? Tell me, Marcelia  
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine  
That hath begot this coldness ? or neglect  
Of others, in my absence ?

*Marc.* Neither, sir :  
I stand indebted to your substitute,  
Noble and good Francisco, for his care  
And fair observance of me : there was nothing  
With which you, being present, could supply me,  
That I dare say I wanted.

*Sfor.* How !  
*Marc.* The pleasures,  
That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,  
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter ;  
And there is more of beast in't than man.  
Let us love temperately ; things violent last not,  
And too much dotage rather argues folly  
Than true affection.

*Grac.* Observe but this,  
And how she praised my lord's care and observance ;  
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence  
Have any ground of truth.

*Mari.* No more ; I mark it.  
*Steph.* How the duke stands !

*Tib.* As he were rooted there,  
And had no motion.

*Peso.* My lord, from whence  
Grows this amazement ?

*Sfor.* It is more, dear my friend ;  
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,  
But certain that my life's a burden to me.  
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar  
In all his rage and fury ; I disclaim  
His mercy : to live now, which is his gift,



Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.  
 Marcellia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold  
 In her affection; my excess of fervour,  
 Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.  
 —But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know  
 That I can be myself, and thus shake off  
 The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,  
 Without reply; for I am apt to do  
 Something I may repent.—[Exit MARC.]—Oh!  
 who would place  
 His happiness in most accursed woman,

In whom obsequiousness engenders pride;  
 And harshness deadly hatred! From this hour  
 I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;  
 True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your  
 brows,  
 And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be  
 To all a free example of delight.  
 We will have sports of all kinds, and propound  
 Rewards to such as can produce us new;  
 Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store:  
 And never think of curs'd Marcellia more. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter FRANCISCO and GRACCHO.

*Fran.* And is it possible thou shouldst forget  
 A wrong of such a nature, and then study  
 My safety and content?

*Grac.* Sir, but allow me  
 Only to have read the elements of courtship,  
 Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;  
 And you may please to grant me so much know-  
 That injuries from one in grace, like you, [ledge,  
 Are noble favours. Is it not grown common,  
 In every sect, for those that want, to suffer  
 From such as have to give? Your captain cast,  
 If poor, though not thought daring, but approved  
 To raise a coward into name, that's rich, [so,  
 Suffers disgraces publicly; but receives  
 Rewards for them in private.

*Fran.* Well observed.  
 Put on; we'll be familiar, and discourse  
 A little of this argument. That day,  
 In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,  
 Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,  
 I found myself to be another thing;  
 Not what I was before. I passed then  
 For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,  
 And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,  
 The liberal courtier made me master of  
 Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:  
 If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one  
 By their interpretation; if I offer'd  
 To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,  
 They had helps to save me, and without a blush  
 Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge,  
 Than others could acquire by any labour:  
 Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another  
 Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.

*Grac.* But then they tasted of your bounty.

*Fran.* True:  
 They gave me those good parts I was not born to,  
 And, by my intercession, they got that  
 Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have  
 hoped for.

*Grac.* All this is oracle: and shall I, then,  
 For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,  
 That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours  
 Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great  
 men

Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves  
 Must have nor spleen nor anger. Though I love  
 My limbs as well as any man, if you had now  
 A humour to kick me lame into an office,  
 Where I might sit in state and undo others,

Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?  
 Though it seem strange, there have been such things  
 In the memory of man. [seen]

*Fran.* But to the purpose,  
 And then, that service done, make thine own for-  
 My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too [tunes.  
 Familiar with the dutchess.

*Grac.* And incensed  
 For her commitment in her brother's absence;  
 And by her mother's anger is spur'd on  
 To make discovery of it. This her purpose  
 Was trusted to my charge, which I declined  
 As much as in me lay; but, finding her  
 Determinately bent to undertake it,  
 Though breaking my faith to her may destroy  
 My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,  
 Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

*Fran.* I thank thy care, and will deserve this  
 In making thee acquainted with a greater, [secret,  
 And of more moment. Come into my bosom,  
 And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull  
 Graccho,

My power and honours were conferred upon me,  
 And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures  
 Confined and limited? I delight in change,  
 And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,  
 For which I love life only. I confess,  
 My wife pleased me a day, the dutchess, two,  
 (And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her,)  
 But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,  
 So far I am from stopping Mariana  
 In making her complaint, that I desire thee  
 To urge her to it.

*Grac.* That may prove your ruin:  
 The duke already being, as 'tis reported,  
 Doubtful she hath play'd false.

*Fran.* There thou art cozen'd;  
 His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,  
 And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,  
 And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,  
 Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite  
 Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe  
 On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,  
 I dare thee to be false.

*Grac.* This is a language,  
 My lord, I understand not.

*Fran.* You thought, sirrah,  
 To put a trick on me for the relation  
 Of what I knew before, and, having won  
 Some weighty secret from me, in revenge  
 To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,  
 By my command thou wert whipt; and every day  
 I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss

In the least charge that I impose upon thee.  
 Though what I speak, for the most part, is true :  
 Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses  
 To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me  
 With one word, such is Sforza's confidence  
 Of my fidelity not to be shaken,  
 To make all void, and ruin my accusers.  
 Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on  
 To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,  
 Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,  
 And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool  
 To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,  
 To curb and awe me; or that I should live  
 Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine :  
 For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [Exit.

*Grac.* I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for  
 a puisne  
 In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions  
 With one that hath commenced, and gone out doc-  
 If I discover what but now he bragg'd of, [tor.  
 I shall not be believed: if I fall off  
 From him, his threats and actions go together,  
 And there's no hope of safety. Till I get  
 A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,  
 I must obey and serve him: Want of skill  
 Now makes me play the rogue against my will. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter MARCELLA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and Gentlewoman.*

*Marc.* Command me from his sight, and with  
 such scorn  
 As he would rate his slave !  
*Tib.* 'Twas in his fury.  
*Steph.* And he repents it, madam.  
*Marc.* Was I born  
 To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,  
 Must I run mad?

*Tib.* If that your Excellence  
 Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge  
 Of what he suffers, and how deep the least  
 Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse  
 His hasty language.

*Steph.* He hath paid the forfeit  
 Of his offence. I'm sure, with such a sorrow,  
 As, if it had been greater, would deserve  
 A full remission.

*Marc.* Why, perhaps, he hath it ;  
 And I stand more afflicted by his absence,  
 Than he can be for mine :—so, pray you, tell him.  
 But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,  
 And reconciled passions that are at war  
 Within myself, I purpose to be private :  
 And have you care, unless it be Francisco,  
 That no man be admitted. [Exit Gentlewoman.

*Tib.* How ! Francisco ?  
*Steph.* He, that at every stage keeps livery mis-  
 The stallion of the state ! [tresses ;

*Tib.* They are things above us,  
 And so no way concern us.

*Steph.* If I were  
 The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

I should wear yellow breeches. Here he comes.

*Tib.* Nay, spare your labour, lady ; we know our  
 duty,

And quit the room.

*Steph.* Is this her privacy !

Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,  
 This may go to the duke.

[*Exit TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Marc.* Your face is full  
 Of fears and doubts : the reason ?

*Fran.* O, best madam,  
 They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,  
 That only wish to live in sad repentance,  
 To mourn my desperate attempt of you,  
 That have no ends nor aims, but that your good-  
 ness

Might be a witness of my penitence,  
 Which seen, would teach you how to love your  
 mercy,

Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,  
 I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

*Marc.* By my unspotted honour, not from me ;  
 Nor have I with him changed one syllable,  
 Since his return, but what you heard.

*Fran.* Yet malice  
 Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not ;  
 And jealousy's too apt to build upon  
 Unsure foundations.

*Marc.* Jealousy !  
*Fran.* [*Aside.*] It takes.

*Marc.* Who dares but only think I can be  
 tainted ?

But for him, though almost on certain proof,  
 To give it hearing, not belief, deserves  
 My hate for ever.

*Fran.* Whether grounded on  
 Your noble, yet chaste favours shewn unto me ;  
 Or her imprisonment, for her contempt  
 To you, by my command, my frantic wife  
 Hath put it in his head.

*Marc.* Have I then lived  
 So long, now to be doubted ? Are my favours  
 The themes of her discourse ? or what I do,  
 That never trod in a suspected path,  
 Subject to base construction ? Be undaunted ;  
 For now, as of a creature that is mine,  
 I rise up your protectress : all the grace  
 I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd  
 With a shut hand ; it shall be now more free,  
 Open, and liberal. But let it not,  
 Though counterfeited to the life, teach you  
 To nourish saucy hopes.

*Fran.* May I be blasted,  
 When I prove such a monster !

*Marc.* I will stand then  
 Between you and all danger. He shall know,  
 Suspicion overturns what confidence builds ;  
 And he that dares but doubt when there's no  
 ground,  
 Is neither to himself nor others sound. [Exit.

*Fran.* So, let it work ! Her goodness, that  
 denied

My service, branded with the name of lust,  
 Shall now destroy itself ; and she shall find,  
 When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd  
 With power, to be his advocates, the denial  
 Is a disease as killing as the plague,  
 And chastity a clue that leads to death.  
 Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash  
 And violent enough, and then at leisure  
 Repent ; I care not.

And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,  
 In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, and three Gentlemen.**Pesc.* You promised to be merry.*1 Gent.* There are pleasures,  
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.*2 Gent.* Your excellence vouchsafing to make  
Of that which best affects you. [choice]*Sfor.* Hold your prating.  
Learn manners too : you are rude.*3 Gent.* I have my answer,  
Before I ask the question. [Aside.]*Pesc.* I must borrow  
The privilege of a friend, and will ; or else  
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,  
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships  
In spite of reason.*Sfor.* Pray you, use your freedom ;  
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,  
To hear you only ; not to be compell'd  
To take your moral potions. I am a man,  
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,  
Now I have cause to grieve. I must be sad ;  
And I dare shew it.*Pesc.* Would it were bestow'd  
Upon a worthier subject !*Sfor.* Take heed, friend.  
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad ;  
And I shall then forget myself and you.  
Lance it no further.*Pesc.* Have you stood the shock  
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger  
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,  
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,  
That had no precedent ? are you return'd with  
honour, [you,  
Loved by your subjects ? does your fortune court  
Or rather say, your courage does command it ?  
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,  
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,  
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate  
Deject your valour ? Shall, I say, these virtues.  
So many and so various trials of  
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown  
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman ?  
—Yet I have seen her equals.*Sfor.* Good Pescara,  
This language in another were profane ;  
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal !  
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,  
(To all men else my sword should make reply)  
Her goodness does disdain comparison,  
And, but herself, admits no parallel.  
But you will say she's cross ; 'tis fit she should be,  
When I am foolish ; for she's wise, Pescara,  
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,  
Her honour safe ; or, if she were averse,  
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin  
Ready to fall upon me ; for she's not ignorant,  
But truly understands how much I love her,  
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.  
Her excellence increasing with her years too,  
I might have fallen into idolatry,  
And, from the admiration of her worth,  
Been taught to think there is no Power above her ;  
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,  
The most would be such women, and assume  
No other shape, when they were to appear  
In their full glory.*Pesc.* Well, sir, I'll not cross you,  
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,  
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,  
As you will have it, has alone dependence  
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you  
A fair atonement.*Sfor.* Time, and my submission.*Enter TIBBIO and STEPHANO.*May work her to it.—O ! you are well return'd ;  
Say, am I blest ? hath she vouchsafed to hear you ?  
Is there hope left that she may be appeas'd ?  
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe  
To her conditions.*Tib.* She, sir, yet is froward  
And desires respite, and some privacy.*Steph.* She was harsh at first ; but, ere we  
parted, seem'd not  
Implacable.*Sfor.* There's comfort yet : I'll ply her  
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,  
Titles, and eminence : my second self,  
Francisco, shall solicit her.*Steph.* That a wise man,  
And what is more, a prince that may command,  
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,  
As she were a victorious enemy,  
At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and coun-  
Basely begg'd mercy' [try,*Sfor.* What is that you mutter ?  
I'll have thy thoughts.*Steph.* You shall. You are too fond,  
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,  
And surfeits with observance.*Sfor.* O my patience !  
My vassal speak thus ?*Steph.* Let my head answer it,  
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,  
I fear, may play the devil.*Pesc.* Well said, old fellow. [Aside.]*Steph.* And he that hath so long engross'd your  
favours,  
Thought to be named with reverence, lord Francisco,  
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,  
I think's too near her.*SFORZA lays his hand on his sword.**Pesc.* Hold, sir ! this is madness.  
*Steph.* It may be they confer of joining lord-  
I'm sure he's private with her. [ships ;*Sfor.* Let me go,  
I scorn to touch him ; he deserves my pity.  
And not my anger. Dotard ! and to be one  
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think  
That love to my Marcelia hath left room  
In my full heart for any jealous thought :—  
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd trades-  
The undeserving lord, or the unable ! [men,  
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physic  
From her young doctor, physic upon her back,  
Because thou hast the palsy in that part  
That makes her active. I could smile to think  
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous :  
Were I matched to another Messaline,  
While I found merit in myself to please her,  
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek  
To find out my own torment ; but, alas !  
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian,  
I am too secure.*Tib.* This is a confidence  
Beyond example.

*Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, and MARIANA.*

*Grac.* There he is—now speak,  
Or be for ever silent.

*Sfor.* If you come  
To bring me comfort, say that you have made  
My peace with my Marcelia.

*Isab.* I had rather  
Wait on you to your funeral.

*Sfor.* You are my mother;  
Or, by her life, you were dead else.

*Mari.* Would you were,  
To your dishonour! and, since dotage makes you  
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,  
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?  
A lump of patience only? no fire in you?  
But do your pleasure:—here your mother was  
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn  
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,  
If that you dare remember such a name,  
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free  
For the adulteress, I am unwilling  
To say, a part of Sforza.

*Sfor.* Take her head off!  
She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.

*Isab.* Blasphemed! for calling of a whore, a  
*Sfor.* O hell, what do I suffer! [whore?

*Mari.* Or is it treason  
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour  
To save the honour of the duke, and that  
He should not be a wittol on record?

For by posterity 'twill be believed,  
As certainly as now it can be proved,  
Francisco, the great minion, that sways all,  
To meet the chaste embraces of the dutchess,  
Hath leap'd into her bed.

*Sfor.* Some proof, vile creature!  
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

*Mari.* The public fame,  
Their hourly private meetings; and e'en now,  
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,  
You are denied the joys due to a husband,  
And made a stranger to her, at all times  
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,  
This were enough, but to a right Italian,  
A hundred thousand vittesses.

*Isab.* Would you have us  
To be her bawds?

*Sfor.* O the malice  
And envy of base women, that with horror,  
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,  
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most  
To cast aspersions upon one untainted! [false,  
Ye are in your natures devils, and your ends,  
Knowing your reputation sunk for ever,  
And not to be recover'd, to have all  
Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have  
A monumental trophy to her pureness, [raised  
In this your studied purpose to deprave her:  
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,  
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,  
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love  
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far  
From giving credit to you, this would teach me  
More to admire and serve her. You are not  
To fall as sacrifices to appease her; [worthy  
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.

*Isab.* All is in vain; he is not to be moved.

*Mari.* She has bewitch'd him.

*Pesc.* 'Tis so past belief,  
To me it shews a fable.

*Enter FRANCISCO, speaking to a Servant within.*

*Fran.* On thy life,  
Provide my horses, and without the port  
With care attend me.

*Serv.* [within.] I shall, my lord.

*Grac.* He's come.  
What gimcrack have we next?

*Fran.* Great sir.  
*Sfor.* Francisco,  
Though all the joys in woman are fled from me,  
In thee I do embrace the full delight  
That I can hope from man.

*Fran.* I would impart,  
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,  
I am in labour to deliver to you.

*Sfor.* All leave the room. [*Exeunt ISAB. MARI.  
and GRACCHO.*—Excuse me, good Pescara,  
Ere long I will wait on you.

*Pesc.* You speak, sir,  
The language I should use. [*Exit.*

*Sfor.* Be within call,  
Perhaps we may have use of you.

*Tib.* We shall, sir. [*Exeunt TIB. and STREP.*

*Sfor.* Say on, my comfort.  
*Fran.* Comfort! no, your torment,  
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse  
The hour that gave me being.

*Sfor.* What new monsters  
Of misery stand ready to devour me?  
Let them at once dispatch me.

*Fran.* Draw your sword then,  
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;  
Consider not, but do it.

*Sfor.* Art thou mad?  
*Fran.* Or, if to take my life be too much  
mercy,

As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,  
Cut off my nose and ears; pull out an eye,  
The other only left to lend me light  
To see my own deformities. Why was I born  
Without some mulec imposed on me by nature?  
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy  
Had run upon this face, or that my breath  
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd  
Of all societies! Curs'd be he that taught me  
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace  
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye  
Of wanton women! since those parts, which others  
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,  
Such my condition is.

*Sfor.* I am on the rack:  
Dissolve this doubtful riddle.

*Fran.* That I alone,  
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,  
And study your content, should be appointed,  
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,  
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you  
In this amazement longer, in a word,  
Your dutchess loves me.

*Sfor.* Loves thee!  
*Fran.* Is mad for me,  
Pursues me hourly.

*Sfor.* Oh!  
*Fran.* And from hence grew  
Her late neglect of you.

*Sfor.* O women! women!  
*Fran.* I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,  
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger:  
Denied her, and with scorn.

*Sfor.* 'Twas like thyself.

*Fran.* But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,

Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,  
Should cover our embraces, and your power  
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours  
That should preserve her in her innocence,  
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;  
I could not but in duty (though I know  
That the relation kills in you all hope  
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew  
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)  
Freely discover it.

*Sfor.* Eternal plagues

Pursue and overtake her! for her sake,  
To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,  
And, like to me, a thing so miserable  
As words may not express him, that gives trust  
To all-deceiving women! Or, since it is  
The will of heaven, to preserve mankind,  
That we must know and couple with these serpents,  
No wise man ever, taught by my example,  
Hereafter use his wife with more respect  
Than he would do his horse that does him service;  
Base woman being in her creation made  
A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,  
Stand I now cursing and considering, when  
The tamest fool would do!—Within there!

*Stephano,*

Tiberio, and the rest!—I will be sudden,  
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes  
Abused, knows no degree in hate.

*Enter TIBERIO and STEPHANO.*

*Tib.* My lord.

*Sfor.* Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—

*Steph.* What wicked woman, sir?

*Sfor.* The devil, my wife.

Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse  
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,  
And know no pity; any gentle usage  
To her will call on cruelty from me,  
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring! Go,  
And put my will in act.

*Steph.* There's no disputing.

*Tib.* But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden raised,  
Who durst have dream'd of?

*[Exit TIBERIO and STEPHANO.]*

*Sfor.* Nay, since she dares damnation,  
I'll be a fury to her.

*Fran.* Yet, great sir,  
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty  
Only in her intent.

*Sfor.* Intent, Francisco!

It does include all fact; and I might sooner  
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,  
Or one that kill'd my father.

*Fran.* You are wise,

And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,  
To prove her temper to the height, say only  
That I am dead, and then observe how far  
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,  
But be within your call.—Now to the upshot!  
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. *[Aside and exit.]*

*Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, and GUARD, with MARCELLA.*

*Marc.* Where is this monster,  
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,  
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you  
here, sir?

Is it by your command or allowance,

I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,  
My labours, services, and cares to please you,  
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,  
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet,  
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me;  
Without a seal of shame?

*Sfor.* Impudence,

How ugly thou appear'st at now! Thy intent  
To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough  
To make an honest blush: what had the act done?

*Marc.* Return'd thee the dishonour thou de-  
Though willingly I had given up myself [serv'st;  
To every common lecher.

*Sfor.* Your chief minion,

Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,  
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's  
And by my hand. *[Dead.]*

*Marc.* The bloodier villain thou!

But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy love  
Does know no other object:—thou hast kill'd then,  
A man I do profess I loved; a man  
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.  
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be  
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,  
And knows no end in mischief.

*Sfor.* I begin now

In this my justice. *[Stabs her.]*

*Marc.* Oh! I have fool'd myself

Into my grave, and only grieve for that  
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,  
You needs must suffer.

*Sfor.* An innocent! Let one

Call in Francisco;—for he lives, vile creature,

*[Exit STEPHANO.]*

To justify thy falsehood, and how often,  
With whorish flatteries, thou hast tempted him;  
I being only fit to live a stale,  
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

*Re-enter STEPHANO.*

*Steph.* Signior Francisco, sir, but even now  
Took horse without the ports.

*Marc.* We are both abused,  
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,  
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then  
I willingly obey thee.—O my Sforza!  
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;  
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant  
That you sign'd for my death.

*Sfor.* Then I believe thee;  
Believe thee innocent too.

*Marc.* But, being condemn'd,  
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,  
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,  
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:  
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,  
Before that I was guilty in a thought,  
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,  
And now—behold the issue! As I do,  
May heaven forgive you! *[Dies.]*

*Tib.* Her sweet soul has left

Her beauteous prison.

*Steph.* Look to the duke; he stands  
As if he wanted motion.

*Tib.* Grief hath stopp'd

The organ of his speech.

*Steph.* Take up this body,  
And call for his physicians.

*Sfor.* O my heart-strings!

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The MILANESE. A Room in  
EUGENIA'S HOUSE.*

*Enter FRANCISCO, and EUGENIA in male attire.*

*Fran.* Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,  
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,  
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?  
Or that I tamely would sit down, before  
I had dried these eyes still wet with showers of tears,  
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!  
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between

Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune  
Almost in thy possession, hath found,  
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,  
And an assurance of all happiness,  
But hastened her sad ruin.

*Eug.* Do not flatter  
A grief that is beneath it; for, however  
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,  
It is impossible he could be wrought  
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,  
And so to serve her.

*Fran.* Such, indeed, I grant,  
The stream of his affection was, and ran  
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice—  
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,  
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes,  
(Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the room:  
In a word, know the fair Marcellia's dead.

*Eug.* Dead!  
*Fran.* And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move  
How coldly you receive it! I expected [you?  
The mere relation of so great a blessing,  
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,  
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,  
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.  
You entertain it with a look, as if  
You wish'd it were undone.

*Eug.* Indeed I do:  
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,  
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.  
She never injured me, but entertain'd  
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,  
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.  
Unless you would impute it as a crime,  
She was more fair than I, and had discretion  
Not to deliver up her virgin fort,  
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and  
tears,

Until the church had made it safe and lawful.  
And had I been the mistress of her judgment  
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge  
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,  
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,  
Given up my fair name, and my maiden honour,  
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded  
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame  
Of all good women.

*Fran.* Have you then no gall,  
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?  
Or is it possible, that you could see  
Another to possess what was your due,  
And not grow pale with envy?

*Eug.* Yes, of him  
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that

A maid so injured ever could partake of,  
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,  
In my desire and labour of revenge,  
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes  
Of teeming women; and will hazard all  
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach  
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,  
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal  
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.  
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief  
Farewell for ever! Vengeance, arm'd with fury,  
Possess me wholly now!

*Fran.* The reason, sister,  
Of this strange metamorphosis?

*Eug.* Ask thy fears:  
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,  
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;  
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never  
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,  
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed  
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent  
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument  
Of noble resolution. In this shape  
I hope to get access; and, then, with shame,  
Hearing my sudden execution, judge  
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended  
By a weak woman.

*Fran.* Still mine own, and dearer!  
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,  
And offer your assistance where it needs not.  
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,  
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart  
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,  
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,  
I did begin his tragedy in her death,  
To which it served as prologue, and will make  
A memorable story of your fortunes  
In my assured revenge: Only, best sister,  
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,  
By your rash undertaking; we will be  
As sudden as you could wish.

*Eug.* Upon those terms  
I yield myself and cause to be disposed of  
As you think fit.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Fran.* Thy purpose?

*Serv.* There's one Graccho,  
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,  
Since you left Milan, that's importunate  
To have access, and will not be denied:  
His haste, he says, concerns you.

*Fran.* Bring him to me. [*Exit Servant.*  
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,  
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,  
And work mine own ends out.

*Enter GRACCHO.*

*Grac.* Now for my whipping!  
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,  
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter  
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. [*Aside.*

*Fran.* Now, my good Graccho!  
We meet as 'twere by miracle.

*Grac.* Love, and duty,  
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,  
First taught me to imagine you were here,  
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord,

That you could wish conceal'd. The dutchess' wound,

In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave  
To acquaint him with your practices, which your  
Did easily confirm. [fight]

*Fran.* This I expected;

But sure you come provided of good counsel,  
To help in my extremes.

*Grac.* I would not hurt you.

*Fran.* How! hurt me? such another word's thy  
death;

Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,  
To outlive what I determine?

*Grac.* How he awes me! [Aside.]

*Fran.* Be brief; what brought thee hither?

*Grac.* Care to inform you

You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,  
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats  
To him that brings it.

*Fran.* Very good.

*Grac.* All passages

Are intercepted, and cholee troops of horse  
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent  
To every state confederate with Milan;

That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,  
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,  
It is impossible you should escape  
Their curious search.

*Eug.* Why, let us then turn Romans,  
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats,  
And dreadful preparations.

*Fran.* 'Twould show nobly;

But that the honour of our full revenge  
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,  
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,  
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.  
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,  
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!  
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,  
And not to be forgotten.

*Grac.* He instructs me  
What I should do.

[Aside.]

*Fran.* What's that?

*Grac.* I labour with  
A strong desire to assist you with my service;  
And now I am deliver'd of't.

*Fran.* I told you.—

Speak, my oraculous Graccho.

*Grac.* I have heard, sir,  
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,  
In all such places where it could be thought  
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,  
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,  
Or near that prison to which they were design'd,  
If apprehended; confident that there  
They never should be sought for.

*Eug.* 'Tis a strange one!

*Fran.* But what infer you from it?

*Grac.* This, my lord;

That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,  
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,  
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,  
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.

*Fran.* And not to be discover'd?

*Grac.* But by myself.

*Fran.* By thee! Alas! I know thee honest,  
Graccho,

And I will put thy counsel into act,  
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful  
For all thy loving travail to preserve me.

What bloody end see'er my stars appoint,  
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within  
there?

*Grac.* In the devil's name, what means he!

*Enter Servants.*

*Fran.* Take my friend  
Into your custody, and bind him fast:  
I would not part with him.

*Grac.* My good lord.

*Fran.* Dispatch:

'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho:  
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,  
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,  
To play the traitor; nor a foolish itch  
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping,  
Give you the opportunity to offer  
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool!  
I can look through and through thee! thy intents  
Appear to me as written in thy forehead,  
In plain and easy characters: and but that  
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword  
That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,  
Thou now wert dead; but live, only to pray  
For good success to crown my undertakings;  
And then, at my return, perhaps, I'll free thee,  
To make me further sport. Away with him!  
I will not hear a syllable.

[Exeunt Servants with GRACCHO.]

We must trust

Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of  
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,  
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—  
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,  
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,  
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, and STEPHANO.*

*Pesc.* The like was never read of.

*Steph.* In my judgment,  
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear  
A most impossible fable.

*Tib.* For Francisco,

My wonder is the less, because there are  
Too many precedents of unthankful men  
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied  
The ruin of their makers.

*Steph.* But that melancholy,  
Though ending in distraction, should work  
So far upon a man, as to compel him  
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,  
Is unto me a miracle.

*Pesc.* 'Troth, I'll tell you,  
And briefly as I can, by what degrees  
He fell into this madness. When, by the care  
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,  
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,  
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,  
He call'd for fair Marcellia, and being told  
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,  
(I would not say blasphem'd,) and cried that  
heaven,

For all the offences that mankind could do,  
Would never be so cruel as to rob it  
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness;  
That not alone was sacred in herself,  
But did preserve all others innocent,

That had but converse with her. Then it came  
Into his fancy that she was accused  
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd  
them,

And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword  
T'have kill'd them both; but he restrain'd, and  
they

Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention  
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself;  
When wisely his physicians, looking on  
The Dutcheas' wound, to stay his ready hand,  
Cried out, it was not mortal.

*Tib.* 'Twas well thought on.

*Pesc.* He easily believing what he wish'd,  
More than a perpetuity of pleasure  
In any object else; flatter'd by hope,  
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate  
At the doctors' feet, implored their aid, and swore,  
Provided they recover'd her, he would live  
A private man, and they should share his duke.  
They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour [dom.  
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit  
To suffer intermission or extremes:  
For his behaviour since—

*Sfor.* [within.] As you have pity,  
Support her gently.

*Pesc.* Now, be your own witnesses;  
I am prevented.

*Enter SPORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, DOCTORS, and Servants  
with the body of MARCELLA.*

*Sfor.* Carefully, I beseech you,  
The gentlest touch torments her; and then think  
What I shall suffer. O you earthly gods,  
You second natures, that from your great master,  
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,  
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,  
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore  
To life death-wounded men! you have a patient,  
On whom to express the excellence of art,  
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it  
pleases

To make your hands the organs of a work  
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels  
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.  
How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,  
That I presume (dyed o'er with bloody guilt,  
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)  
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is!  
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still  
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too!  
Yet in this temper, she is all perfection,  
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,  
The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,  
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.

*Mari.* Is not this strange?

*Isab.* Oh! cross him not, dear daughter;  
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,  
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him  
Are guilty of a fact—

*Enter a Servant, and whispers PESCARA.*

*Mari.* 'Tis now past help.

*Pesc.* With me? What is he?

*Serv.* He has a strange aspect;

A Jew by birth, and a physician  
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing  
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of  
His life will undertake to render him  
Perfect in every part:—provided that  
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,

And your power with the duke a safe protection,  
Till the great work be ended.

*Pesc.* Bring me to him;  
As I find cause I'll do. [Exit PESC. and SERV.]

*Sfor.* How sound she sleeps!  
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!—How long  
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)  
Does your sure judgment tell you that these lids,  
That cover richer jewels than themselves,  
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns  
From shining on me?

*1 Doct.* We have given her, sir,  
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,  
That she may be less sensible of the torment  
The searching of her wound will put her to.

*2 Doct.* She now feels little; but if we should  
wake her,

To hear her speak would fright both us and you,  
And therefore dare not hasten it.

*Sfor.* I am patient.

You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.  
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,  
Although her body's organs are bound fast,  
Her fancy cannot slumber.

*1 Doct.* That, sir, looks on  
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity  
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares  
To meet the free confession of your guilt  
With a glad pardon.

*Sfor.* She was ever kind;  
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived  
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,  
That can convey our thoughts to one another  
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me!  
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream [Kneels.  
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty  
In me is not sufficient; let her see me  
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,  
And this my sister, partner of my being,  
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us  
In my acknowledgment freely confess  
That we in a degree as high are guilty  
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile  
creatures,

And let your inward horror fright your souls,  
For having belied that pureness, to come near  
All women that posterity can bring forth (which,  
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals,  
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,  
In wounding her, to raise a temple built  
To chastity and sweetness, let her know  
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,  
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.  
Then, for this cursed hand and arm that guided  
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,  
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,  
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;  
Lastly—

*1 Doct.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb  
Her sweet repose.

*Sfor.* I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,  
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent down-  
wards,

Unworthy, and ashamed, to look upon her,  
To expect her gracious sentence.

*2 Doct.* He's past hope.

*1 Doct.* The body too will purify, and then  
We can no longer cover the imposture.

*Tib.* Which, in his death, will quickly be dis-  
I can but weep his fortune. [cover'd.]



*Steph.* Yet be careful  
You lose no minute to preserve him; time  
May lessen his distraction.

*Re-enter PESCARA, with FRANCISCO, as a Jew doctor, and  
EUGENIA disguised as before.*

*Fran.* I am no god, sir,  
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard  
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t'appear  
To him as it had got a second being,  
Or that the soul that's fled from't, were call'd  
back

To govern it again. I will preserve it  
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,  
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create  
A seeming breath; I'll make her veins run high  
too,

As if they had true motion.

*Pesc.* Do but this,  
Till we use means to win upon his passions  
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small  
patience,

And make thy own reward.

*Fran.* The art I use  
Admits no looker on: I only ask  
The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that  
I boldly undertake.

*Pesc.* I will procure it.

*2 Doct.* What stranger's this?

*Pesc.* Sooth me in all I say;  
There's a main end in it.

*Fran.* Beware!

*Eug.* I am warn'd.

*Pesc.* Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me  
Flows strongly to you.

*Sfor.* From whence came that sound?  
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were, [*Rises.*]  
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.

*Pesc.* Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd  
But a few minutes. Your physicians are  
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found  
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder  
The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire  
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him  
To work this miracle.

*Sfor.* Sure, 'tis my good angel.  
I do obey in all things: be it death  
For any to disturb him, or come near,  
Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous,  
And make a duke thy bondman!

[*Exeunt all but FRANCISCO and EUGENIA.*]

*Fran.* 'Tis my purpose;  
If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice  
To my revenge can be a benefit.

I'll first make fast the doors;—so!

*Eug.* You amaze me:

What follows now?

*Fran.* A full conclusion  
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,  
Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth  
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,  
And art with nature studied to preserve her,)  
Must be, when she is summon'd to appear  
In the court of Death. But I lose time.

*Eug.* What mean you?

*Fran.* Disturb me not.—Your ladyship looks  
pale;

But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.—

See, my Eugenia, how many faces,  
That are adored in court, borrow these helps,

[*Paints the cheeks.*]

And pass for excellence, when the better part  
Of them are like to this.—Your mouth smells sour  
But here is that shall take away the scent; [too,  
A precious antidote old ladies use,  
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are  
rotten. [*Paints the lips*]

These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch  
From any lip, whose owner writ not lord,  
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I  
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,  
To give them seeming beauty. [*Paints the hands.*]  
—So! 'tis done.

How do you like my workmanship?

*Eug.* I tremble:

And thus to tyrannize upon the dead,  
Is most inhuman.

*Fran.* Come we for revenge,  
And can we think on pity! Now to the upshot,  
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the duke!  
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change  
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

*Re-enter SFORZA and the rest.*

*Sfor.* I live again

In my full confidence that Marcelia may  
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?

*Fran.* No:

You must not look for all your joys at once;  
That will ask longer time.

*Pesc.* 'Tis wondrous strange!

*Sfor.* By all the dues of love I have had from  
her,

This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.  
These lips invite too: I could ever feed  
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour  
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,  
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,  
Preserved them in their beauty.

*Enter GRACCHO hastily.*

*Grac.* Treason, treason!

*Tib.* Call up the guard.

*Fran.* Graccho! then we are lost. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Guard.*

*Grac.* I am got off, sir Jew; a bribe hath done  
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise [it,  
Can keep you from my knowledge.

*Sfor.* Speak.

*Grac.* I am out of breath,

But this is—

*Fran.* Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.

*All.* Monster of men!

*Fran.* Give me all attributes  
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory  
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco;  
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made  
The minion of the time; the same Francisco,  
That would have whored this trunk when it had  
And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee, [life;  
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues  
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:  
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,  
Which was—to kill an innocent.

*Sfor.* Call forth the tortures  
For all that flesh can feel.

*Fran.* I dare the worst.  
Only, to yield some reason to the world  
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,  
Made old by thy base falsehood: 'tis Eugenia.

*Sfor.* Eugenia!

*Fran.* Does it start you, sir? my sister,  
Seduced and fool'd by thee: but thou must pay  
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work  
yet!—

Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,  
Thou art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee  
poison

In this cup, now observe me, which, thy lust  
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget  
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.

*Pesc.* O damn'd villain!

*Isab.* How do you, sir?

*Sfor.* Like one

That learns to know in death what punishment  
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh! now I feel  
An *Ætna* in my entrails.—I have lived  
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.  
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,  
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture  
That witty cruelty can invent.

*Pesc.* Away with him!

*Tib.* In all things we will serve you.

*Fran.* Farewell, sister!

Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:  
I leave the world with glory. They are men,  
And leave behind them name and memory,  
That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they die

[*Exeunt Guard with FRANCESCO.*]

*Steph.* A desperate wretch!

*Sfor.* I come: Death! I obey thee.  
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!  
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,  
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her  
To some religious house, there let her spend  
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,  
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer  
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcella,  
And let our epitaph be—

[*Dies.*]

*Tib.* His speech is stopt'd.

*Steph.* Already dead!

*Pesc.* It is in vain to labour  
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,  
And then determine of the state affairs:  
And learn, from this example, There's no trust  
In a foundation that is built on lust.

[*Exeunt*]

# THE BONDMAN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD  
 PHILIP EARL OF MONTGOMERY,  
 KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it; leaving his to be ever most glad and ready, to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your lordship's most noble father. The consideration of this encouraged me (having no other means to present my humblest service to your honour) to shroud this trifle under the wings of your noble protection; and I hope, out of the clemency of your heroic disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious pardon. When it was first acted, your lordship's liberal suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it having received the undoubted stamp of your lordship's allowance: and if in the perusal of any vacant hour, when your honour's more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answer, in your lordship's judgment, the report and opinion it had upon the stage, I shall esteem my labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue

The humblest of those that truly honour your lordship,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMOLEON, *the General, of Corinth.*  
 ARCHIDAMUS, *Prætor of Syracusa.*  
 DIPHILUS, *a Senator of Syracusa.*  
 CLEON, *a fat impotent Lord.*  
 MARULLO, *the BONDMAN (i. e. PISANDER, a Gentleman of Thebes; disguised as a Slave).*  
 POLIPHIRON, *Friend to MARULLO; also disguised as a Slave.*  
 LEOSTHENES, *a Gentleman of Syracusa, enamoured of CLEORA.*  
 ASOTUS, *a foolish Lover, and the Son of CLEON.*  
 TIMAGORAS, *the Son of ARCHIDAMUS.*

GRACULO, } *Slaves.*  
 CIMBRI, }  
 A Gaoler.

CLEORA, *Daughter of ARCHIDAMUS.*  
 CORISCA, *a proud wanton Lady, Wife to CLEON.*  
 OLYMPIA, *a rich Widow.*  
 TIMANDRA, *Slave to CLEORA (i. e. STATILIA, Sister to PISANDER).*  
 ZANTHIA, *Slave to CORISCA.*  
*Other Slaves, Soldiers, Officers, Senators.*

SCENE,—SYRACUSE, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of TIMOLEON, near SYRACUSE.*

*Enter TIMAGORAS and LEOSTHENES.*

*Timag.* Why should you droop, Leosthenes, or despair

My sister's favour? What, before, you purchased  
 By courtship and fair language, in these wars  
 (For from her soul you know she loves a soldier)  
 You may deserve by action.

*Leost.* Good Timagoras,

When I have said my friend, think all is spoken  
 That may assure me yours; and pray you believe,  
 The dreadful voice of war that shakes the city,  
 The thundering threats of Carthage, nor their army

Raised to make good those threats, affright not  
 If fair Cleora were confirmed his prize, [me.—  
 That has the strongest arm and sharpest sword,  
 I'd court Bellona in her horrid trim,  
 As if she were a mistress; and bless fortune,  
 That offers my young valour to the proof,  
 How much I dare do for your sister's love.  
 But, when that I consider how averse  
 Your noble father, great Archidamus,  
 Is, and hath ever been, to my desires,  
 Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear,  
 What seeds soever I sow in these wars  
 Of noble courage, his determinate will  
 May blast, and give my harvest to another,  
 That never toil'd for it.

*Timag.* Prithee, do not nourish  
These jealous thoughts; I am thine, (and pardon  
Though I repeat it,) thy *Timagoras*, [me,  
That, for thy sake, when the bold Theban sued,  
Far-famed *Pisander*, for my sister's love,  
Sent him disgraced and discontented home.  
I wrought my father then; and I, that stopp'd not  
In the career of my affection to thee,  
When that renowned worthy, that, brought with  
him

High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd advocates  
To mediate for him; never will consent  
A fool, that only has the shape of man,  
*Amotus*, though he be rich *Cleon's* heir,  
Shall bear her from thee.

*Leost.* In that trust I love.

*Timag.* Which never shall deceive you.

*Enter MARULLO.*

*Mar.* Sir, the general,  
*Timoleon*, by his trumpets hath given warning  
For a remove.

*Timag.* 'Tis well; provide my horse.

*Mar.* I shall, sir. [Exit.

*Leost.* This slave has a strange aspect.

*Timag.* Fit for his fortune; 'tis a strong-limb'd  
knave:

My father bought him for my sister's litter.  
O pride of women! Coaches are too common—  
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,  
And ladies think they keep not state enough,  
If, for their pomp and ease, they are not born  
In triumph on men's shoulders.

*Leost.* Who commands  
The Carthaginian fleet?

*Timag.* *Gisco's* their admiral,  
And 'tis our happiness; a raw young fellow,  
One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd  
To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance;  
Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,  
And wear it as a favour. A steel helmet,  
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack  
His woman's neck.

*Leost.* No more of him.—The motives,  
That *Corinth* gives us aid?

*Timag.* The common danger;  
For *Sicily* being afire, she is not safe:  
It being apparent that ambitious *Carthage*,  
That, to enlarge her empire, strives to fasten  
An unjust gripe on us that live free lords  
Of *Syracusa*, will not end, till *Greece*  
Acknowledge her their sovereign.

*Leost.* I am satisfied.

What think you of our general?

*Timag.* He's a man [Trumpets within.  
Of strange and reserved parts; but a great soldier.  
His trumpets call us, I'll forbear his character:  
To-morrow, in the senate-house, at large  
He will express himself.

*Leost.* I'll follow you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—SYRACUSE. A Room in *CLEON'S*  
House.

*Enter CLEON, CORISCA, and GRACULO.*

*Coris.* Nay, good chuck.

*Cleon.* I've said it; stay at home:  
I cannot brook your gadding; you're a fair one,  
Beauty invites temptations, and short heels  
Are soon tripp'd up.

*Coris.* Deny me! by my honour,  
You take no pity on me. I shall swoon  
As soon as you are absent; ask my man else,  
You know he dares not tell a lie.

*Grac.* Indeed,  
You are no sooner out of sight, but she  
Does feel strange qualms; then sends for her  
young doctor,

Who ministers physic to her on her back,  
Her ladyship lying as she were entranced:  
(I've peep'd in at the keyhole, and observed them:)  
And sure his potions never fail to work,  
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,  
She tickles again.

*Coris.* And all's to make you merry,  
When you come home.

*Cleon.* You flatter me; I am old,  
And wisdom cries, Beware!

*Coris.* Old! duck. To me  
You are a young *Adonis*.

*Grac.* Well said, *Venus*!  
I am sure she *Vulcans* him. [Aside.

*Coris.* I will not change thee  
For twenty boisterous young things without beards.  
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,  
And such a sweet dew flows on them, it cures  
My lips without pomatum. Here's a round belly!  
'Tis a down pillow to my back; I sleep  
So quietly by it: and this tunable nose,  
Faith, when you hear it not, affords such music,  
That I curse all night-fiddlers.

*Grac.* This is *gras*.  
Not finds she flouts him! [Aside.

*Coris.* As I live, I am jealous.

*Cleon.* Jealous of me, wife?

*Coris.* Yes; and I have reason;  
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.

*Cleon.* Hum, hum!  
*Grac.* This is no cunning quean! 'alight, she  
will make him

To think that, like a stag, he has cast his horns,  
And is grown young again. [Aside.

*Coris.* You have forgot  
What you did in your sleep, and, when you waked,  
Call'd for a candle.

*Grac.* It was in his sleep;  
For, waking, I durst trust my mother with him.

*Coris.* I long to see the man of war: *Cleora*,  
*Archidamus'* daughter, goes, and rich *Olympia*;  
I will not miss the show.

*Cleon.* There's no contending:  
For this time I am pleased, but I'll no more on't.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. The Senate-house.

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, CORISCA,  
CLEORA, and ZANTHIA.*

*Archid.* So careless we have been, my noble lords,  
In the disposing of our own affairs,  
And ignorant in the art of government,  
That now we need a stranger to instruct us.  
Yet we are happy that our neighbour *Corinth*,  
Pitying the unjust gripe *Carthage* would lay  
On *Syracusa*, hath vouchsafed to lend us  
Her man of men, *Timoleon*, to defend  
Our country and our liberties.

*Diph.* 'Tis a favour

We are unworthy of, and we may blush  
Necessity compels us to receive it.

*Archid.* O shame! that we, that are a populous  
nation,

Engaged to liberal nature, for all blessings  
An island can bring forth; we, that have limbs,  
And able bodies; shipping, arms, and treasure,  
The sinews of the war, now we are call'd  
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce  
One fit to be our general.

*Cleon.* I am old and fat;  
I could say something, else.

*Archid.* We must obey  
The time and our occasions; ruinous buildings,  
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,  
Must use supporters: we are circled round  
With danger; o'er our heads, with sail-stretch'd  
wings,

Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief  
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us  
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,  
Roused up by brave Timoleon.

*Cleon.* When arrives he?

*Diph.* He is expected every hour.

*Archid.* The braveries

Of Syracuse, among whom my son,  
Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,  
Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon, two days since  
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to  
The city; every minute we expect  
To be bless'd with his presence.

[*Shouts within; then a flourish of trumpets.*]

*Cleon.* What shout's this?

*Diph.* 'Tis seconded with loud music.

*Archid.* Which confirms

His wish'd-for entrance. Let us entertain him  
With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,  
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us  
From slavery and oppression.

*Cleon.* I'll lock up

My doors, and guard my gold: these lads of  
Corinth

Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,  
Being within our walls, than those of Carthage;  
They are far off.

*Archid.* And, ladies, be it your care

To welcome him and his followers with all duty:  
For rest resolved, their hands and swords must  
keep you

In that full height of happiness you live;

A dreadful change else follows.

[*Exit ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, and DIPHILUS.*]

*Olymp.* We are instructed.

*Coris.* I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,  
With any she in Corinth.

*Olymp.* Were he a courtier,  
I've sweatmeat in my closet shall content him,  
Be his palate ne'er so curious.

*Coris.* And, if need be,

I have a couch and a banqueting-house in my  
orchard,

Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd  
To spend an afternoon.

*Olymp.* These men of war,

As I have heard, know not to court a lady.  
They cannot praise our dressings, kiss our hands,  
Usher us to our litters, tell love-stories,  
Commend our feet and legs, and so search up-  
wards;

A sweet becoming boldness! they are rough,

Boisterous, and saucy, and at the first sight  
Ruffle and touse us, and, as they find their stomachs,  
Fall roundly to it.

*Coris.* 'Troth, I like them the better:

I can't endure to have a perfumed sir  
Stand cringing in the hams, licking his lips  
Like a spaniel over a fermenty-pot, and yet  
Has not the boldness to come on, or offer  
What they know we expect.

*Olymp.* We may commend

A gentleman's modesty, manners, and fine lan-  
guage,

His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,  
The wearing of his clothes, his fair complexion;  
Take presents from him, and extol his bounty:  
Yet, though he observe, and waste his estate upon  
If he be staunch, and bid not for the stock [us  
That we were born to traffic with; the truth is,  
We care not for his company.

*Coris.* Musing, Cleora?

*Olymp.* She's studying how to entertain these  
And to engross them to herself. [strangers,

*Cleo.* No, surely;

I will not cheapen any of their wares,  
Till you have made your market; you will buy,  
I know, at any rate.

*Coris.* She has given it you.

*Olymp.* No more; they come: the first kiss for  
this jewel.

*Flourish of trumpets.* Enter TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES,  
ASOTUS, TIMOLEON in black, led in by ARCHIDAMUS,  
DIPHILUS, and CLEON; followed by MARULLO, GRAC-  
CULO, CLEBRIO, and other Slaves.

*Archid.* It is your seat: which, with a general  
suffrage, [Offering TIMOLEON the state.

As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders,  
And prays Timoleon to accept.

*Timol.* Such honours

To one ambitious of rule or titles,  
Whose heaven on earth is placed in his command,  
And absolute power o'er others, would with joy,  
And veins swollen high with pride, be entertain'd.  
They take not me; for I have ever loved  
An equal freedom, and proclaim'd all such  
As would usurp on others' liberties,  
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings  
All men lay claim as true legitimate sons:  
But such as have made forfeit of themselves  
By vicious courses, and their birthright lost  
'Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves,  
To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know  
Honours and great employments are great bur-  
thens,

And must require an Atlas to support them.  
He that would govern others, first should be  
The master of himself, richly endued  
With depth of understanding, height of courage,  
And those remarkable graces which I dare not  
Ascribe unto myself.

*Archid.* Sir, empty men

Are trumpets of their own deserts; but you,  
That are not in opinion, but in proof,  
Really good, and full of glorious parts,  
Leave the report of what you are to fame;  
Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,  
Aloud proclaims you.

*Diph.* Besides, you stand bound,  
Having so large a field to exercise  
Your active virtues offer'd you, to impart  
Your strength to such as need it.

*Timol.* 'Tis confess'd :

And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,  
For you, and for the liberty of Greece,  
I am most ready to lay down my life :  
But yet consider, men of Syracuse,  
Before that you deliver up the power,  
Which yet is yours, to me,—to whom 'tis given ;  
To an impartial man, with whom nor threats,  
Nor prayers, shall prevail ; for I must steer  
An even course.

*Archid.* Which is desired of all.

*Timol.* Timophanes, my brother, for whose  
death

I am tainted in the world, and foully tainted ;  
In whose remembrance I have ever worn,  
In peace and war, this livery of sorrow,  
Can witness for me how much I detest  
Tyrannous usurpation. With grief,  
I must remember it ; for, when no persuasion  
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,  
To change the aristocracy of Corinth  
Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather  
To prove a pious and obedient son  
To my country, my best mother, than to lend  
Assistance to Timophanes, though my brother,  
That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot  
Upon the city's freedom.

*Timag.* 'Twas a deed

Deserving rather trophies than reproof.

*Leost.* And will be still remember'd to your  
If you forsake not us. [honour,

*Diph.* If you free Sicily

From barbarous Carthage's yoke, it will be said,  
In him you slew a tyrant.

*Archid.* But, giving way

To her invasion, not vouchsafing us  
That fly to your protection, aid and comfort,  
'Twill be believed, that, for your private ends,  
You kill'd a brother.

*Timol.* As I then proceed,

To all posterity may that act be crown'd  
With a deserved applause, or branded with  
The mark of infamy !—Stay yet ; ere I take  
This seat of justice, or engage myself  
To fight for you abroad, or to reform  
Your state at home, swear all upon my sword,  
And call the gods of Sicily to witness  
The oath you take, that whatsoe'er I shall  
Propound for safety of your commonwealth,  
Not circumscrib'd or bound in, shall by you  
Be willingly obey'd.

*Archid.* *Diph.* *Cleon.* So may we prosper,  
As we obey in all things !

*Timag.* *Leost.* *Asot.* And observe

All your commands as oracles !

*Timol.* Do not repent it. [Takes the state.

*Olymp.* He ask'd not our consent.

*Coris.* He's a clown, I warrant him.

*Olymp.* I offer'd myself twice, and yet the churl  
Would not salute me.

*Coris.* Let him kiss his drum !

I'll save my lips, I rest on it.

*Olymp.* He thinks women

No part of the republic.

*Coris.* He shall find

We are a commonwealth.

*Cleo.* The less your honour.

*Timol.* First, then, a word or two, but without  
bitterness,

(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer,)

Concerning your ill government of the state ;  
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,  
Stand, in the first file, guilty.

*Cleon.* Ha ! how's this ?

*Timol.* You have not, as good patriots should  
do, studied

The public good, but your particular ends ;  
Factions among yourselves, preferring such  
To offices and honours, as ne'er read  
The elements of saving policy ;  
But deeply skill'd in all the principles  
That usher to destruction.

*Leost.* Sharp !

*Timag.* The better.

*Timol.* Your senate-house, which used not to  
A man, however popular, to stand [admit  
At the helm of government, whose youth was not  
Made glorious by action ; whose experience,  
Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant to his  
counsels,

Heard and received with reverence, is now fill'd  
With green heads, that determine of the state  
Over their cups, or when their sated lusts  
Afford them leisure ; or supplied by those  
Who, rising from base arts and sordid thrift,  
Are eminent for their wealth, not for their wisdom :  
Which is the reason that to hold a place  
In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,  
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost  
Lustre and reputation, and is made  
A mercenary purchase.

*Timag.* He speaks home.

*Leost.* And to the purpose.

*Timol.* From whence it proceeds,

That the treasure of the city is engross'd  
By a few private men, the public coffers  
Hollow with want ; and they, that will not spare  
One talent for the common good, to feed  
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume,  
In plate, and jewels, and superfluous slaves,  
What would maintain an army.

*Coris.* Have at us !

*Olymp.* We thought we were forgot.

*Cleo.* But it appears,

You will be treated of.

*Timol.* Yet, in this plenty,

And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were  
train'd

In martial discipline ; and your ships unrigg'd,  
Rot in the harbour : no defence prepared,  
But thought unuseful ; as if that the gods,  
Indulgent to your sloth, hath granted you  
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,  
No change fear'd or expected. Now you find  
That Carthage, looking on your stupid sleeps,  
And dull security, was invited to  
Invade your territories.

*Archid.* You have made us see, sir,  
To our shame, the country's sickness : now, from  
As from a careful and a wise physician, [you  
We do expect the cure.

*Timol.* Old fester'd sores  
Must be lanced to the quick, and cauterized ;  
Which born with patience, after I'll apply  
Soft unguents. For the maintenance of the war,  
It is decreed all monies in the hand  
Of private men, shall instantly be brought  
To the public treasury.

*Timag.* This bites sore.

*Cleon.* The cure

Is worse than the disease; I'll never yield to't:  
What could the enemy, though victorious,  
Inflict more on us? All that my youth hath toil'd  
for,

Purchased with industry, and preserved with care,  
Forced from me in a moment!

*Diph.* This rough course  
Will never be allow'd of.

*Timol.* O blind men!

If you refuse the first means that is offer'd  
To give you health, no hope's left to recover  
Your desperate sickness. Do you prize your muck  
Above your liberties; and rather choose  
To be made bondmen, than to part with that  
To which already you are slaves? Or can it  
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,  
You can capitulate with the conquerors,  
And keep that yours which they come to possess,  
And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?  
—But take your own ways; brood upon your gold.  
Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve

The prey entire, and merit the report  
Of careful stewards: yield a just account  
To your proud masters, who, with whips of iron,  
Will force you to give up what you conceal,  
Or tear it from your throats: adorn your walls  
With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl;  
Cover the floors, on which they are to tread,  
With costly Median silks? perfume the rooms  
With cassia and amber, where they are  
To feast and revel; while, like servile grooms,  
You wait upon their trenchers: feed their eyes  
With massy plate, until your cupboards crack  
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your  
And daughters in as many varied shapes [wives  
As there are nations, to provoke their lusts,  
And let them be embraced before your eyes,  
The object may content you! and, to perfect  
Their entertainment, offer up your sons,  
And able men, for slaves; while you, that are  
Unfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve,  
Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,  
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,  
In the remembrance of what once you were.

*Leost.* The blood turns.

*Timag.* Observe how old Cleon shakes,  
As if in picture he had shewn him what  
He was to suffer.

*Coris.* I am sick; the man  
Speaks poniards and diseases.

*Olymp.* O my doctor!  
I never shall recover.

*Cleo.* [Coming forward.] If a virgin,  
Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with fear;  
One knowing modesty and humble silence  
To be the choicest ornaments of our sex,  
In the presence of so many reverend men  
Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,  
Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,  
Let her find pardon. First to you, great sir,  
A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers  
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to hea-  
For all prosperity that the gods can give [ven,  
To one whose piety must exact their care,  
Thus low I offer.

*Timol.* 'Tis a happy omen.  
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly. On my virtue,  
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring  
Sweet rivers ever flow.

*Cleo.* Then, thus to you,

My noble father, and these lords, to whom  
I next owe duty: no respect forgotten  
To you, my brother, and these bold young men,  
(Such I would have them,) that are, or should be,  
The city's sword and target of defence.  
To all of you I speak; and, if a blush  
Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove  
Your paleness, willingly I would not say,  
Your cowardice or fear: Think you all treasure  
Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwreck'd  
In Neptune's wat'ry kingdom, can hold weight,  
When liberty and honour fill one scale,  
Triumphant Justice sitting on the beam?  
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is  
Too dear a salary for such as hazard  
Their blood and lives in your defence? For me,  
An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven! so far  
I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay,  
With such devotion as our flames offer  
Their sacrifices at the holy altar,  
I do lay down these jewels, will make sale  
Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply  
The meanest of their wants.

[Lays down her jewels, &c.; the rest follow her example.]

*Timol.* Brave masculine spirit!  
*Diph.* We are shown, to our shame, what we in  
Should have taught others. [honour

*Archid.* Such a fair example  
Must needs be follow'd.

*Timag.* Ever my dear sister,  
But now our family's glory!

*Leost.* Were she deform'd,  
The virtues of her mind would force a stoic  
To sue to be her servant.

*Cleon.* I must yield;  
And though my heart-blood part with it, I will  
Deliver in my wealth.

*Asot.* I would say something;  
But, the truth is, I know not what.

*Timol.* We have money;  
And men must now be thought on.

*Archid.* We can press  
Of labourers in the country, men inured  
To cold and heat, ten thousand.

*Diph.* Or, if need be,  
Enrol our slaves, lusty and able varlets,  
And fit for service.

*Cleon.* They shall go for me;  
I will not pay and fight too.

*Cleo.* How! your slaves?  
O stain of honour!—Once more, sir, your  
pardon;

And, to their shames, let me deliver what  
I know in justice you may speak.

*Timol.* Most gladly:  
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ  
Than your tongue, to express them.

*Cleo.* Are you men!  
(For age may qualify, though not excuse,  
The backwardness of these,) able young men!  
Yet, now your country's liberty's at the stake,  
Honour and glorious triumph made the garland  
For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast  
Prepared by victory, of immortal viands,  
Not for base men, but such as with their swords  
Dare force admittance, and will be her guests:  
And can you coldly suffer such rewards  
To be proposed to labourers and slaves?  
While you, that are born noble, to whom these,  
Valued at their best rate, are next to horses,

Or other beasts of carriage, cry aim !  
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth  
Make them become your masters !

*Timol.* By my hopes,  
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make  
Thersites valiant.

*Cleo.* No ; far, far be it from you ;  
Let these of meaner quality contend  
Who can endure most labour ; plough the earth,  
And think they are rewarded when their sweat  
Brings home a fruitful harvest to their lords ;  
Let them prove good artificers, and serve you  
For use and ornament, but not presume  
To touch at what is noble. If you think them  
Unworthy to taste of those cates you feed on,  
Or wear such costly garments, will you grant them  
The privilege and prerogative of great minds,  
Which you were born to ? Honour won in war,  
And to be styled preservers of their country  
Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,  
And not for bondmen : had I been born a man,  
And such ne'er-dying glories made the prize  
To bold heroic courage, by Diana,  
I would not to my brother, nay, my father,  
Be bribed to part with the least piece of honour  
I should gain in this action !

*Timol.* She's inspired,  
Or in her speaks the genius of your country,  
To fire your blood in her defence : I am rapt  
With the imagination. Noble maid,  
Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat  
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home  
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear  
Your colours, lady ; and though youthful heats,  
That look no further than your outward form,  
Are long since buried in me ; while I live,  
I am a constant lover of your mind,  
That does transcend all precedents.

*Cleo.* 'Tis an honour, *[Gives her scarf.]*  
And so I do receive it.

*Coris.* Plague upon it !  
She has got the start of us : I could even burst  
With envy at her fortune.

*Olymp.* A raw young thing !  
We have too much tongue sometimes, our husbands  
say,—

And she out-strip us !

*Leost.* I am for the journey.

*Timag.* May all diseases sloth and litchery bring,  
Fall upon him that stays at home !

*Archid.* Though old,

I will be there in person.

*Diph.* So will I :

Methinks I am not what I was ; her words  
Have made me younger, by a score of years,  
Than I was when I came hither.

*Cleon.* I am still

Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy ; I shall never  
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire  
To be excused at home.

*Asot.* 'Tis my suit too :

I am a gristle, and these spider fingers  
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone  
To rule the slaves at home : I can so yerk them—  
But in my conscience I shall never prove  
Good justice in the war.

*Timol.* Have your desires ;

You would be burthens to us, no way aids.—  
Lead, fairest, to the temple ; first we'll pay  
A sacrifice to the gods for good success :  
For all great actions the wish'd course do run,  
That are, with their allowance, well begun.

*[Exeunt all but MAR. GRAC. and CIMB.]*

*Mar.* Stay, Cimbrio and Gracculo.

*Cimb.* The business ?

*Mar.* Meet me to-morrow night near to the  
Neighbouring the east part of the city. *[grove.]*

*Grac.* Well.

*Mar.* And bring the rest of our condition with  
you :

I've something to impart may break our fetters,  
If you dare second me.

*Cimb.* We'll not fail.

*Grac.* A cart-rope

Shall not bind me at home.

*Mar.* Think on't, and prosper. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.*

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS, TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, with gorgets ;  
and MARULLO*

*Archid.* So, so, 'tis well : how do I look ?

*Mar.* Most sprightly.

*Archid.* I shrink not in the shoulders ; though  
I'm old

I'm tough, steel to the back ; I have not wasted  
My stock of strength in feather-beds : here's an  
arm too ;

There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword  
As well as any beardless boy of you all.

*Timag.* I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared  
To endure the travail of the war.

*Archid.* Go to, sirrah !

I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins,  
For all your flaunting feathers ; nay, Leosthenes,  
You are welcome too, all friends and fellows now.

*Leost.* Your servant, sir.

*Archid.* Fish ! leave these compliments,  
They stink in a soldier's mouth ; I could be merry,  
For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity !  
And must be bold to put a question to you,  
Without offence I hope.

*Leost.* Sir, what you please.

*Archid.* And you will answer truly ?

*Timag.* On our words, sir.

*Archid.* Go too, then : I presume you will confess  
That you are two notorious whoremasters—

Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself,  
A smack or so for physic does no harm ;

Nay, it is physic, if used moderately :

But to lie at rack and manger—

*Leost.* Say we grant this,

For if we should deny't, you'll not believe us,  
What will you infer upon it ?

*Archid.* What you'll groan for,

I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories  
tell us,

There's a month call'd October, which brings in



Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,  
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,  
In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too,

Named *iyng perdue*, do you mark me? 'tis a game  
Which you must learn to play at: now in these seasons,

And choice variety of exercises,  
(Nay, I come to you,) and fasts, not for devotion,  
Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations;  
And, in a frosty morning, looks as if  
He could with ease creep into a pottle-pot,  
Instead of his mistress' placket. Then he curses  
The time he spent in midnight visitations;  
And finds what he superfluously parted with,  
To be reported good at length, and well breath'd,  
If but retrieved into his back again,  
Would keep him warmer than a scarlet waistcoat,

*Enter DIPHILUS and CLEORA.*

Or an armour lined with fur—O welcome!  
welcome!

You have cut off my discourse; but I will perfect  
My lecture in the camp.

*Diph.* Come, we are stay'd for;  
The general's afire for a remove,  
And longs to be in action.

*Archid.* 'Tis my wish too.  
We must part—nay, no tears, my best Cleora;  
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.  
Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine  
I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look

[*To MARULLO.*]

You with that care and reverence observe her,  
Which you would pay to me.—A kiss; farewell,  
*Diph.* Peace wait upon you, fair one! [girl!]

[*Exit ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, and MARULLO.*]

*Timag.* 'Twere impertinence  
To wish you to be careful of your honour,  
That ever keep in pay a guard about you  
Of faithful virtues: farewell!—Friend, I leave you  
To wipe our kisses off; I know that lovers  
Part with more circumstance and ceremony:  
Which I give way to. [Exit.]

*Leost.* 'Tis a noble favour,  
For which I ever owe you. We are alone;  
But how I should begin, or in what language  
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,  
I am yet to learn.

*Cleo.* And still continue ignorant;  
For I must be most cruel to myself,  
If I should teach you.

*Leost.* Yet it must be spoken,  
Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired  
me

With the heat of noble action to deserve you;  
And the least spark of honour that took life  
From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and  
cherish'd,

Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I  
Am much unworthy.

*Cleo.* May it not burn here,  
And, as a seamark, serve to guide true lovers,  
Toss'd on the ocean of luxurious wishes,  
Safe from the rocks of lust into the harbour  
Of pure affection! rising up an example  
Which aftertimes shall witness, to our glory,  
First took from us beginning.

*Leost.* 'Tis a happiness

My duty to my country, and mine honour  
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,  
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion,  
And strength of reason, for the general good,  
That I should go.

*Cleo.* Alas! I then was witty  
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fix'd  
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended  
To look into the vale of certain dangers,  
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.

*Leost.* I'll stay at home, then.

*Cleo.* No, that must not be;  
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain  
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of  
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,  
Or Virtue's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune.  
How is my soul divided! To confirm you  
In the opinion of the world, most worthy  
To be beloved, (with me you're at the height,  
And can advance no further,) I must send you  
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if  
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,  
But grow enamour'd of you.

*Leost.* Sweet, take comfort!

And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me  
Or I am wretched. All the dangers that  
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;  
My enemies abroad to be contemn'd:  
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,  
I leave at home with you.

*Cleo.* With me!

*Leost.* Nay, in you,  
In every part about you, they are arm'd  
To fight against me.

*Cleo.* Where!

*Leost.* There's no perfection  
That you are mistress of, but musters up  
A legion against me, and all sworn  
To my destruction.

*Cleo.* This is strange!

*Leost.* But true, sweet;  
Excess of love can work such miracles!  
Upon this ivory forehead are intrench'd  
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command  
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit  
Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,  
A rich exchequer to assure their pay:  
This hand Sibylla's golden bough to guard them  
Through hell, and horror, to the Elysian springs:  
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name  
Such as the virtues of your mind invite,  
Their numbers would be infinite.

*Cleo.* Can you think  
I may be tempted?

*Leost.* You were never proved.

For me, I have conversed with you no further  
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned  
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought  
rich presents

For my artillery, to batter down  
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd  
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts,  
With viands that provoke; the speeding philtres.  
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practis'd  
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,  
That wander in the wild maze of desire;  
Honest simplicity and truth were all  
The agents I employ'd; and when I came  
To see you, it was with that reverence  
As I beheld the altars of the gods:

And Love, that came along with me, was taught  
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,  
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.

*Cleo.* And 'twas  
That modesty that took me, and preserves me,  
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness ;  
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,  
Loses both scent and beauty.

*Leost.* But, Cleora,  
When I am absent, as I must go from you,  
(Such is the cruelty of my fate,) and leave you,  
Unguarded, to the violent assaults  
Of loose temptations ; when the memory  
Of my so many years of love and service  
Is lost in other objects ; when you are courted  
By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests,  
Won upon credulous virgins ; when nor father  
Is here to owe you, brother to advise you,  
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,  
By last instructed how to undermine, [senses,  
And blow your chastity up ; when your weak  
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,  
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue ;  
How can you stand ? 'Faith, though you fall,  
and I

The judge, before whom you then stood accused,  
I should acquit you.

*Cleo.* Will you then confirm  
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,  
Must of necessity be twins ; the younger  
Created only to defeat the elder,  
And spoil him of his birthright ? 'tis not well.  
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not ;  
Nor with one syllable or tear, express  
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows  
Of your distrust : but when that you shall hear,  
At your return, how I have born myself,  
And what an austere penance I take on me,  
To satisfy your doubts ; when, like a Vestal,  
I show you, to your shame, the fire still burning,  
Committed to my charge by true affection,  
The people joining with you in the wonder ;  
When, by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,  
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,  
The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en starv'd  
For want of seeming matter to accuse me ;  
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof  
From my just anger.

*Leost.* What will you do ?

*Cleo.* Obey me,  
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me ;  
And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,  
Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close  
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,  
'Till the return of this distrustful man !  
Now bind them sure ;—nay, do't : [*He binds her  
eyes with her scarf.*] If, uncompell'd,  
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it  
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues  
Fall heavy on me ! pray you guide me to your lips.  
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin  
To bid you welcome ; nay, I have not done yet :  
I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,  
No accent shall come from me. Now to my  
chamber,  
My tomb, if you miscarry : there I'll spend  
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much  
Shall be reported of me to my glory,  
And you confess it, whether I live or die,  
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in CLEON'S  
House.*

*Enter ASOTUS driving in GRACULO.*

*Asot.* You slave ! you dog ! down, cur.  
*Grac.* Hold, good young master,  
For pity's sake !

*Asot.* Now am I in my kingdom :—  
Who says I am not valiant ? I begin  
To frown again : quake, villain !

*Grac.* So I do, sir ;  
Your looks are agues to me.

*Asot.* Are they so, sir !  
'Slight, if I had them at this bay that flout me,  
And say I look like a sheep and an ass, I'd make  
Feel that I am a lion. [them

*Grac.* Do not roar, sir,  
As you are a valiant beast : but do you know  
Why you use me thus ?

*Asot.* I'll beat thee a little more,  
Then study for a reason. O ! I have it :  
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,  
(Because I durst not strike him,) when I came  
home,

That I would break thy head.

*Grac.* Plague on his mirth !

I am sure I mourn for't.

*Asot.* Remember too, I charge you,  
To teach my horse good manners yet ; this morn-  
As I rode to take the air, the untutor'd jade [ing  
Threw me, and kick'd me,

*Grac.* I thank him for't. [*Aside.*]

*Asot.* What's that ?

*Grac.* I say, sir, I will teach him to hold his  
If you will rule your fingers. [heels,

*Asot.* I'll think upon't.

*Grac.* I am bruised to jelly : better be a dog,  
Than slave to a fool or coward. [*Aside*]

*Asot.* Here's my mother,

*Enter CORISCA and ZANTHIA.*

She is chastising too : how brave we live,  
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath  
When we want exercise !

*Coris.* Careless harlotry, [*Striking her.*]

Look to't ; if a curl fall, or wind or sun  
Take my complexion off, I will not leave  
One hair upon thine head.

*Grac.* Here's a second show

Of the family of pride !

[*Aside.*]

*Coris.* Fie on these wars !

I'm starv'd for want of action ; not a gamester left  
To keep a woman play. If this world last  
A little longer with us, ladies must study  
Some new-found mystery to cool one another,  
We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there  
have been

Such arts in a long vacation ; would they were  
Reveal'd to me ! they have made my doctor, too,  
Physician to the army : he was used  
To serve the turn at a pinch ; but I am now  
Quite unprovoked.

*Asot.* My mother-in-law is, sure,  
At her devotion.

*Coris.* There are none but our slaves left,  
Nor are they to be trusted. Some great women,  
Which I could name, in a dearth of visitants,  
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play  
At small game ; but I am so queasy-stomach'd,  
And from my youth have been so used to dainties,

I cannot taste such gross meat. Some that are hungry

Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall  
From such as mend mats in their galleries ;  
Or when a tailor settles a petticoat on,  
Take measure of his bodkin ; fie upon 't !

'Tis base ; for my part, I could rather lie with  
A gallant's breeches, and conceive upon them,  
Than stoop so low.

*Asot.* Fair madam, and my mother.

*Coris.* Leave the last out, it smells rank of the  
country,  
And shews coarse breeding ; your true courtier  
knows not

His niece, or sister, from another woman,  
If she be apt and cunning.—I could tempt now  
This fool, but he will be so long a working !  
Then he's my husband's son :—the fitter to  
Supply his wants ; I have the way already,  
I'll try if it will take.—When were you with  
Your mistress, fair Cleora ?

*Asot.* Two days sithence ;

But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can  
Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied  
Her woman calls her away. [for her,

*Coris.* Here's a dull thing !  
But better taught, I hope.—Send off your man.

*Asot.* Sirrah, begone.

*Grac.* This is the first good turn  
She ever did me. [Aside, and exit

*Coris.* We'll have a scene of mirth ;  
I must not have you shamed for want of practice.  
I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion,  
That you may tell her what her woman should do,  
Repeat the lesson over that I taught you,  
When my young lord came to visit me : if you miss  
In a syllable or posture—

*Zant.* I am perfect.

*Asot.* Would I were so ! I fear I shall be out.

*Coris.* If you are, I'll help you in. Thus I walk  
You are to enter, and, as you pass by, [musing :  
Salute my woman ;—be but bold enough,  
You'll speed, I warrant you. Begin.

*Asot.* Have at it—

Save thee, sweet heart ! a kiss.

*Zant.* Venus forbid, sir,  
I should presume to taste your honour's lips  
Before my lady.

*Coris.* This is well on both parts.

*Asot.* How does thy lady ?

*Zant.* Happy in your lordship,  
As oft as she thinks on you.

*Coris.* Very good ;

This wench will learn in time.

*Asot.* Does she think of me ?

*Zant.* O, sir ! and speaks the best of you ; ad-  
mires

Your wit, your clothes, discourse ; and swears,  
but that

You are not forward enough for a lord, you were  
The most complete and absolute man,—I'll show  
Your lordship a secret.

*Asot.* Not of thine own ?

*Zant.* O ! no, sir,

'Tis of my lady : but, upon your honour,  
You must conceal it.

*Asot.* By all means.

*Zant.* Sometimes

I lie with my lady, as the last night I did ;  
She could not say her prayers for thinking of you :

Nay, she talk'd of you in her sleep, and sigh'd at,  
*O sweet Asotus, sure thou art so backward,*  
*That I must ravish thee !* and in that fervour  
She took me in her arms, threw me upon her,  
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd me, and then waked, and  
Because 'twas but a dream. [wept,

*Coris.* This will bring him on,  
Or he's a block.—A good girl !

*Asot.* I am mad,

Till I am at it.

*Zant.* Be not put off, sir,

With, *Away, I dare not :—fie, you are immodest ;*  
*My brother's up ;—My father will hear.*—Shoot  
home, sir,

You cannot miss the mark.

*Asot.* There's for thy counsel.

This is the fairest interlude—if it prove earnest,  
I shall wish I were a player.

*Coris.* Now my turn comes.—

I am exceeding sick, pray you send my page  
For young Asotus, I cannot live without him ;  
Pray him to visit me ; yet, when he's present,  
I must be strange to him.

*Asot.* Not so, you are caught :

Lo, whom you wish ; behold Asotus here !

*Coris.* You wait well, minion ; shortly I shall  
not speak

My thoughts in my private chamber, but they must  
Lie open to discovery.

*Asot.* 'Slid, she's angry.

*Zant.* No, no, sir, she but seems so. To her  
again.

*Asot.* Lady, I would descend to kiss your hand,  
But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me rick ;  
And to presume to taste your lips not safe,  
Your woman by.

*Coris.* I hope she's no observer

Of whom I grace. [ZANTHIA looks on a book.

*Asot.* She's at her book, O rare ! [Kisses her.

*Coris.* A kiss for entertainment is sufficient ;  
Too much of one dish cloyes me.

*Asot.* I would serve in

The second course ; but still I fear your woman.

*Coris.* You are very cautious.

[ZANTHIA seems to sleep.

*Asot.* 'Slight, she's asleep !

'Tis pity these instructions are not printed ;  
They would sell well to chambermaids. 'Tis no  
time now

To play with my good fortune, and your favour ;  
Yet to be taken, as they say :—a scout,  
To give the signal when the enemy comes,

[Exit ZANTHIA.

Were now worth gold.—She's gone to watch.

A waiter so train'd up were worth a million  
To a wanton city madam.

*Coris.* You are grown conceited.

*Asot.* You teach me. Lady, now your cabinet—

*Coris.* You speak as it were yours.

*Asot.* When we are there,

I'll shew you my best evidence. [Seising her.

*Coris.* Hold ! you forget,

I only play Cleora's part.

*Asot.* No matter,

Now we've begun, let's end the act.

*Coris.* Forbear, sir ;

Your father's wife !—

*Asot.* Why, being his heir, I am bound,

Since he can make no satisfaction to you,

To see his debts paid.

*Re-enter ZANTHIA turning.*

*Zant.* Madam, my lord

*Coris.* Fall off

I must trifle with the time too, hell confound it!

*Asot.* Plague on his toothless chaps! he cannot do't

Himself, yet hinders such as have good stomachs.

*Enter CLEON.*

*Cleon.* Where are you, wife? I fain would go abroad,

But cannot find my slaves that bear my litter;  
I am tired. Your shoulder, son;—nay, sweet, thy hand too:

A turn or two in the garden, and then to supper,  
And so to bed.

*Asot.* Never to rise, I hope, more. [*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove near the Walls of SYRACUSE.*

*Enter MARULLO and POLIPHERON. A Table set out with wine, &c.*

*Mar.* 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

*Poliph.* You may do your pleasure;

But, in my judgment, better to make use of  
The present opportunity.

*Mar.* No more.

*Poliph.* I am silenced.

*Mar.* More wine; prithee drink hard, friend,  
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

*Enter CINERUS, GRACULO, and other Slaves.*

Second with vehemence.—Men of your words, all welcome!

Slaves use no ceremony; sit down, here's a health.

*Poliph.* Let it run round, fill every man his glass.

*Grac.* We look for no waiters;—this is wine!

*Mar.* The better,  
Strong, lusty wine: drink deep, this juice will  
As free as our lords. [*make us*  
[*Drinks.*

*Grac.* But if they find we taste it,  
We are all damn'd to the quarry during life,  
Without hope of redemption.

*Mar.* Fish! for that  
We'll talk anon: another rouse! we lose time;  
[*Drinks.*

When our low blood's wound up a little higher,  
I'll offer my design; nay, we are cold yet;  
These glasses contain nothing:—do me right,  
[*Takes the bottle.*

As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely;  
How do you feel yourselves now?

*Cimb.* I begin  
To have strange conundrums in my head.

*Grac.* And I  
To loath base water: I would be hang'd in peace  
For one month of such holidays. [*now,*

*Mar.* An age, boys,  
And yet defy the whip; if you are men,  
Or dare believe you have souls.

*Cimb.* We are no brokers.  
*Grac.* Nor whores, whose marks are out of their  
mouths, they have none;

They hardly can get salt enough to keep them  
From stinking above ground.

*Mar.* Our lords are no gods—

*Grac.* They are devils to us, I am sure.

*Mar.* But subject to  
Cold, hunger, and diseases.

*Grac.* In abundance.

Your lord that feels no ache in his chine at twenty,  
Forfeits his privilege; how should their surgeons  
Or ride on their footcloths? [*build else,*

*Mar.* Equal Nature fashion'd us  
All in one mould. The bear serves not the bear,  
Nor the wolf the wolf; 'twas odds of strength in  
tyrants,

That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain  
With which that **THING OF THINGS** bound in the  
world.

Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,  
To love our liberty, if not command,  
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, de-  
form'd ones?

Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute  
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss,  
And politic form, that does distinguish us.—  
*Cimbric*, thou art a strong man; if, in place  
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been train'd up  
In martial discipline, thou might'st have proved  
A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily,  
As fortunate as Timoleon.

*Cimb.* A little fighting  
Will serve a general's turn.

*Mar.* Thou, *Graculo*,  
Hast fluency of language, quick conceit;  
And, I think, cover'd with a senator's robe,  
Formally set on the bench, thou would'st appear  
As brave a senator.

*Grac.* Would I had lands,  
Or money to buy a place! and if I did not  
Sleep on the bench with the drowsiest of them,  
play with my chain,  
Look on my watch, when my guts chimed twelve,  
and wear

A state beard, with my barber's help, rank with  
them

In their most choice peculiar gifts; degrade me,  
And put me to drink water again, which, now  
I have tasted wine, were poison!

*Mar.* 'Tis spoke nobly,  
And like a gownman: none of these, I think too,  
But would prove good burghers.

*Grac.* Hum! the fools are modest;  
I know their insides: here's an ill-faced fellow,  
(But that will not be seen in a dark shop,)  
If he did not in a month learn to outswear,  
In the selling of his wares, the cunning'st trades-  
man

In Syracuse, I have no skill. Here's another,  
Observe but what a cozening look he has!—  
Hold up thy head, man; if, for drawing gallants  
Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs  
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and  
gumm'd velvets,

He does not transcend all that went before him,  
Call in his patent: pass the rest; they'll all make  
Sufficient beccos, and, with their brow-antlers,  
Bear up the cap of maintenance.

*Mar.* Is't not pity, then,  
Men of such eminent virtues should be slaves?

*Cimb.* Our fortune.

*Mar.* 'Tis your folly; daring men  
Command and make their fates. Say, at this  
I mark'd you out a way to liberty; [*instant,*  
Possess'd you of those blessings, our proud lords

So long have surfeited in ; and, what is sweetest,  
Arm you with power, by strong hand to revenge  
Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the pride  
The insolence of such as tread upon  
Your patient sufferings ; fill your famish'd mouths  
With the fat and plenty of the land ; redeem you  
From the dark vale of servitude, and seat you  
Upon a hill of happiness ; what would you do  
To purchase this, and more ?

*Grac.* Do I any thing :  
To burn a church or too, and dance by the light  
Were but a May-game. [on't,

*Poliph.* I have a father living ;  
But, if the cutting of his throat could work this,  
He should excuse me.

*Cimb.* 'Slight ! I would cut mine own,  
Rather than miss it ; so I might but have  
A taste on't ere I die.

*Mar.* Be resolute men ;  
You shall run no such hazard, nor groan under  
The burthen of such crying sins.

*Cimb.* The means ?

*Grac.* I feel a woman's longing.

*Poliph.* Do not torment us  
With expectation.

*Mar.* Thus, then : Our proud masters,

And all the able freemen of the city,  
Are gone unto the wars—

*Poliph.* Observe but that.

*Mar.* Old men, and such as can make no re-  
Are only left at home— [sistance,

*Grac.* And the proud young fool,  
My master—if this take, I'll hamper him.

*Mar.* Their arsenal, their treasure, 's in our  
power,

If we have hearts to seize them. If our lords fall  
In the present action, the whole country's ours :  
Say they return victorious, we have means  
To keep the town against them ; at the worst,

To make our own conditions. Now, if you dare  
Fall on their daughters and their wives, break up  
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,  
And carve yourselves of all delights and pleasures  
You have been barr'd from, with one voice cry

with me,  
Liberty ! liberty !

*All.* Liberty ! liberty !

*Mar.* Go then, and take possession : use all  
freedom ;

But shed no blood. [*Exeunt Slaves.*]—So, this is  
well begun ;

But not to be commended, till't be done. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Gallery in ARCHI-  
DAMUS'S House.*

*Enter MARULLO and TIMANDRA.*

*Mar.* Why, think you that I plot against my-  
self ?

Fear nothing, you are safe : these thick-skinn'd  
I use as instruments to serve my ends, [slaves,  
Pierce not my deep designs ; nor shall they dare  
To lift an arm against you.

*Timand.* With your will.  
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond themselves  
With ease, are not so soon laid ; they oft prove  
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

*Mar.* 'Tis true,  
In what is rashly undertook. Long since  
I have consider'd seriously their natures,  
Proceeded with mature advice, and know  
I hold their will and faculties in more awe  
Than I can do my own. Now, for their license,  
And riot in the city, I can make  
A just defence and use : it may appear too  
A politic prevention of such ills  
As might with greater violence and danger,  
Hereafter be attempted ; though some smart for't,  
It matters not :—however, I'm resolv'd ;  
And sleep you with security. Holds Cleora  
Constant to her rash vow ?

*Timand.* Beyond belief ;  
To me, that see her hourly, it seems a fable.  
By signs I guess at her commands, and serve them  
With silence ; such her pleasure is, made known  
By holding her fair hand thus. She eats little,  
Sleeps less, as I imagine ; once a day  
I lead her to this gallery, where she walks  
Some half a dozen turns, and, having offered  
To her absent saint a sacrifice of sighs,  
She points back to her prison.

*Mar.* Guide her hither,  
And make her understand the slaves' revolt ;  
And, with your utmost eloquence, enlarge  
Their insolence, and rapes done in the city  
Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her  
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,  
As I'm Marullo, caused this sudden uproar,  
To make way to enjoy her.

*Timand.* Punctually  
I will discharge my part. [*Exit.*

*Enter POLIPHON.*

*Poliph.* O, sir, I sought you :  
You've miss'd the best sport ! Hell, I think's broke  
There's such variety of all disorders, [loose ;  
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,  
Among the slaves ; answer'd with crying, howling,  
By the citizens and their wives ; such a confusion,  
In a word, not to tire you, as I think,  
The like was never read of.

*Mar.* I share in  
The pleasure, though I'm absent. This is some  
Revenge for my disgrace.

*Poliph.* But, sir, I fear,  
If your authority restrain them not,  
They'll fire the city, or kill one another,  
They are so apt to outrage ; neither know I  
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to  
Acquaint you with so much.

*Mar.* I will among them ;  
But must not long be absent.

*Poliph.* At your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.—A Room in the same.*

*Shouts within. Enter CLEORA and TIMANDRA.*

*Timand.* They are at our gates : my heart !  
affrights and horrors

Increase each minute. No way left to save us,  
 No flattering hope to comfort us, or means,  
 But miracle, to redeem us from base lust  
 And lawless rapine! Are there gods, yet suffer  
 Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil  
 Of brutish appetite? or, since they decree  
 To ruin nature's masterpiece, of which  
 They have not left one pattern, must they choose,  
 To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute  
 The spring of chastity, and poison it  
 With their most loath'd embraces? and of those,  
 He that should offer up his life to guard it,  
 Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own bondman,  
 Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours?—  
 Nay, start not: it is he; he, the grand captain  
 Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left  
 One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest  
 Yet ever practised in a captive city,  
 He, doating on your beauty, and to have fellows  
 In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves,  
 Who have begun the game by violent rapes  
 Upon the wives and daughters of their lords:  
 And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,  
 By force comes to enjoy you—do not wring  
 Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless; use the means  
 That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break  
 A vow when you are forced to it; shew your face,  
 And with the majesty of commanding beauty,  
 Strike dead his loose affections: if that fail,  
 Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;  
 There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,  
 Or heart so made of flint, but must receive  
 Impression from your words; or eyes so stern  
 But, from the clear reflection of your tears,  
 Must melt, and bear them company. Will you not  
 Do these good offices to yourself? poor I, then,  
 Can only weep your fortune: here he comes.

*Enter MARULLO, speaking at the door.*

*Mar.* He that advances  
 A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword:  
 You have had your ways, disturb not mine.

*Timand.* Speak gently,  
 Her fears may kill her else.

*Mar.* Now Love inspire me!  
 Still shall this canopy of envious night  
 Obscure my suns of comfort? and those dainties  
 Of purest white and red, which I take in at  
 My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses?—  
 The organs of your hearing yet are open;  
 And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe  
 To give them warrant to convey unto  
 Your understanding parts, the story of  
 A tortured and despairing lover, whom  
 Not fortune but affection marks your slave:—  
 Shake not, best lady! for believ't, you are  
 As far from danger as I am from force:  
 All violence I shall offer, tends no further  
 Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not  
 Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign,  
 You shew you are pleased to hear me.

*Timand.* If you are,  
 Hold forth your right hand.

*[CLEORA holds forth her right hand.]*

*Mar.* So, 'tis done; and I  
 With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,  
 My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear  
 To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours,  
 I made exchange of, to become your servant:  
 And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes

*(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love  
 You have endured so much) to be my rival;  
 When rage and jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,  
 Which then I could have done with much more  
 ease,*

Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,  
 Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me  
 The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd:  
 And that was his protection. *[CLEORA bows.]*

*Timand.* See, she bows  
 Her head in sign of thankfulness.

*Mar.* He removed by  
 The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing  
 By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection  
 Prompted me to do something in his absence,  
 That might deliver you into my power,  
 Which you see is effected: and, even now,  
 When my rebellious passions chide my dullness,  
 And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,  
 Now it is in my power to bear you hence,

*[CLEORA starts.]*

Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,  
 True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,)  
 I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,  
 But when they're freely offer'd: only thus much,  
 Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,  
 And think it worthy your consideration,  
 (I have loved truly, cannot say deserved,  
 Since duty must not take the name of merit,)  
 That I so far prize your content, before  
 All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,  
 That willingly I entertain despair,  
 And, for your sake, embrace it: for I know,  
 This opportunity lost, by no endeavour  
 The like can be recover'd. To conclude,  
 Forget not that I lose myself to save you:  
 For what can I expect but death and torture,  
 The war being ended? and, what is a task  
 Would trouble Hercules to undertake,  
 I do deny you to myself, to give you,  
 A pure unspotted present, to my rival.  
 I have said: if it distaste not, best of virgins,  
 Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,  
 Though you contemn my person.

*[CLEORA kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her  
 hand to MARULLO.]*

*Timand.* See, she kneels;  
 And seems to call upon the gods to pay  
 The debt she owes your virtue: to perform which,  
 As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you  
 Her fair right hand.

*Mar.* I am paid for all my sufferings.  
 Now, when you please, pass to your private cham-  
 ber:

My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you  
 From all disturbance; and when you are sated  
 With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee  
 Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.

*[Exit. CLEORA makes a low courtesy as she goes off.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in CLEORA'S  
 House.*

*Enter GRACULO, leading AROSUS in an ape's habit, with  
 a chain about his neck; ZANTHIA in CORICA'S clothes,  
 she bearing up her train.*

*Grac.* Come on, sir.

*Asol.* Oh!

*Grac.* Do you grumble? you were ever  
 A brainless ass; but if this hold, I'll teach you

To come aloft and do tricks like an ape.  
Your morning's lesson : if you miss—

*Asot.* O no, sir.

*Grac.* What for the Carthaginians? [*ASOTUS makes moppes.*] A good beast.

What for ourself, your lord? [*Dances.*] Exceeding well.

There's your reward. [*Gives him an apple.*]—Not kiss your paw! So, so, so.

*Zant.* Was ever lady, the first day of her honour, So waited on by a wrinkled crone? She looks now, Without her painting, curling, and perfumes, Like the last day of January! and stinks worse Than a hot brache in the dog-days. Further off! So—stand there like an image; if you stir, Till, with a quarter of a look, I call you, You know what follows.

*Coris.* O, what am I fallen to!  
But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,  
Justly return'd upon me.

*Grac.* How dost thou like  
Thy ladyship, Zanthia?

*Zant.* Very well; and bear it  
With as much state as your lordship.

*Grac.* Give me thy hand:  
Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in triumph,  
Our captives following; then mount our tribunals,  
And make the slaves our footstools.

*Zant.* Fine, by Jove!  
Are your hands clean, minion?

*Coris.* Yes, forsooth.

*Zant.* Fall off then.  
So! now come on; and, having made your three  
duties—

Down, I say—are you stiff in the hams?—now  
kneel,

And tie our shoe: now kiss it, and be happy.

*Grac.* This is state, indeed!

*Zant.* It is such as she taught me;  
A tickling itch of greatness, your proud ladies  
Expect from their poor waiters: we have changed  
parts;

She does what she forced me to do in her reign,  
And I must practise it in mine.

*Grac.* 'Tis justice:  
O! here come more.

*Enter CIMBRIO, CLEON, POLIPHON, and OLYMPIA.*

*Cimb.* Discover to a drachma,  
Or I will famish thee.

*Cleon.* O! I am pined already.

*Cimb.* Hunger shall force thee to cut off the  
brawns

From thy arms and thighs, then broil them on the  
coals

For carbonadoes.

*Poliph.* Spare the old jade, he's founder'd.

*Grac.* Cut his throat then,

And hang him out for a scarecrow.

*Poliph.* You have all your wishes  
In your revenge, and I have mine. You see  
I use no tyranny: when I was her slave,  
She kept me as a sinner, to lie at her back  
In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties,  
Which still she had in her belly again ere morning;  
And in requital of those courtesies,  
Having made one another free, we are married:  
And, if you wish us joy, join with us in  
A dance at our wedding.

*Grac.* Agreed; for I have thought of

A most triumphant one, which shall express  
We are lords, and these our slaves.

*Poliph.* But we shall want  
A woman.

*Grac.* No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve;  
Carry your body swimming.—Where's the music?

*Poliph.* I have placed it in your window.

*Grac.* Begin then sprightly.  
[*Music, and then a dance.*]

*Enter MARULLO behind.*

*Poliph.* Well done on all sides! I have prepared  
Let's drink and cool us. [a banquet;

*Grac.* A good motion.

*Cimb.* Wait here;  
You have been tired with feasting, learn to fast  
now.

*Grac.* I'll have an apple for jack, and may be  
May fall to your share. [some scraps  
[*Exit GRAC. ZANT. CIME. POLIPH. and OLYMPIA.*]

*Coris.* Whom can we accuse  
But ourselves, for what we suffer? Thou art just,  
Thou all-creating Power! and misery  
Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledged  
No deity beyond my lust and pride,  
There is a heaven above us, that looks down  
With the eyes of justice, upon such as number  
Those blessings freely given, in the account  
Of their poor merits: else it could not be,  
Now miserable I, to please whose palate  
The elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd  
Of nature, as not liberal enough  
In her provision of rarities  
To sooth my taste, and pamper my proud flesh,  
Should wish in vain for bread.

*Cleon.* Yes, I do wish too,  
For what I fed my dogs with.

*Coris.* I, that forgot  
I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the silk  
Spun by the diligent worm out of their entrails,  
Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest down  
Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look  
On virtue being in rage, that stopp'd my nose  
At those who did not use adulterate arts  
To better nature; that from those that served me  
Expected adoration, am made justly  
The scorn of my own bondwoman.

*Asot.* I am punish'd,  
For seeking to cuckold mine own natural father:  
Had I been gelded then, or used myself  
Like a man, I had not been transform'd, and forced  
To play an overgrown ape.

*Cleon.* I know I cannot  
Last long, that's all my comfort. Come, I forgive  
'Tis in vain to be angry; let us, therefore, [both:  
Lament together like friends.

*Mar.* What a true mirror  
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatness!  
Here they, that never see themselves, but in  
The glass of servile flattery, might behold  
The weak foundation upon which they build  
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,  
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to  
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd  
For either fortune: a rare principle,  
And with much labour learn'd in wisdom's school!  
For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew  
That their prosperity, like too large a sail  
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with  
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach

The port they long to touch at ; so these wretches,  
Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,  
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired ;  
That did believe they could with giant arms  
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,  
Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, van-  
ish'd,

Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,  
Betray their proper weakness, and make known  
Their boasted greatness was lent, not their own.

*Cleon.* O for some meat ! they sit long.

*Coris.* We forgot,

When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight ;  
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watch-  
ings ;

Nor did we hold ourselves served to the height,  
But when we did exact and force their duties  
Beyond their strength and power.

*Asot.* We pay for't now :

I now could be content to have my head  
Broke with a rib of beef, or for a coffin,  
Be buried in the dripping-pan.

*Re-enter POLIPHON, CIMBRO, GRACULO, ZANTHIA, and  
OLYMPIA, drunk and quarrelling.*

*Cimb.* Do not hold me :

Nor kiss the bride !

*Poliph.* No, sir.

*Cimb.* She's common good,  
And so we'll use her.

*Grac.* We'll have nothing private.

*Mar.* [*coming forward.*] Hold !

*Zant.* Here's Marullo.

*Olymp.* He's your chief.

*Cimb.* We are equals ;  
I will know no obedience.

*Grac.* Nor superior—

Nay, if you are lion drunk, I will make one ;  
For lightly ever he that parts the fray,  
Goes away with the blows.

*Mar.* Art thou mad too ?

No more, as you respect me.

*Poliph.* I obey, sir.

*Mar.* Quarrel among yourselves !

*Cimb.* Yes, in our wine, sir,  
And for our wenchies.

*Grac.* How could we be lords else ?

*Mar.* Take heed ; I've news will cool this  
heat, and make you

Remember what you were.

*Cimb.* How !

*Mar.* Send off these,

And then I'll tell you. [*ZANTHIA beats CORISCA.*]

*Olymp.* This is tyranny,  
Now she offends not.

*Zant.* 'Tis for exercise,  
And to help digestion. What is she good for else ?  
To me it was her language.

*Mar.* Lead her off.

And take heed, madam minx, the wheel may turn.  
Go to your meat, and rest ; and from this hour  
Remember, he that is a lord to-day,  
May be a slave to-morrow.

*Cleon.* Good morality !

[*Exit CLEON, ASOT, ZANT, OLYMP, and CORIS.*]

*Cimb.* But what would you impart ?

*Mar.* What must invite you  
To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting ;  
Or but imagine what it is to be  
Most miserable, and rest assured you are so.  
Our masters are victorious.

*All.* How !

*Mar.* Within

A day's march of the city, flesh'd with spoil,  
And proud of conquest ; the armada sunk,  
The Carthaginian admiral, hand to hand,  
Slain by Leosthenes.

*Cimb.* I feel the whip

Upon my back already.

*Grac.* Every man

Seek a convenient tree, and hang himself.

*Poliph.* Better die once, than live an age to  
New tortures every hour. [*suffer*]

*Cimb.* Say, we submit,  
And yield us to their mercy?—

*Mar.* Can you flatter

Yourself with such false hopes ? Or dare you  
think

That your imperious lords, that never fail'd

To punish with severity petty slips

In your neglect of labour, may be won

To pardon those licentious outrages

Which noble enemies forbear to practise

Upon the conquer'd ? What have you omitted,

That may call on their just revenge with horror.

And studied cruelty ? we have gone too far

To think now of retiring ; in our courage,

And daring, lies our safety ; if you are not

Slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,

Since to die is the worst, better expose

Our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell

Our lives with the most advantage, than to trust

In a forestall'd remission, or yield up

Our bodies to the furnace of their fury,

Thrice heated with revenge.

*Grac.* You led us on.

*Cimb.* And 'tis but justice you should bring us

*Grac.* And we expect it. [*off.*]

*Mar.* Hear then, and obey me ;

And I will either save you, or fall with you.

Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports ;

Boldly deny their entrance, and rip up

Your grievances, and what compell'd you to

This desperate course ; if they disdain to hear

Of composition, we have in our powers

Their aged fathers, children, and their wives,

Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly

Make intercession for us. 'Tis not time now

To talk, but do : a glorious end, or freedom,

Is now proposed us ; stand resolved for either,

And, like good fellows, live or die together. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Country near SYRACUSE.  
The Camp of TIMOLEON.*

*Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.*

*Timag.* I am so far from envy, I am proud  
You have outstripp'd me in the race of honour.  
O 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won !  
Your bold performance gave such lustre to  
Timoleon's wise directions, as the army  
Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engaged  
For their so great success.

*Leost.* The gods first honour'd,  
The glory be the general's ; 'tis far from me  
To be his rival.

*Timag.* You abuse your fortune,  
To entertain her choice and gracious favours  
With a contracted brow ; plumed Victory  
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,



Equally distant from proud insolence,  
And base dejection.

*Leost.* O, Timagoras,  
You only are acquainted with the cause  
That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead ;  
Whose ponderous weight, neither my new-got  
Assisted by the general applause [honour,  
The soldier crowns it with, nor all war's glories,  
Can lessen or remove : and, would you please,  
With fit consideration, to remember  
How much I wrong'd Cleora's innocence  
With my rash doubts ; and what a grievous penance  
She did impose upon her tender sweetness,  
To pluck away the vulture, jealousy,  
That fed upon my liver ; you cannot blame me,  
But call it a fit justice on myself,  
Though I resolve to be a stranger to  
The thought of mirth or pleasure.

*Timag.* You have redeem'd  
The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom  
Of honourable action, as my sister  
Must of necessity confess her sufferings,  
Weigh'd down by your fair merits ; and, when she  
views you,

Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through  
The streets of Syracuse, the glad people  
Pressing to meet you, and the senators  
Contending who shall heap most honours on you ;  
The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,  
Appointed for the sacrifice ; and the altars  
Snoaking with thankful incense to the gods :  
The soldiers chanting loud hymns to your praise,  
The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,  
Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,  
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking  
The queen of love, with their particular vows,  
To be thought worthy of you ; can Cleora  
(Though, in the glass of self-love, she behold  
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,

What she endured was but a noble trial  
You made of her affection ? and her anger,  
Rising from your too amorous cares, soon drench'd  
In Lethe, and forgotten.

*Leost.* If those glories  
You so set forth were mine, they might plead for  
But I can lay no claim to the least honour [me ;  
Which you, with foul injustice, ravish from her.  
Her beauty in me wrought a miracle,  
Taught me to aim at things beyond my power,  
Which her perfections purchased, and gave to me  
From her free bounties ; she inspired me with  
That valour which I dare not call mine own ;  
And, from the fair reflection of her mind,  
My soul received the sparkling beams of courage.  
She, from the magazine of her proper goodness,  
Stock'd me with virtuous purposes ; sent me forth  
To trade for honour ; and, she being the owner  
Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her  
A just account of all, as fits a factor.

And, howsoever others think me happy,  
And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous voyage ;  
One frown of her dislike at my return,  
Which, as a punishment for my fault, I look for,  
Strikes dead all comfort.

*Timag.* Tush ! these fears are needless ;  
She cannot, must not, shall not, be so cruel.  
A free confession of a fault wins pardon,  
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.  
The general is your own, and, sure, my father  
Repents his harshness ; for myself, I am  
Ever your creature.—One day shall be happy  
In your triumph, and your marriage.

*Leost.* May it prove so,  
With her consent and pardon.

*Timag.* Ever touching  
On that harsh string ! She is your own, and you  
Without disturbance seize on what's your due.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—SYRACUSE. *A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.*

*Enter MARULLO and TIMANDRA.*

*Mar.* She has her health, then ?

*Timand.* Yes, sir ; and as often  
As I speak of you, lends attentive ear  
To all that I deliver ; nor seems tired,  
Though I dwell long on the relation of  
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise  
On your unequal'd temperance, and command  
You hold o'er your affections.

*Mar.* To my wish :

Have you acquainted her with the defeature  
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours  
Leosthenes comes crown'd home with ?

*Timand.* With all care.

*Mar.* And how does she receive it ?

*Timand.* As I guess,  
With a seeming kind of joy ; but yet appears not  
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.  
But when I tell her of the certain ruin  
You must encounter with at their arrival  
In Syracuse, and that death, with torments,  
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,

Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,  
And a reward of pure unspotted love,  
Preserved in the white robe of innocence,  
Though she were in your power ; and, still spurr'd  
By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer [on  
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession  
You have call'd on the fury of your lord,  
Than that she should be grieved, or tainted in  
Her reputation—

*Mar.* Doth it work compunction ?  
Pities she my misfortune ?

*Timand.* She express'd  
All signs of sorrow which, her vow observed,  
Could witness a grieved heart. At the first hear-  
ing,

She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair,  
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs  
In which she silently seem'd to complain  
Of heaven's injustice.

*Mar.* 'Tis enough : wait carefully,  
And, on all watch'd occasions, continue  
Speech and discourse of me : 'tis time must work  
her.

*Timand.* I'll not be wanting, but still strive to  
serve you. [Exit.

*Enter POLIPHON.*

*Mar.* Now, Poliphron, the news?

*Poliph.* The conquering army  
Is within ken.

*Mar.* How brook the slaves the object?

*Poliph.* Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no  
labour,

And seem to scoff at danger; 'tis your presence  
That must convince them: with a full consent  
You are chosen to relate the tyranny  
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to,  
They gladly will allow of, or hold out  
To the last man.

*Mar.* I'll instantly among them.

If we prove constant to ourselves, good fortune  
Will not, I hope, forsake us.

*Poliph.* 'Tis our best refuge. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Walls of SYRACUSE.*

*Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, LEOSTHENES,  
TIMASORAS, and Soldiers.*

*Timol.* Thus far we are return'd victorious;  
crown'd

With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood, and  
death,

Banish'd your peaceful confines,) and bring home  
Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit  
That such as boldly stood the shock of war,  
And with the dear expense of sweat and blood  
Have purchased honour, should with pleasure reap  
The harvest of their toil: and we stand bound,  
Out of the first file of the best deservers,  
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits,)  
To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand,  
And worthily, most dear in our esteem,  
For your heroic valour.

*Archid.* When I look on  
The labour of so many men and ages,  
This well-built city, not long since design'd  
To spoil and rapine, by the favour of  
The gods, and you, their ministers, preserved,  
I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer  
These tears for a glad sacrifice.

*Diph.* Sleep the citizens?  
Or are they overwhelm'd with the excess  
Of comfort that flows to them?

*Leost.* We receive  
A silent entertainment.

*Timag.* I long since  
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,  
The old men striving with their age, the priests,  
Carrying the images of their gods before them,  
Should have met us with procession.—Ha! the  
gates

Are shut against us!

*Archid.* And, upon the walls,  
Arm'd men seem to defy us!

*Enter above, on the Walls, MARULLO, POLIPHON, CIMBRO,  
GRACULO, and other Slaves.*

*Diph.* I should know  
These faces: they are our slaves.

*Timag.* The mystery, rascals!  
Open the ports, and play not with an anger  
That will consume you.

*Timol.* This is above wonder.

*Archid.* Our bondmen stand against us!

*Grac.* Some such things

We were in man's remembrance. The slaves are  
turn'd

Lords of the town, or so—nay, be not angry:  
Perhaps, upon good terms, giving security  
You will be quiet men, we may allow you  
Some lodgings in our garrets or outhouses:  
Your great looks cannot carry it.

*Cimb.* The truth is,  
We've been bold with your wives, toy'd with your

*Leost.* O my prophetic soul! [daughters—  
*Grac.* Rifled your chests,  
Been busy with your wardrobes.

*Timag.* Can we endure this?

*Leost.* O my Cleora!

*Grac.* A caudle for the gentleman;  
He'll die o' the pip else.

*Timag.* Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?  
Hold parley with our bondmen! force our entrance,  
Then, villains, expect—

*Timol.* Hold! You wear men's shapes,  
And if, like men, you have reason, shew a cause  
That leads you to this desperate course, which must  
In your destruction. [*end*]

*Grac.* That, as please the Fates;  
But we vouchsafe—Speak, captain.

*Timag.* Hell and furies!

*Archid.* Bay'd by our own curs!

*Cimb.* Take heed you be not worried.

*Poliph.* We are sharp set.

*Cimb.* And sudden.

*Mar.* Briefly thus, then,

Since I must speak for all.—Your tyranny  
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times  
When lords were stiled fathers of families,  
And not imperious masters! when they number'd  
Their servants almost equal with their sons,  
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours  
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period  
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press  
Their duties or their wills, beyond the power  
And strength of their performance! all things  
With such decorum, as wise lawmakers, [order'd  
From each well-govern'd private house derived  
The perfect model of a commonwealth.

Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,  
And thankful masters carefully provided  
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,  
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils  
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through  
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord  
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,  
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.

The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew  
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,  
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed  
At the public coast; nay, faithful dogs have found  
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;  
Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd  
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters  
To glory in the abuse of such as are  
Brought under their command; who, grown un-  
useful,

Are less esteem'd than beasts.—This you have  
practis'd,

Practis'd on us with rigour; this hath forced us  
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress  
Of these just grievances be not granted us,  
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend  
What we are now possessed of.

*Grac.* And not leave  
One house unfired.

*Cimb.* Or throat uncut of those  
We have in our power.

*Poliph.* Nor will we fall alone ;  
You shall buy us dearly.

*Timag.* O the gods !  
Unheard-of insolence !

*Timol.* What are your demands ?  
*Mar.* A general pardon first, for all offences  
Committed in your absence. Liberty  
To all such as desire to make return  
Into their countries ; and, to those that stay,  
A competence of land freely allotted  
To each man's proper use, no lord acknowledged :  
Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wives  
Out of your families.

*Timag.* Let the city sink first.  
*Leost.* And ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe  
To such conditions.

*Arohid.* Carthage, though victorious,  
Could not have forced more from us.

*Leost.* Scale the walls ;  
Capitulate after.

*Timol.* He that wins the top first  
Shall wear a mural wreath. [Exeunt.]

*Mar.* Each to his place. [Flourish and alarms.]  
Or death or victory ! Charge them home, and fear  
not. [Exeunt MARULLO and Slaves.]

Re-enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, and Senators.

*Timol.* We wrong ourselves, and we are justly  
punish'd,  
To deal with bondmen, as if we encounter'd  
An equal enemy.

*Archid.* They fight like devils ;  
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts  
Were proof beyond their armour.

Re-enter LEOSTHENEES and TIMAGORAS.

*Timag.* Make a firm stand.  
The slaves, not satisfied they have beat us off,  
Prepare to sally forth.

*Timol.* They are wild beasts,  
And to be tamed by policy. Each man take  
A tough whip in his hand, such as you used  
To punish them with, as masters : in your looks  
Carry severity and awe ; 'twill fright them  
More than your weapons. Savage lions fly from  
The sight of fire ; and these, that have forgot  
That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords,  
When, unexpected, they behold those terrors  
Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at,  
'Twill force them to remember what they are,  
And stoop to due obedience.

*Arohid.* Here they come.

Enter, from the City, CIMBRIO, GRACULLO, and other Slaves.

*Cimb.* Leave not a man alive ; a wound's but a  
To what we suffer'd being slaves. [flea-biting.]

*Grac.* O, my heart !

*Cimbrio,* what do we see ? the whip ! our masters !  
*Timag.* Dare you rebel, slaves !

[The Senators shake their whips, the Slaves throw away  
their weapons, and run off.]

*Cimb.* Mercy ! mercy ! where  
Shall we hide us from their fury ?

*Grac.* Fly, they follow.

O, we shall be tormented !

*Timol.* Enter with them,  
But yet forbear to kill them : still remember

They are part of your wealth ; and being disarm'd,  
There is no danger.

*Archid.* Let us first deliver  
Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure  
Determine of their punishment.

*Leost.* Friend, to you  
I leave the disposition of what's mine :  
I cannot think I am safe without your sister,  
She is only worth my thought ; and, till I see  
What she has suffer'd, I am on the rack,  
And Furies my tormentors. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—SYRACUSE. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.

Enter MARULLO and TIMANDRA.

*Mar.* I know I am pursued ; nor would I fly,  
Although the ports were open, and a convoy  
Ready to bring me off : the baseness of  
These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,  
Hath thrown me to the bottomless abyss  
Of horror and despair : had they stood firm,  
I could have bought Cleora's free consent  
With the safety of her father's life, and brother's ;  
And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim,  
And kneel a suitor for me.

*Timand.* You must not think  
What might have been, but what must now be  
practised,  
And suddenly resolve.

*Mar.* All my poor fortunes  
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.  
Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber ;  
For in her sight, if it were possible,  
I would be apprehended : do not enquire  
The reason why, but help me. [Knocking within.]

*Timand.* Make haste,—one knocks.

[Exit MARULLO.]

Jove turn all to the best !

Enter LEOSTHENEES.

You are welcome, sir.

*Leost.* Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

*Timand.* Alas ! sir,  
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,  
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions.  
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,  
Comfort's a stranger to us.

*Leost.* Fears ! your sufferings :—  
For which I am so overgone with grief,  
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,  
The villain's name that robb'd thee of thy honour :  
For being train'd up in chastity's cold school,  
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,  
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra  
Fell with her own consent.

*Timand.* How mean you, fell, sir ?  
I understand you not.

*Leost.* I would thou did'st not,  
Or that I could not read upon thy face,  
In blushing characters, the story of  
Libidinous rape : confess it, for you stand not  
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength  
Your o'ermatch'd innocence could make no resist-  
Under which odds, I know, Cleora fell too, [ance ;  
Heaven's help in vain invoked ; the amazed sun  
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,  
Nor daring to look on it ! In her sufferings  
All sorrow's comprehended : what Timandra,

Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd,  
Deserves not to be named.

*Timand.* Pray you, do not bring, sir,  
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,  
New monsters to afflict us.

*Leost.* O, Timandra,  
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!  
I should receive it with a joy beyond  
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,  
Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother  
Could wish her children crown'd with—but I must  
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive [not  
To find out that whose knowledge is a curse,  
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover  
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,  
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure,)  
That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger  
But near him in aspect, I may conclude,  
Though men and angels should proclaim him  
He is a hell-bred villain. [honest,

*Timand.* You are unworthy  
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted:  
Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made  
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.  
Come forth, dear madam. [*Leads in CLONNA.*

*Leost.* Ha! [*Kneels.*

*Timand.* Nay, she deserves  
The bending of your heart; that, to content you,  
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vestal,  
Though the infringing it had call'd upon her  
A living funeral, must of force have shrunk at.  
No danger could compel her to dispense with  
Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd  
To seize upon her; when one look or accent  
Might have redeem'd her.

*Leost.* Might! O do not shew me  
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.  
The means by which she was freed? speak, O  
speak quickly;

Each minute of delay's an age of torment;  
O speak, Timandra.

*Timand.* Free her from her oath;  
Herself can best deliver it.

*Leost.* O blest office! [*Unbinds her eyes.*  
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,  
Or look'd on his redemption from the oar,  
With such true feeling of delight, as now  
I find myself possess'd of.—Now I behold  
True light indeed; for, since these fairest stars,  
Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will,  
Denied their influence to my optic sense,  
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me  
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams  
Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember  
The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted.  
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears  
With music more harmonious than the spheres  
Yield in their heavenly motions: and if ever  
A true submission for a crime acknowledged,  
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,  
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,  
To sign my wish'd-for pardon.

*Cleo.* I forgive you.

*Leost.* How greedily I receive this! Stay, best  
And let me by degrees ascend the height [lady,  
Of human happiness! all at once deliver'd,  
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me:—  
So! now a little more; and pray excuse me,  
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire  
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yield me,

Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not,  
By your unspotted truth I do conjure you  
To answer truly, suffer'd in your honour,  
By force, I mean, for in your will I free you,  
Since I left Syracuse?

*Cleo.* I restore

This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,  
When I last saw you.

*Leost.* Miracle of virtue!

One pause more, I beseech you: I am like  
A man whose vital spirits consumed and wasted  
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom  
Too much of a strong cordial, at once taken,  
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot  
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom  
I stand indebted for a benefit,  
Which to requite at full, though in this hand  
I grasp all sceptres the world's empire owes to,  
Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady!  
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with  
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,  
In thankful duty study how to serve him;  
Or if of higher rank, erect him altars,  
And as a god adore him.

*Cleo.* If that goodness,  
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,  
Bridling rebellious passions, to whose sway,  
Such as have conquer'd nations have lived slaves,  
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,  
He, that preserved mine honour, may hope boldly  
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off  
Our frail corruption.

*Leost.* Forward.

*Cleo.* Or if ever

The Powers above did mask in human shapes,  
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts  
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,  
To imitate their pureness, and draw near  
To their celestial natures, I believe  
He's more than man.

*Leost.* You do describe a wonder.

*Cleo.* Which will encrease, when you shall un-  
derstand  
He was a lover. [derstand

*Leost.* Not yours, lady?

*Cleo.* Yes;

Loved me, Leosthenes; nay, more, so doted,  
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires  
May without wrong be styled so,) that he durst not,  
With an immodest syllable or look,  
In fear it might take from me, whom he made  
The object of his better part, discover  
I was the saint he sued to.

*Leost.* A rare temper!

*Cleo.* I cannot speak it to the worth: all praise  
I can bestow upon it will appear  
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,  
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,  
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival,  
So high yet he prized my content, that, knowing  
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd not,  
Against himself, to serve you.

*Leost.* You conceal still  
The owner of these excellencies.

*Cleo.* 'Tis Marullo,  
My father's bondman.

*Leost.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cleo.* Why do you laugh?

*Leost.* To hear the labouring mountain of your  
praise  
Deliver'd of a mouse.

*Cleo.* The man deserves not  
This scorn, I can assure you.

*Leost.* Do you call

What was his duty, merit ?

*Cleo.* Yes, and place it

As high in my esteem, as all the honours  
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,  
Which you may call your own, got in this action,  
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly ;  
And I could add, as I desired, but that  
I fear 'twould make you proud.

*Leost.* Why, lady, can you  
Be won to give allowance, that your slave  
Should dare to love you ?

*Cleo.* The immortal gods  
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised  
By pure devotions ; and sometimes prefer  
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,  
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabeian gums,  
Offer'd in ostentation.—Are you sick  
Of your old disease ! I'll fit you.

[*Aside.*

*Leost.* You seem moved.

*Cleo.* Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.  
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured  
A penance for your sake, above example ;  
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,  
To be at your devotion, but I may  
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.  
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of  
That which is only yours in expectation,  
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me ?

*Leost.* One kiss, and I am silenced.

*Cleo.* I vouchsafe it ;

Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that  
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,  
Durst not presume to ask : no ; when the city  
Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust,  
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,  
Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me  
To grace him with one look or syllable,  
Or urged the dispensation of an oath  
Made for your satisfaction :—the poor wretch,  
Having related only his own sufferings,  
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not deny him,  
Defending me from others, never since  
Solicited my favours.

*Leost.* Pray you end :

The story does not please me.

*Cleo.* Well, take heed

Of doubts and fears ;—for know, Leosthenes,  
A greater injury cannot be offer'd  
To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion.  
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person ;  
Let that secure you. And I here command you,  
If I have any power in you, to stand  
Between him and all punishment, and oppose  
His temperance to his folly ; if you fail—  
No more ; I will not threaten.

[*Exit.*

*Leost.* What a bride

Of glass I walk upon, over a river  
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears [helps,  
Cracking what should support me ! and those  
Which confidence lends to others, are from me  
Ravish'd by doubts, and wilful jealousy. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter TIMAGORAS, CLEON, ASOTUS, CORISCA, and OLYMPIA.

*Cleon.* But are you sure we are safe ?

*Timag.* You need not fear ;

They are all under guard, their fangs pared off :  
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cured  
With the balm of your revenge.

*Asot.* And shall I be

The thing I was born, my lord ?

*Timag.* The same wise thing.

'Slight, what a beast they have made thee !  
Produced the like. [Africk never

*Asot.* I think so :—nor the land

Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs and  
walnuts,

On the same tree. Not all the catalogue  
Of conjurers or wise women bound together  
Could have so soon transform'd me, as my rascal  
Did with his whip ; for not in outside only,  
But in my own belief, I thought myself  
As perfect a baboon—

*Timag.* An ass thou wert ever.

*Asot.* And would have given one leg, with all  
my heart,

For good security to have been a man  
After three lives, or one and twenty years,  
Though I had died on crutches.

*Cleon.* Never varlets

So triumph'd o'er an old fat man : I was famish'd.

*Timag.* Indeed you are fallen away.

*Asot.* Three years of feeding

On cullises and jelly, though his cooks  
Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors  
Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps,  
Will not recover him.

*Timag.* But your ladyship looks

Sad on the matter, as if you had miss'd  
Your ten-crown amber possets, good to smooth  
The cutis, as you call it, and prepare you  
Active, and high, for an afternoon's encounter  
With a rough gamester, on your couch. Fie on't !  
You are grown thrifty, smell like other women ;  
The college of physicians have not sat,  
As they were used, in counsel, how to fill  
The cranies in your cheeks, or raise a rampire  
With mummy, ceruses, or infants' fat,  
To keep off age and time.

*Coris.* Pray you, forbear ;

I am an alter'd woman.

*Timag.* So it seems ;

A part of your honour's ruff stands out of rank  
too.

*Coris.* No matter, I have other thoughts.

*Timag.* O strange !

Not ten days since it would have vex'd you more  
Than the loss of your good name : pity, this cure  
For your proud itch came no sooner ! Marry,  
Seems to bear up still. [Olympia

*Olymp.* I complain not, sir ;

I have borne my fortune patiently.

*Timag.* Thou wert ever

An excellent bearer ; so is all your tribe,  
If you may choose your carriage.

Enter LEOSTHENES and DIPHILUS with a Guard.

How now, friend !

Looks our Cleora lovely ?

*Leost.* In my thoughts, sir.

*Timag.* But why this guard ?

*Diph.* It is Timoleon's pleasure :

The slaves have been examin'd, and confess  
Their riot took beginning from your house ;  
And the first mover of them to rebellion,  
Your slave Marullo. [Enter Timag. and Guard.

*Leost.* Ha ! I more than fear.  
*Timag.* They may search boldly.

*Enter TIMANDRA, speaking to the Guard within.*

*Timand.* You are unmanner'd grooms,  
To pry into my lady's private lodgings ;  
There's no Marullo there.

*Re-enter DIPHILUS, and Guard with MARULLO.*

*Timag.* Now I suspect too.  
Where found you him ?  
*Diph.* Close hid in your sister's chamber.  
*Timag.* Is that the villain's sanctuary ?  
*Leost.* This confirms  
All she deliver'd false.  
*Timag.* But that I scorn  
To rust my good sword in thy slavish blood,  
Thou now wert dead.

*Mar.* He's more a slave than fortune  
Or misery can make me, that insults  
Upon unweapon'd innocence.

*Timag.* Prate, you dog !

*Mar.* Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks  
Frighted them, being free.

*Timag.* As a wild beast,  
Drive him before you.

*Mar.* O divine Cleora !

*Leost.* Dar'st thou presume to name her ?

*Mar.* Yes, and love her ;

And may say, have deserved her.

*Timag.* Stop his mouth,  
Load him with irons too.

[*Exit Guard with MARULLO.*]

*Cleon.* I am deadly sick  
To look on him.

*Asot.* If he get loose, I know it,  
I caper like an ape again : I feel  
The whip already.

*Timand.* This goes to my lady.

[*Exit.*]

*Timag.* Come, cheer you, sir ; we'll urge his  
punishment

To the full satisfaction of your anger.

*Leost.* He is not worth my thoughts. No  
corner left

In all the spacious rooms of my vex'd heart,  
But is fill'd with Cleora : and the rape  
She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,  
The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in ARCHIDAMUS'S House.*

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS and CLEORA.*

*Archid.* Thou art thine own disposer. Were  
his honours

And glories centupled, as I must confess,  
*Leosthenes* is most worthy, yet I will not,  
However I may counsel, force affection.

*Cleo.* It needs not, sir ; I prize him to his  
worth,

Nay, love him truly ; yet would not live slaved  
To his jealous humours : since, by the hopes of  
heaven,

As I am free from violence, in a thought  
I am not guilty.

*Archid.* 'Tis believed, Cleora ;  
And much the rather, our great gods be praised  
In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign [*for't !*]  
Of riot in my house, but all things order'd,  
As if I had been present.

*Cleo.* May that move you  
To pity poor Marullo !

*Archid.* 'Tis my purpose  
To do him all the good I can, Cleora ;  
But this offence, being against the state,  
Must have a public trial. In the mean time,  
Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged  
No farther to *Leosthenes*, than you may  
Come off with honour ; for, being once his wife,  
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must  
Resolve to serve, and suffer his commands,  
And not dispute them :—ere it be too late,  
Consider it duly. I must to the senate. [*Exit.*]

*Cleo.* I am much distracted : in *Leosthenes*,  
I can find nothing justly to accuse,  
But his excess of love, which I have studied  
To cure with more than common means ; yet still  
It grows upon him. And, if I may call  
My sufferings merit, I stand bound to think on

*Marullo's* dangers—though I save his life,  
His love is unrewarded :—I confess,  
Both have deserved me ; yet, of force, must be  
Unjust to one ; such is my destiny.—

*Enter TIMANDRA.*

How now ! whence flow these tears ?

*Timand.* I have met, madam,  
An object of such cruelty, as would force  
A savage to compassion.

*Cleo.* Speak, what is it ?

*Timand.* Men pity beasts of rapine, if o'er-  
match'd,  
Though baited for their pleasure ; but these  
monsters,

Upon a man that can make no resistance,  
Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted,  
*Marullo* is a slave, he's still a man ;  
A capital offender, yet in justice  
Not to be tortur'd, till the judge pronounce  
His punishment.

*Cleo.* Where is he ?

*Timand.* Dragg'd to prison  
With more than barbarous violence ; spurn'd and  
By the insulting officers, his hands [*spit on*]  
Pinion'd behind his back ; loaden with fetters :  
Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers  
His face to their rude buffets.

*Cleo.* O my grieved soul !—  
By whose command ?

*Timand.* It seems, my lord your brother's,  
For he's a looker-on : and it takes from  
Honour'd *Leosthenes*, to suffer it,  
For his respect to you, whose name in vain  
The grieved wretch loudly calls on.

*Cleo.* By Diana,

'Tis base in both ; and to their teeth I'll tell  
them

That I am wrong'd in't. [*Going forth.*]

*Timand.* What will you do ?

*Cleo.* In person  
Visit and comfort him.

*Timand.* That will bring fuel  
To the jealous fires which burn too hot already  
In lord Leosthenes.

*Cleo.* Let them consume him!  
I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty reigns,  
There dwells nor love, nor honour. *[Exit.]*

*Timand.* So! it works.  
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course  
To serve my brother's purposes, now 'tis fit

*Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.*

I study mine own ends. They come :—assist me  
In these my undertakings, Love's great patron,  
As my intents are honest!

*Leost.* 'Tis my fault :  
Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,  
From diffidence in ourselves : but I will strive,  
With the assurance of my worth and merits,  
To kill this monster, jealousy.

*Timag.* 'Tis a guest,  
In wisdom, never to be entertain'd  
On trivial probabilities ; but, when  
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashion'd  
By idle doubts and fears, to be received :

They make their own horns that are too secure,  
As well as such as give them growth and being  
From mere imagination. Though I prize  
Cleora's honour equal with mine own,  
And know what large additions of power  
This match brings to our family, I prefer  
Our friendship, and your peace of mind so far  
Above my own respects, or hers, that if  
She hold not her true value in the test,  
'Tis far from my ambition, for her cure  
That you should wound yourself.

*Timand.* This argues for me. *[Aside.]*

*Timag.* Why she should be so passionate for a  
bondman,  
Falls not in compass of my understanding,  
But for some nearer interest : or he raise  
This mutiny, if he loved her, as, you say,  
She does confess he did, but to enjoy,  
By fair or foul play, what he ventured for,  
To me's a riddle.

*Leost.* Pray you, no more ; already  
I have answered that objection, in my strong  
Assurance of her virtue.

*Timag.* 'Tis unfit then,  
That I should press it further.

*Timand.* Now I must  
Make in, or all is lost. *[Rushes forward distractedly.]*

*Timag.* What would Timandra ?

*Leost.* How wild she looks ! How is it with thy  
lady ?

*Timag.* Collect thyself, and speak.

*Timand.* As you are noble,  
Have pity, or love piety.—Oh !

*Leost.* Take breath.

*Timag.* Out with it boldly.

*Timand.* O, the best of ladies,  
I fear, is gone for ever.

*Leost.* Who, Cleora ?

*Timag.* Deliver, how ? 'Sdeath, be a man, sir !  
—Speak.

*Timand.* Take it then in as many sighs as words,  
My lady—

*Timag.* What of her ?

*Timand.* No sooner heard

Marullo was imprison'd. but she fell  
Into a deadly swoon.

*Timag.* But she recover'd :  
Say so, or he will sink too ; hold, sir ; fie !  
This is unmanly.

*Timand.* Brought again to life,  
But with much labour, she awhile stood silent,  
Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if  
They labour'd, from the prison of her flesh,  
To give her grieved soul freedom. On the sudden,  
Transported on the wings of rage and sorrow,  
She flew out of the house, and, unattended,  
Enter'd the common prison.

*Leost.* This confirms  
What but before I fear'd.

*Timand.* There you may find her ;  
And, if you love her as a sister—

*Timag.* Damn her !

*Timand.* Or you respect her safety as a lover,  
Procure Marullo's liberty.

*Timag.* Impudence  
Beyond expression !

*Leost.* Shall I be a bawd  
To her lust, and my dishonour ?

*Timand.* She'll run mad, else,  
Or do some violent act upon herself :  
My lord, her father, sensible of her sufferings,  
Labours to gain his freedom.

*Leost.* O, the devil !  
Has she bewitch'd him too ?

*Timag.* I'll hear no more.  
Come, sir, we'll follow her ; and if no persuasion  
Can make her take again her natural form,  
Which by lust's powerful spell she has cast off,  
This sword shall disenchant her.

*Leost.* O my heart-strings !  
*[Exit LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.]*

*Timand.* I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, fair  
Cleora,

Though I appear a traitress ; which thou wilt do,  
In pity of my woes, when I make known  
My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Prison. MARULLO discovered  
in chains.

*Enter CLEORA and GAOLER.*

*Cleo.* There's for your privacy. Stay, unbind  
*Gaol.* I dare not, madam. *[his hands.]*

*Cleo.* I will buy thy danger.  
Take more gold ;—do not trouble me with thanks.  
I do suppose it done. *[Exit Gaoler]*

*Mar.* My better angel  
Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely ;  
Since, from the choice of all celestial figures,  
He could not take a visible form so full  
Of glorious sweetness. *[Knocks.]*

*Cleo.* Rise. I am flesh and blood,  
And do partake thy tortures.

*Mar.* Can it be,

That charity should persuade you to descend  
So far from your own height, as to vouchsafe  
To look upon my sufferings ? How I bless  
My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune  
For my captivity—no, my freedom, rather !  
For who dare think that place a prison, which  
You sanctify with your presence ? or believe,  
Sorrow has power to use her sting on him,  
That is in your compassion arm'd, and made

Impregnable, though tyranny raise at once  
All engines to assault him ?

*Cleo.* Indeed virtue,  
With which you have made evident proofs that  
you

Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken  
With the shock of fierce temptations ; but still  
triumphs

In spite of opposition. For myself,  
I may endeavour to confirm your goodness,  
(A sure retreat, which never will deceive you,)  
And with unfeigned tears express my sorrow  
For what I cannot help.

*Mar.* Do you weep for me !  
O, save that precious balm for nobler uses :  
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,  
Which, in your prodigality of pity,  
You throw away on me. Ten of these pearls  
Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom  
From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's ven-  
geance,

Call'd down by crying sins, though, at that instant,  
In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs  
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd  
For my intent of violence to such pureness ;  
And all the torments flesh is sensible of,  
A soft and gentle penance.

*Cleo.* Which is ended  
In this your free confession.

*Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS behind.*

*Leost.* What an object  
Have I encountered !

*Timag.* I am blasted too :  
Yet hear a little further.

*Mar.* Could I expire now,  
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes  
thus,

'Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream  
To be transported, without the help of Charon,  
To the Elysian shades. You make me bold ;  
And, but to wish such happiness, I fear,  
May give offence.

*Cleo.* No ; for believe't, Marullo,  
You've won so much upon me, that I know not  
That happiness in my gift, but you may challenge.

*Leost.* Are you yet satisfied ?

*Cleo.* Nor can you wish  
But what my vows will second, though it were  
Your freedom first, and then in me full power  
To make a second tender of myself,  
And you receive the present. By this kiss,  
From me a virgin bounty, I will practise  
All arts for your deliverance ; and that purchased,  
In what concerns your further aims, I speak it,  
Do not despair, but hope—

[TIMAGORAS and LEOSTHENES come forward.]

*Timag.* To have the hangman,  
When he is married to the cross, in scorn  
To say, *Gods give you joy !*

*Leost.* But look on me,  
And be not too indulgent to your folly ;  
And then, but that grief stops my speech, imagine  
What language I should use.

*Cleo.* Against thyself :  
Thy malice cannot reach me.

*Timag.* How ?

*Cleo.* No, brother,  
Though you join in the dialogue to accuse me :  
What I have done, I'll justify ; and these favours,

Which, you presume, will taint me in my honour,  
Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out  
One stain in my behaviour, or envy  
As many tongues to wound it, shall appear  
My best perfections. For, to the world,  
I can in my defence allege such reasons,  
As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear them ;  
When in his fetters this man's worth and virtues,  
But truly told, shall shame your boasted glories,  
Which fortune claims a share in.

*Timag.* The base villain  
Shall never live to hear it. [Draws his sword.]

*Cleo.* Murder ! help !  
Through me, you shall pass to him.

*Enter ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, and Officers.*

*Archid.* What's the matter ?  
On whom is your sword drawn ? are you a judge ?  
Or else ambitious of the hangman's office,  
Before it be design'd you ?—You are bold, too ;  
Unhand my daughter.

*Leost.* She's my valour's prize.

*Archid.* With her consent, not otherwise. You  
may urge

Your title in the court ; if it prove good,  
Possess her freely.—Guard him safely off too.

*Timag.* You'll hear me, sir ?

*Archid.* If you have aught to say,  
Deliver it in public ; all shall find  
A just judge of Timoleon.

*Diph.* You must  
Of force now use your patience.

[*Exeunt all but TIMAGORAS and LEOSTHENES.*]

*Timag.* Vengeance rather !  
Whirlwinds of rage possess me : you are wrong'd  
Beyond a Stoic sufferance ; yet you stand  
As you were rooted.

*Leost.* I feel something here,  
That boldly tells me, all the love and service  
I pay Cleora is another's due,  
And therefore cannot prosper.

*Timag.* Melancholy ;  
Which now you must not yield to.

*Leost.* 'Tis apparent :  
In fact your sister's innocent, however  
Changed by her violent will.

*Timag.* If you believe so,  
Follow the chase still ; and in open court  
Plead your own interest : we shall find the judge  
Our friend, I fear not.

*Leost.* Something I shall say,  
But what—

*Timag.* Collect yourself as we walk thither. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, and Officers.*

*Timol.* 'Tis wondrous strange ! nor can it fall  
within

The reach of my belief, a slave should be  
The owner of a temperance which this age  
Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords.  
Or kings proud of their purple.

*Archid.* 'Tis most true ;  
And, though at first it did appear a fable,  
All circumstances meet to give it credit !  
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd  
To be a suitor, not to be denied,  
He may have equal hearing.



*Cleo.* Sir, you graced me  
With the title of your mistress; but my fortune  
Is so far distant from command, that I  
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly  
For the preserver of my fame and honour.  
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,  
That, since I had ability of speech,  
My tongue has been so much inured to truth,  
I know not how to lie.

*Timol.* I'll rather doubt  
The oracles of the gods, than question what  
Your innocence delivers; and as far  
As justice and mine honour can give way,  
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

And though Leosthenes may challenge from me,  
For his late worthy service, credit to  
All things he can allege in his own cause,  
Marullo, so, I think you call his name  
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

*Enter* CLIBON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, and CORINICA.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places;  
The right of this fair virgin first determined,  
Your bondmen shall be censured.

*Cleo.* With all rigour,  
We do expect.

*Coris.* Temper'd I say, with mercy.

*Enter at one door* LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS; *at the other,* Officers with MARULLO, and TIMANDRA.

*Timol.* Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,  
You, that have been victorious in the war,  
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off  
But with assured triumph.

*Leost.* My deserts, sir,  
If, without arrogance, I may style them such,  
Arm me from doubt and fear.

*Timol.* 'Tis nobly spoken.  
Nor be thou daunted (howsoever thy fortune  
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:  
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more  
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.

*Mar.* I had rather fall under so just a judge,  
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt,  
And partial, in his censure.

*Archid.* Note his language;  
It relishes of better breeding than  
His present state dares promise.

*Timol.* I observe it.  
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,  
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize  
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,  
Teach Hermes eloquence.

*Leost.* Am I fallen so low?  
My birth, my honour, and, what's dearest to me,  
My love, and witness of my love, my service,  
So undervalued, that I must contend  
With one, where my excess of glory must  
Make his o'erthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness  
Supply defects in such a thing, that never  
Knew anything but want and emptiness?  
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this  
Unequal competition? If my pride,  
Or any bold assurance of my worth,  
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,  
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if  
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself  
More injured in the tribute of the praise,  
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,  
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute

For ever be forgotten! I dwell long  
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,  
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,  
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,  
And what I have deserved.

*Cleo.* Neglect and scorn  
From me, for this proud vaunt.

*Leost.* You nourish, lady,  
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,  
And almost prove what some hold of your sex,  
You are all made up of passion: for, if reason  
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,  
Or that you would distinguish of the objects  
You look on, in a true glass, not seduced  
By the false light of your too violent will,  
I should not need to plead for that which you,  
With joy, should offer. Is my high birth a  
blemish?

Or does my wealth, which all the vain expense  
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?  
The honours I can call mine own, thought scan-  
Am I deform'd, or, for my father's sins, [dals?  
Mulced by nature? If you interpret these  
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself  
Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,  
(Which yet I would not credit,) you have seen  
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burthen  
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman:  
Or any other boisterous exercise,  
Assuring a strong back to satisfy  
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.

*Cleo.* You are foul-mouth'd.

*Archid.* Ill-manner'd too.

*Leost.* I speak

In the way of supposition, and entreat you,  
With all the fervour of a constant lover,  
That you would free yourself from these aspersions  
Or any imputation black-tongued slander  
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness:  
To which there is no easier way, than by  
Vouchsafing him your favour; him, to whom,  
Next to the general, and the gods and fautors,  
The country owes her safety.

*Timag.* Are you stupid?

Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—  
Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt  
We shall have a fine oration: I will teach  
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,  
And keep a better method.

*Archid.* You forget  
The dignity of the place.

*Diph.* Silence!

*Timol.* [to MARULLO.] Speak boldly.

*Mar.* 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,  
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,  
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,  
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear  
Equal, if not above my low condition.  
I need no bombast language, stolen from such  
As make nobility from prodigious terms  
The hearers understand not; I bring with me  
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number  
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;  
I dare not force affection, or presume  
To censure her discretion, that looks on me  
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.  
How I have loved, and how much I have suffer'd,  
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen  
Of my ambitious hopes, (in aiming at  
The glad possession of a happiness,

The abstract of all goodness in mankind  
 Can at no part deserve,) with my confession  
 Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.  
 But if that pure desires, not blended with  
 Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,  
 Retaining still the clearness of the spring  
 From whence it took beginning, may be thought  
 Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,  
 And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never  
 Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,  
 Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury  
 Of the proud waves; nor, from my jealous fears,  
 Question that goodness to which, as an altar  
 Of all perfection, he that truly loved  
 Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,  
 Than raise it with the engines of suspicion:  
 Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,  
 Leosthenes may hope to free himself;  
 But, till then, never.

*Timag.* Bold, presumptuous villain!

*Mar.* I will go further, and make good upon  
 him,

I'll the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,  
 He's more unworthy than myself.

*Leost.* Thou liest.

*Timag.* Confute him with a whip, and, the  
 Punish him with a halter. [doubt decided,

*Mar.* O the gods!

My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain  
 My heart, swollen big with rage. The lie!—a  
 whip!—

Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which  
 I long have march'd disguised; [*Throws off his  
 disguise.*] that, when they know  
 Whom they have injured, they may faint with  
 horror

Of my revenge, which, wretched men! expect,  
 As sure as fate, to suffer.

*Leost.* Ha! Pisander!

*Timag.* 'Tis the bold Theban!

*Asot.* There's no hope for me then:  
 I thought I should have put in for a share,  
 And borne Cleora from them both; but now,  
 This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not  
 So much as look on her.

*Pisan.* Now as myself,

Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.  
 For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born  
 Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.  
 But I lose time,—The base lie cast upon me,  
 I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,  
 False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender  
 Of love and service to this lady, when  
 Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,  
 That thou wert not thine own: for proof of this,  
 Look better on this virgin, and consider,  
 This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing  
 In a Greekish dress; such as when first you saw  
 If she resemble not Pisander's sister, [her,  
 One call'd Statilia?

*Leost.* 'Tis the same! My guilt  
 So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny  
 My falsehood, nor excuse it.

*Pisan.* This is she,

To whom thou wert contracted: This the lady,  
 That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken  
 In the Spartan war, that, begg'd thy liberty,  
 And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!

*Statil.* No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive  
 True sorrow in his looks, and a consent

To make me reparation in mine honour;  
 And then I am most happy.

*Pisan.* The wrong done her,  
 Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to kill  
 thee:

But this fair object met me in my fury,  
 And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to have her,  
 By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able  
 To live far from her; love, the mistress of  
 All quaint devices, prompted me to treat  
 With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me  
 For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister,  
 As a present, to Cleora.

*Timol.* Strange meanders!

*Pisan.* There how I bare myself, needs no rela-  
 But, if so far descending from the height [tion:  
 Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest  
 Condition of a man, to have means only  
 To feed my eye with the sight of what I honour'd;  
 The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings;  
 The clearness of my interest, may deserve  
 A noble recompense in your lawful favour;  
 Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes  
 Can claim no interest in you, you may please  
 To think upon my service.

*Cleo.* Sir, my want

Of power to satisfy so great a debt,  
 Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that,  
 Out of the bounty of your mind, you think  
 A free surrender of myself full payment,  
 I gladly tender it.

*Archid.* With my consent too,  
 All injuries forgotten.

*Timag.* I will study

In my future service, to deserve your favour,  
 And good opinion.

*Leost.* Thus I gladly fee

This advocate to plead for me. [*Kissing STATILIA.*

*Pisan.* You will find me

An easy judge. When I have yielded reasons  
 Of your bondmen's falling off from their obedience,  
 Then after, as you please, determine of me.

I found their natures apt to mutiny  
 From your too cruel usage, and made trial  
 How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you  
 To look with more prevention and care  
 To what they may hereafter undertake  
 Upon the like occasions. The hurt's little  
 They have committed; nor was ever cure,  
 But with some pain, effected. I confess,  
 In hope to force a grant of fair Cleora,  
 I urged them to defend the town against you;  
 Nor had the terror of your whips, but that  
 I was preparing for defence elsewhere,  
 So soon got entrance: In this I am guilty;  
 Now, as you please, your censure.

*Timol.* Bring them in;

And, though you've given me power, I do entreat  
 Such as have undergone their insolence,  
 It may not be offensive, though I study  
 Pity, more than revenge.

*Coris.* 'Twill best become you.

*Cleon.* I must consent.

*Asot.* For me, I'll find a time

To be revenged hereafter.

*Enter GRACULLO, CIMBRIO, POLIPHON, ZANTHIA, and the  
 other Slaves, with halters about their necks.*

*Grac.* Give me leave;  
 I'll speak for all.

*Timol.* What canst thou say, to hinder  
The course of justice?

*Grac.* Nothing.—You may see  
We are prepared for hanging, and confess  
We have deserved it: our most humble suit is,  
We may not twice be executed.

*Timol.* Twice!  
How mean'st thou?

*Grac.* At the gallows first, and after in a ballad  
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat  
rhymers

About the town, grown fat on these occasions.  
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired,  
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,  
Or any such like accident, and, before  
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's  
made,

Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state  
take order

For the redress of this abuse, recording  
'Twas done by my advice, and, for my part,

I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder,  
As ever merry Greek did.

*Timol.* Yet I think  
You would shew more activity to delight  
Your master for a pardon.

*Grac.* O! I would dance,  
As I were all air and fire.

*Timol.* And ever be  
Obedient and humble?

*Grac.* As his spaniel,  
Though he kick'd me for exercise; and the like  
I promise for all the rest.

*Timol.* Rise then, you have it.

*All the Slaves.* Timoleon! Timoleon!

*Timol.* Cease these clamours.  
And now, the war being ended to our wishes,  
And such as went the pilgrimage of love,  
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,  
'Tis lawful, thanks paid to the Powers divine,  
To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine.

[Capers.]

[Recess.]

# THE RENEGADO.

TO

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE HARDING.

BARON BERKELEY, OF BERKELEY CASTLE, AND KNIGHT OF THE HONOURABLE  
ORDER OF THE BATH.

My good Lord,—To be honoured for old nobility, or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you : but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the Muses; such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poetry to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem, is yours, and almost without a rival. I despair not therefore, but that my ambition to present my service in this kind, may in your clemency meet with a gentle interpretation. Confirm it, my good lord, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle; in which, if I were not confident there are some pieces worthy the perusal, it should have been taught an humbler flight; and the writer, your countryman, never yet made happy in your notice and favour, had not made this an advocate to plead for his admission among such as are wholly and sincerely devoted to your service. I may live to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strain; and till then, comfort myself with hope, that you descend from your height to receive

Your honour's commanded servant,

PHILIP MASINGER.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ASAMBEO, *Viceroy of Tunis.*  
MUSTAPHA, *Basha of Aleppo.*  
VITELLI, *a Venetian Gentleman, disguised as Merchant.*  
FRANCISCO, *a Jesuit.*  
ANTONIO GRIMALDI, *the RENEGADO.*  
CARAZIE, *an Eunuch.*  
GAERT, *Servant to VITELLI.*  
Aga.  
Capiaga.

Janizaries.  
Master.  
Boatswain.  
Sailors.  
A Gaoler.  
Turks.

DONUSA, *Niece to AMURATH.*  
PAULINA, *Sister to VITELLI.*  
MANTO, *Servant to DONUSA.*

SCENE,—TUNIS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Street near the Bazar.*

*Enter VITELLI and GAERT.*

*Vitel.* You have hired a shop, then?

*Gaz.* Yes, sir; and our wares,  
Though brittle as a maidenhead at sixteen,  
Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,  
Or China dish needs soldering; our choice pictures,  
As they came from the workman without blemish:  
And I have studied speeches for each piece,  
And, in a thrifty tone, to sell them off,  
Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant,  
That this is mistress to the great duke of Florence,  
That, niece to old king Pepin, and a third,  
An Austrian princess by her Roman nose,  
Howe'er my conscience tells me they are figures  
Of bawds and common courtesans in Venice.

*Vitel.* You make no scruple of an oath, then?  
*Gaz.* Fie, sir!

'Tis out of my indentures; I am bound there,  
To swear for my master's profit, as securely  
As your intelligencer must for his prince,  
That sends him forth an honourable spy,  
To serve his purposes. And, if it be lawful  
In a Christian shopkeeper to cheat his father,  
I cannot find but to abuse a Turk  
In the sale of our commodities, must be thought  
A meritorious work.

*Vitel.* I wonder, sirrah,  
What's your religion?

*Gaz.* Troth, to answer truly  
I would not be of one that should command me  
To feed upon poor John, when I see pheasants  
And partridges on the table: nor do I like

The other, that allows us to eat flesh  
In Lent, though it be rotten, rather than be  
Thought superstitious; as your zealous cobbler,  
And learned botcher, preach at Amsterdam,  
Over a hotchpotch. I would not be confined  
In my belief: when all your sects and sectaries  
Are grown of one opinion, if I like it,  
I will profess myself,—in the mean time,  
Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva,  
I'm of that country's faith.

*Vitel.* And what in Tunis?

Will you turn Turk here?

*Gaz.* No: so I should lose

A collop of that part my Doll enjoyn'd me  
To bring home as she left it: 'tis her venture,  
Nor dare I barter that commodity,  
Without her special warrant.

*Vitel.* You are a knave, sir:

Leaving your roguery, think upon my business,  
It is no time to fool now

Remember where you are too: though this mart-  
time

We are allow'd free trading, and with safety,  
Temper your tongue, and meddle not with the  
Their manners, nor religion. [Turks,

*Gaz.* Take you heed, sir,

What colours you wear. Not two hours since,  
there landed

An English pirate's whore, with a green apron,  
And, as she walked the streets, one of their muftis,  
We call them priests at Venice, with a razor  
Cuts it off, petticoat, smock and all, and leaves  
her

As naked as my nail; the young fry wondering  
What strange beast it should be. I scaped a  
scouring—

My mistress's busk point, of that forbidden colour,  
Then tied my codpiece; had it been discover'd,  
I had been capon'd.

*Vitel.* And had been well served.

Haste to the shop, and set my wares in order,  
I will not long be absent.

*Gaz.* Though I strive, sir,

To put off melancholy, to which you are ever  
Too much inclined, it shall not hinder me,  
With my best care, to serve you. [Exit.

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Vitel.* I believe thee.—

O welcome, sir! stay of my steps in this life,  
And guide to all my blessed hopes hereafter.  
What comforts, sir? Have your endeavours pros-  
per'd?

Have we tired Fortune's malice with our sufferings?  
Is she at length, after so many frowns,  
Pleased to vouchsafe one cheerful look upon us?

*Fran.* You give too much to fortune and your  
passions,

O'er which a wise man, if religious, triumphs.  
That name fools worship; and those tyrants, which  
We arm against our better part, our reason,  
May add, but never take from our afflictions.

*Vitel.* Sir, as I am a sinful man, I cannot  
But like one suffer.

*Fran.* I exact not from you

A fortitude insensible of calamity,  
To which the saints themselves have bow'd and  
shown

They are made of flesh and blood; all that I  
challenge,

Is manly patience. Will you, that were traired up  
In a religious school, where divine maxims,  
Scorning comparison with moral precepts,  
Were daily taught you, bear your constancy's trial,  
Not like Vitelli, but a village nurse,  
With curses in your mouth, tears in your eyes?—  
How poorly it shows in you.

*Vitel.* I am school'd, sir,  
And will hereafter, to my utmost strength,  
Study to be myself.

*Fran.* So shall you find me  
Most ready to assist you; neither have I  
Slept in your great occasions: since I left you  
I have been at the viceroy's court, and press'd,  
As far as they allow, a Christian entrance;  
And something I have learn'd, that may concern  
The purpose of this journey.

*Vitel.* Dear sir, what is it?

*Fran.* By the command of Asambeg, the viceroy,  
The city swells with barbarous pomp and pride,  
For the entertainment of stout Mustapha,  
The basha of Aleppo, who in person  
Comes to receive the niece of Amurath,  
The fair Donuss, for his bride.

*Vitel.* I find not

How this may profit us.

*Fran.* Pray you give me leave.

Among the rest that wait upon the viceroy,  
Such as have, under him, command in Tunis,  
Who, as you've often heard, are all false pirates,  
I saw the shame of Venice, and the scorn  
Of all good men, the perjured RENEGADO,  
Antonio Grimaldi.

*Vitel.* Ha! his name

Is poison to me.

*Fran.* Yet again?

*Vitel.* I have done, sir.

*Fran.* This debauch'd villain, whom we ever  
thought

(After his impious scorn done, in St. Mark's,  
To me, as I stood at the holy altar)  
The thief that ravish'd your fair sister from you,  
The virtuous Paulina, not long since,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
Sold to the viceroy a fair Christian virgin  
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel nature,  
Asambeg dotes extremely.

*Vitel.* 'Tis my sister:

It must be she, my better angel tells me  
'Tis poor Paulina. Farewell all disguises!  
I'll show, in my revenge, that I am noble.

*Fran.* You are not mad?

*Vitel.* No, sir; my virtuous anger  
Makes every vein an artery; I feel in me  
The strength of twenty men; and, being arm'd  
With my good cause, to wreak wrong'd innocence,  
I dare alone run to the viceroy's court,  
And with this poniard, before his face,  
Dig out Grimaldi's heart.

*Fran.* Is this religious?

*Vitel.* Would you have me tame now? Can I  
know my sister

Mew'd up in his seraglio, and in danger  
Not alone to lose her honour, but her soul;  
The hell-bred villain by too, that has sold both  
To black destruction, and not haste to send him  
To the devil, his tutor? To be patient now,  
Were, in another name, to play the pander  
To the viceroy's loose embraces, and cry aim!  
While he, by force or flattery, compels her

To yield her fair name up to his foul lust,  
And, after, turn apostata to the faith  
That she was bred in.

*Fran.* Do but give me hearing,  
And you shall soon grant how ridiculous  
This childish fury is. A wise man never  
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easy  
For any single arm to quell an army,  
As to effect your wishes. We come hither  
To learn Paulina's fate, and to redeem her:  
Leave your revenge to heaven. I oft have told you  
Of a relic that I gave her, which has power,  
If we may credit holy men's traditions,  
To keep the owner free from violence:  
This on her breast she wears, and does preserve  
The virtue of it, by her daily prayers.  
So, if she fall not by her own consent,  
Which it were sin to think, I fear no force.  
Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd shape,  
Till time and opportunity present us  
With some fit means to see her; which perform'd,  
I'll join with you in any desperate course  
For her delivery.

*Vitel.* You have charm'd me, sir,  
And I obey in all things: pray you, pardon  
The weakness of my passion.

*Fran.* And excuse it.  
Be cheerful, man; for know that good intents  
Are, in the end, crown'd with as fair events.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in DONUSA'S Palace.

*Enter DONUSA, MANTO, and CARASIE.*

*Don.* Have you seen the Christian captive,  
The great basha is so enamour'd of?

*Mant.* Yes, an it please your excellency,  
I took a full view of her, when she was  
Presented to him.

*Don.* And is she such a wonder,  
As 'tis reported?

*Mant.* She was drown'd in tears then,  
Which took much from her beauty; yet, in spite  
Of sorrow, she appear'd the mistress of  
Most rare perfections; and, though low of stature,  
Her well-proportion'd limbs invite affection:  
And, when she speaks, each syllable is music  
That does enchant the hearers: but your highness,  
That are not to be parallel'd, I yet never  
Beheld her equal.

*Don.* Come, you flatter me;  
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,  
Seldom distaste our servants, though they give us  
More than we can pretend to. I have heard  
That Christian ladies live with much more freedom  
Than such as are born here. Our jealous Turks  
Never permit their fair wives to be seen,  
But at the public bagnios, or the mosques,  
And, even then, veil'd and guarded. Thou, Ca-  
razie,

Wert born in England; what's the custom there,  
Among your women? Come, be free and merry:  
I am no severe mistress; nor hast thou met with  
A heavy bondage.

*Car.* Heavy! I was made lighter  
By two stone weight, at least, to be fit to serve you.  
But to your question, madam; women in England,  
For the most part, live like queens. Your country  
ladies

Have liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast,

To give free entertainment to all comers.  
To talk, to kiss; there's no such thing known there  
As an Italian girle. Your city dame,  
Without leave, wears the breeches, has her husband  
At as much command as her prentice; and, if  
need be,

Can make him cuckold by her father's copy.

*Don.* But your court lady?

*Car.* She, I assure you, madam,  
Knows nothing but her will; must be allow'd  
Her footmen, her caroch, her ushers, pages,  
Her doctor, chaplains; and, as I have heard,  
They're grown of late so learn'd, that they main-  
tain

A strange position, which their lords, with all  
Their wit, cannot confute.

*Don.* What's that, I prithee?

*Car.* Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful,  
Your madam there, her much rest and high feeding  
Duly consider'd, should, to ease her husband,  
Be allow'd a private friend: they have drawn a bill  
To this good purpose, and, the next assembly,  
Doubt not to pass it.

*Don.* We enjoy no more,  
That are o' the Othoman race, though our religion  
Allows all pleasure. I am dull: some music.  
Take my chapines off. So, a lusty strain.

[*A galliard. Knocking within.*]

Who knocks there?

[*MANTO goes to the door, and returns.*]

*Mant.* 'Tis the basha of Aleppo,  
Who humbly makes request he may present  
His service to you.

*Don.* Reach a chair. We must  
Receive him like ourself, and not depart with  
One piece of ceremony, state, and greatness,  
That may beget respect and reverence  
In one that's born our vassal. Now admit him.

*Enter MUSTAFRA; he puts off his yellow pantofles.*

*Musta.* The place is sacred; and I am to enter  
The room where she abides, with such devotion  
As pilgrims pay at Mecca, when they visit  
The tomb of our great prophet. [*Kneels.*]

*Don.* Rise; the sign

[*CARASIE takes up the pantofles.*]

That we vouchsafe your presence.

*Musta.* May those Powers  
That raised the Othoman empire, and still guard it,  
Reward your highness for this gracious favour  
You throw upon your servant! It hath pleased  
The most invincible, mightiest Amurath,  
(To speak his other titles would take from him  
That in himself does comprehend all greatness,)  
To make me the unworthy instrument  
Of his command. Receive, divinest lady,

[*Delivers a letter.*]

This letter, sign'd by his victorious hand,  
And made authentic by the imperial seal.  
There, when you find me mention'd, far be it from  
To think it my ambition to presume [you  
At such a happiness, which his powerful will,  
From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit,  
Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your consent  
Join with his good opinion and allowance,  
To perfect what his favours have begun,  
I shall, in my obsequiousness and duty,  
Endeavour to prevent all just complaints,  
Which want of will to serve you may call on me.

*Don.* His sacred majesty writes here, that your  
valour

Against the Persian hath so won upon him,  
That there's no grace or honour in his gift,  
Of which he can imagine you unworthy;  
And, what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at,  
It is his pleasure you should be received  
Into his royal family—provided,  
For so far I am unconfin'd, that I  
Affect and like your person. I expect not  
The ceremony which he uses in  
Bestowing of his daughters and his nieces:  
As that he should present you for my slave,  
To love you, if you pleased me; or deliver  
A poniard, on my least dislike, to kill you.  
Such tyranny and pride agree not with  
My softer disposition. Let it suffice,  
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you:

[Gives him her hand to kiss.]

Hereafter, some time spent to make enquiry  
Of the good parts and faculties of your mind,  
You shall hear further from me.

*Musta.* Though all torments  
Really suffer'd, or in hell imagined  
By curious fiction, in one hour's delay  
Are wholly comprehended; I confess  
That I stand bound in duty, not to check at  
Whatever you command, or please to impose,  
For trial of my patience.

*Don.* Let us find

Some other subject; too much of one theme cloy's  
Is't a full mart? [me:]

*Musta.* A confluence of all nations  
Are met together: there's variety, too,  
Of all that merchants traffic for.

*Don.* I know not—

I feel a virgin's longing to descend  
So far from my own greatness, as to be,  
Though not a buyer, yet a looker on  
Their strange commodities.

*Musta.* If without a train  
You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine,  
And wait upon you as a common man,  
And satisfy your wishes.

*Don.* I embrace it.

Provide my veil; and, at the postern gate,  
Convey us out unseen. I trouble you.

*Musta.* It is my happiness you deign to com-  
mand me. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—*The Bazar.*

GASSET in his Shop; FRANCISCO and VITELLI walking  
before it.

*Gas.* What do you lack? Your choice China  
dishes, your pure Venetian crystal of all sorts, of all  
neat and new fashions, from the mirror of the madam,  
to the private utensil of her chambermaid; and  
curious pictures of the rarest beauties of Europe:  
What do you lack, gentlemen?

*Fran.* Take heed, I say; how'er it may appear  
Impertinent, I must express my love,  
My advice, and counsel. You are young, Vitelli,  
And may be tempted; and these Turkish dames,  
(Like English mastiffs, that increase their fierceness  
By being chain'd up,) from the restraint of free-  
dom.

If still once fire their blood from a fair object,  
Will run a course the fiends themselves would  
To enjoy their wanton ends. [shake at,

*Vitel.* Sir, you mistake me:

I am too full of woe, to entertain  
One thought of pleasure, though all Europe's  
queens

Kneel'd at my feet, and courted me; much less  
To mix with such, whose difference of faith  
Must, of necessity, (or I must grant  
Myself neglectful of all you have taught me,)  
Strangle such base desires.

*Fran.* Be constant in

That resolution; I'll abroad again,  
And learn, as far as it is possible,  
What may concern Paulina. Some two hours  
Shall bring me back. [Exit.]

*Vitel.* All blessings wait upon you!

*Gas.* Cold doings, sir? a mart do you call this?  
'sight!

A pudding-wife, or a witch with a thrum cap,  
That sells ale underground to such as come  
To know their fortunes in a dead vacation,  
Have, ten to one, more stirring.

*Vitel.* We must be patient.

*Gas.* Your seller by retail ought to be angry,  
But when he's fingering money.

Enter GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, Sailors, and Turks.

*Vitel.* Here are company—

Defend me, my good angel, [seeing GRIMALDI.] I  
A basilisk! [behold]

*Gas.* What do you lack? what do you lack?  
pure China dishes, clear crystal glasses, a dumb  
mistress to make love to? What do you lack, gen-  
tlemen?

*Grim.* Thy mother for a bawd; or, if thou hast  
A handsome one, thy sister for a whore;  
Without these, do not tell me of your trash,  
Or I shall spoil your market.

*Vitel.*—Old Grimaldi!

*Grim.* 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to sea, or  
The raging winds, aloft, or p— upon [stand  
The foamy waves, when they rage most; deride  
The thunder of the enemy's shot, board boldly  
A merchant's ship for prize, though we behold  
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,  
And blow the deck up? wherefore shake we off  
Those scrupulous rags of charity and conscience.  
Invented only to keep churchmen warm,  
Or feed the hungry mouths of famish'd beggars;  
But, when we touch the shore, to wallow in  
All sensual pleasures?

*Mast.* Ay, but, noble captain,  
To spare a little for an after-clap,  
Were not providence.

*Grim.* Hang consideration!

When this is spent, is not our ship the same,  
Our courage too the same, to fetch in more?  
The earth, where it is fertilest, returns not  
More than three harvests, while the glorious sun  
Posts through the zodiac, and makes up the year:  
But the sea, which is our mother, (that embraces  
Both the rich Indies in her outstretch'd arms.)  
Yields every day a crop, if we dare reap it.  
No, no, my mates, let tradesmen think of thrift,  
And usurers hoard up; let our expense  
Be, as our comings in are, without bounds.  
We are the Neptunes of the ocean.  
And such as traffic shall pay sacrifice  
Of their best lading; I will have this canvass  
Your boy wears, lined with tissue, and the cates  
You taste, serv'd up in gold:—Though we carouse  
The tears of orphans in our Greekish wines.

The sighs of undone widows paying for  
The music bought to cheer us, ravish'd virgins  
To slavery sold, for coin to feed our riots,  
We will have no compunction.

*Gas.* Do you hear, sir?  
We have paid for our ground.

*Grim.* Hum!  
*Gas.* And hum, too!  
For all your big words, get you further off,  
And hinder not the prospect of our shop,  
Or

*Grim.* What will you do?  
*Gas.* Nothing, sir—but pray  
Your worship to give me handsel.  
*Grim.* [*Seizing him.*] By the ears,  
Thus, sir, by the ears.

*Mast.* Hold, hold!  
*Vitel.* You'll still be prating.  
*Grim.* Come, let's be drunk; then each man to  
his whore.

'Slight, how do you look? you had best go find a  
corner

To pray in, and repent: do, do, and cry;  
It will shew fine in pirates. [*Exit.*]

*Mast.* We must follow,  
Or he will spend our shares.  
*Boatsw.* I fought for mine.  
*Mast.* Nor am I so precise but I can drab too:  
We will not sit out for our parts.

*Boatsw.* Agreed. [*Exeunt Mast. Boatsw. Sailors.*]  
*Gas.* The devil gnaw off his fingers! If he were  
in London, among the clubs, up went his heels,  
For striking of a prentice.—What do you lack?  
What do you lack, gentlemen?

1 *Turk.* I wonder how the viceroy can endure  
The insolence of this fellow.  
2 *Turk.* He receives profit  
From the prizes he brings in; and that excuses  
Whatever he commits. Ha! what are these?

*Enter MUSTAPHA with DONUSA veiled.*

1 *Turk.* They seem of rank and quality: observe  
them.

*Gas.* What do you lack? see what you please  
to buy;

Wares of all sorts, most honourable madona.  
*Vitel.* Peace, sirrah, make no noise; these are  
not people

To be jested with.  
*Don.* Is this the Christians' custom,  
In the venting their commodities?

*Musta.* Yes, best madam.  
But you may please to keep your way, here's nothing  
But toys and trifles, not worth your observing.

*Don.* Yes, for variety's sake: pray you, shew  
us, friend,  
The chiefest of your wares.

*Vitel.* Your ladyship's servant;  
And if, in worth, or title you are more,  
My ignorance plead my pardon!

*Don.* He speaks well.  
*Vitel.* Take down the looking-glass. Here is a  
mirror

Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from  
Nor flattering the object it returns  
To the beholder, that Narcissus might  
(And never grow enamour'd of himself)  
View his fair feature in't.

*Don.* Poetical, too!  
*Vitel.* Here China dishes to serve in a banquet,

Though the voluptuous Persian sat a guest.  
Here crystal glasses, such as Ganymede  
Did fill with nectar to the Thunderer,  
When he drank to Alcides, and received him  
In the fellowship of the gods; true to the owners:  
Corinthian plate, studded with diamonds,  
Conceal'd off deadly poison; this pure metal  
So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress  
Or master that possesses it, that, rather  
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself  
It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor.

*Don.* How movingly could this fellow treat  
upon  
A worthy subject, that finds such discourse  
To grace a trifle!

*Vitel.* Here's a picture, madam;  
The masterpiece of Michael Angelo,  
Our great Italian workman; here's another,  
So perfect at all parts, that had Pygmalion  
Seen this, his prayers had been made to Venus  
To have given it life, and his carved ivory image  
By poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,  
The rarest beauties of the Christian world,  
And no where to be equal'd.

*Don.* You are partial  
In the cause of those you favour; I believe  
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs  
Not much inferior.

*Vitel.* With your pardon, madam,  
I am incredulous.

*Don.* Can you match me this?

*Vitel.* What wonder look I on! I'll search above,  
And suddenly attend you. [*Lifts her veil hastily.*]  
*Exit.*

*Don.* Are you amazed?  
I'll bring you to yourself. [*Throws down the Glasses.*]

*Musta.* Ha! what's the matter?  
*Gas.* My master's ware!—We are undone!—O  
A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses! [strange!  
'Tis time to shut up shop then.

*Musta.* You seem moved:  
If any language of these Christian dogs  
Have call'd your anger on, in a frown shew it,  
And they are dead already.

*Don.* The offence  
Looks not so far. The foolish, paltry fellow,  
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me,  
For what I valued at so many aspers,  
A thousand ducats. I confess he moved me;  
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a beggar  
Receive least loss from me.

*Musta.* Is it no more?  
*Don.* No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill  
To-morrow to the palace, and enquire  
For one Donusa; that word gives him passage  
Through all the guard: say, there he shall receive  
Full satisfaction. Now, when you please.

*Musta.* I wait you. [*Exeunt MUSTA. and DON.*]  
1 *Turk.* We must not know them.—Let's shift  
off, and vanish. [*Exeunt TURKS.*]

*Gas.* The swine's-pox overtake you! there's a  
For a Turk, that eats no hog's flesh. [*curse*]

*Re-enter VITELLI.*

*Vitel.* Is she gone?  
*Gas.* Yes: You may see her handywork.

*Vitel.* No matter.  
Said she aught else?

*Gas.* That you should wait upon her,  
And there receive court payment; and, to pass



The guards, she bids you only say you come  
To one Donusa.

*Vitel.* How! Remove the wares;  
Do it without reply. The sultan's niece!  
I have heard, among the Turks, for any lady  
To shew her face bare, argues love, or speaks

Her deadly hatred. What should I fear? my foe  
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me [tune  
Aught worth my shunning. I will run the hazard  
She may be a means to free distress'd Paulina—  
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die  
Is a full period to calamity. [Exit.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in DONUSA's Palace.

*Enter CARAZIE and MANTO.*

*Car.* In the name of wonder, Manto, what hath  
Done with herself; since yesterday? [my lady

*Mant.* I know not.

Malicious men report we are all guided  
In our affections by a wandering planet:  
But such a sudden change in such a person,  
May stand for an example, to confirm  
Their false assertion.

*Car.* She's now pettish, froward;  
Music, discourse, observance, tedious to her.

*Mant.* She slept not the last night; and yet pre-  
The rising sun, in being up before him: [vented  
Call'd for a costly bath, then will'd the rooms  
Should be perfumed; ransack'd her cabinets  
For her choice and richest jewels, and appears now  
Like Cynthia in full glory, waited on  
By the fairest of the stars.

*Car.* Can you guess the reason,  
Why the aga of the janizaries, and he  
That guards the entrance of the inmost port,  
Were call'd before her?

*Mant.* They are both her creatures,  
And by her grace prefer'd: but I am ignorant  
To what purpose they were sent for.

*Enter DONUSA.*

*Car.* Here she comes,  
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand farther off.  
What a frown was that!

*Mant.* Forbear.

*Car.* I pity her.

*Don.* What magic bath transform'd me from  
myself?

Where is my virgin pride? how have I lost  
My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up  
My scorched entrails; what unknown desires  
Invade, and take possession of my soul.  
All virtuous objects vanish'd? I, that have stood  
The shock of fierce temptations, stopp'd mine ears  
Against all Syren notes lust ever sung,  
To draw my bark of chastity (that with wonder  
Hath kept a constant and an honour'd course)  
Into the gulf of a deserved ill-fame,  
Now fall unpitied; and, in a moment,  
With mine own hands, dig up a grave to bury  
The monumental heap of all my years,  
Employ'd in noble actions. O my fate!  
—But there is no resisting. I obey thee,  
Imperious god of love, and willingly  
Put mine own fetters on, to grace thy triumph:  
'Twere therefore more than cruelty in thee,  
To use me like a tyrant. What poor means  
Must I make use of now! and flatter such,  
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,  
One gracious look of mine would have erected  
An altar to my service! How, now, Manto!—

My ever careful woman; and Carazie,  
Thou hast been faithful too.

*Car.* I dare not call

My life mine own, since it is yours, but gladly  
Will part with it, when'er you shall command me;  
And think I fall a martyr, so my death  
May give life to your pleasures.

*Mant.* But vouchsafe

To let me understand what you desire  
Should be effected; I will undertake it,  
And curse myself for cowardice, if I paused  
To ask a reason why.

*Don.* I am comforted

In the tender of your service, but shall be  
Confirm'd in my full joys, in the performance.  
Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you  
But what you stand engaged for to a mistress,  
Such as I have been to you. All I ask,  
Is faith and secrecy.

*Car.* Say but you doubt me,  
And, to secure you, I'll cut out my tongue;  
I am libb'd in the breech already.

*Mant.* Do not hinder  
Yourself, by these delays.

*Don.* Thus then I whisper  
Mine own shame to you.—O that I should blush  
To speak what I so much desire to do!  
And, further—[*Whispers, and uses vehement action.*

*Mant.* Is this all?

*Don.* Think it not base;  
Although I know the office undergoes  
A coarse construction.

*Car.* Coarse! 'tis but procuring;  
A smock employment, which has made more knights,  
In a country I could name, than twenty years  
Of service in the field.

*Don.* You have my ends.

*Mant.* Which say you have arrived at: be not  
To yourself, and fear not us. [wanting

*Car.* I know my burthen;

I'll bear it with delight.

*Mant.* Talk not, but do. [Exit *CAR. and MANT.*

*Don.* O love, what poor shifts thou dost force  
us to! [Exit.

## SCENE II.—A Court in the Same.

*Enter Aga, Caplaga, and Janizaries.*

*Aga.* She was ever our good mistress, and our  
maker,

And should we check at a little hazard for her,  
We were unthankful.

*Cap.* I dare pawn my head,  
'Tis some disguised minion of the court,  
Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her  
The viceroy's actions.

*Aga.* That concerns not us;

His fall may be our rise: whate'er he be,  
He passes through my guards.

Cap. And mine—provided  
He give the word.

Enter VITELLI.

Vitel. To faint now, being thus far,  
Would argue me of cowardice.

Aga. Stand: the word;  
Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,  
Forfeits thy life.

Vitel. Donusa.

Aga. Pass in peace. [Exeunt Aga and Janizaries.]

Vitel. What a privilege her name bears!  
'Tis wondrous strange! If the great officer,  
The guardian of the inner port, deny not—

Cap. Thy warrant: Speak, or thou art dead.

Vitel. Donusa.

Cap. That protects thee;  
Without fear enter. So:—discharge the watch.  
[Exeunt VITELLI and Caplaga.]

SCENE III.—An outer Room in the same.

Enter CARAZIE and MANTO.

Car. Though he hath past the aga and chief  
This cannot be the man. [porter,

Mant. By her description,  
I am sure it is.

Car. O women, women,  
What are you? A great lady dote upon  
A haberdasher of small wares!

Mant. Fish! thou hast none.

Car. No; if I had, I might have served the  
turn.

This 'tis to want munition, when a man  
Should make a breach, and enter.

Enter VITELLI.

Mant. Sir, you are welcome:  
Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.

Car. Perfume the rooms there, and make way.

Let music

With choice notes entertain the man the princess  
Now purposes to honour.

Vitel. I am ravish'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the same. A  
table set forth, with jewels and bags of money  
upon it.

Loud music. Enter DONUSA, (followed by CARAZIE,) and  
as her seat.

Don. Sing o'er the ditty that I last composed  
Upon my love-sick passion: suit your voice  
To the music that's placed yonder, we shall hear  
With more delight and pleasure. [you

Car. I obey you. [Song.]

During the song, enter MANTO and VITELLI.

Vitel. Is not this Tempe, or the blessed shades,  
Where innocent spirits reside? or do I dream,  
And this a heavenly vision? Howsoever,  
It is a sight too glorious to behold,  
For such a wretch as I am.

Car. He is daunted.

Mant. Speak to him, madam; cheer him up, or  
Destroy what you have built. [you

Car. Would I were furnish'd

With his artillery, and if I stood  
Gaping as he does, hang me.

[Aside.  
[Exeunt CARAZIE and MANTO.]

Vitel. That I might  
Ever dream thus!

[Kneels.]

Don. Banish amazement.  
You wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor.  
And, to assure you that I am a substance,  
And no aerial figure, thus I raise you.  
Why do you shake? my soft touch brings no ague;  
No biting frost is in this palm; nor are  
My looks like to the Gorgon's head, that turn  
Men into statues; rather they have power,  
Or I have been abused, where they bestow  
Their influence, (let me prove it truth in you,)  
To give to dead men motion.

Vitel. Can this be?  
May I believe my senses? Dare I think  
I have a memory, or that you are  
That excellent creature that of late disdain'd not  
To look on my poor trifles?

Don. I am she.

Vitel. The owner of that blessed name, Donusa,  
Which, like a potent charm, although pronounced  
By my profane, but much unworthier, tongue,  
Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,  
Where Christian yet ne'er trod?

Don. I am the same.

Vitel. And to what end, great lady—pardon me,  
That I presume to ask, did your command  
Command me hither? Or what am I, to whom  
You should vouchsafe your favours; nay, your  
If any wild or uncollected speech, [angers?  
Offensively deliver'd, or my doubt  
Of your unknown perfections, have displeas'd you,  
You wrong your indignation to pronounce,  
Yourself, my sentence: to have seen you only,  
And to have touch'd that fortune-making hand,  
Will with delight weigh down all tortures, that  
A flinty hangman's rage could execute,  
Or rigid tyranny command with pleasure.

Don. How the abundance of good flowing to  
thee,

Is wrong'd in this simplicity! and these bounties,  
Which all our Eastern kings have kneel'd in vain  
Do, by thy ignorance, or wilful fear, [for,  
Meet with a false construction! Christian, know  
(For till thou art mine by a nearer name,  
That title, though abhor'd here, takes not from  
Thy entertainment) that 'tis not the fashion  
Among the greatest and the fairest dames  
This Turkish empire gladly owes and bows to,  
To punish where there's no offence, or nourish  
Displeasures against those, without whose mercy  
They part with all felicity. Prithee, be wise,  
And gently understand me; do not force her,  
That ne'er knew ought but to command, nor e'er  
The elements of affection, but from such [read  
As gladly sued to her, in the infancy  
Of her new-born desires, to be at once  
Impertunate and immodest.

Vitel. Did I know,  
Great lady, your commands; or, to what purpose  
This personated passion tends, (since 'twere  
A crime in me deserving death, to think  
It is your own,) I should, to make you sport,  
Take any shape you please t'impose upon me;  
And with joy strive to serve you.

Don. Sport! Thou art cruel,  
If that thou canst interpret my descent

From my high birth and greatness, but to be  
 A part, in which I truly act myself :  
 And I must hold thee for a dull spectator,  
 If it stir not affection, and invite  
 Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught  
 By my example, to make satisfaction  
 For wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly  
 I do confess my fault ; I injured thee  
 In some poor petty trifles : thus I pay for  
 The trespass I did to thee. Here—receive  
 These bags, stuff'd full of our imperial coin ;  
 Or, if this payment be too light, take here  
 These gems, for which the slavish Indian dives  
 To the bottom of the main : or, if thou scorn  
 These as base dross, which take but common minds,  
 But fancy any honour in my gift,  
 Which is unbounded as the sultan's power,  
 And be possess of it.

*Vitel.* I am overwhelm'd  
 With the weight of happiness you throw upon me :  
 Nor can it fall in my imagination,  
 What wrong you e'er have done me ; and much less  
 How, like a royal merchant, to return  
 Your great magnificence.

*Don.* They are degrees,  
 Not ends, of my intended favours to thee.  
 These seeds of bounty I yet scatter on  
 A glebe I have not tried :—but, be thou thankful ;  
 The harvest is to come.

*Vitel.* What can be added  
 To that which I already have received,  
 I cannot comprehend.

*Don.* The tender of  
 Myself. Why dost thou start ? and in that gift,  
 Full restitution of that virgin freedom  
 Which thou hast robb'd me of. Yet, I profess,  
 I so far prize the lovely thief that stole it,  
 That, were it possible thou couldst restore  
 What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me,  
 I should refuse the present.

*Vitel.* How I shake  
 In my constant resolution ! and my flesh,  
 Rebellious to my better part, now tells me,  
 As if it were a strong defence of frailty,  
 A hermit in a desert, tenc'd with prayers,  
 Could not resist this battery.

*Don.* Thou an Italian,  
 Nay more, I know't, a natural Venetian,  
 Such as are courtiers born to please fair ladies,  
 Yet come thus slowly on !

*Vitel.* Excuse me, madam :  
 What imputation soe'er the world  
 Is pleas'd to lay upon us, in myself  
 I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis  
 That I should offer.

*Don.* By instinct I'll teach thee,  
 And with such ease as love makes me to ask it.  
 When a young lady wrings you by the hand, thus,  
 Or with an amorous touch presses your foot,  
 Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your locks,  
 Do not you find, without a tutor's help,  
 What 'tis she looks for !

*Vitel.* I am grown already  
 Skilful in the mystery.

*Don.* Or, if thus she kiss you,  
 Then tastes your lips again— [Kisses him.

*Vitel.* That latter blow  
 Has beat all chaste thoughts from me.

*Don.* Say, she points to  
 Some private room the sunbeams never enter,

Provoking dishes passing by, to heighten  
 Declined appetite, active music ushering  
 Your fainting steps, the waiters too, as born dumb,  
 Not daring to look on you.

[Exit, inviting him to follow

*Vitel.* Though the devil  
 Stood by, and roar'd, I follow : Now I find  
 That virtue's but a word, and no sure guard,  
 If set upon by beauty and reward. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Hall in ASAMBEG'S Palace.

Enter Aga, Caplaga, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, and  
 Sailors.

*Aga.* The devil's in him, I think.

*Grim.* Let him be damn'd too.

I'll look on him, though he stared as wild as hell ;  
 Nay, I'll go near to tell him to his teeth.  
 If he mends not suddenly, and proves more  
 thankful,

We do him too much service. Were't not for  
 shame now,

I could turn honest, and forswear my trade ;  
 Which, next to being truss'd up at the mainyard  
 By some low country butterbox, I hate  
 As deadly as I do fasting, or long grace  
 When meat cools on the table.

*Cap.* But take heed ;  
 You know his violent nature.

*Grim.* Let his whores  
 And catamites know't ! I understand myself,  
 And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home,  
 And rail at us, that run abroad all hazards,  
 If every week we bring not home new pillage,  
 For the fattening his seraglio.

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, and Attendants.

*Aga.* Here he comes.

*Cap.* How terrible he looks !

*Grim.* To such as fear him.

The viceroy, Asambeg ! were he the sultan's self  
 He'll let us know a reason for his fury ;  
 Or we must take leave, without his allowance,  
 To be merry with our ignorance.

*Asam.* Mahomet's hell  
 Light on you all ! You crouch and cringe now—

Where

Was the terror of my just frowns, when you  
 suffer'd

Those thieves of Malta, almost in our harbour,  
 To board a ship, and bear her safely off,  
 While you stood idle lookers on ?

*Aga.* The odds

In the men and shipping, and the suddenness  
 Of their departure, yielding us no leisure  
 To send forth others to relieve our own.  
 Deterr'd us, mighty sir.

*Asam.* Deterr'd you, cowards !  
 How durst you only entertain the knowledge  
 Of what fear was, but in the not performance  
 Of our command ? In me great Amurath spake ;  
 My voice did echo to your ears his thunder,  
 And will'd you, like so many sea-born tritons,  
 Arm'd only with the trumpets of your courage,  
 To swim up to her, and, like remoras  
 Hanging upon her keel, to stay her flight,  
 Till rescue, sent from us, had fetch'd you off.  
 You think you're safe now. Who durst but dis-  
 pute it,

Or make it questionable, if, this moment,  
I charged you, from yon hanging cliff, that glasses  
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,  
To throw yourselves down headlong? or, like fug-  
gots,

To fill the ditches of defended forts,  
While on your backs we march'd up to the breach?  
*Grim.* That would not I.

*Asam.* Ha.  
*Grim.* Yet I dare as much  
As any of the sultan's boldest sons,  
Whose heaven and hell hang on his frown or smile,  
His warlike janizaries.

*Asam.* Add one syllable more,  
Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a sentence  
That, earthquake-like, will swallow thee.

*Grim.* Let it open,  
I'll stand the hazard: those contemned thieves,  
Your fellow-pirates, sir, the bold Maltese,  
Whom with your looks you think to quell, at  
Rhodes

Laugh'd at great Solyman's anger: and, if treason  
Had not delivered them into his power,  
He had grown old in glory as in years,  
At that so fatal siege; or risen with shame,  
His hopes and threats deluded.

*Asam.* Our great prophet!  
How have I lost my anger and my power!  
*Grim.* Find it, and use it on thy flatterers,  
And not upon thy friends, that dare speak truth.  
These knights of Malta, but a handful to  
Your armies, that drink rivers up, have stood  
Your fury at the height, and with their crosses  
Struck pale your horned moons; these men of  
Malta,

Since I took pay from you, I've met and fought  
with

Upon advantage too; yet, to speak truth,  
By the soul of honour, I have ever found them  
As provident to direct, and bold to do,  
As any train'd up in your discipline,  
Ravish'd from other nations.

*Musta.* I perceive  
The lightning in his fiery looks: the cloud  
Is broke already. *[Aside.]*

*Grim.* Think not, therefore, sir,  
That you alone are giants, and such pigmies  
You war upon.

*Asam.* Villain! I'll make thee know  
Thou hast blasphem'd the Othoman power, and  
safer,  
At noonday, might'st have given fire to St.  
Mark's,

Your proud Venetian temple.—Seize upon him:  
I am not so near reconciled to him,  
To bid him die; that were a benefit  
The dog's unworthy of. To our use confiscate  
All that he stands possess'd of; let him taste  
The misery of want, and his vain riots,  
Like to so many walking ghosts, affright him,  
Where'er he sets his desperate foot. Who is't  
That does command you?

*Grim.* Is this the reward  
For all my service, and the rape I made  
On fair Paulina?

*Asam.* Drag him hence:—he dies.  
That dallies but a minute.

*[GRIMALDI is dragged off, his head covered.]*

*Boatsw.* What's become of  
Our shares now, master?

*Must.* Would he had been born dumb!

The beggar's cure, patience, is all that's left us.  
*[Exit Master, Boatswain, and Sailors.]*

*Musta.* 'Twas but intemperance of speech,  
excuse him;

Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out  
For a deserving fellow.

*Asam.* At Aleppo,  
I durst not press you so far: give me leave  
To use my own will, and command in Tunis;  
And if you please, my privacy.

*Musta.* I will see you,  
When this high wind's blown o'er. *[Exit.]*

*Asam.* So shall you find me  
Ready to do you service. Rage, now leave me;  
Stern looks, and all the ceremonious forms  
Attending on dread majesty, fly from  
Transformed Asambeg. Why should I hug

*[Pulls out a key.]*

So near my heart, what leads me to my prison;  
Where she that is intrall'd, commands her keeper,  
And robs me of the fierceness I was born with?  
Stout men quake at my frowns, and, in return,  
I tremble at her softness. Base Grimaldi  
But only named Paulina, and the charm  
Had almost choak'd my fury, ere I could  
Pronounce his sentence. Would, when first I saw  
her,

Mine eyes had met with lightning, and, in place  
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks  
Of mandrakes had made music to my slumbers!  
For now I only walk a loving dream,  
And but to my dishonour never wake;  
And yet am blind, but when I see the object,  
And madly dote on it. Appear, bright spark

*[Opens a door; PAULINA comes forth.]*

Of all perfection! any simile  
Borrow'd from diamonds, or the fairest stars,  
To help me to express how dear I prize  
Thy unmatched graces, will rise up, and chide me  
For poor detraction.

*Paul.* I despise thy flatteries:  
Thus spit at them, and scorn them; and being  
arm'd

In the assurance of my innocent virtue,  
I stamp upon all doubts, all fears, all tortures,  
Thy barbarous cruelty, or, what's worse, thy dotage,  
The worthy parent of thy jealousy,  
Can shower upon me.

*Asam.* If these bitter taunts  
Ravish me from myself, and make me think  
My greedy ears receive angelical sounds;  
How would this tongue, tuned to a loving note,  
Invade, and take possession of my soul,  
Which then I durst not call mine own!

*Paul.* Thou art false,  
Falsely than thy religion. Do but think me  
Something above a beast, nay more, a monster  
Would fright the sun to look on, and then tell me,  
If this base usage can invite affection?  
If to be mew'd up, and excluded from  
Human society: the use of pleasures;  
The necessary, not superfluous duties  
Of servants, to discharge those offices  
I blush to name—

*Asam.* Of servants! Can you think  
That I, that dare not trust the eye of heaven  
To look upon your beauties; that deny  
Myself the happiness to touch your pureness,  
Will e'er consent an eunuch, or bought handmaid,

Shall once approach you?—There is something in you

That can work miracles, or I am cozen'd,  
Dispose and alter sexes, to my wrong,  
In spite of nature. I will be your nurse,  
Your woman, your physician, and your fool;  
Till, with your free consent, which I have vow'd  
Never to force, you grace me with a name  
That shall supply all these.

*Paul.* What is it?

*Asam.* Your husband.

*Paul.* My hangman, when thou pleasest.

*Asam.* Thus I guard me  
Against your further angers. [*Leads her to the door.*]

*Paul.* Which shall reach thee,

Though I were in the centre.

[*ASAMERO closes the door upon her, and locks it.*]

*Asam.* Such a spirit,  
In such a small proportion, I ne'er read of,  
Which time must alter: Ravish her I dare not;  
The magic that she wears about her neck,  
I think, defends her:—this devotion paid  
To this sweet saint, mistress of my sour pain,  
'Tis fit I take mine own rough shape again. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE VI.—A Street near DONUSA's Palace.

*Enter FRANCISCO and GASSET.*

*Fran.* I think he's lost.

*Gas.* 'Tis ten to one of that;

I ne'er knew citizen turn courtier yet,  
But he lost his credit though he saved himself.  
Why look you, sir, there are so many lobbies,  
Out-offices, and dispartations here,  
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian  
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

*Enter VITELLI richly habited, CARAZIE, and MANTO.*

*Fran.* I am troubled,  
Troubled exceedingly. Ha! what are these?

*Gas.* One, by his rich suit, should be some  
French ambassador:

For his train, I think they are Turks.

*Fran.* Peace! be not seen.

*Car.* You are now past all the guards, and, un-  
discover'd,  
You may return.

*Vitel.* There's for your pains; forget not  
My humblest service to the best of ladies.

*Mant.* Deserve her favour, sir, in making haste.  
For a second entertainment.

[*Exeunt CARAZIE and MANTO.*]

*Vitel.* Do not doubt me;

I shall not live till then.

*Gas.* The train is vanish'd:

They have done him some good office, he's so free  
And liberal of his gold.—Ha! do I dream,  
Or is this mine own natural master?

*Fran.* 'Tis he.

But strangely metamorphos'd.—You have made,  
sir

A prosperous voyage; heaven grant it be honest,  
I shall rejoice then too.

*Gas.* You make him blush,

To talk of honesty:—you were but now  
In the giving vein, and may think of Gazet,  
Your worship's prentice.

*Vitel.* There's gold: be thou free too,  
And master of my shop, and all the wares  
We brought from Venice.

*Gas.* Rivo! then.

*Vitel.* Dear sir,

This place affords not privacy for discourse;  
But I can tell you wonders: my rich habit  
Deserves least admiration; there is nothing  
That can fall in the compass of your wishes,  
Though it were to redeem a thousand slaves  
From the Turkish galleys, or, at home, to erect  
Some pious work, to shame all hospitals,  
But I am master of the means.

*Fran.* 'Tis strange.

*Vitel.* As I walk, I'll tell you more.

*Gas.* Pray you, a word, sir;

And then I will put on: I have one boon more.

*Vitel.* What is't? speak freely.

*Gas.* Thus then: As I am master  
Of your shop and wares, pray you help me to  
some trucking

With your last she-customer; though she crack  
I will endure it with patience. [*my best piece,*]

*Vitel.* Leave your prating.

*Gas.* I may: you have been doing; we will do  
too.

*Fran.* I am amazed, yet will not blame nor  
chide you,

Till you inform me further: yet must say,  
They steer not the right course, nor traffic well,  
That seek a passage to reach heaven through hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Room in DONUSA's Palace.

*Enter DONUSA and MANTO.*

*Don.* When said he he would come again?

*Mant.* He swore,

Short minutes should be tedious ages to him,  
Until the tender of his second service;  
So much he seem'd transported with the first.

*Don.* I am sure I was. I charge thee, Manto,  
tell me,

By all my favours, and my bounties, truly,  
Whether thou art a virgin, or, like me,  
Hast forfeited that name?

*Mant.* A virgin, madam,

At my years! being a waiting-woman, and in  
court too!

That were miraculous. I so long since lost

That barren burthen, I almost forget

That ever I was one.

*Don.* And could thy friends

Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou  
Hast partied with it?

*Mant.* No, indeed: I past

For current many years after, till, by fortune,  
Long and continued practice in the sport  
Blew up my deck; a husband then was found out  
By my indulgent father, and to the world [*then,*]  
All was made whole again. What need you fear,

That, at your pleasure, may repair your honour,  
Durst any envious or malicious tongue  
Presume to taint it ?

*Enter CARAZIE.*

*Don.* How now ?

*Car.* Madam, the basha  
Humbly desires access.

*Don.* If it had been

My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes.  
Tell him we would be private.

*Car.* So I did,

But he is much importunate.

*Mant.* Best dispatch him :

His lingering here else will deter the other  
From making his approach.

*Don.* His entertainment

Shall not invite a second visit. Go ;  
Say we are pleased.

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

*Must.* All happiness—

*Don.* Be sudden.

'Twas sancy rudeness in you, sir, to press  
On my retirements ; but ridiculous folly  
To waste the time, that might be better spent,  
In complimentary wishes.

*Car.* There's a cooling

For his hot encounter ! *[Aside.*

*Don.* Come you here to stare ?

If you have lost your tongue, and use of speech,  
Resign your government ; there's a mute's place  
void

In my uncle's court, I hear ; and you may work me,  
To write for your preferment.

*Musta.* This is strange !

I know not, madam, what neglect of mine  
Has call'd this scorn upon me.

*Don.* To the purpose—

My will's a reason, and we stand not bound  
To yield account to you.

*Musta.* Not of your angers :

But with erected ears I should hear from you  
The story of your good opinion of me,  
Confirm'd by love and favours.

*Don.* How deserved ?

I have considered you from head to foot,  
And can find nothing in that wainscot face,  
That can teach me to dote ; nor am I taken  
With your grim aspect, or tadpole-like complex-  
plexion.

Those scars you glory in, I fear to look on ;  
And had much rather hear a merry tale,  
Than all your battles won with blood and sweat,  
Though you belch forth the stink too in the service,  
And swear by your mustachios all is true.  
You are yet too rough for me : purge and take  
physic,

Purchase perfumers, get me some French tailor  
To new-create you ; the first shape you were  
made with

Is quite worn out ; let your barber wash your face  
too,

You look yet like a bugbear to fright children ;  
Till when I take my leave—Wait me Carazie.

*[Exeunt DONUSA and CARAZIE.*

*Musta.* Stay you, my lady's cabinet-key.

*[Seizes MANTO.*

*Mant.* How's this, sir ?

*Musta.* Stay, and stand quietly, or you shall  
fall else,

Not to firk your belly up, flounder-like, but never  
To rise again. Offer but to unlock  
These doors that stop your fugitive tongue,  
(observe me.)

And, by my fury, I'll fix there this bolt

*[Draws his scimitar.*

To bar thy speech for ever. So ! be safe now ;  
And but resolve me, not of what I doubt,  
But bring assurance to a thing believed,  
Thou makest thyself a fortune ; not depending  
On the uncertain favours of a mistress,  
But art thyself one. I'll not so far question  
My judgment and observance, as to ask  
Why I am slighted and contemn'd ; but in  
Whose favour it is done ? I, that have read  
The copious volumes of all women's falsehood,  
Commented on by the heart-breaking groans  
Of abused lovers ; all the doubts wash'd off  
With fruitless tears, the spider's cobweb veil  
Of arguments alleged in their defence,  
Blown off with sighs of desperate men, and they  
Appearing in their full deformity ;  
Know that some other hath displanted me,  
With her dishonour. Has she given it up ?  
Confirm it in two syllables.

*Mant.* She has.

*Musta.* I cherish thy confession thus, and thus ;  
*[Gives her jewels.*

Be mine. Again I court thee thus, and thus :  
Now prove but constant to my ends.

*Mant.* By all—

*Musta.* Enough ; I dare not doubt thee.—O  
land crocodiles,  
Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women !  
But 'tis no time to rail—come, my best Manto.  
*[Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter VITELLI and FRANCISCO.*

*Vitel.* Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand  
Not to reveal whatever I discover *[bound*  
In that religious way : nor dare I doubt you.  
Let it suffice you have made me see my follies,  
And wrought, perhaps, compunction ; for I would  
not

Appear an hypocrite. But, when you impose  
A penance on me beyond flesh and blood  
To undergo, you must instruct me how  
To put off the condition of a man :  
Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse  
My disobedience. Yet, despair not, sir ;  
For, though I take mine own way, I shall do  
Something that may hereafter, to my glory,  
Speak me your scholar.

*Fran.* I enjoin you not  
To go, but send.

*Vitel.* That were a petty trial ;  
Not worth one, so long taught, and exercised,  
Under so grave a master. Reverend Francisco,  
My friend, my father, in that word, my all !  
Rest confident you shall hear something of me,  
That will redeem me in your good opinion ;  
Or judge me lost for ever. Send Gazet  
(She shall give order that he may have entrance)  
To acquaint you with my fortunes. *[Exit.*

*Fran.* Go, and prosper.  
Holy saints guide and strengthen thee ! however,  
As thy endeavours are, so may they find  
Gracious acceptance.

*Enter GAZET, and GRIMALDI in rage.*

*Gas.* Now, you do not roar, sir ;  
You speak not tempests, nor take ear-rent from  
A poor shop-keeper. Do you remember that, sir ?  
I wear your marks here still.

*Fran.* Can this be possible ?

All wonders are not ceased then.

*Grim.* Do, abuse me,  
Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the nose,  
Thrust out these fiery eyes, that yesterday  
Would have look'd thee dead.

*Gas.* O save me, sir !

*Grim.* Fear nothing.  
I am tame and quiet ; there's no wrong can force  
To remember what I was. I have forgot [me  
I e'er had ireful fierceness, a steel'd heart,  
Insensible of compassion to others ;  
Nor is it fit that I should think myself  
Worth mine own pity. Oh !

*Fran.* Grows this dejection  
From his disgrace, do you say ?

*Gas.* Why, he's cashier'd, sir ;  
His ships, his goods, his livery-punks, confiscate :  
And there is such a punishment laid upon him !—  
The miserable rogue must steal no more,  
Nor drink, nor drab.

*Fran.* Does that torment him ?

*Gas.* O, sir,  
Should the state take order to bar men of acres  
From these two laudable recreations,  
Drinking and whoring, how should panders pur-  
chase,

Or thrifty whores build hospitals ? 'Slid ! if I,  
That, since I am made free, may write myself  
A city gallant, should forfeit two such charters,  
I should be stoned to death, and ne'er be pitied  
By the liveries of those companies.

*Fran.* You'll be whipt, sir,  
If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the  
Your master looks for you. [palace,

*Gas.* My quondam master.  
Rich sons forget they ever had poor fathers ;  
In servants 'tis more pardonable : as a companion,  
Or so, I may consent : but, is there hope, sir,  
He has got me a good chapwoman ? pray you,  
A word or two in my behalf. [write

*Fran.* Out, rascal !

*Gas.* I feel some insurrections.

*Fran.* Hence !

*Gas.* I vanish. [Exit.

*Grim.* Why should I study a defence or com-  
fort,

In whom black guilt and misery, if balanced,  
I know not which would turn the scale ? look  
upward

I dare not ; for, should it be believed  
That I, dyed deep in hell's most horrid colours,  
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leave  
No check or feeling in men innocent,  
To catch at sins the devil ne'er taught mankind  
yet.

No ! I must downward, downward : though re-  
pentance

Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,  
My mountainous weight of sins would crack their  
pinions,

And sink them to hell with me.

*Fran.* Dreadful ! Hear me,  
Thou miserable man.

*Grim.* Good sir, deny not

But that there is no punishment beyond  
Damnation.

*Enter Master and Boatwain.*

*Master.* Yonder he is ; I pity him.

*Boats.* Take comfort, captain ; we live still to  
serve you.

*Grim.* Serve me ! I am a devil already : leave  
me— [heard

Stand further off, you are blasted else ! I have  
Schoolmen affirm man's body is composed  
Of the four elements ; and, as in league together  
They nourish life, so each of them affords  
Liberty to the soul, when it grows weary  
Of this fleshy prison. Which shall I make choice  
The fire ? no ; I shall feel that hereafter, [of ?  
The earth will not receive me. Should some  
whirlwind

Snatch me into the air, and I hang there,  
Perpetual plagues would dwell upon the earth ;  
And those superior bodies, that pour down  
Their cheerful influence, deny to pass it,  
Through those vast regions I have infected.  
The sea ? ay, that is justice : there I plough'd up  
Mischief as deep as hell : there, there, I'll hide  
This cursed lump of clay. May it turn rocks,  
Where plummet's weight could never reach the  
sands,

And grind the ribs of all such barks as press  
The ocean's breast in my unlawful course !  
I haste then to thee ; let thy ravenous womb,  
Whom all things else deny, be now my tomb !

[Exit.  
*Master.* Follow him, and restrain him.  
[Exit Boatwain.

*Fran.* Let this stand  
For an example to you. I'll provide  
A lodging for him, and apply such cures  
To his wounded conscience, as heaven hath lent  
me.

He's now my second care ; and my profession  
Binds me to teach the desperate to repent,  
As far as to confirm the innocent. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Room in ASAMBEG'S Palace.

*Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, Aga, and Capiaga.*

*Asam.* Your pleasure ?

*Musta.* 'Twill exact your private ear ;  
And, when you have received it, you will think  
Too many know it.

*Asam.* Leave the room ; but be  
Within our call.— [Exit Aga and Capiaga.

(With which, it seems, you are turn'd cinders)  
bring you,  
Now, sir, what burning secret

To quench in my advice or power ?

*Musta.* The fire

Will rather reach you.

*Asam.* Me !

*Musta.* And consume both ;  
For 'tis impossible to be put out,  
But with the blood of those that kindle it :  
And yet one vial of it is so precious,

In being borrow'd from the Othoman spring,  
That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish,  
Than prove the desperate means that must re-  
From spreading further. [strain it

*Asam.* To the point, and quickly :  
These winding circumstances in relations,  
Seldom environ truth.

*Musta.* Truth, Asambeg !

*Asam.* Truth, Mustapha. I said it, and add more,  
You touch upon a string that, to my ear,  
Does sound Donusa.

*Musta.* You then understand  
Who 'tis I aim at.

*Asam.* Take heed, Mustapha ;  
Remember what she is, and whose we are :  
'Tis her neglect, perhaps, that you complain of ;  
And, should you practice to revenge her scorn,  
With any plot to taint her in her honour,——

*Must.* Hear me.

*Asam.* I will be heard first,—there's no tongue  
A subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine.

*Musta.* Well, take your way.

*Asam.* I then again repeat it ;  
If Mustapha dares with malicious breath,  
On jealous suppositions, presume  
To blast the blossom of Donusa's fame,  
Because he is denied a happiness  
Which men of equal, nay, of more desert,  
Have sued in vain for——

*Musta.* More !

*Asam.* More. 'Twas I spake it.  
The basha of Natolia and myself  
Were rivals for her ; either of us brought  
More victories, more trophies, to plead for us  
To our great master, than you dare lay claim to ;  
Yet still, by his allowance, she was left  
To her election : each of us owed nature  
As much for outward form and inward worth,  
To make way for us to her grace and favour,  
As you brought with you. We were heard, re-  
pulsed ;

Yet thought it no dishonour to sit down  
With the disgrace, if not to force affection  
May merit such a name.

*Musta.* Have you done yet ?

*Asam.* Be, therefore, more than sure the ground  
You raise your accusation, may admit [on which  
No undermining of defence in her :  
For if, with pregnant and apparent proofs,  
Such as may force a judge, more than inclined,  
Or partial in her cause, to swear her guilty,  
You win not me to set off your belief ;  
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites  
Of sacred hospitality, to which  
I would not offer violence, shall protect you :  
—Now, when you please.

*Musta.* I will not dwell upon  
Much circumstance ; yet cannot but profess,  
With the assurance of a loyalty  
Equal to yours, the reverence I owe  
The sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred ;  
That there is not a vein of mine, which yet is  
Unemptied in his service, but this moment  
Should freely open, so it might wash off  
The stains of her dishonour. Could you think,  
Or, though you saw it, credit your own eyes,  
That she, the wonder and amazement of  
Her sex, the pride and glory of the empire,  
That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted  
A frozen coldness, which no appetite  
Or height of blood could thaw ; should now so far  
Be hurried with the violence of her lust,  
As, in it burying her high birth, and fame,  
Besely descend to fill a Christian's arms ;

And to him yield her virgin honour up,  
Nay, sue to him to take it ?

*Asam.* A Christian !

*Musta.* Temper

Your admiration :—and what Christian, think you ?  
No prince disguised, no man of mark, nor honour ;  
No daring undertaker in our service,  
But one, whose lips her foot should scorn to touch ;  
A poor mechanic pedlar.

*Asam.* He !

*Musta.* Nay, more ;  
Whom do you think she made her scout, nay bawd,  
To find him out, but me ? What place make  
choice of

To wallow in her foul and loathsome pleasures,  
But in the palace ? Who the instruments  
Of close conveyance, but the captain of  
Your guard, the aga, and that man of trust,  
The warden of the inmost port ?—I'll prove this ;  
And, though I fail to shew her in the act,  
Glued like a neighing gennet to her stallion,  
Your incredulity shall be convinced  
With proofs I blush to think on.

*Asam.* Never yet

This flesh felt such a fever. By the life  
And fortune of great Amurath, should our prophet  
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speak this,  
'Twould make me doubtful of my faith !—Lead on ;  
And, when my eyes and ears are, like yours, guilty,  
My rage shall then appear ; for I will do  
Something—but what, I am not yet determin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An outer Room in DONUSA'S  
Palace.*

*Enter CARAIE, MANTO, and GAZET gaily dressed.*

*Car.* They are private to their wishes ?

*Mant.* Doubt it not.

*Gas.* A pretty structure this ! a court do you  
call it ?

Vaulted and arch'd ! O, here has been old jumbling  
Behind this arras.

*Car.* Prithee let's have some sport  
With this fresh codshead.

*Mant.* I am out of tune,  
But do as you please.—My conscience !—tush !  
the hope

Of liberty throws that burthen off ; I must  
Go watch, and make discovery. [*Aside, and exit.*]

*Car.* He is musing,  
And will talk to himself ; he cannot hold :  
The poor fool's ravish'd.

*Gas.* I am in my master's clothes,  
They fit me to a hair too ; let but any  
Indifferent gamester measure us inch by inch,  
Or weigh us by the standard, I may pass :  
I have been proved and proved again true metal.

*Car.* How he surveys himself !

*Gas.* I have heard, that some  
Have fooled themselves at court into good fortunes.  
That never hoped to thrive by wit in the city,  
Or honesty in the country. If I do not  
Make the best laugh at me, I'll weep for myself,  
If they give me hearing : 'tis resolved.—I'll try  
What may be done. By your favour, sir, I pray  
Were you born a courtier ? [you,

*Car.* No, sir ; why do you ask ?

*Gas.* Because I thought that none could be pre-  
But such as were begot there. [ferr'd



*Car.* O, sir! many;  
And, howsoe'er you are a citizen born,  
Yet if your mother were a handsome woman,  
And ever long'd to see a masque at court,  
It is an even lay, but that you had  
A courtier to your father; and I think so,  
You bear yourself so sprightly.

*Gas.* It may be;  
But pray you, sir, had I such an itch upon me  
To change my copy, is there hope a place  
May be had here for money?

*Car.* Not without it,  
That I dare warrant you.

*Gas.* I have a pretty stock,  
And would not have my good parts undiscover'd;  
What places of credit are there?

*Car.* There's your beglerbeg.

*Gas.* By no means that; it comes too near the  
beggar,

And most prove so, that come there.

*Car.* Or your sanzacke.

*Gas.* Sauce-jack! fie, none of that.

*Car.* Your chiaus.

*Gas.* Nor that.

*Car.* Chief gardener.

*Gas.* Out upon't!

'Twill put me in mind my mother was an herb—  
What is your place, I pray you? [woman.]

*Car.* Sir, an eunuch.

*Gas.* An eunuch! very fine, i'faith; an eunuch!  
And what are your employments?

*Car.* Neat and easy:

In the day, I wait on my lady when she eats,  
Carry her pantofles, bear up her train;  
Sing her asleep at night, and, when she pleases,  
I am her bedfellow.

*Gas.* How! her bedfellow?

And lie with her?

*Car.* Yes, and lie with her.

*Gas.* O rare!

I'll be an eunuch, though I sell my shop for't,  
And all my wares.

*Car.* It is but parting with

A precious stone or two: I know the price on't.

*Gas.* I'll part with all my stones; and, when  
I am

An eunuch, I'll so toss and touse the ladies—  
Pray you help me to a chapman.

*Car.* The court surgeon

Shall do you that favour.

*Gas.* I am made! an eunuch!

*Enter MANTO.*

*Mant.* Carazie, quit the room.

*Car.* Come, sir; we'll treat of  
Your business further.

*Gas.* Excellent! an eunuch! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—An inner Room in the same.

*Enter DONUBA and VITELLI.*

*Vitel.* Leave me, or I am lost again: no prayers,  
No penitence, can redeem me.

*Don.* Am I grown

Old or deform'd since yesterday?

*Vitel.* You are still,

(Although the sating of your lust hath sullied  
The immaculate whiteness of your virgin beauties,  
Too fair for me to look on: and, though pureness,

The sword with which you ever fought and con-  
Is ravish'd from you by unchaste desires, [quer'd,  
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat  
with,

Though iron grates were interposed between us,  
To warrant me from treason.

*Don.* Whom do you fear? [mother,

*Vitel.* That human frailty I took from my  
That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me;  
That still pursues me, and, though once recover'd,  
In scorn of reason, and, what's more, religion,  
Again seeks to betray me.

*Don.* If you mean, sir,  
To my embraces; you turn rebel to  
The laws of nature, the great queen and mother  
Of all productions, and deny allegiance,  
Where you stand bound to pay it.

*Vitel.* I will stop  
Mine ears against these charms, which, if Ulysses  
Could live again, and hear this second Syren,  
Though bound with cables to his mast, his ship too  
Fasten'd with all her anchors, this enchantment  
Would force him, in despite of all resistance,  
To leap into the sea, and follow her;  
Although destruction, with outstretch'd arms,  
Stood ready to receive him.

*Don.* Gentle sir,

Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe  
To look upon me: though I use no language,  
The grief for this unkind repulse will print  
Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,  
As will not only plead but prevail for me.

*Vitel.* I am a coward. I will see and hear you,  
The trial, else, is nothing; nor the conquest,  
My temperance shall crown me with hereafter,  
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my virtue!  
And holy thoughts and resolutions arm me  
Against this fierce temptation! give me voice  
Tuned to a zealous anger, to express  
At what an over-value I have purchased  
The wanton treasure of your virgin bounties;  
That, in their false fruition, heap upon me  
Despair and horror.—That I could with that ease  
Redeem my forfeit innocence, or cast up  
The poison I received into my entrails,  
From the alluring cup of your enticements,  
As now I do deliver back the price

[Returns the jewels.]

And salary of your lust! or thus unclothe me  
Of sin's gay trappings, the proud livery

[Throws off his cloak and doublet.]

Of wicked pleasure, which but worn and heated  
With the fire of entertainment and consent,  
Like to Alcides' fatal shirt, tears off  
Our flesh and reputation both together,  
Leaving our ulcerous follies bare and open  
To all malicious censure!

*Don.* You must grant,

If you hold that a loss to you, mine equals,  
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted  
That poison, as you call it, I brought with me  
A palate unacquainted with the relish  
Of those delights, which most, as I have heard,  
Greedyly swallow; and then the offence,  
If my opinion may be believed,  
Is not so great: howe'er, the wrong no more,  
Than if Hippolitus and the virgin huntress  
Should meet and kiss together.

*Vitel.* What defences

Can lust raise to maintain a precipice

*Enter ASAMBRO and MUSTAPHA, above.*

To the abyss of looseness!—but affords not  
The least stair, or the fastening of one foot,  
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.  
*Musta.* By Mahomet, she courts him!

[*Down she kneels.*]

*Asam.* Nay, kneels to him!  
Observe, the scornful villain turns away too,  
As glorying in his conquest.

*Don.* Are you marble?  
If Christians have mothers, sure they share in  
The tigress' fierceness; for, if you were owner  
Of human pity, you could not endure  
A princess to kneel to you, or look on  
These falling tears which hardest rocks would  
soften,

And yet remain unmoved. Did you but give me  
A taste of happiness in your embraces,  
That the remembrance of the sweetness of it  
Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it?  
Or shew'd me what it was to be a wife,  
To live a widow ever?

*Asam.* She has confest it!—  
Seize on him, villains.

*Enter Capinga and Aga, with Janisaries.*

O the Furies!

[*Excunt ASAMBRO and MUSTAPHA above.*]

*Don.* How!  
Are we betray'd?

*Vitel.* The better; I expected  
A Turkish faith.

*Don.* Who am I, that you dare this?  
'Tis I that do command you to forbear  
A touch of violence.

*Aga.* We, already, madam,  
Have satisfied your pleasure further than  
We know to answer it.

*Cap.* Would we were well off!  
We stand too far engaged, I fear.

*Don.* For us?  
We'll bring you safe off: who dares contradict  
What is our pleasure.

*Re-enter ASAMBRO and MUSTAPHA, below.*

*Asam.* Spurn the dog to prison.  
I'll answer you anon.

*Vitel.* What punishment  
Soe'er I undergo, I am still a Christian.

[*Exit Guard with VITELLI.*]

*Don.* What bold presumption's this? Under  
Am I to fall, that set my foot upon [what law  
Your statutes and decrees?

*Musta.* The crime committed,  
Our Alcoran calls death.

*Don.* Tush! who is here,  
That is not Amurath's slave, and so, unfit  
To sit a judge upon his blood?

*Asam.* You have lost,  
And shamed the privilege of it; robb'd me too  
Of my soul, my understanding, to behold  
Your base unworthy fall from your high virtue.

*Don.* I do appeal to Amurath.

*Asam.* We will offer  
No violence to your person, till we know  
His sacred pleasure; till when, under guard  
You shall continue here.

*Don.* Shall!

*Asam.* I have said it.

*Don.* We shall remember this.

*Asam.* It ill becomes  
Such as are guilty, to deliver threats  
Against the innocent. [*The Guard leads off Do-  
NUSA.*—I could tear this flesh now,  
But 'tis in vain; nor must I talk, but do.  
Provide a well-mann'd galley for Constantinople:  
Such sad news never came to our great master.  
As he directs, we must proceed, and know  
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

[*Excunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in GRIMALDI'S House.

*Enter Master and Boatswain.*

*Master.* He does begin to eat?

*Boatsw.* A little, master;  
But our best hope for his recovery is, that  
His raving leaves him; and those dreadful words,  
Damnation and despair, with which he ever  
Ended all his discourses, are forgotten.

*Master.* This stranger is a most religious man sure;  
And I am doubtful, whether his charity  
In the relieving of our wants, or care  
To cure the wounded conscience of Grimaldi,  
Deserves more admiration.

*Boatsw.* Can you guess  
What the reason should be, that we never mention  
The church, or the high altar, but his melancholy  
Grows and increases on him?

*Master.* I have heard him,  
When he gloried to profess himself an atheist,  
Talk often, and with much delight and boasting,  
Of a rude prank he did ere he turn'd pirate;  
The memory of which, as it appears,  
Lies heavy on him.

*Boatsw.* Pray you, let me understand it.

*Master.* Upon a solemn day, when the whole city  
Join'd in devotion and with barefoot steps  
Pass'd to St. Mark's, the duke, and the whole  
signiory,

Helping to perfect the religious pomp  
With which they were received; when all men else  
Were full of tears, and groan'd beneath the weight  
Of past offences, of whose heavy burthen  
They came to be absolved and freed; our captain,  
Whether in scorn of those so pious rites  
He had no feeling of, or else drawn to it  
Out of a wanton, irreligious madness,  
(I know not which,) ran to the holy man,  
As he was doing of the work of grace,  
And snatching from his hands the sanctified means,  
Dash'd it upon the pavement.

*Boatsw.* How escaped he,  
It being a deed deserving death with torture?

*Master.* The general amazement of the people  
Gave him leave to quit the temple, and a gondola,  
Prepared, it seems, before, brought him aboard;  
Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The remem-  
brance

Of this, it seems, torments him ; aggravated  
With a strong belief he cannot receive pardon  
For this foul fact, but from his hands, against  
It was committed. [whom

*Boatsw.* And what course intends  
His heavenly physician, reverend Francisco,  
To beat down this opinion ?

*Mast.* He promised  
To use some holy and religious fineness,  
To this good end ; and, in the meantime, charged  
me

To keep him dark, and to admit no visitants :  
But on no terms to cross him. Here he comes.

*Enter GRIMALDI, with a book.*

*Grim.* For theft, he that restores treble the  
value,  
Makes satisfaction ; and, for want of means  
To do so, as a slave must serve it out,  
Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left  
here.

Oh ! with what willingness would I give up  
My liberty to those that I have pillaged ;  
And wish the numbers of my years, though wasted  
In the most sordid slavery, might equal  
The rapines I have made ; till, with one voice,  
My patient sufferings might exact, from my  
Most cruel creditors, a full remission,  
An eye's loss with an eye, limb's with a limb :  
A sad account !—yet, to find peace within here,  
Though all such as I have maim'd and dismember'd  
In drunken quarrels, or o'ercome with rage,  
When they were given up to my power, stood here  
now,

And cried for restitution ; to appease them,  
I would do a bloody justice on myself :  
Pull out these eyes, that guided me to ravish  
Their sight from others ; lop these legs, that bore  
me

To barbarous violence ; with this hand cut off  
This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me  
But this poor bleeding limbless trunk, which gladly  
I would divide among them.—Ha ! what think I

*Enter FRANCISCO in a cope, like a Bishop.*

Of petty forfeitures ! In this reverend habit,  
All that I am turn'd into eyes, I look on  
A deed of mine so fend-like, that repentance,  
Though with my tears I taught the sea new tides,  
Can never wash off : all my thefts, my rapes,  
Are venial trespasses, compared to what  
I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too,  
Where I stood bound to kneel to't. [Kneels.

*Fran.* 'Tis forgiven :  
I with his tongue, whom, in these sacred vestments,  
With impure hands thou didst offend, pronounce it.  
I bring peace to thee ; see that thou deserve it  
In thy fair life hereafter.

*Grim.* Can it be !  
Dare I believe this vision, or hope  
A pardon e'er may find me ?

*Fran.* Purchase it  
By zealous undertakings, and no more  
'Twill be remembered.

*Grim.* What celestial balm [Rises.  
I feel now pour'd into my wounded conscience !  
What penance is there I'll not undergo,  
Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more  
pleasure  
T' an flesh and blood e'er tasted ! shew me true  
Sorrow,

Arm'd with an iron whip, and I will meet  
The stripes she brings along with her, as if  
They were the gentle touches of a hand  
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeem  
I will rise up a wonder to the world, [me ?  
When I have given strong proofs how I am alter'd.  
I, that have sold such as profess'd the faith  
That I was born in, to captivity,  
Will make their number equal, that I shall  
Deliver from the oar ; and win as many  
By the clearness of my actions, to look on  
Their misbelief, and loath it. I will be  
A convoy for all merchants ; and thought worthy  
To be reported to the world, hereafter,  
The child of your devotion ; nurs'd up,  
And made strong by your charity, to break through  
All dangers hell can bring forth to oppose me.  
Nor am I, though my fortunes were thought despe-  
Now you have reconciled me to myself, [rate,  
So void of worldly means, but, in despite  
Of the proud viceroy's wrongs, I can do something  
To witness of my change : when you please, try me,  
And I will perfect what you shall enjoin me,  
Or fall a joyful martyr.

*Fran.* You will reap  
The comfort of it ; live yet undiscover'd,  
And with your holy meditations strengthen  
Your Christian resolution : ere long,  
You shall hear further from me. [Exit.

*Grim.* I'll attend  
All your commands with patience :—come, my  
I hitherto have lived an ill example, [mates,  
And, as your captain, led you on to mischief ;  
But now will truly labour, that good men  
May say hereafter of me, to my glory,  
(Let but my power and means hand with my will,)  
His good endeavours did weigh down his ill. [Exeunt.

*Re-enter FRANCISCO, in his usual habit.*

*Fran.* This penitence is not counterfeit : how-  
soever,  
Good actions are in themselves rewarded.  
My travail's to meet with a double crown.  
If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove  
Himself the master of his wild affections—

*Enter GAZET.*

O, I shall have intelligence ; how now, Gazet,  
Why these sad looks and tears ?

*Gaz.* Tears, sir ! I have lost  
My worthy master. Your rich heir seems to  
mourn for

A miserable father, your young widow,  
Following a bedrid husband to his grave,  
Would have her neighbours think she cries and  
roars

That she must part with such a goodman Do-  
nothing ;  
When 'tis, because he stays so long above ground,  
And hinders a rich suitor.—All's come out, sir.  
We are smok'd for being coney-catchers : my  
Is put in prison ; his she-customer [master  
Is under guard too ; these are things to weep for :—  
But mine own loss consider'd, and what a fortune  
I have had, as they say, smatch'd out of my chops,  
Would make a man run mad.

*Fran.* I scarce have leisure,  
I am so wholly taken up with sorrow  
For my loved pupil, to enquire thy fate ;  
Yet I will hear it.

*Gas.* Why, sir, I had bought a place,  
A place of credit too, an I had gone through  
with it;

I should have been made an eunuch: there was  
honour

For a late poor prentice! when, upon the sudden,  
There was such a hurlyburly in the court,  
That I was glad to run away, and carry  
The price of my office with me.

*Fras.* Is that all?

You have made a saving voyage: we must think  
Though not to free, to comfort sad Vitelli; [now,  
My grieved soul suffers for him.

*Gas.* I am sad too;

But had I been an eunuch—

*Fras.* Think not on it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in ASAMBEG'S Palace.*

*Enter ASAMBEG; he unlocks a Door, and PAULINA comes forth.*

*Asam.* Be your own guard: obsequiousness and  
service

Shall win you to be mine. Of all restraint  
For ever take your leave, no threats shall awe you,  
No jealous doubts of mine disturb your freedom,  
No foe'd spies wait upon your steps: your virtue,  
And due consideration in yourself  
Of what is noble, are the faithful helps  
I leave you, as supporters, to defend you  
From falling basely.

*Paul.* This is wondrous strange:  
Whence flows this alteration?

*Asam.* From true judgment;  
And strong assurance, neither grates of iron,  
Hemm'd in with walls of brass, strict guards, high  
The forfeiture of honour, nor the fear [birth,  
Of infamy or punishment, can stay  
A woman slav'd to appetite, from being  
False and unworthy.

*Paul.* You are grown satirical  
Against our sex. Why, sir, I durst produce  
Myself in our defence, and from you challenge  
A testimony that's not to be denied,  
All fall not under this unequal censure.  
I, that have stood your flatteries, your threats,  
Borne up against your fierce temptations; scorn'd  
The cruel means you practis'd to supplant me,  
Having no arms to help me to hold out,  
But love of piety, and constant goodness:  
If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly  
Enter into the lists, and combat with  
All opposites man's malice can bring forth  
To shake me in my chastity, built upon  
The rock of my religion.

*Asam.* I do wish  
I could believe you; but, when I shall shew you  
A most incredible example of  
Your frailty, in a princess, sued and sought to  
By men of worth, of rank, of eminence; courted  
By happiness itself, and her cold temper  
Approved by many years; yet she to fall,  
Fall from herself, her glories, nay, her safety,  
Into a gulf of shame and black despair;  
I think you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding  
Her punishment, for ever be deterr'd  
From yielding basely.

*Paul.* I would see this wonder;  
Tis, sir, my first petition.

*Asam.* And thus granted:  
Above, you shall observe all.

[*Exit PAULINA.*]

*Enter MUSTAPHA.*

*Musta.* Sir, I sought you,  
And must relate a wonder. Since I studied,  
And knew what man was, I was never witness  
Of such invincible fortitude as this Christian  
Shews in his sufferings: all the torments that  
We could present him with, to fright his con-  
stancy,

Confirm'd, not shook it; and those heavy chains,  
That eat into his flesh, appear'd to him  
Like bracelets made of some loved mistress' hair  
We kiss in the remembrance of her favours.  
I am strangely taken with it, and have lost  
Much of my fury.

*Asam.* Had he suffer'd poorly,  
It had call'd on my contempt; but manly patience,  
And all-commanding virtue, wins upon  
An enemy. I shall think upon him.—Ha!

*Enter Aga with a black Box.*

So soon return'd! This speed pleads in excuse  
Of your late fault, which I no more remember.  
What's the grand signior's pleasure?

*Aga.* 'Tis enclosed here.

The box too that contains it may inform you  
How he stands affected: I am trusted with  
Nothing but this, On forfeit of your head,  
She must have a speedy trial.

*Asam.* Bring her in  
In black, as to her funeral: [*Exit Aga.*] 'tis the  
colour

Her fault wills her to wear, and which, in justice,  
I dare not pity. Sit, and take your place:  
However in her life she has degenerated,  
May she die noble, and in that confirm  
Her greatness and high blood!

*Solemn Music.* Re-enter the Aga, with the Capiaga leading  
in DONUSA in black, her train borne up by CARAZIE and  
MANTO. A Guard attending. PAULINA enters above.

*Musta.* I now could melt—  
But soft compassion leave me.

*Mant.* I am affrighted  
With this dismal preparation. Should the enjoying  
Of loose desires find ever such conclusions,  
All women would be Vestals.

*Don.* That you clothe me  
In this sad livery of death, assures me  
Your sentence is gone out before, and I  
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty cause  
To use qualification or excuse—  
Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths;  
But borrow, from my modesty, boldness, to  
Enquire by whose authority you sit  
My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave  
In the frowns you dart against my life?

*Asam.* See here,  
This fatal sign and warrant! This, brought to  
A general, fighting in the head of his  
Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand  
His even then conquering sword; this, shewn unto  
The sultan's brothers, or his sons, delivers  
His deadly anger; and, all hopes laid by,  
Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven;  
Which would stand with the quiet of your soul,  
To think upon, and imitate.

*Don.* Give me leave  
A little to complain; first, of the hard

Condition of my fortune, which may move you,  
Though not to rise up intercessors for me,  
Yet, in remembrance of my former life,  
(This being the first spot tainting mine honour,  
To be the means to bring me to his presence;  
And then I doubt not, but I could allege  
Such reasons in mine own defence, or plead  
So humbly, (my tears helping,) that it should  
Awake his sleeping pity.

*Asam.* 'Tis in vain.

If you have aught to say, you shall have hearing;  
And, in me, think him present.

*Don.* I would thus then

First kneel, and kiss his feet; and after, tell him  
How long I had been his darling; what delight  
My infant years afforded him; how dear  
He prized his sister in both bloods, my mother:  
That she, like him, had frailty, that to me  
Descends as an inheritance; then conjure him,  
By her blest ashes, and his father's soul,  
The sword that rides upon his thigh, his right hand  
Holding the sceptre and the Othoman fortune,  
To have compassion on me.

*Asam.* But suppose

(As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then  
Could you infer?

*Don.* I, then, would thus rise up,  
And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,  
A most voluptuous and insatiable epicure  
In his own pleasures, which he hugs so dearly,  
As proper and peculiar to himself,  
That he denies a moderate lawful use  
Of all delight to others. And to thee,  
Unequal judge, I speak as much, and charge thee,  
But with impartial eyes to look into  
Thyself, and then consider with what justice  
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Unkind  
nature,

To make weak women servants, proud men masters!  
Indulgent Mahomet, do thy bloody laws  
Call my embraces with a Christian death,  
Having my heat and May of youth to plead  
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish  
These that, with scorn, break through thy cobweb  
edicts,

And laugh at thy decrees? To tame their lusts  
There's no religious bit: let her be fair,  
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moor,  
Idolatrix, Turk, or Christian, you are privileged,  
And freely may enjoy her. At this instant,  
I know, unjust man, thou hast in thy power  
A lovely Christian virgin; thy offence  
Equal, if not transcending mine: why, then,  
(We being both guilty,) dost thou not descend  
From that usurp'd tribunal, and with me  
Walk hand in hand to death?

*Asam.* She raves; and we

LOSE time to hear her: Read the law.

*Don.* Do, do;

I stand resolved to suffer.

*Ag.* [Reads.] If any virgin, of what degree, or quality  
soever, born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal  
looseness, and incontinence with any Christian, she is, by  
the decree of our great prophet, Mahomet, to lose her  
head.

*Asam.* Mark that, then tax our justice!

*Ag.* Ever provided, That if she, the said offender, by  
any reasons, arguments, or persuasion, can win and pre-  
vail with the said Christian offending with her, to alter  
his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a

soul to the Mahometan sect, shall acquit her from all  
shame, disgrace, and punishment whatsoever.

*Don.* I lay hold on that clause, and challenge  
The privilege of the law. [from you]

*Must.* What will you do?

*Don.* Grant me access and means, I'll undertake  
To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him:  
This trial you cannot deny.

*Must.* O base!

Can fear to die make you descend so low  
From your high birth, and brand the Othoman line  
With such a mark of infamy?

*Asam.* This is worse

Than the parting with your honour. Better suffer  
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have  
A place in our great prophet's paradise,  
Than have an act to afterwards remember'd,  
So foul as this is.

*Must.* Cheer your spirits, madam;  
To die is nothing, 'tis but parting with  
A mountain of vexations.

*Asam.* Think of your honour:  
In dying nobly, you make satisfaction  
For your offence, and you shall live a story  
Of bold heroic courage.

*Don.* You shall not fool me  
Out of my life: I claim the law, and sue for  
A speedy trial; if I fail, you may  
Determine of me as you please.

*Asam.* Base woman!

But use thy ways, and see thou prosper in them,  
For, if thou fall again into my power,  
Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand tortures,  
Cry out for death, that death which now thou  
fliest from.

Unloose the prisoner's chains. Go, lead her on.  
To try the magic of her tongue. I'll follow.

[Exeunt all but ASAMINA.]

I'm on the rack—descend, my best Paulina.  
[Exit with PAULINA.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter FRANCISCO and Gaoler.

*Fran.* I come not empty-handed; I will pur-  
chase

Your favour at what rate you please. There's gold.

*Gaol.* 'Tis the best oratory. I will hazard  
A check for your content.—Below, there!

*Vitel.* [below.] Welcome!  
Art thou the happy messenger, that brings me  
News of my death?

*Gaol.* Your hand. [Plucks up VITELL.]

*Fran.* Now, if you please,  
A little privacy.

*Gaol.* You have bought it, sir;  
Enjoy it freely. [Exit.]

*Fran.* O, my dearest pupil,  
Witness these tears of joy, I never saw you,  
'Till now, look lovely; nor durst I ever glory  
In the mind of any man I had built up  
With the hands of virtuous and religious precepts,  
Till this glad minute. Now you have made good  
My expectation of you. By my order,  
All Roman Cæsars, that led kings in chains,  
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if  
Compared with that true glory and full lustre  
You now appear in; all their boasted honours,  
Purchased with blood and wrong, would lose their  
And be no more remember'd! [names,

*Vitel.* This applause,  
Confirm'd in your allowance, joys me more  
Than if a thousand full-cramm'd theatres  
Should clap their eager hands, to witness that  
The scene I act did please, and they admire it.  
But these are, father, but beginnings, not  
The ends, of my high aims. I grant, to have  
The rebel appetite of flesh and blood, [master'd  
Was far above my strength; and still owe for it  
To that great Power that lent it: but, when I  
Shall make't apparent the grim looks of Death  
Affright me not, and that I can put off  
The fond desire of life, (that, like a garment,  
Covers and clothes our frailty,) hastening to  
My martyrdom, as to a heavenly banquet,  
To which I was a choice invited guest;  
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough,  
Or trust the barren and ungrateful sands  
With the fruitful grain of your religious counsels.

*Fran.* You do instruct your teacher. Let the  
sun

Of your clear life, that lends to good men light,  
But set as gloriously as it did rise,  
(Though sometimes clouded,) you may write *nil*  
To human wishes. [ultra

*Vitel.* I have almost gain'd  
The end o' the race, and will not faint or tire now.

*Re-enter Gaoler with Aga.*

*Aga.* Sir, by your leave,—nay, stay not, [to the  
Gaoler, who goes out] I bring comfort.  
The viceroy, taken with the constant bearing  
Of your afflictions; and presuming too  
You will not change your temper, does command  
Your irons should be ta'en off. [They take off his  
irons.] Now arm yourself

With your old resolution; suddenly  
You shall be visited. You must leave the room  
And do it without reply. [too,

*Fran.* There's no contending:  
Be still thyself, my son.

[Exit Aga and FRANCISCO.]

*Vitel.* 'Tis not in man.

*Enter DONUSA, followed at a distance by ASAMBO, MUR-  
TAPHA, and PAULINA.*

To change or alter me.

*Paul.* Whom do I look on?  
My brother? 'tis he!—but no more, my tongue;  
Thou wilt betray all. [Aside.]

*Asam.* Let us hear this temptress:  
The fellow looks as he would stop his ears  
Against her powerful spells.

*Paul.* He is undone else. [Aside.]

*Vitel.* I'll stand the encounter—charge me  
home.

*Don.* I come, sir, [Bows herself.]  
A beggar to you, and doubt not to find  
A good man's charity, which if you deny,  
You are cruel to yourself; a crime a wise man  
(And such I hold you) would not willingly  
Be guilty of; nor let it find less welcome,  
Though I, a creature you contemn, now shew you  
The way to certain happiness; nor think it  
Imaginary or fantastical,  
And so not worth the acquiring, in respect  
The passage to it is nor rough nor thorny;  
No steep hills in the way which you must climb up,  
No monsters to be conquer'd, no enchantments  
To be dissolved by counter charms, before  
You take possession of it.

*Vitel.* What strong poison  
Is wrapp'd up in these sugar'd pills?

*Don.* My suit is,

That you would quit your shoulders of a burthen,  
Under whose ponderous weight you wilfully  
Have too long groan'd, to cast those fetters off,  
With which, with your own hands, you chain your  
freedom:

Forsake a severe, nay, imperious mistress,  
Whose service does exact perpetual cares,  
Watchings, and troubles; and give entertainment  
To one that courts you, whose least favours are  
Variety, and choice of all delights  
Mankind is capable of.

*Vitel.* You speak in riddles.

What burthen, or what mistress, or what fetters,  
Are those you point at?

*Don.* Those which your religion,  
The mistress you too long have served, compels you  
To bear with slave-like patience.

*Vitel.* Ha!

*Paul.* How bravely  
That virtuous anger shews!

*Don.* Be wise, and weigh  
The prosperous success of things; if blessings  
Are donatives from heaven, (which, you must grant,  
Were blasphemy to question,) and that  
They are call'd down and pour'd on such as are  
Most gracious with the great Disposer of them,  
Look on our flourishing empire, if the splendor,  
The majesty, and glory of it dim not  
Your feeble sight; and then turn back, and see  
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant  
Rent in as many factions and opinions  
As you have petty kingdoms;—and then, if  
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,  
You must confess the Deity you worship  
Wants care or power to help you.

*Paul.* Hold out now,  
And then thou art victorious. [Aside.]

*Asam.* How he eyes her!

*Musta.* As if he would look through her.

*Asam.* His eyes flame too,  
As threatening violence.

*Vitel.* But that I know  
The devil, thy tutor, fills each part about thee,  
And that I cannot play the exorcist  
To dispossess thee, unless I should tear  
Thy body limb by limb, and throw it to  
The Furies, that expect it; I would now  
Pluck out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphemed  
The great Omnipotency, at whose nod  
The fabric of the world shakes. Dare you bring  
Your juggling prophet in comparison with  
That most inscrutable and infinite Essence,  
That made this All, and comprehends his work!—  
The place is too profane to mention him  
Whose only name is sacred. O Donusa!  
How much, in my compassion, I suffer,  
That thou, on whom this most excellent form,  
And faculties of discourse, beyond a woman,  
Were by his liberal gift conferred, shouldst still  
Remain in ignorance of him that gave it!  
I will not foul my mouth to speak the sorceries  
Of your seducer, his base birth, his whoredoms,  
His strange impostures; nor deliver how  
He taught a pigeon to feed in his ear,  
Then made his credulous followers believe  
It was an angel, that instructed him  
In the framing of his Alcoran—pray you, mark me

*Asam.* These words are death, were he in nought  
*Vitel.* Your intent to win me [else guilty.  
 To be of your belief, proceeded from  
 Your fear to die. Can there be strength in that  
 Religion, that suffers us to tremble  
 At that which every day, nay hour, we haste to?

*Don.* This is unanswerable, and there's some-  
 I err in my opinion. [thing tells me

*Vitel.* Cherish it,  
 It is a heavenly prompter ; entertain  
 This holy motion, and wear on your forehead  
 The sacred badge he arms his servants with ;  
 You shall, like me, with scorn look down upon  
 All engines tyranny can advance to batter  
 Your constant resolution. Then you shall  
 Look truly fair, when your mind's pureness answers  
 Your outward beauties.

*Don.* I came here to take you,  
 But I perceive a yielding in myself  
 To be your prisoner.

*Vitel.* 'Tis an overthrow,

That will outshine all victories. O Donusa,  
 Die in my faith, like me ; and 'tis a marriage  
 At which celestial angels shall be waiters,  
 And such as have been sainted welcome us :  
 Are you confirm'd ?

*Don.* I would be ; but the means  
 That may assure me ?

*Vitel.* Heaven is merciful,  
 And will not suffer you to want a man  
 To do that sacred office, build upon it.

*Don.* Then thus I spit at Mahomet.

*Asam.* [coming forward.] Stop her mouth :  
 In death to turn apostata ! I'll not bear  
 One syllable from any.—Wretched creature !  
 With the next rising sun prepare to die.—  
 Yet, Christian, in reward of thy brave courage,  
 Be thy faith right or wrong, receive this favour ;  
 In person I'll attend thee to thy death :  
 And boldly challenge all that I can give,  
 But what's not in my grant, which is—to live.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter VITELLI and FRANCISCO.

*Fran.* You are wondrous brave and jocund.

*Vitel.* Welcome, father.

Should I spare cost, or not wear cheerful looks  
 Upon my wedding day, it were ominous,  
 And shew'd I did repent it ; which I dare not,  
 It being a marriage, howsoever sad  
 In the first ceremonies that confirm it,  
 That will for ever arm me against fears,  
 Repentance, doubts, or jealousies, and bring  
 Perpetual comforts, peace of mind, and quiet  
 To the glad couple.

*Fran.* I well understand you ;  
 And my full joy to see you so resolved  
 Weak words cannot express. What is the hour  
 Design'd for this solemnity ?

*Vitel.* The sixth :  
 Something before the setting of the sun,  
 We take our last leave of his fading light,  
 And with our soul's eyes seek for beams eternal.  
 Yet there's one scruple with which I am much  
 Perplex'd and troubled, which I know you can  
 Resolve me of.

*Fran.* What is't ?

*Vitel.* This, sir ; my bride,  
 Whom I first courted, and then won, not with  
 Loose lays, poor flatteries, apish compliments,  
 But sacred and religious zeal, yet wants  
 The holy badge that should proclaim her fit  
 For these celestial nuptials : willing she is,  
 I know, to wear it, as the choicest jewel,  
 On her fair forehead ; but to you, that well  
 Could do that work of grace, I know the vicery  
 Will never grant access. Now, in a case  
 Of this necessity, I would gladly learn,  
 Whether, in me, a layman, without orders,  
 It may not be religious and lawful,  
 As we go to our deaths, to do that office ?

*Fran.* A question in itself with much ease an-  
 Midwives, upon necessity, perform it ; [swer'd  
 And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for

The freedom of Jerusalem, when full  
 Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their  
 helmets

The fount, out of which with their holy hands  
 They drew that heavenly liquor ; 'twas approved then  
 By the holy church, nor must I think it now,  
 In you, a work less pious.

*Vitel.* You confirm me :

I will find a way to do it. In the mean time,  
 Your holy vows assist me !

*Fran.* They shall ever  
 Be present with you.

*Vitel.* You shall see me act  
 This last scene to the life.

*Fran.* And though now fall,  
 Rise a bless'd martyr.

*Vitel.* That's my end, my all.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain and Sailors.

*Boatsw.* Sir, if you slip this opportunity,  
 Never expect the like.

*Mast.* With as much ease now  
 We may steal the ship out of the harbour, captain,  
 As ever gallants, in a wanton bravery,  
 Have set upon a drunken constable,  
 And bore him from a sleepy rag-gown'd watch :  
 Be therefore wise.

*Grim.* I must be honest too.  
 And you shall wear that shape, you shall observe  
 If that you purpose to continue mine. [me,  
 Think you ingratitude can be the parent  
 To our unfeign'd repentance ? Do I owe  
 A peace within here, kingdoms could not purchase,  
 To my religious creditor, to leave him  
 Open to danger, the great benefit  
 Never remembered ! no ; though in her bottom  
 We could stow up the tributes of the Turk ;  
 Nay, grant the passage safe too ; I will never  
 Consent to weigh an anchor up, till he,  
 That only must, commands it.

*Boatsw.* This religion  
Will keep us slaves and beggars.  
*Mast.* The fiend prompts me  
To change my copy: plague upon't! we are sea-  
men;

What have we to do with't, but for a snatch or so,  
At the end of a long Lent?

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Boatsw.* Mum: see who is here.

*Grim.* My father!

*Fran.* My good convert. I am full  
Of serious business which denies me leave  
To hold long conference with you: only thus much  
Briefly receive; a day or two, at the most,  
Shall make me fit to take my leave of Tunis,  
Or give me lost for ever.

*Grim.* Days nor years,  
Provided that my stay may do you service,  
But to me shall be minutes.

*Fran.* I much thank you:  
In this small scroll you may in private read  
What my intents are; and, as they grow ripe,  
I will instruct you further: in the mean time  
Borrow your late distracted looks and gesture;  
The more dejected you appear, the less  
The viceroy must suspect you.

*Grim.* I am nothing,  
But what you please to have me be.

*Fran.* Farewell, sir.  
Be cheerful, master, something we will do,  
That shall reward itself in the performance;  
And that's true prize indeed.

*Mast.* I am obedient.

*Boatsw.* And I: there's no contending.  
[*Exit GRIM, MAST, BOATSW. and SAILORS.*]

*Fran.* Peace to you all!  
Prosper, thou Great Existence, my endeavours,  
As they religiously are undertaken,  
And distant equally from servile gain,

*Enter PAULINA, CARAHIS, and MANTO.*

Or glorious ostentation!—I am heard,  
In this blest opportunity, which in vain  
I long have waited for. I must shew myself.  
O, she has found me! now if she prove right,  
All hope will not forsake us.

*Paul.* Further off;  
And in that distance know your duties too.  
You were bestow'd on me as slaves to serve me,  
And not as spies to pry into my actions,  
And after, to betray me. You shall find  
If any look of mine be unobserved,  
I am not ignorant of a mistress' power,  
And from whom I receive it.

*Car.* Note this, Manto,  
The pride and scorn with which she entertains us,  
Now we are made her's by the viceroy's gift!  
Our sweet condition'd princess, fair Donusa,  
Rest in her death wait on her! never used us  
With such contempt. I would he had sent me  
To the galleys, or the gallows, when he gave me  
To this proud little devil.

*Mant.* I expect  
All tyrannous usage, but I must be patient;  
And though, ten times a-day, she tears these locks,  
Or makes this face her footstool, 'tis but justice.

*Paul.* 'Tis a true story of my fortunes, father.  
My chastity preserved by miracle,  
Or your devotions for me; and, believe it,

What outward pride see'er I counterfeit,  
Or state, to these appointed to attend me,  
I am not in my disposition alter'd,  
But still your humble daughter, and share with you  
In my poor brother's sufferings:—all hell's tor-  
Revenge it on accurs'd Grimaldi's soul, [ments  
That, in his rape of me, gave a beginning  
To all the miseries that since have follow'd!

*Fran.* Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle  
daughter.

He's a changed man, and may redeem his fault  
In his fair life hereafter. You must bear too  
Your forced captivity, for 'tis no better,  
Though you wear golden fetters, and of him,  
Whom death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly.  
*Paul.* You are still the same good counsellor.

*Fran.* And who knows,  
(Since what above is purposed, is inscrutable,)  
But that the viceroy's extreme dotage on you  
May be the parent of a happier birth  
Than yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer con-  
ference

May prove unsafe for you and me; however  
(Perhaps for trial) he allows you freedom.—  
[*Delivers a paper.*]

From this learn therefore what you must attempt,  
Though with the hazard of yourself: heaven  
guard you,

And give Vitelli patience! then I doubt not  
But he will have a glorious day, since some  
Hold truly,—such as suffer, overcome. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Hall in ASAMBEG'S Palace.

*Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, Aga, and Capiaga.*

*Asam.* What we commanded, see perform'd;  
In all things to be punctual. [and fail not

*Aga.* We shall, sir. [*Exit Aga, and Capiaga.*]

*Musta.* 'Tis strange, that you should use such  
circumstance

To a delinquent of so mean condition.

*Asam.* Had he appeared in a more sordid shape  
Than disguised greatness ever deign'd to mask in,  
The gallant bearing of his present fortune  
Aloud proclaims him noble.

*Musta.* If you doubt him  
To be a man built up for great employments,  
And, as a cunning spy, sent to explore  
The city's strength, or weakness, you by torture  
May force him to discover it.

*Asam.* That were base;  
Nor dare I do such injury to virtue  
And bold assured courage; neither can I  
Be won to think, but if I should attempt it,  
I shoot against the moon. He that hath stood  
The roughest battery, that captivity  
Could ever bring to shake a constant temper;  
Despised the fawnings of a future greatness,  
By beauty, in her full perfection, tender'd;  
That hears of death as of a quiet slumber,  
And from the surplusage of his own firmness,  
Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure  
A feeble woman; will not, Mustapha,  
Be alter'd in his soul for any torments  
We can afflict his body with.

*Musta.* Do your pleasure:  
I only offer'd you a friend's advice,  
But without gall or envy to the man  
That is to suffer. But what do you determine



Of poor Grimaldi? the disgrace call'd on him,  
I hear, has run him mad.

*Asam.* There weigh the difference  
In the true temper of their minds. The one,  
A pirate, sold to mischiefs, rapes, and all  
That make a slave relentless and obdurate,  
Yet, of himself wanting the inward strengths  
That should defend him, sinks beneath compassion  
Or pity of a man : whereas this merchant,  
Acquainted only with a civil life ;  
Arm'd in himself, intrench'd and fortified  
With his own virtue, valuing life and death  
At the same price, poorly does not invite  
A favour, but commands us do him right ;  
Which unto him, and her we both once honour'd  
As a just debt, I gladly pay ;—they enter.  
Now sit we equal hearers.

*A dreadful music. Enter at one door, the Aga, Janizaries, VITELLI, FRANCISCO, and GAZET ; at the other, DONUSA, (her train borne up), PAULINA, CARAZIE, and MANTO.*

*Musta.* I shall hear  
And see, sir, without passion ; my wrongs arm me.  
*Vitel.* A joyful preparation ! To whose bounty  
Owe we our thanks for gracing thus our hymen ?  
The notes, though dreadful to the ear, sound here  
As our epithalamium were sung  
By a celestial choir, and a full chorus  
Assured us future happiness. These that lead me  
Gaze not with wanton eyes upon my bride,  
Nor for their service are repaid by me  
With jealousies or fears ; nor do they envy  
My passage to those pleasures from which death  
Cannot deter me. Great sir, pardon me :  
Imagination of the joys I haste to  
Made me forget my duty ; but the form  
And ceremony past, I will attend you,  
And with our constant resolution feast you ;  
Not with coarse cates, forgot as soon as tasted,  
But such as shall, while you have memory,  
Be pleasing to the palate.

*Fran.* Be not lost  
In what you purpose. *[Exit.]*

*Gas.* Call you this a marriage !  
It differs little from hanging ; I cry at it.  
*Vitel.* See, where my bride appears ! in what  
full lustre !

As if the virgins that bear up her train  
Had long contended to receive an honour  
Above their births, in doing her this service.  
Nor comes she fearful to meet those delights,  
Which, once past o'er, immortal pleasures follow.  
I need not, therefore, comfort or encourage  
Her forward steps ; and I should offer wrong  
To her mind's fortitude, should I but ask  
How she can brook the rough high-going sea,  
Over whose foamy back our ship, well rigg'd  
With hope and strong assurance, must transport us.  
Nor will I tell her, when we reach the haven,  
Which tempests shall not hinder, what loud wel-  
come

Shall entertain us ; nor commend the place,  
To tell whose least perfection would strike dumb  
The eloquence of all boasted in story,  
Though join'd together.

*Don.* 'Tis enough, my dearest,  
I dare not doubt you ; as your humble shadow,  
Lead where you please, I follow.

*Vitel.* One suit, sir,  
And willingly I cease to be a beggar ;

And that you may with more security hear it,  
Know, 'tis not life I'll ask, nor to defer  
Our deaths, but a few minutes.

*Asam.* Speak ; 'tis granted.

*Vitel.* We being now to take our latest leave,  
And grown of one belief, I do desire  
I may have your allowance to perform it,  
But in the fashion which we Christians use  
Upon the like occasions.

*Asam.* 'Tis allow'd of.

*Vitel.* My service : haste, Gazet, to the next  
And bring me of it. *[spring,]*

*Gas.* Would I could as well  
Fetch you a pardon ; I would not run but fly,  
And be here in a moment. *[Exit.]*

*Musta.* What's the mystery  
Of this ? discover it.

*Vitel.* Great sir, I'll tell you.  
Each country hath its own peculiar rites :  
Some, when they are to die, drink store of wine,  
Which, pour'd in liberally, does oft beget  
A bastard valour, with which arm'd, they bear  
The not-to-be declined charge of death  
With less fear and astonishment : others take  
Drugs to procure a heavy sleep, that so  
They may insensibly receive the means  
That casts them in an everlasting slumber ;  
Others—

*Re-enter GAZET, with water.*

O welcome !

*Asam.* Now the use of yours ?

*Vitel.* The clearness of this is a perfect sign  
Of innocence : and as this washes off  
Stains and pollutions from the things we wear  
Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power  
To purge those spots that cleave upon the mind,  
*[Sprinkles it on her face.]*

If thankfully received.

*Asam.* 'Tis a strange custom.

*Vitel.* How do you entertain it, my Donusa ?  
Feel you no alteration, no new motives,  
No unexpected aids, that may confirm you  
In that to which you were inclined before ?

*Don.* I am another woman ;—till this minute  
I never lived, nor durst think how to die.  
How long have I been blind ! yet on the sudden,  
By this blest means, I feel the films of error  
Ta'en from my soul's eyes. O divine physician !  
That hast bestow'd a sight on me, which Death,  
Though ready to embrace me in his arms,  
Cannot take from me : let me kiss the hand  
That did this miracle, and seal my thanks  
Upon those lips from whence these sweet words  
vanish'd,

That freed me from the cruellest of prisons,  
Blind ignorance and misbelief. False prophet !  
Impostor Mahomet !—

*Asam.* I'll hear no more,  
You do abuse my favours ; sever them :  
Wretch, if thou hadst another life to lose,  
This blasphemy deserved it ;—instantly  
Carry them to their deaths.

*Vitel.* We part now, blest one,  
To meet hereafter in a kingdom, where  
Hell's malice shall not reach us.

*Paul.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Asam.* What means my mistress ?

*Paul.* Who can hold her spleen,  
When such ridiculous follies are presented,

The scene, too, made religion! O, my lord,  
How from one cause two contrary effects  
Spring up upon the sudden!

*Asam.* This is strange.

*Paul.* That which hath fool'd her in her death,  
wins me,

That hitherto have barr'd myself from pleasure,  
To live in all delight.

*Asam.* There's music in this.

*Paul.* I now will run as fiercely to your arms  
As ever longing woman did, borne high  
On the swift wings of appetite.

*Vital.* O devil!

*Paul.* Nay, more; for there shall be no odds  
I will turn Turk. [betwixt us,

*Gas.* Most of your tribe do so,  
When they begin in whore. [Aside.

*Asam.* You are serious, lady?

*Paul.* Serious!—but satisfy me in a suit  
That to the world may witness that I have  
Some power upon you, and to-morrow challenge  
Whatever's in my gift; for I will be  
At your dispose.

*Gas.* That's ever the subscription  
To a damn'd whore's false epistle. [Aside.

*Asam.* Ask this hand,  
Or, if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt  
Beyond myself with joy. Speak, speak, what is it?

*Paul.* But twelve short hours reprieve for this  
base couple.

*Asam.* The reason, since you hate them?

*Paul.* That I may  
Have time to triumph o'er this wretched woman.  
I'll be myself her guardian; I will feast,  
Adorned in her choice and richest jewels;  
Commit him to what guards you please. Grant this,  
I am no more mine own, but yours.

*Asam.* Enjoy it;  
Repine at it who dares: bear him safe off  
To the black tower, but give him all things useful:  
The contrary was not in your request?

*Paul.* I do contemn him.

*Don.* Peace in death denied me!

*Paul.* Thou shalt not go in liberty to thy grave;  
For one night a sultana is my slave.

*Musta.* A terrible little tyranness!

*Asam.* No more;

Her will shall be a law. Till now ne'er happy!  
[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter FRANCISCO, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, and  
Sailors.

*Grim.* Sir, all things are in readiness; the Turks,  
That seized upon my ship, stow'd under hatches;  
My men resolved and cheerful. Use but means  
To get out of the ports, we will be ready  
To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be but  
This, for the viceroy's fleet! [pleased)

*Fran.* Discharge your parts;  
In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, master;  
Something will come along to fraught your bark,  
That you will have just cause to say you never  
Made such a voyage.

*Must.* We will stand the hazard.

*Fran.* What's the best hour?

*Boatsw.* After the second watch.

*Fran.* Enough: each to his charge.

*Grim.* We will be careful. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—A Room in ASAMBERG's Palace.

Enter PAULINA, DONUSA, CARAZIE, and MANTO.

*Paul.* Sit, madam, it is fit that I attend you;  
And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,  
To which the sooner you will be invited,  
When you shall understand, no way was left me  
To free you from a present execution,  
But by my personating that which never  
My nature was acquainted with.

*Don.* I believe you.

*Paul.* You will, when you shall understand I  
may

Receive the honour to be known unto you  
By a nearer name:—and, not to rack you further,  
The man you please to favour is my brother;  
No merchant, madam, but a gentleman  
Of the best rank in Venice.

*Don.* I rejoice in't;  
But what's this to his freedom? for myself,  
Were he well off, I were secure.

*Paul.* I have  
A present means, not plotted by myself,  
But a religious man, my confessor,  
That may preserve all, if we had a servant  
Whose faith we might rely on.

*Don.* She, that's now  
Your slave, was once mine; had I twenty lives,  
I durst commit them to her trust.

*Mant.* O madam!  
I have been false,—forgive me: I'll redeem it  
By anything, however desperate,  
You please to impose upon me.

*Paul.* Troth, these tears,  
I think, cannot be counterfeit; I believe her,  
And, if you please, will try her

*Don.* At your peril;  
There is no further danger can look towards me.

*Paul.* This only then—canst thou use means to  
carry  
This bake meat to Vitelli?

*Mant.* With much ease;  
I am familiar with the guard; beside,  
It being known it was I that betray'd him,  
My entrance hardly will of them be question'd.

*Paul.* About it then. Say, that 'twas sent to  
him

From his Donusa: bid him search the midst of it,  
He there shall find a cordial.

*Mant.* What I do  
Shall speak my care and faith. [Exit.

*Don.* Good fortune with thee!

*Paul.* You cannot eat?

*Don.* The time we thus abuse  
We might employ much better.

*Paul.* I am glad  
To hear this from you. As for you, Carazie,  
If our intents do prosper, make choice, whether  
You'll steal away with your two mistresses,  
Or take your fortune.

*Car.* I'll be gelded twice first;

Hang him that stays behind.

*Paul.* I wait you, madam.

Were but my brother off, by the command  
Of the dotting viceroy, there's no guard dare stay  
me;

And I will safely bring you to the place,  
Where we must expect him.

*Don.* Heaven be gracious to us! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Black Tower.**Enter VITELLI, Aga and Guard, at the door.*

*Vitel.* Paulina to fall off thus! 'tis to me  
More terrible than death, and, like an earthquake,  
Totters this walking building, such I am;  
And in my sudden ruin would prevent,  
By choking up at once my vital spirits,  
This pompous preparation for my death.  
But I am lost; that good man, good Francisco,  
Deliver'd me a paper, which till now  
I wanted leisure to peruse. [*Reads the paper.*]

*Aga.* This Christian  
Fears not, it seems, the near approaching sun,  
Whose second rise he never must salute.

*Enter MANTO with the baked-meat.*1 *Guard.* Who's that?2 *Guard.* Stand.*Aga.* Manto!

*Mant.* Here's the viceroy's ring,  
Gives warrant to my entrance; yet you may  
Partake of anything I shall deliver.  
'Tis but a present to a dying man,  
Sent from the princess that must suffer with him.

*Aga.* Use your own freedom.

*Mant.* I would not disturb  
This his last contemplation.

*Vitel.* O, 'tis well!  
He has restored all, and I at peace again  
With my Paulina.

*Mant.* Sir, the sad Donusa,  
Grieved for your sufferings, more than for her  
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage [*own,*  
You are to take, presents you with this cordial,  
Which privately she wishes you should taste of;  
And search the middle part, where you shall find  
Something that hath the operation to  
Make death look lovely.

*Vitel.* I will not dispute  
What she commands, but serve it. [*Exit.*]

*Aga.* Prithee, Manto,  
How hath the unfortunate princess spent this  
Under her proud new mistress? [*night,*

*Mant.* With such patience  
As it o'ercomes the other's insolence,  
Nay, triumphs o'er her pride. My much haste now  
Commands me hence; but, the sad tragedy past,  
I'll give you satisfaction to the full  
Of all hath pass'd, and a true character  
Of the proud Christian's nature. [*Exit.*]

*Aga.* Break the watch up;  
What should we fear i' the midst of our own  
strengths?

'Tis but the basha's jealousy. Farewell, soldiers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*An upper Room in the same.**Enter VITELLI with the baked-meat.*

*Vit.* There's something more in this than means  
A hungry appetite, which I must discover. [to cloy  
She will'd me search the midst: thus, thus I  
pierce it. [*thread!*  
—Ha! what is this? a scroll bound up in pack-  
What may the mystery be? [*Reads.*]

Son, let down this packthread at the west window of  
the castle. By it you shall draw up a ladder of ropes, by  
which you may descend: your dearest Donusa with the

rest of your friends below attend you. Heaven prosper  
you!

O best of men! he that gives up himself  
To a true religious friend, leans not upon  
A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds  
Upon a rock; which now with joy I find  
In reverend Francisco, whose good vows,  
Labours, and watchings, in my hoped-for freedom,  
Appear a pious miracle. I come,  
I come with confidence; though the descent  
Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide,  
Being call'd down by such a faithful guide. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in ASAMBEG'S Palace.**Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, and JENIBARIES.*

*Asam.* Excuse me, Mustapha, though this  
night to me

Appear as tedious as that treble one  
Was to the world, when Jove on fair Alcmena  
Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter [*hours*  
Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow-paced  
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would,  
With your continued wishes, strive to imp  
New feathers to the broken wings of time,  
And chide the amorous sun, for too long dalliance  
In Thetis' watery bosom.

*Musta.* You are too violent  
In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain;  
Having no more assurance to enjoy them,  
Than a weak woman's promise, on which wise men  
Faintly rely.

*Asam.* Tush! she is made of truth;  
And what she says she will do, holds as firm  
As laws in brass, that know no change: [*A cham-  
ber shot off.*] What's this?  
Some new prize brought in, sure—

*Enter Aga hastily.*

Why are thy looks  
So ghastly? Villain, speak!

*Aga.* Great sir, hear me,  
Then after, kill me:—we are all betray'd.  
The false Grimaldi, sunk in your disgrace,  
With his confederates, has seized his ship,  
And those that guarded it stow'd under hatches.  
With him the condemn'd princess, and the mer-  
chant,

That, with a ladder made of ropes, descended  
From the black tower, in which he was enclosed,  
And your fair mistress—

*Asam.* Ha!

*Aga.* With all their train,  
And choicest jewels, are gone safe aboard:  
Their sails spread forth, and with a fore-right gale  
Leaving our coast, in scorn of all pursuit,  
As a farewell, they shew'd a broadside to us.

*Asam.* No more.*Musta.* Now note your confidence!*Asam.* No more.

O my credulity! I am too full  
Of grief and rage to speak. Dull, heavy fool!  
Worthy of all the tortures that the frown  
Of thy incensed master can throw on thee,  
Without one man's compassion! I will hide  
This head among the deserts, or some cave  
Fill'd with my shame and me; where I alone  
May die without a partner in my moan. [*Exeunt.*]

# THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS FAR AS THEY APPEAR IN THE REMAINING SCENES OF THIS PLAY.

CHARLES VIII. *King of France.*  
 DUKE OF ORLEANS.  
 DUKE OF NEMOURS.  
 CHAMONT, a Nobleman, once Guardian to BELLISANT.  
 PHILANOUR, } *Counsellors.*  
 LAFONT, }  
 MONTROSE, a noble Gentleman, in Love with  
 BELLISANT  
 CLEBEMOND, in Love with LEONORA.  
 CLARINDORE, } *Wild Courtiers.*  
 PERIGOT, }  
 NOVALL, }

DINANT, *Physician to the Court.*  
 BELLISANT, a noble Lady.  
 LAMIRA, *Wife to CHAMONT.*  
 BRAUPRE, (supposed CALENTA,) *Wife to CLARINDORE.*  
 LEONORA.  
 CLARINDA, *Wife to DINANT.*

Other Courtiers, Priest, Officers, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—PARIS, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

## ACT I.

### SCENE IV.—A Room in BELLISANT's House.

*Enter CHAMONT and BELLISANT.*

*Cham.* . . . . .

I did discharge the trust imposed upon me,  
 Being your guardian.

*Bell.* 'Tis with truth acknowledged.

*Cham.* The love I then bore to you, and desire  
 To do you all good offices of a friend,  
 Continues with me, nay, increases, lady;  
 And, out of this assurance, I presume,  
 What, from a true heart, I shall now deliver,  
 Will meet a gentle censure.

*Bell.* When you speak,  
 Whate'er the subject be, I gladly hear.

*Cham.* To tell you of the greatness of your state,  
 And from what noble stock you are derived,  
 Were but impertinence, and a common theme,  
 Since you well know both. What I am to speak of,  
 Touches you nearer; therefore, give me leave  
 To say, that, howsoever your great bounties,  
 Continual feasting, princely entertainments,  
 May gain you the opinion of some few  
 Of a brave generous spirit, (the best harvest  
 That you can hope for from such costly seed,)  
 You cannot yet, amongst the multitude,  
 (Since, next unto the princes of the blood,  
 The eyes of all are fix'd on you,) but give  
 Some wounds, which will not close without a scar,  
 To your fair reputation, and good name;  
 In suffering such a crew of riotous gallants,  
 Not of the best repute, to be so frequent  
 Both in your house and presence; this, 'tis ru-  
 mour'd,

Little agrees with the curiousness of honour,  
 Or modesty of a maid.

*Bell.* Not to dwell long  
 Upon my answer, I must thank your goodness,  
 And provident care, that have instructed me  
 What my revenues are, by which I measure  
 How far I may expend; and yet I find not  
 That I begin to waste; nor would I add  
 To what I now possess. I am myself;  
 And for my fame, since I am innocent here,  
 This, for the world's opinion!

*Cham.* Take heed, madam.  
 That [world's] opinion, which you slight, confirms  
 This lady for immodest, and proclaims  
 Another for a modest; whereas the first  
 Ne'er knew what loose thoughts were, and the  
 Had never a cold dream. [praised second]

*Bell.* I dare not argue:  
 But what means to prevent this?

*Cham.* Noble marriage.  
*Bell.* Pardon me, sir; and do not think I scorn  
 Your grave advice, which I have ever followed,  
 Though not pleased in it.—

Would you have me match with wealth? I need it  
 Or hunt for honour, and increase of titles? [not:  
 In truth, I rest ambitious of no greater  
 Than what my father left. Or do you judge  
 My blood to run so high, that 'tis not in  
 Physic to cool me? I yet feel no such heat:  
 But when, against my will, it grows upon me,  
 I'll think upon your counsel.

*Cham.* If you resolve, then,  
 To live a virgin, you have . . . . .  
 To which you may retire, and ha . . . . .  
 To . . . . .

In - - - - -  
And live cont - - - - -

*Bell.* What proof

Should I give of my continence, if I lived  
Not seen, nor seeing any? Spartan Helen,  
Corinthian Lais, or Rome's Messaline,  
So mew'd up, might have died as they were born,  
By lust untempted: no, it is the glory  
Of chastity to be tempted, tempted home too  
The honour else is nothing! I would be  
The first example to convince, for liars,  
Those poets, that with sharp and bitter rhymes  
Proclaim aloud, that chastity has no being,  
But in a cottage: and so confident  
I am in this to coquer, that I will  
Expose myself to all assaults; see masques,  
And hear bewitching sonnets; change discourse  
With one that, for experience, could teach Ovid  
To write, a better way, his *Art of Loves*;  
Feed high, and take and give free entertainment,  
Lend Cupid eyes, and new artillery,  
Deny his mother for a deity;  
Yet every burning shot he made at me,  
Meeting with my chaste thoughts, should lose  
their ardour;

Which when I have o'ercome, malicious men  
Must, to their shame, confess it's possible,  
For a young lady, (some say fair,) at court,  
To keep her virgin honour.

*Cham.* May you prosper

In this great undertaking! I'll not use  
A syllable to divert you: but must be  
A suitor in another kind.

*Bell.* What'e'er it be,  
'Tis granted.

*Cham.* It is only to accept  
A present from me.

*Bell.* Call you this a suit?

*Cham.* Come in, Calista.

*Enter BEAUFRE, disguised as a Moorish Slave.*

This is one I would

Bestow upon you.

*Bell.* 'Tis the handsomest  
I e'er saw of her country; she hath neither  
Thick lips, nor rough curl'd hair.

*Cham.* Her manners, lady,  
Upon my honour, better her good shape:  
She speaks our language too, for being surprised  
In Barbary, she was bestow'd upon  
A pirate of Marseilles, with whose wife  
She lived five years, and learn'd it; there I bought  
As pitying her hard usage; if you please [her,  
To make her yours, you may.

*Bell.* With many thanks.  
Come hither, pretty one; fear not, you shall find  
A gentle mistress. [me

*Beau.* With my care and service,  
I'll study to preserve you such.

*Bell.* Well answered.  
Come, follow me; we'll instantly to court,  
And take my guests along.

*Cham.* They wait you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A State-room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* *Enter CHARLES, ORLEANS, NEMOURS, PHILAMOUR, and LAFORT.*

*Char.* What solitude does dwell about our court!  
Why this dull entertainment? Have I march'd

Victorious through Italy, enter'd Rome,  
Like a triumphant conqueror, set my foot  
Upon the neck of Florence, tamed the pride  
Of the Venetians, scourged those petty tyrants,  
That - - - - - den of the world, to be  
- - - - - home, nay, my house neglected!  
(*New Speaker.*) - - - - - the courtiers would  
appear  
- - - - - therefore they presumed  
(*New Speaker.*) - - - - - the ladies, sir,  
- - - - - that glad time  
- - - - - the choice.

*Enter BELLISANT, LEONORA, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, CHAMBERT, MONTROSE, CLEREMOND, CLARENDON, PERIGOT, NOVALL, and other Courtiers.*

*Phil.* Here they come.

*Ladies.* All happiness to your majesty!

*Courtiers.* And victory sit ever on your sword!

*Char.* Our thanks to all.

But wherefore come you in divided troops,  
As if the mistresses would not accept  
Their servants' guardship, or the servants, slighted,  
Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks:  
On Perigot appears not that blunt mirth  
Which his face used to promise; on Montrose  
There hangs a heavy dullness; Cleremond  
Droops e'en to death, and Clarindore hath lost  
Much of his sharpness; nay, these ladies too,  
Whose sparkling eyes did use to fire the court  
With various inventions of delight,  
Part with their splendour. What's the cause?  
from whence

Proceeds this alteration?

*Peri.* I am troubled

With the toothach, or with love, I know not  
whether;

There is a worm in both. [*Aside.*

*Clarind.* It is their pride.

*Bell.* Or your unworthiness.

*Cler.* The honour that

The French dames held for courtesy, above  
All ladies of the earth, dwells not in these,  
That glory in their cruelty.

*Leon.* The desert

The chevaliers of France were truly lords of,  
And which your grandsires really did possess,  
At no part you inherit.

*Bell.* Ere they durst

Presume to offer service to a lady,  
In person they perform'd some gallant acts  
The fame of which prepared them gracious hearing,  
Ere they made their approaches: what coy she,  
Though great in birth, not to be parallel'd [then,  
For nature's liberal bounties, both set off  
With fortune's trappings, wealth; but, with delight,  
Gladly acknowledged such a man her servant,  
To whose heroic courage, and deep wisdom,  
The flourishing commonwealth, and thankful king,  
Confess'd themselves for debtors? Whereas, now,  
If you have travelled Italy, and brought home  
Some remnants of the language, and can set  
Your faces in some strange and no'er-seen posture,  
Dance a volta, and be rude and saucy;  
Protest, and swear, and damn, (for these are acts  
That most think grace them,) and then view your-  
In the deceiving mirror of self-love, [selves  
You do conclude there hardly is a woman  
That can be worthy of you.

*Mont.* We would grant  
We are not equal to our ancestors  
In noble undertakings, if we thought,  
In us a free confession would persuade you,  
Not to deny your own most wilful errors :  
And where you tax us for unservice, lady,  
I never knew a soldier yet, that could  
Arrive into your favour : we may suffer  
The winter's frost, and scorching summer's heat,  
When the hot lion's breath singeth the fields,  
To seek out victory ; yet, at our return,  
Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,  
You say they do deform us, and the loss  
Of much blood that way, renders us unfit  
To please you in your chambers.

*Clariss.* I must speak  
A little in the general cause : Your beauties  
Are charms that do enchant so - - - - -

Knowing that we are fastened in your toils ;  
In which to struggle, or strive to break out,  
Increases the captivity. Never Circe,  
Sated with such she purposed to transform,  
Or cunning Siren, for whose fatal music  
Nought but the hearer's death could satisfy,  
Knew less of pity. Nay, I dare go further,  
And justify your majesty hath lost  
More resolute and brave courageous spirits  
In this same dull and languishing fight of love,  
Than e'er your wars took from you.

*Char.* No reply : ———  
This is a cause we will determine of,  
And speedily redress : Tamed Italy,  
With fear, confesses me a warlike king,  
And France shall boast I am a prince of love.  
Shall we, that keep perpetual parliaments  
For petty suits, or the least injury  
Offer'd the goods or bodies of our subjects,  
Not study a cure for the sickness of the mind,  
Whose venomous contagion hath infected  
Our bravest servants, and the choicest beauties  
Our court is proud of ? These are wounds require  
A kingly surgeon, and the honour worthy  
By us to be accepted.

*Phil.* It would add  
To the rest of your great actions.

*Laf.* But the means  
Most difficult, I fear.

*Cham.* You shall do more, sir,  
If you perform this, than I e'er could read  
The sons of Saturn, that by lot divided  
The government of the air, the sea, and hell,  
Had spirit to undertake.

*Char.* Why, this more fires me ;  
And now partake of my design. With speed  
Erect a place of justice near the court, [LOVE :  
Which we'll have styled, the PARLIAMENT OF  
Here such whose humble service is not consider'd  
By their proud mistresses, freely may complain ;  
And shall have hearing and redress.

*Nov.* O rare !

*Peri.* I like this well.

*Char.* And ladies that are wrong'd  
By such as do profess themselves their servants,  
May cite them hither, and their cause deliver'd  
Or by their own tongues, or fee'd advocates,  
Find sudden satisfaction.

*Nov.* What a rascal  
Was I to leave the law ! I might have had  
Clients and clients. Ne'er was such a time  
For any smooth-chinn'd advocate.

*Peri.* They will get the start  
Of the ladies' spruce physicians, starve their chap-  
Though never so well timber'd. [Lains,

*Char.* 'Tis our will,  
Nor shall it be disputed. Of this court,  
Or rather sanctuary of pure lovers,  
My lord of Orleans, and Nemours, assisted  
By the messieurs Philamour and Lafort, are judges.  
You have worn Venus's colours from your youth,  
And cannot, therefore, but be sensible  
Of all her mysteries : what you shall determine,  
In the way of penance, punishment, or reward,  
Shall - - - - the trial ; a month we grant you  
- - - - - amours, which expired,  
- - - - - make your complaints, and be assured  
- - - - - impartial hearing ; this determined,  
- - - - - rest of our affairs. [Recount.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in CLARINDORE'S House.

*Enter CLARINDORE, MONTROSS, PERIOTT, and NOVALL.*

*Peri.* I do not relish  
The last part of the king's speech, though I was  
Much taken with the first.

*Nov.* Your reason, tutor ?

*Peri.* Why, look you, pupil ; the decree, that  
women  
Should not neglect the service of their lovers,  
But pay them from the exchequer they were born  
with,

Was good and laudable ; they being created  
To be both tractable and tactable,  
When they are useful : but to have it order'd,  
All women that have stumbled in the dark,  
Or given, by owl-light, favours, should complain,  
Is most intolerable : I myself shall have,  
Of such as trade in the streets, and escaped my  
pockets,

Of progress laundresses, and marketwomen,  
When the king's pleasure's known, a thousand bills  
Preferr'd against me.

*Clariss.* This is out of season :  
Nothing to madam Bellissant, that, in public,  
Hath so inveigh'd against us.

*Nov.* She's a Fury,  
I dare no more attempt her.

*Peri.* I'll not venture  
To change six words with her for half her state,  
Or stay, till she be trimm'd, from wine and  
For any new monopoly. [women,

*Mont.* I will study  
How to forget her, shun the tempting poison,  
Her looks, and magic of discourse, still offer,  
And be myself again : since there's no hope,  
'Twere madness to pursue her.

*Peri.* There are madams  
Better brought up, 'tis thought, and wives that  
dare not

Complain in parliament; there's safe trading,  
pupil;

And, when she finds she is of all forsaken,  
Let my lady Pride repent in vain, and mump,  
And envy others' markets.

*Clarín.* May I ne'er prosper  
But you are three of the most fainting spirits,  
That ever I conversed with! You do well  
To talk of progress laundresses, punks, and  
beggars;

The wife of some rich tradesman with three teeth,  
And twice so many hairs:—truck with old ladies,  
That nature hath given o'er, that owe their doctors  
For an artificial life, that are so frozen,  
That a sound plague cannot thaw them; but  
I give you over: never hope to take [despair,  
A velvet petticoat up, or to commit  
With an Italian cutwork smock, when torn too.

*Mont.* And what hopes nourish you?

*Clarín.* Troth, mine are modest.

I am only confident to win the lady  
You dare not look on, and now, in the height  
Of her contempt and scorn, to humble her,  
And teach her at what game her mother play'd,  
When she was got; and, cloy'd with those poor  
As I find her obedient and pleasing, [toys,  
I may perhaps descend to marry her:  
Then, with a kind of state, I take my chair,  
Command a sudden muster of my servants,  
And, after two or three majestic hums,  
It being known all is mine, peruse my writings,  
Let out this manor, at an easy rate,  
To such a friend, lend this ten thousand crowns,  
For the redemption of his mortgaged land,  
Give to each by-blow I know mine, a farm,  
Erect . . . . . this in conse- . . .

That pleased me in my youth, but now grown stale.  
These things first ordered by me, and confirm'd  
By Bellisant, my wife, I care not much  
If, out of her own lands, I do assign her  
Some pretty jointure.

*Peri.* Talk'at thou in thy sleep?

*Nov.* Or art thou mad?

*Clarín.* A little elevated

With the assurance of my future fortune:  
Why do you stare and grin? I know this must be,  
And I will lay three thousand crowns, within  
A month I will effect this.

*Mont.* How!

*Clarín.* Give proof

I have enjoyed fair Bellisant, evident proof  
I have pluck'd her virgin rose, so long preserved,  
Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring  
Stolen by corruption, but, against her will,  
Make her confess so much.

*Mont.* Impossible.

*Clarín.* Then the disgrace be mine, the profit  
If that you think her chastity a rock [yours,  
Not to be moved or shaken, or hold me  
A flatterer of myself, or overweener,  
Let me pay for my foolery.

*Peri.* I'll engage  
Myself for a thousand.

*Nov.* I'll not out for a second.

*Mont.* I would gladly lose a third part for  
No virgin can stand constant long. [assurance

*Clarín.* Leave that  
To the trial: let us to a notary,  
Draw the conditions, see the crowns deposited,

And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me!

But—Love, blind archer, aid me!

*Peri.* Look you thrive;

I would not be so jeer'd and hooted at,  
As you will be else.

*Clarín.* I will run the hazard.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONORA's House.

Enter LEONORA and a Servant.

*Serv.* He will not be denied.

*Leon.* Slave, beat him back.

I feed such whelps!

*Serv.* Madam, I rattled him,

Rattled him home.

*Leon.* Rattle him hence, you rascal,  
Or never see me more.

Enter CLEARMOND.

*Serv.* He comes: a sword!

What would you have me do? Shall I cry murder,  
Or raise the constable?

*Leon.* Hence, you shaking coward!

*Serv.* I am glad I am so got off: here's a round  
sum [Looking at his money.

For a few bitter words! Be not shook off, sir;  
I'll see none shall disturb you. [Exit.

*Cler.* You might spare

These frowns, good lady, on me; they are useless:  
I am shot through and through with your disdain,  
And on my heart the darts of scorn so thick,  
That there's no vacant place left to receive  
Another wound; their multitude is grown  
My best defence, and do confirm me that  
You cannot hurt me further.

*Leon.* Wert thou not

Made up of impudence, and slaved to folly,  
Did any drop of noble blood remain  
In thy lustful veins, hadst thou or touch, or relish,  
Of modesty, civility, or manners,  
Or but in thy deformed outside only  
Thou didst retain the essence of a man,  
- - - - - so many - - -

And loathing to thy person, thou wouldst not  
Force from a blushing woman that rude language,  
Thy baseness first made me acquainted with.

*Cler.* Now saint-like patience guard me!

*Leon.* I have heard

Of mountebanks, that to vent their drugs and oils,  
Have so enured themselves to poison, that  
They could digest a venom'd toad, or spider,  
Better than wholesome viands: in the list  
Of such I hold thee; for that bitterness  
Of speech, reproof, and scorn, by her delivered  
Whom thou professes to adore, and shake at,  
Which would deter all mankind but thyself,  
Do nourish in thee saucy hopes, with pleasure.

*Cler.* Hear but my just defence.

*Leon.* Yet, since thou art

So spaniel-like affected, and thy dotage  
Increases from abuse and injury,  
That way I'll once more feast thee. Of all men  
I ever saw yet, in my settled judgment,  
Spite of thy barber, tailor, and perfumer,  
And thine adulterate and borrow'd helps,  
Thou art the ugliest creature; and when trimm'd  
up

To the height, as thou imagin'st, in mine eyes,

A leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice  
He is infectious,) in respect of thee,  
Appears a young Adonis.

*Cler.* You look on me  
In a false glass, madam.

*Leon.* Then thy dunghill mind,  
Suitable to the outside, never yet  
Produced one gentle thought, knowing her want  
Of faculties to put it into act.

Thy courtship, as absurd as any zany's,  
After a practised manner; thy discourse,  
Though full of bombast phrase, never brought  
matter

Worthy the laughing at, much less the hearing.—  
But I grow weary; for, indeed, to speak thee,  
Thy ill I mean, and speak them to the full,  
Would tire a thousand women's voluble tongues,  
And twice so many labours'—for a farewell,  
I'll sooner clasp an incubus, or hug  
A fork'd-tongued adder, than meet thy embraces,  
Which, as the devil, I fly from.

*Cler.* Now you have spent  
The utmost of your spleen, I would not say  
Your malice, set off to the height with fiction,  
Allow me leave, (a poor request, which judges  
Seldom deny unto a man condemn'd.)  
A little to complain: for, being censured,  
Or to extenuate, or excuse my guilt,  
Were but to wash an Ethiop. How oft, with tears,  
When the inhuman porter has forbid  
My entrance by your most severe commands,  
Have these eyes wash'd your threshold! Did there  
Come novelty to Paris, rich or rare, [ever  
Which but as soon as known was not presented,  
How'er with frowns refused? Have I not brought  
The braveries of France before your window,  
To fight at barriers, or to break a lance,  
Or, in their full career, to take the ring,  
To do you honour? and then, being refused  
To speak my grief, my arms, my impresses,  
The colours that I wore, in a dumb sorrow  
Express'd how much I suffer'd in the rigour  
Of your displeasure.

*Leon.* Two months hence I'll have  
The . . . . .

*Cler.* Stay, best madam,  
I am growing to a period.

*Leon.* Pray you do;  
I here shall take a nap else, 'tis so pleasing.

*Cler.* Then only this: the voice you now con-  
temn,

You once did swear was musical; you have met too  
These lips in a soft encounter, and have brought  
An equal ardour with you: never lived  
A happier pair of lovers. I confess,  
After you promised marriage, nothing wanting  
But a few days expired, to make me happy,  
My violent impatience of delay  
Made me presume, and with some amorous force,  
To ask a full fruition of those pleasures  
Which sacred Hymen to the world makes lawful,  
Before his torch was lighted; in this only,  
You justly can accuse me.

*Leon.* Dar'st thou think  
That this offence can ever find a pardon,  
Unworthy as thou art!

*Cler.* But you most cruel,  
That, in your studied purpose of revenge,  
Cast both divine and human laws behind you,  
And only see their rigour, not their mercy.

Offences of foul shape, by holy writ  
Are warranted remission, provided  
That the delinquent undergo the penance  
Imposed upon him by his confessor:  
But you, that should be mine, and only can  
Or punish or absolve me, are so far  
From doing me right, that you disdain to hear me.

*Leon.* Now I may catch him in my long-wish'd  
toils;

My hate help me to work it! [*Aside.*]—To what  
purpose,

Poor and pale spirited man, should I expect  
From thee the satisfaction of a wrong,  
Compared to which, the murder of a brother  
Were but a gentle injury?

*Cler.* Witness, heaven,  
All blessings hoped by good men, and all tortures  
The wicked shake at, no saint left unsworn by,  
That, uncompell'd, I here give up myself  
Wholly to your devotion: if I fail  
To do whatever you please to command,  
To expiate my trespass to your honour,  
So that, the task perform'd, you likewise swear,  
First to forgive, and after marry me,  
May I endure more sharp and lingering torments  
Than ever tyrants found out! may my friends  
With scorn, not pity, look upon my sufferings,  
And at my last gasp, in the place of hope,  
Sorrow, despair, possess me!

*Leon.* You are caught,  
Most miserable fool, but fit to be so;—  
And 'tis but justice that thou art delivered  
Into her power that's sensible of a wrong,  
And glories to revenge it. Let me study  
What dreadful punishment, worthy my fury,  
I shall inflict upon thee; all the malice  
Of injured women help me! Death? that's nothing,  
'Tis, to a conscious wretch, a benefit,  
And not a penance; else, on the next tree,  
For sport's sake I would make thee hang thyself.

*Cler.* What have I done?  
*Leon.* What cannot be recall'd.  
To row for seven years in the Turkish gallees?  
A flea-biting! To be sold to a brothel,  
Or a common bagnio? that's a trifle too!

. . . . . Furies, . . . . .  
The lashes of their whips pierce through the mind.  
I'll imitate them:—I have it too.

*Cler.* Remember  
You are a woman.

*Leon.* I have heard thee boast,  
That of all blessings in the earth next me,  
The number of thy trusty, faithful friends,  
Made up thy happiness: out of these, I charge  
thee,

And by thine own repeated oaths conjure thee,  
To kill the best deserter. Do not start;  
I'll have no other penance. Then to practise,  
To find some means he that deserves thee best,  
By undertaking something others fly from:  
This done, I am thine.

*Cler.* But hear me.  
*Leon.* Not a syllable:

And till then, never see me. [*Exit.*]

*Cler.* I am lost,  
Foolishly lost and sunk by mine own baseness:  
I'll say only,

With a heart-breaking patience, yet not rave,  
Better the devil's than a woman's slave. [*Exit.*]



SCENE III.—*A Room in BELLISANT'S House.**Enter CLARINDORE and BEAUPRÉ.**Clarín.* Nay, prithee, good Calista—*Beau.* As I live, sir,  
She is determined to be private, and charged me,  
Till of herself she broke up her retirement,  
Not to admit a visitant.*Clarín.* Thou art a fool,  
And I must have thee learn to know thy strength;  
There never was a sure path to the mistress,  
But by her minister's help, which I will pay for :  
*[Gives her his Purse.]*But yet this is but trash; hark in thine ear—  
By Love! I like thy person, and will make  
Full payment that way; be thou wise.*Beau.* Like me, sir!

One of my dark complexion!

*Clarín.* I am serious;The curtains drawn, and envious light shut out,  
The soft touch heightens appetite, and takes more  
Than colour, Venus' dressing, in the day-time,  
But never thought on in her midnight revels.  
Come, I must have thee mine.*Beau.* But how to serve you?*Clarín.* By speaking still my praises to thy lady,  
How much I love and languish for her bounties:  
You may remember too, how many madams  
Are rivals for me, and, in way of caution,  
Say you have heard, when I was wild, how dreadful  
My name was to a profess'd courtesan,  
Still asking more than she could give—*Enter BELLISANT.**Beau.* My lady!*Bell.* Be within call:*[Aside to the Servants within.]*

How now, Clarindore,

Courting my servant! Nay, 'tis not my envy—  
You now express yourself a complete lover,  
That, for variety's sake, if she be woman,  
Can change discourse with any.*Clarín.* All are foilsI practise on, but when you make me happy  
In doing me that honour: I desired  
To hear her speak in the Morisco tongue;  
Troth, 'tis a pretty language.*Bell.* Yes, to dance to:—Look to those sweetmeats. *[Exit BEAUPRÉ.]**Clarín.* How! by heaven, she aimsTo speak with me in private! *[Aside.]**Bell.* Come, sit down;

Let's have some merry conference.

*Clarín.* In which - - -It - - - - -  
That my whole life employ'd to do you service,  
At no part can esteem.*Bell.* If you esteem itAt such a rate, do not abuse my bounty,  
Or comment on the granted privacy, further  
Than what the text may warrant; so you shall  
Destroy what I have built.*Clarín.* I like not this. *[Aside.]**Bell.* This new-erected Parliament of Love,  
It seems, has frightened hence my visitants!  
How spend Montrose and Perigot their hours?  
Novall and Cleremond vanish'd in a moment;  
I like your constancy yet.*Clarín.* That's good again;She hath restored all: *[Aside.]*—Pity them, good  
madam;The splendour of your house and entertainment,  
Enrich'd with all perfections by yourself,  
Is too, too glorious for their dim eyes:  
You are above their element; modest fools,  
That only dare admire! and bar them from  
Comparing of these eyes to the fairest flowers,  
Giving you Juno's majesty, Pallas' wit,  
Diana's hand, and Thetis' pretty foot;  
Or, when you dance, to swear that Venus leads  
The Loves and Graces from the Idalian green,  
And such hyperboles stolen out of playbooks,  
They would stand all day mute, and, as you were  
Some curious picture only to be look'd on,  
Presume no further.*Bell.* Pray you, keep your distance,  
And grow not rude.*Clarín.* Rude, lady! manly boldness  
Cannot deserve that name; I have studied you,  
And love hath made an easy gloss upon  
The most abstruse and hidden mysteries  
Which you may keep conceal'd. You well may  
praise

A bashful suitor, that is ravish'd with

A feather of your fan, or if he gain

A riband from your shoe, cries out, *Nil ultra!**Bell.* And what would satisfy you?*Clarín.* Not such poor trifles,  
I can assure you, lady. Do not I see  
You are gamesome, young, and active? that you  
A man that, of himself, comes boldly on, *[Love]*  
That will not put your modesty to trouble,  
To teach him how to feed, when meat's before him?  
That knows that you are flesh and blood, a creature,  
And born with such affections, that, like me,  
Now I have opportunity, and your favour,  
Will not abuse my fortune? Should I stand now  
Licking my fingers, cry Ah me! then kneel,  
And swear you were a goddess, kiss the skirts  
Of your proud garments, when I were gone, I am  
sureI should be kindly laugh'd at for a coxcomb;  
The story made the subject of your mirth,  
At your next meeting, when you sit in council,  
Among the beauties.*Bell.* Is this possible?

All due respect forgotten!

*Clarín.* Hang respect!Are we not alone? See, I dare touch this hand,  
And without adoration unglue it.  
A spring of youth is in this palm; here Cupid,  
The moisture turn'd to diamonds, heads his arrows:  
The far-famed English Bath, or German Spa,  
One drop of this will purchase. Shall this nectar  
Run useless, then, to waste? or - - - these lips,  
That open like the morn, breathing perfumes  
On such as dare approach them, be untouch'd?  
They must—nay, 'tis in vain to make resistance,—  
Be often kiss'd and tasted:—You seem angry  
At - - - I have displeas'd you.*Bell.* *[to the Servants within.]* - - - - -  
And come prepared, as if some Africk monster,  
By force had broke into my house.*Enter Servants with drawn Swords.**Clarín.* How's this?*Bell.* Circle him round with death, and if he  
Or but presume to speak, till I allow it, *[stir,*  
His body be the navel to the wheel,

In which your rapiers, like so many spokes,  
Shall meet and fix themselves.

*Clarin.* Were I off with life,  
This for my wager!

[*Aside.*]

*Bell.* Villain, shake and tremble  
At my just anger! Which of all my actions,  
Confined in virtuous limits, hath given life  
And birth to this presumption? Hast thou ever  
Observed in me a wanton look or gesture,  
Not suiting with a virgin? Have I been  
Prodigal in my favours, or given hopes,  
To nourish such attempts? swear, and swear truly,  
What in thy soul thou think'st of me.

*Clarin.* As of one  
Made up of chastity; and only tried,  
Which I repent, what this might work upon you.

*Bell.* The intent deserves not death; but, sirrah,  
'Tis in my power to look thee dead. [know

*Clarin.* 'Tis granted.

*Bell.* I am not so cruel; yet, for this insolence,

Forbear my house for ever: if you are hot,  
You, ruffian-like, may force a parting kiss,  
As from a common gamester.

*Clarin.* I am cool:—  
She's a virago.

[*Aside.*]

*Bell.* Or you may go boast.  
How bravely you came on, to your companions:  
I will not bribe your silence: no reply.—  
Now thrust him headlong out of doors, and see  
He never more pass my threshold. [Exit.

*Clarin.* This comes of  
My daring: all hell's plagues light on the proverb  
That says, *Faint heart* — but it is stale.

*Serv.* Pray you walk, sir,  
We must shew you the way else.

*Clarin.* Be not too officious.  
I am no bar for you to try your strength on.—  
Sit quietly by this disgrace I cannot:  
Some other course I must be forced to take,  
Not for my wager now, but honour's sake. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in CHAMONT'S House.

Enter CHAMONT, PERIGOT, NOVALL, DINANT, LANIRA, and  
CLARINDA.

*Peri.* 'Twas prince-like entertainment.

*Cham.* You o'erprize it.

*Din.* Your cheerful looks made every dish a  
And 'tis that crowns a welcome. [feast,

*Lam.* For my part,  
I hold society and honest mirth  
The greatest blessing of a civil life.

*Cla.* Without good company, indeed, all dainties  
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,  
Are only seen, not tasted.

*Nov.* By this light,  
She speaks well too! I'll have a fling at her:  
She is no fit electuary for a doctor:

A coarser julap may well cool his worship;  
This cordial is for gallants. [Aside.

*Cham.* Let me see,  
The night grows old: pray you often be my guests.  
Such as dare come unto a - - - table,  
Although not crack'd with curious delicacies,  
Have liberty to command it as their own:  
I may do the like with you, when you are married.

*Peri.* Yes, 'tis likely,  
When there's no forage to be had abroad,  
Nor credulous husbands left to father children  
Of bachelors' begetting; when court wives  
Are won to grant variety is not pleasing,  
And that a friend at a pinch is useless to them,  
I - - - - - but till then

*Cham.* You have a merry time of it:—  
But we forget ourselves:—Gallants, good night.  
Good master doctor, when your leisure serves,  
Visit my house; when we least need their art,  
Physicians look most lovely.

*Din.* All that's in me,  
Is at your lordship's service. Monsieur Perigot,  
Monsieur Novall, in what I may be useful,  
Pray you command me.

*Nov.* We'll wait on you home.  
*Din.* By no means, sir: good night.  
[Exeunt all but NOVALL and PERIGOT.

*Nov.* The knave is jealous.

*Peri.* 'Tis a disease few doctors cure themselves  
*Nov.* I would he were my patient! [of.

*Peri.* Do but practise

To get his wife's consent, the way is easy.

*Nov.* You may conclude so; for myself, I grant  
I never was so taken with a woman,  
Nor ever had less hope.

*Peri.* Be not dejected;  
Follow but my directions, she's your own:  
I'll set thee in a course that shall not fail.—  
I like thy choice; but more of that hereafter:  
Adultery is a safe and secret sin;  
The purchase of a maidenhead seldom quits  
The danger and the labour: build on this,  
He that puts home shall find all women coming,  
The frozen Bellissant ever excepted.

Could you believe the fair wife of Chamont,  
A lady never tainted in her honour,  
Should, at the first assault, (for till this night  
I never courted her,) yield up the fort  
That she hath kept so long?

*Nov.* 'Tis wondrous strange.  
What winning language used you?

*Peri.* Thou art a child;  
'Tis action, not fine speeches, take a woman.  
Pleasure's their heaven; and he that gives as-  
surance

That he hath strength to tame their hot desires,  
Is the prevailing orator: she but saw me  
Jump over six join'd stools, and after cut  
Some forty capers; tricks that never miss,  
In a magnificent masque, to draw the eyes  
Of all the beauties in the court upon me,  
But straight she wrung my hand, trod on my toe,  
And said my mistress could not but be happy  
In such an able servant. I replied  
Bluntly, I was ambitious to be hers;  
And she, nor coy nor shy, straight entertain'd me:  
I begg'd a private meeting, it was granted,  
The time and place appointed.

*Nov.* But remember  
Chamont is your friend.

*Peri.* Now out upon thee, puiſna!

As if a man so far e'er loved that title,  
But 'twas much more delight and tickling to him,  
To hug himself, and say, This is my cuckold!

*Nov.* But did he not observe thee?

*Peri.* Though he did,  
As I am doubtful, I will not despair;  
The danger will endure the sport.

*Enter CLARINDOR.*

*Nov.* Forbear;  
Here's Clarindore.

*Peri.* We will be merry with him;  
I have heard his entertainment. Join but with me,  
And we will jeer this self-opinion'd fool  
Almost to madness.

*Nov.* He's already grown  
Exceeding melancholy, and some say  
That's the first step to frenzy.

*Peri.* I'll upon him.—  
Save you, good monsieur! no reply? grown proud  
Of your success? it is not well . . . . .

*Clar.* 'Tis come out; these goslings  
Have heard of my . . . . .

*Nov.* We gratulate,  
Though we pay for't, your happy entrance to  
The certain favours, nay, the sure possession,  
Of madam Bellissant.

*Clarin.* The young whelp too!—  
'Tis well, exceeding well.

*Peri.* 'Tis so, with you, sir;  
But bear it modestly, faith it will become you:  
And being arrived at such a lordly revenue,  
As this your happy match instates you with,  
Two thousand crowns from me, and from Novall  
Though we almost confess the wager lost,  
Will be a small addition.

*Nov.* You mistake him;  
Nor do I fear, out of his noble nature,  
But that he may be won to license us  
To draw our venture.

*Clarin.* Spend your frothy wits,  
Do, do; you snarl, but hurt not.

*Nov.* O, give leave  
To losers for to speak.

*Peri.* 'Tis a strange fate  
Some men are born to, and a happy star  
That reign'd at your nativity! it could not be else,  
A lady of a constancy like a rock,  
Not to be moved, and held impregnable,  
Should yield at the first assault!

*Nov.* 'Tis the reward  
Of a brave daring spirit.

*Peri.* Tush! we are dull;  
Abuse our opportunities.

*Clarin.* Have you done yet?

*Peri.* When he had privacy of discourse, he knew  
How to use that advantage; did he stand  
Fawning, and crouching? no; he ran up boldly,  
Told her what she was born to, ruffled her,  
Kiss'd her, and toused her:—all the passages  
Are at court already; and, 'tis said, a patent  
Is granted him, if any maid be chaste,  
For him to humble her, and a new name given him,  
The scornful-virgin tamer.

*Clarin.* I may tame  
Your buffoon tongues, if you proceed.

*Nov.* No anger.  
I have heard that Bellissant was so taken with  
Your manly courage, that she straight prepared you  
A sumptuous banquet.

*Peri.* Yet his enemies  
Report it was a blanket.

*Nov.* Malice, malice!  
She was shewing him her chamber too, and call'd  
Perfumes, and cambric sheets. [for

*Peri.* When, see the luck on't!  
Against her will, her most unmanly grooms,  
For so 'tis rumour'd, took him by the shoulders,  
And thrust him out of doors.

*Nov.* Faith, sir, resolve us;  
How was it? we would gladly know the truth,  
To stop the mouth of calumny.

*Clarin.* Troth, sir, I'll tell you:  
One took me by the nose thus,—and a second  
Made bold with me thus—but one word more, you  
shall

Feel new expressions—and so, my gentle boobies,  
Farewell, and be hang'd! [Exit.

*Nov.* We have nettled him.  
*Peri.* Had we stung him to death, it were out  
An overweening braggard! [justice,

*Nov.* This is nothing  
To the doctor's wife.

*Peri.* Come, we'll consult of it,  
And suddenly.

*Nov.* I feel a woman's longing  
Till I am at it.

*Peri.* Never fear; she's thine own, boy. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter CLEREMOND.*

*Clar.* What have my sins been, heaven? yet thy  
great pleasure

Must not be argued. Was wretch ever bound  
On such a black adventure, in which only  
To wish to prosper is a greater curse  
Than to . . . . . me  
Of reason, understanding, and true judgment.  
'Twere a degree of comfort to myself  
I were stark mad; or, like a beast of prey,  
Prick'd on by griping hunger, all my thoughts  
And faculties were wholly taken up  
To cloy my appetite, and could look no further:  
But I rise up a new example of  
Calamity, transcending all before me;  
And I should gild my misery with false comforts,  
If I compar'd it with an Indian slave's,  
That, with incessant labour to search out  
Some unknown mine, dives almost to the centre;  
And, if then found, not thank'd of his proud mas  
But this, if put into an equal scale [ter.  
With my unparall'd fortune, will weigh nothing;  
For from a cabinet of the choicest jewels  
That mankind e'er was rich in, whose least gem  
All treasure of the earth, or what is hid  
In Neptune's watery bosom, cannot purchase,  
I must seek out the richest, fairest, purest,  
And when by proof 'tis known it holds the value,  
As soon as found destroy it. O most cruel!  
And yet, when I consider of the many  
That have profess'd themselves my friends, and  
vow'd

Their lives were not their own, when my engage-  
ments

Should summon them to be at my devotion,  
Not one endures the test; I almost grow  
Of the world's received opinion, that holds  
Friendship but a mere name, that binds no further

Than to the altar—to retire with safety.  
Here comes Montrose.

*Enter MONTROSE and BEAUPEU.*

What sudden joy transports him?

I never saw man rapt so.

*Mon.* Purse and all,

And 'tis too little, though it were cramm'd full  
With crowns of the sun. O blessed, blessed paper!  
But made so by the touch of her fair hand.  
What shall I answer? Say I am her creature,  
Or, if thou canst find out a word that may  
Express subjection in a humbler style,  
Use it, I prithee; add too, her commands  
Shall be with as much willingness perform'd,  
As I in this fold, this, receive her favours.

*Beau.* I shall return so much.

*Mont.* And that two hours  
Shall bring me to attend her.

*Beau.* With all care  
And circumstance of service from yourself,  
I will deliver it.

*Mont.* I am still your debtor. [*Exit BEAUPEU.*]

*Cler.* I read the cause now clearly; I'll slip by:  
For though, even at this instant, he should prove  
Himself, which others' falsehood makes me doubt,  
That constant and best friend I go in quest of,  
It were inhuman in their birth to strangle  
His promising hopes of comfort.

*Mont.* Cleremond

Pass by me as a stranger! at a time too  
When I am fill'd with such excess of joy,  
So swollen and surfeited with true delight,  
That had I not found out a friend, to whom  
I might impart them, and so give them vent,  
In their abundance they would force a passage,  
And let out life together! Prithce, bear,  
For friendship's sake, a part of that sweet burthen  
Which I shrink under; and when thou hast read  
Fair Bellisant subscribed, so near my name too,  
Observe but that,—thou must, with me, confess,  
There cannot be room in one lover's heart  
Capacious enough to entertain  
Such multitudes of pleasures.

*Cler.* I joy with you,  
Let that suffice, and envy not your blessings;  
May they increase! Farewell, friend.

*Mont.* How! no more?

By the snow-white hand that writ these characters,  
It is a breach of courtesy and manners,  
So coldly to take notice of his good,  
Whom you call friend! See further: here she writes  
That she is truly sensible of my sufferings,  
And not alone vouchsafes to call me servant,  
But to employ me in a cause that much  
Concerns her in her honour; there's a favour!  
Are you yet stupid?—and, that, two hours hence,  
She does expect me in the private walks  
Neighbouring the Louvre: cannot all this move  
I could be angry. A tenth of these bounties [you?  
But promised to you from Leonora,  
To witness my affection to my friend,  
In his behalf, had taught me to forget  
All mine own miseries.

*Cler.* Do not misinterpret  
This coldness in me; for alas! Montrose,  
I am a thing so made up of affliction,  
So every way contemn'd, that I conclude  
My sorrows are infectious; and my company,  
Like such as have foul ulcers running on them,

To be with care avoided. May your happiness,  
In the favour of the matchless Bellisant,  
Hourly increase! and—my best wishes guard you!  
'Tis all that I can give.

*Mont.* You must not leave me.

*Cler.* Indeed I must and will; mine own engage-  
Call me away. [ments

*Mont.* What are they? I presume  
There cannot be a secret of that weight,  
You dare not trust me with; and should you doubt  
I justly might complain that my affection [me,  
Is placed unfortunately.

*Cler.* I know you are honest;  
And this is such a business, and requires  
Such sudden execution, that it cannot  
Fall in the compass of your will, or power,  
To do me a friend's office. In a word,  
On terms that near concern me in mine honour,  
I am to fight the quarrel, mortal too,  
The time some two hours hence, the place ten  
miles

Distant from Paris; and when you shall know  
I yet am unprovided of a second,  
You will excuse my sudden parting from you.  
Farewell, Montrose!

*Mont.* Not so; I am the man  
Will run the danger with you; and must tell you,  
That, while I live, it was a wrong to seek  
Another's arm to second you. Lead the way;  
My horse stands ready.

*Cler.* I confess 'tis noble,  
For you to offer this, but it were base  
In me to accept it.

*Mont.* Do not scorn me, friend.

*Cler.* No; but admire and honour you; and  
Serious consideration, must refuse [from that  
The tender of your aid. France knows you valiant,  
And that you might, in single opposition,  
Fight for a crown; but millions of reasons  
Forbid me your assistance. You forget  
Your own designs; being, the very minute  
I am to encounter with mine enemy,  
To meet your mistress, such a mistress too,  
Whose favour you so many years have sought:  
And will you then, when she vouchsafes access,  
Nay more, invites you, check at her fair offer?  
Or shall it be repeated, to my shame,  
For my own ends I robb'd you of a fortune  
Princes might envy? Can you even hope  
She ever will receive you to her presence,  
If you neglect her now?—Be wise, dear friend,  
And, in your prodigality of goodness,  
Do not undo yourself. Live long and happy,  
And leave me to my dangers.

*Mont.* Cleremond,

I have with patience heard you, and consider'd  
The strength of your best arguments; weigh'd the  
I run in mine own fortunes: but again, [dangers  
When I oppose the sacred name of friend  
Against those joys I have so long pursued,  
Neither the beauty of fair Bellisant,  
Her wealth, her virtues, can prevail so far,  
In such a desperate case as this, to leave you.—  
To have it to posterity recorded,  
At such a time as this I proved true gold,  
And current in my friendship, shall be to me  
A thousand mistresses, and such embraces  
As leave no sting behind them; therefore, on:  
I am resolved, unless you beat me off,  
I will not leave you.

*Cler.* Oh! here is a jewel  
Fit for the cabinet of the greatest monarch!  
But I of all men miserable—

*Mont.* Come, be cheerful;  
Good fortune will attend us.

*Cler.* That, to me,  
To have the greatest blessing, a true friend,  
Should be the greatest curse!—Be yet advised.

*Mont.* It is in vain.

*Cler.* That e'er I should have cause  
To wish you had loved less!

*Mont.* The hour draws on:  
We'll talk more as we ride.

*Cler.* Of men most wretched!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in BELLISANT'S House.*

*Enter BELLISANT and BEAUFRE.*

*Bell.* Nay, pray you, dry your eyes, or your sad  
Whose every accent still, methinks, I hear, [story  
'Twas with such passion, and such grief deliver'd,  
Will make mine bear your's company. All my  
The rigorous repulse this worst of men, [fear is,  
False, perjured Clarindore—I am sick to name  
Received at his last visit, will deter him [him—  
From coming again.

*Beau.* No; he's resolved to venture;  
And has bribed me, with hazard of your anger,  
To get him access, but in another shape:  
The time prefix'd draws near too.

*Bell.* 'Tis the better. [Knocking within.  
One knocks.

*Beau.* I am sure 'tis he.

*Bell.* Convey him in;

But do it with a face of fear: [Exit BEAUFRE.  
I cannot

Resolve yet with what looks to entertain him.  
You Powers that favour innocence, and revenge  
Wrongs done by such as scornfully deride  
Your awful names, inspire me! [*Walks aside.*]

*Re-enter BEAUFRE, with CLARINDORE disguised.*

*Beau.* Sir, I hazard  
My service in this action.

*Clarín.* Thou shalt live  
To be the mistress of thyself and others,  
If that my projects hit: all's at the stake now;  
And as the die falls, I am made most happy,  
Or past expression wretched.

*Bell.* Ha! who's that?  
What bold intruder usher you? This rudeness!—  
From whence? what would he?

*Beau.* He brings letters, madam,  
As he says, from lord Chamont.

*Clarín.* How her frowns fright me!

*Bell.* From lord Chamont? Are they of such  
import,

That you, before my pleasure be enquired,  
Dare bring the bearer to my private chamber?  
No more of this: your packet, sir?

*Clarín.* The letters  
Deliver'd to my trust and faith are writ  
In such mysterious and dark characters,  
As will require the judgment of your soul,  
More than your eye, to read and understand them.

*Bell.* What riddle's this? [*Discovering CLARIN.*]

—Ha! am I then condemn'd?

Dare you do this, presuming on my soft  
And gentle nature?—Fear not; I must shew

A seeming anger. [*Aside to BEAUFRE.*]—What  
new boist'rous courtship,  
After your late loose language, and forced kiss,  
Come you to practise? I know none beyond it.  
If you imagine that you may commit  
A rape in mine own house, and that my servants  
Will stand tame lookers on—

*Clarín.* If I bring with me  
One thought, but of submission and sorrow,  
Or nourish any hope, but that your goodness  
May please to sign my pardon, may I perish  
In your displeasure! which, to me, is more  
Than fear of hell hereafter. I confess,  
The violence I offered to your sweetness,  
In my presumption, with lips impure,  
To force a touch from yours, a greater crime  
Than if I should have mix'd lascivious flames  
With those chaste fires that burn at Dian's altar.  
That 'twas a plot of treason to your virtues,  
To think you could be tempted, or believe  
You were not fashion'd in a better mould,  
And made of purer clay, than other women.  
Since you are, then, the phoenix of your time,  
And e'en now, while you bless the earth, partake  
Of their angelical essence, imitate  
Heaven's aptness to forgive, when mercy's sued for,  
And once more take me to your grace and favour.

*Bell.* What charms are these! What an en-  
chanting tongue!

What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,  
Should, in his actions, be so ill!

*Beau.* Take heed,  
Lose not yourself.

*Bell.* So well, sir, you have pleaded,  
And like an advocate, in your own cause,  
That, though your guilt were greater, I acquit you,  
The fault no more remember'd; and for proof,  
My heart partakes in my tongue, thus seal your  
pardon; [*Kisses him.*]

And with this willing favour (which forced from  
me,  
Call'd on my anger) make atonement with you.

*Clarín.* If I dream now, O, may I never wake,  
But slumber thus ten ages!

*Bell.* Till this minute,  
You ne'er to me look'd lovely.

*Clarín.* How!

*Bell.* Nor have I  
E'er seen a man, in my opinion, worthy  
The bounty I vouchsafe you: therefore fix here,  
And make me understand that you can bear  
Your fortune modestly.

*Clarín.* I find her coming:  
This kiss was but the prologue to the play,  
And not to seek the rest, were cowardice.  
Help me, dissimulation! [*Aside.*]—Pardon, ma-  
dam,

Though now, when I should put on cheerful looks,  
In being blest with what I durst not hope for,  
I change the comic scene, and do present you  
With a most tragic spectacle.

*Bell.* Heaven avert  
This prodigy! What mean you?

*Clarín.* To confirm,  
In death, how truly I have loved. I grant  
Your favours done me, yield this benefit,  
As to make way for me to pass in peace  
To my long rest; what I have tasted from you,  
Informs me only of the much I want:  
For in your pardon, and the kiss vouchsafed me,

You did but point me out a fore-right way  
To lead to certain happiness, and then will'd me  
To move no further. Pray you, excuse me, there-  
fore,

Though I desire to end a lingering torment.  
And, if you please, with your fair hand, to make me  
A sacrifice to your chastity, I will meet  
The instrument you make choice of, with more  
fervour

Than ever Cæsar did, to hug the mistress,  
He doted on, plumed Victory : but if that  
You do abhor the office, as too full  
Of cruelty, and horror, yet give leave,  
That, in your presence, I myself may be  
Both priest and offering. *[Draws his sword.]*

*Bell.* Hold, hold, frantic man !  
The shrine of love shall not be bathed in blood.  
Women, though fair, were made to bring forth  
men,

And not destroy them ; therefore, hold, I say !  
I had a mother, and she look'd upon me  
As on a true epitome of her youth :  
Nor can I think I am forbid the comfort  
To bring forth little models of myself,  
If heaven be pleased (my nuptial joys perform'd)  
To make me fruitful.

*Clarín.* Such celestial music  
Ne'er blest these ears. O ! you have argued better  
For me, than I could for myself.

*Bell.* For you !  
What, did I give you hope to be my husband ?  
*Clarín.* Fallen off again ! *[Aside.]*

*Bell.* Yet since you have given sure proof  
Of love and constancy, I'll unmask those thoughts,  
That long have been conceal'd ; I am yours, but  
in an honourable way. *[how ?]*

*Clarín.* I were more than base,  
Should I desire you otherwise.

*Bell.* True affection  
Needs not a contract : and it were to doubt me,

To engage me further ; yet, my vow expired,  
Which is, to live a virgin for a year,  
Challenge my promise.

*Clarín.* For a year ! O, madam !  
Play not the tyranness ; do not give me hopes,  
And in a moment change them to despair.  
A year ! alas, this body, that's all fire,  
If you refuse to quench it with your favour,  
Will in three days be cinders ; and your mercy  
Will come too late then. Dearest lady, marriage  
Is but a ceremony ; and a hurtful vow  
Is in the breach of it better commended,  
Than in the keeping. O ! I burn, I burn ;  
And if you take not pity, I must fly  
To my last refuge. *[Offers to stab himself.]*

*Bell.* Hold ! Say I could yield  
This night, to satisfy you to the full,  
And you should swear, until the wedding-day,  
To keep the favours I now grant conceal'd ;  
You would be talking.

*Clarín.* May my tongue rot out, then !  
*Bell.* Or boast to your companions of your con-  
And of my easiness. *[quest,]*

*Clarín.* I'll endure the rack first.  
*Bell.* And, having what you long for, cast me off,  
As you did madam Beaupré.

*Clarín.* May the earth  
First gape, and swallow me !

*Bell.* I'll press you no further.  
Go in, your chamber's ready ; if you have  
A bedfellow, so : but silence I enjoy you,  
And liberty to leave you when I please :  
I blush, if you reply. *[Exit.]*

*Clarín.* Till now ne'er happy !  
*Beau.* What means your ladyship ?

*Bell.* Do not ask, but do  
As I direct you : though as yet we tread  
A rough and thorny way, faint not ; the ends  
I hope to reach shall make a large amends. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in DINANT'S House.

*Enter NOVALL and DINANT.*

*Din.* You are welcome first, sir ; and that spoke,  
A faithful promise, all that art, or long *[receive]*  
Experience, hath taught me, shall enlarge  
Themselves for your recovery.

*Nov.* Sir, I thank you,  
As far as a weak, sick, and unable man  
Has power to express ; but what wants in my  
tongue,

My hand (for yet my fingers feel no gout)  
Shall speak in this dumb language. *[Gives him his purse.]*

*Din.* You are too magnificent.  
*Nov.* Fie ! no, sir ; health is, sure, a precious  
We cannot buy it too dear. *[jewel,]*

*Din.* Take comfort, sir ;  
I find not, by your urine, nor your pulse,  
Or any outward symptom, that you are  
In any certain danger.

*Nov.* Oh ! the more my fear :  
Infirmities that are known are - - - cured,  
But when the causes of them are conceal'd,

As these of mine are, doctor, they prove mortal :  
Howe'er, I'll not forget you while I live,  
Do but your parts.

*Din.* Sir, they are at your service.  
I'll give you some preparatives, to instruct me  
Of your inward temper ; then, as I find cause,  
Some gentle purge.

*Nov.* Yes, I must purge ; I die else .  
But where, dear doctor, you shall not find out.  
This is a happy entrance, may it end well !  
I'll mount your nightcap, Doddipol. *[Aside.]*

*Din.* In what part,  
(We are sworn to secrecy, and you must be free,)  
Do you find your greatest agony ?

*Nov.* Oh ! I have  
Strange motions on the sudden ; villainous tumours,  
That rise, then fall, then rise again ; oh, doctor !  
Not to be shewn or named.

*Din.* Then, in my judgment,  
You had best leave Paris : choose some fresher air ;  
That does help much in physic.

*Nov.* By no means.  
Here, in your house, or no where, you must cure  
me :

The eye of the master fats the horse ; and when  
His doctor's by, the patient may drink wine  
In a fit of a burning fever : for your presence  
Works more than what you minister. Take physic,  
Attended on by ignorant grooms, mere strangers  
To your directions, I must hazard life,  
And you your reputation ! whereas, sir,  
I hold your house a college of your art,  
And every boy you keep, by you instructed,  
A pretty piece of a Galenist : then the females,  
From your most fair wife to your kitchen drudge,  
Are so familiar with your learned courses,  
That, to an herb, they know to make thin broth :  
Or, when occasion serves, to cheer the heart,  
And such ingredient I shall have most need of,  
How many cocks o' the game make a strong cullis,  
Or pheasant's eggs a caudle.

*Din.* I am glad  
To hear you argue with such strength.

*Enter CLARINDA and whispers DINANT.*

*Nov.* A flash, sir :  
But now I feel my fit again.—She is  
Made up of all perfection ; any danger  
That leads to the enjoying so much sweetness  
Is pleasure at the height : I am ravish'd with  
The mere imagination. Oh happiness !— [*Aside.*]

*Din.* How's this ! One from the Duke Nemours ?

*Cl.* Yes, sir.

*Din.* 'Tis rank :

The sight of my wife hath forced him to forget  
To counterfeit : [*Aside.*]—I now guess at your  
sickness,

And if I fit you not—

*Cl.* The gentleman stays you.

*Din.* I come to him presently ; in the mean time,  
wife,

Be careful of this monsieur : nay, no coyness,  
You may salute him boldly ; his pale lips  
Enchant not in the touch.

*Nov.* Her's do, I'm sure.

*Din.* Kiss him again.

*Cl.* Sir, this is more than modest.

*Din.* Modest ! why, fool, desire is dead in him :  
Call it a charitable, pious work,  
If it refresh his spirits.

*Nov.* Yes, indeed, sir.

I find great ease in it.

*Din.* Mark that ! and would you

Deny a sick man comfort ? meat's against  
- - - - - physic, must be granted too,

- - - - - wife - - - - - you shall,  
In person, wait on him ; nay, hang not off,

I say you shall : this night, with your own hands,  
I'll have you air his bed, and when he eats  
Of what you have prepared, you shall sit by him.

And, with some merry chat, help to repair  
Decayed appetite ; watch by him when he slumbers ;  
Nay, play his page's part : more, I durst trust you,

Were this our wedding-day, you yet a virgin,  
To be his bedfellow ; for well I know  
Old Priam's impotence, or Nestor's hernia is

Herculean activeness, if but compared  
To his debility : put him to his oath,  
He'll swear he can do nothing.

*Nov.* Do ! O no, sir ;

I am past the thought of it.

*Din.* But how do you like

The method I prescribe ?

*Nov.* Beyond expression :

Upon the mere report I do conceive  
Hope of recovery.

*Cl.* Are you mad ?

*Din.* Peace, fool.

This night you shall take a cordial to strengthen  
Your feeble limbs :—'twill cost ten crowns a

*Nov.* No matter, sir. [*draught.*]

*Din.* To-morrow you shall walk

To see my garden ; then my wife shall shew you  
The choice rooms of my house ; when you are weary,  
Cast yourself on her couch.

*Nov.* Oh, divine doctor !

What man in health would not be sick, on purpose  
To be your patient ?

*Din.* Come, sir, to your chamber ;

And now I understand where your disease lies,  
(Nay, lead him by the hand,) doubt not I'll cure  
you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An open part of the Country near Paris.*

*Enter CLEREMOND and MONTROSE.*

*Cler.* This is the place.

*Mont.* An even piece of ground,  
Without advantage ; but be jocund, friend :  
The honour to have entered first the field,  
However we come off, is ours.

*Cler.* I need not,

So well I am acquainted with your valour,  
To dare, in a good cause, as much as man,  
Lend you encouragement ; and should I add,  
Your power to do, which Fortune, howe'er blind,  
Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt  
But victory still sits upon your sword,  
And must not now forsake you.

*Mont.* You shall see me

Come boldly up ; nor will I shame your cause,  
By parting with an inch of ground not bought  
With blood on my part.

*Cler.* 'Tis not to be question'd :

That which I would entreat, (and pray you grant it),  
Is, that you would forget your usual softness,  
Your foe being at your mercy ; it hath been  
A custom in you, which I dare not praise,  
Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword,  
To tempt your fate, by yielding it again ;  
Then run a second hazard.

*Mont.* When we encounter

A noble foe, we cannot be too noble.

*Cler.* That I confess ; but he that's now to op-  
pose you,

I know for an arch villain ; one that hath lost  
All feeling of humanity, one that hates  
Goodness in others, 'cause he's ill himself ;  
A most ungrateful wretch, (the name's too gentle,  
All attributes of wickedness cannot reach him,)  
Of whom to have deserved, beyond example,  
Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong  
Which only death can satisfy.

*Mont.* You describe

A monster to me.

*Cler.* True, Montrose, he is so.

Afric, though fertile of strange prodigies,  
Never produced his equal ! be wise, therefore,  
And if he fall into your hands, dispatch him :  
Pity to him is cruelty. The sad father,  
That sees his son stung by a snake to death,  
May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand,

And let the worm escape, than you vouchsafe him  
A minute to repeat : for 'tis a slave  
So sold to hell and mischief ; that a traitor  
To his most lawful prince, a church-robber,  
A parricide, who, when his garners are  
Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his parents,  
Being old, and weak, to starve for want of bread ;  
Compared to him, are innocent.

*Mont.* I ne'er heard  
Of such a cursed nature ; if long-lived,  
He would infect mankind : rest you assured,  
He finds from me small courtesy.

*Cler.* And expect  
As little from him : blood is that he thirsts for,  
Not honourable wounds.

*Mont.* I would I had him  
Within my sword's length !

*Cler.* Have thy wish : Thou hast !

[CLERMOND draws his Sword.

Nay, draw thy sword, and suddenly ; I am  
That monster, temple-robber, parricide,  
Ingrateful wretch, friend-hater, or what else  
Makes up the perfect figure of the devil,  
Should he appear like man. Banish amazement,  
And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee,  
From him that's turn'd a Fury. I am made  
Her minister, whose cruelty but named,  
Would with more horror strike the pale-cheek'd  
stars,

Than all those dreadful words which conjurers  
use,

To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not on me  
As I am, Cleremond ; I have parted with  
The essence that was his, and entertain'd  
The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's  
New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit :  
I could not else be an apt instrument  
To bloody Leonora.

*Mont.* To my knowledge  
I never wrong'd her.

*Cler.* Yes, in being a friend  
To me she hated, my best friend ; her malice  
Would look no lower :—and for being such,  
By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill thee.  
Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all words,  
And no performance ! or that thou hadst made  
Some little stop in thy career of kindness !  
Why wouldst thou, to confirm the name of friend,  
Despise the favours of fair Bellissant,  
And all those certain joys that waited for thee ?  
Snatch at this fatal offer of a second,  
Which others fled from ?—'Tis in vain to mourn  
now,

When there's no help ; and therefore, good Mont-  
rose,

Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou  
stand'st now

A champion for more than king or country ;  
Since, in thy fall, goodness itself must suffer.  
Remember too, the baseness of the wrong  
- - - friendship ; let it edge thy sword,  
And kill compassion in thee ; and forget not  
I will take all advantages : and so,  
Without reply, have at thee !

[They fight. CLERMOND falls.

*Mont.* See, how weak  
An ill cause is ! you are already fallen :  
What can you look for now ?

*Cler.* Fool, use thy fortune :  
And so he counsels thee, that, if we had

Changed places, instantly would have cut thy  
Or digg'd thy heart out. [throat,

*Mont.* In requital of  
That savage purpose, I must pity you ;  
Witness these tears, not tears of joy for conquest,  
But of true sorrow for your misery.  
Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man,  
Make use of reason, as an exorcist  
To cast this devil out, that does abuse you ;  
This fiend of false affection.

*Cler.* Will you not kill me ?  
You are then more tyrannous than Leonora.  
An easy thrust will do it : you had ever  
A charitable hand ; do not deny me,  
For our old friendship's sake : no ! will't not be ?  
There are a thousand doors to let out life ;  
You keep not guard of all : and I shall find,  
By falling headlong from some rocky cliff,  
Poison, or fire, that long rest which your sword  
Discourteously denies me. [Exit.

*Mont.* I will follow ;  
And something I must fancy, to dissuade him  
From doing sudden violence on himself :  
That's now my only aim ; and 'hat to me,  
Succeeding well, is a true victory. [Exit.

SCENE III.—PARIS.—An outer Room in  
CHAMONT'S House.

Enter CHAMONT disguised, and DINANT.

*Din.* Your lady tempted too !

*Cham.* And tempted home ;  
Summon'd to parley, the fort almost yielded,  
Had not I stepp'd in to remove the siege :  
But I have countermined his works, and if  
You second me, will blow theletcher up,  
And laugh to see him caper.

*Din.* Any thing :  
Command me as your servant, to join with you :  
All ways are honest we take, to revenge us  
On these lascivious monks of the court,  
That make it their profession to dishonour  
Grave citizens' wives ; nay, those of higher rank,  
As 'tis, in your's, apparent. My young rambler,  
That thought to cheat me with a feign'd disease,  
I have in the toil already ; I have given him,  
Under pretence to make him high and active,  
A cooler :—I dare warrant it will yield  
Rare sport to see it work ; I would your lordship  
Could be a spectator.

*Cham.* It is that I aim at :  
And might I but persuade you to dispense  
A little with your candour, and consent  
To make your house the stage, on which we'll act  
A comic scene ; in the pride of all their hopes,  
We'll shew these shallow fools sunk-eyed despair,  
And triumph in their punishment.

*Din.* My house,  
Or whatsoever else is mine, shall serve  
As properties to grace it.

*Cham.* In this shape, then,  
Leave me to work the rest.

*Din.* Doubt not, my lord,  
You shall find all things ready. [Exit

Enter PERIGOT.

*Cham.* This sorts well  
With my other purposes. Perigot ! to my wish.  
Kid me, invention !



*Peri.* Is the quean fallen off?  
I hear not from her?—'tis the hour and place  
That she appointed.  
What have we here? This fellow has a pimp's face,  
And looks as if he were her call, her fetch—  
With me?

*Cham.* Sir, from the party,  
The lady you should truck with, the lord's wife  
Your worship is to dub, or to make free  
Of the company of the horners.

*Peri.* Fair Lamira?

*Cham.* The same, sir.

*Peri.* And how, my honest squire o'dames? I  
Thou art of her privy council. [see

*Cham.* Her grant holds, sir.

*Peri.* O rare! But when?

*Cham.* Marry, instantly.

*Peri.* But where?

*Cham.* She hath outgone the cunning of a wo-  
In ordering it both privately and securely: [man,  
You know Dinant, the doctor?

*Peri.* Good.

*Cham.* His house  
And him she has made at her devotion, sir.  
Nay, wonder not; most of these empirics  
Thrive better by connivance in such cases,  
Than their lame practice: framing some distemper.  
The fool, her lord—

*Peri.* Lords may be what they please;  
I question not their patent.

*Cham.* Hath consented  
That this night, privately, she shall take a clyster;  
Which he believes the doctor ministers,  
And never thinks of you.

*Peri.* A good wench still.

*Cham.* And there, without suspicion—

*Peri.* Excellent!

I make this lord my cuckold?

*Cham.* True; and write

The reverend drudging doctor, my copartner,  
And fellow bawd: next year we will have him  
Of our society. [warden

*Peri.* There! there! I shall burst,  
I am so swollen with pleasure; no more talking,  
Dear keeper of the vaulting door; lead on.

*Cham.* Charge you as boldly.

*Peri.* Do not fear; I have

A staff to taint, and bravely.

*Cham.* Save the splinters,

If it break in the encounter.

*Peri.* Witty rascal!

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in BELLISANT'S House.

Enter CLARINDORE, BELLISANT, and BEAUFRE.

*Clarín.* Boast of your favours, madam!

*Bell.* Pardon, sir,

My fears, since it is grown a general custom,  
In our hot youth, to keep a catalogue  
Of conquests this way got; nor do they think  
Their victory complete, unless they publish,  
To their disgrace, that are made captives to them,  
How far they have prevail'd.

*Clarín.* I would have such rascals

First gelded, and then hang'd.

*Bell.* Remember too, sir,

To what extremities your love had brought you;  
And, since I saved your life, I may, with justice,  
By silence charge you to preserve mine honour;

Which, howsoever to my conscious self  
I am tainted, foully tainted, to the world  
I am free from all suspicion.

*Clarín.* Can you think

I'll do myself that wrong? although I had  
A lawyer's mercenary tongue, still moving,  
- - - -le this precious carcanet, these jewels,  
- - - of your magnificence, would keep me  
A Pythagorean, and ever silent.

No, rest secure, sweet lady; and excuse  
My sudden and abrupt departure from you:  
And if the fault makes forfeit of your grace,  
A quick return shall ransom and redeem it.

*Bell.* Be mindful of your oaths.

[Walks aside with BEAUFRE.

*Clarín.* I am got off,  
And leave the memory of them behind me.  
Now, if I can find out my scoffing gulls,  
Novall and Perigot, besides my wager,  
Which is already sure, I shall return  
Their bitter jests, and wound them with my tongue,  
Much deeper than my sword. Oh! but the oaths  
I have made to the contrary, and her credit,  
Of which I should be tender:—tush! both hold  
With me an equal value. The wise say,  
That the whole fabric of a woman's lighter  
Than wind or feathers: what is then her fame?  
A kind of nothing;—not to be preserved  
With the loss of so much money: 'tis sound doc-  
trine,

And I will follow it.

[Exit.

*Bell.* Prithes, be not doubtful;  
Let the wild colt run his course.

*Beau.* I must confess

I cannot sound the depth of what you purpose,  
But I much fear—

*Bell.* That he will blab; I know it,  
And that a secret scalds him: that he suffers  
'Till he hath vented what I seem to wish  
He should conceal;—but let him, I am arm'd for't.  
[Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—A Room in DINANT'S House.

Enter CHAMONT, DINANT, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, and Servants.

*Cham.* For Perigot, he's in the toil ne'er doubt  
O, had you seen how his veins swell'd with lust, [it  
When I brought him to the chamber! how he  
gloried,

And stretch'd his limbs, preparing them for action;  
And, taking me to be a pander, told me  
'Twas more delight to have a lord his cuckold,  
Than to enjoy my lady!—there I left him  
In contemplation, greedily expecting  
Lamira's presence; but, instead of her,  
I have prepared him other visitants.—  
You know what you have to do?

1 *Serv.* Fear not, my lord,  
He shall curvet, I warrant him, in a blanket.

2 *Serv.* We'll discipline him with dog-whips,  
and take off

His rampant edge.

*Cham.* His life; save that—remember,  
You cannot be too cruel.

*Din.* For his pupil,  
My wife's Inamorato, if cold weeds,  
Removed but one degree from deadly poison,  
Have not forgot their certain operation, [per,  
You shall see his courage cool'd; and in that tem-

Till he have howl'd himself into my pardon,  
I vow to keep him.

*Nov.* [*within.*] Ho, doctor! master doctor!

*Din.* The game's afoot; we will let slip: conceal

Yours: lves a little. [*Exeunt all but DINANT.*]

*Enter NOVALL.*

*Nov.* Oh! a thousand agues  
Play at barley-break in my bones; my blood's a  
On the sudden frozen, and the icicles [*pool*]  
Cut every vein: 'tis here, there, every where;  
Oh dear, dear, master doctor!

*Din.* I must seem

Not to understand him; 'twill increase his torture.— [*Aside.*]  
How do you, sir? has the potion wrought? do you feel

An alteration? have your swellings left you?  
Is your blood still rebellious?

*Nov.* Oh, good doctor,  
I am a ghost! I have nor flesh, nor blood,  
Nor heat, nor warmth, about me.

*Din.* Do not dissemble;  
I know you are high and jovial.

*Nov.* Jovial! doctor;  
No, I am all amort, as if I had lain  
Three days in my grave already.

*Din.* I will raise you:

For, look you, sir, you are a liberal patient,  
Nor must I, while you can be such, part with you;  
'Tis against the laws of our college. Pray you,  
I have with curiosity consider'd [*mark me;*]  
Your constitution to be hot and moist,  
And that at your nativity Jupiter  
And Venus were in conjunction, whence it follows,  
By necessary consequence, you must be  
A most insatiate letcher.

*Nov.* Oh! I have been.  
I have been, I confess: but now I cannot  
Think of a woman.

*Din.* For your health you must, sir,  
Both think, and see, and touch; you're but a  
dead man else.

*Nov.* That way, I am already.

*Din.* You must take,  
And suddenly, ('tis a conceal'd receipt,)  
A buxom, juicy wench.

*Nov.* Oh! 'twill not down, sir  
I have no swallow for't.

*Din.* Now, since I would  
Have the disease as private as the cure,  
(For 'tis a secret,) I have wrought my wife  
To be both physic and physician,  
To give you ease:—will you walk to her?

*Nov.* Oh! doctor,  
I cannot stand; in every sense about me  
I have the palsy, but my tongue.

*Din.* Nay then,  
You are obstinate, and refuse my gentle offer  
Or else 'tis foolish modesty:—Come hither,  
Come, my Clarinda,

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

'tis not common courtesy;

Comfort the gentleman.  
*Nov.* This is ten times worse.

*Cham.* [*within.*] He does torment him rarely.

*Din.* She is not coy, sir.  
What think you, is not this a pretty foot,  
And a clean instep? I will leave the calf

For you to find and judge of: here's a hand too;  
Try it, the palm is moist; the youthful blood  
Runs strong in every azure vein: the face too  
Ne'er knew the help of art; and, all together,  
May serve the turn, after a long sea voyage.  
For the captain's self.

*Nov.* I am a swabber, doctor,  
A bloodless swabber; have not strength enough  
To cleanse her poop.

*Din.* Fie! you shame yourself,  
And the profession of your rutting gallants,  
That hold their doctors' wives as free for them,  
As some of us do our apothecaries!

*Nov.* Good sir, no more.

*Din.* Take her aside; cornute me;  
I give you leave: what should a quacksalve,  
A fellow that does deal with drugs, as I do,  
That has not means to give her choice of gowns,  
Jewels, and rich embroidered petticoats,  
Do with so fair a bedfellow? she being fashion'd  
To purge a rich heir's reins, to be the mistress  
Of a court gallant! Did you not tell her so?

*Nov.* I have betray'd myself! I did, I did.

*Din.* And that rich merchants, advocates, and  
doctors,  
Howe'er deserving from the commonwealth,  
On forfeit of the city's charter, were  
Predestined cuckolds?

*Nov.* Oh, some pity, doctor!  
I was an heretic, but now converted.  
Some little, little respite!

*Din.* No, you town-bull;  
- - - - -venge all good men's wrongs,  
And now will play the tyrant. To dissect thee,  
Eat thy flesh off with burning corrosives,  
Or write with aquafortis in thy forehead,  
Thy last intent to wrong my bed, were justice;  
And to do less were foolish pity in me:  
I speak it, ribald!

*Nov.* Perigot! Perigot!  
Woe to thy cursed counsel.

*Re-enter CHAMONT and LAMIRA.*

*Cham.* Perigot!  
Did he advise you to this course?

*Nov.* He did.

*Cham.* And he has his reward for't.

*Peri.* [*within.*] Will you murder me!

*Serv.* [*within.*] Once more, aloft with him.

*Peri.* [*within.*] Murder! murder! murder!

*Re-enter SERVANTS, with PERIGOT in a blanket.*

*Cham.* What conceal'd bake-meats have you  
there? a present?

Is it goat's flesh? It smells rank.

1 *Serv.* We have had  
Sweet work of it, my lord.

2 *Serv.* I warrant you 'tis tender,  
It wants no cooking; yet, if you think fit,  
We'll bruise it again.

*Peri.* As you are Christians, spare me!  
I am jelly within already, and without  
Embroidered all o'er with statute lace.  
What would you more?

*Nov.* My tutor in the gin, too!  
This is some comfort: he is as good as drench'd;  
And now we'll both be chaste.

*Cham.* What, is't a cat  
You have encounter'd, monsieur, you are scratch'd  
My lady, sure, forgot to pare her nails, [*so?*]  
Before your soft embraces.

*Din.* He has ta'en great pains :  
What a sweat he's in !

*Cham.* O ! he's a master-dancer,  
Knows how to caper into a lady's favour :  
One lofty trick more, dear monsieur.

*Nov.* That I had  
But strength enough to laugh at him ! blanketed  
like a dog,

And like a cut-purse whipt ! I am sure that now,  
He cannot jeer me.

*Peri.* May not a man have leave  
To hang himself ?

*Cham.* No ; that were too much mercy.  
Live to be wretched ; live to be the talk  
Of the conduit and the bakehouse. I will have thee  
Pictured as thou art now, and thy whole story  
Sung to some villainous tune in a lewd ballad ;  
And make thee so notorious to the world,  
That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee : come,  
    *Lamira,*

And triumph o'er him.—Dost thou see this lady,  
My wife, whose honour foolishly thou thought'st  
To undermine, and make a servant to  
Thy brutish lusts, laughing at thy affliction ?  
And, as a sign she scorns thee, set her foot  
Upon thy head ? Do so :—'Sdeath ! but resist,  
Once more you caper.

*Peri.* I am at the stake,  
And must endure it.

*Cham.* Spurn him, too.

*Lam.* Troth, sir,  
I do him too much grace.

*Cham.* Now, as a schoolboy  
Does kiss the rod that gave him chastisement,  
To prove thou art a slave, meet, with thy lips,  
This instrument that corrects thee.

*Peri.* Have you done yet ?

*Din.* How like a pair of crest-fall'n jades they  
look now !

*Cl.* They are not worth our scorn.

*Peri.* O pupil, pupil !

*Nov.* Tutor, I am drench'd : let us console  
together.

*Cham.* And where's the tickling itch now, my  
dear monsieur,

To say, *This lord's my cuckold* !—I am tired :  
That we had fresh dogs to hunt them !

*Enter CLARINDORE.*

*Clarin.* . . . . .

. . . . . I am acquainted with the story ;  
The doctor's man has told me all.

*Din.* Upon them.

*Peri.* Clarindore ! worst of all :—for him to  
Is a second blanketing to me. [know this,

*Nov.* I again  
Am drench'd to look on him.

*Clarin.* How is't ? nay, bear up ;  
You that commend adultery, I am glad  
To see it thrive so well. Fie, Perigot !  
Dejected ? Haply thou wouldst have us think,  
This is the first time that thou didst curvet,  
And come aloft in a blanket. By St. Dennis !  
Here are shrewd scratches too ; but nothing to  
A man of resolution, whose shoulders  
Are of themselves armour of proof against  
A bastinado, and will tire ten beadles.

*Peri.* Mock on ; know no mercy.

*Clarin.* Thrifty young men !  
What a charge is saved in wenching ! and 'tis  
timely—

A certain wager of three thousand crowns  
Is lost, and must be paid, my pair of puppies :  
The coy dame, *Bellisant*. hath stoop'd ! bear wit-  
ness

This chain and jewels you have seen her wear.  
The fellow, that her grooms kick'd down the stairs,  
Hath crept into her bed ; and to assure you  
There's no deceit, she shall confess so much,  
I have enjoy'd her.

*Cham.* Are you serious ?

*Clarin.* Yes, and glory in it.

*Cham.* Nay then, give over fooling.—  
Thou liest, and art a villain, a base villain,  
To slander her.

*Clarin.* You are a lord, and that  
Bids me forbear you ; but I will make good  
Whatever I have said.

*Cham.* I'll not lose time  
To change words with thee. The king hath ordain'd  
A Parliament of Love to right her wrongs,  
To which I summon thee. [Exit

*Clarin.* Your worst : I care not.—Farewell.  
babions ! [Exit

*Din.* Here was a sudden change !  
Nay, you must quit my house : shog on, kind pa-  
And, as you like my physic, when you are [tient,  
Rampant again, you know I have that can cool you.  
Nay, monsieur Perigot, help your pupil off too,  
Your counsel brought him on. Ha ! no reply ?  
Are you struck dumb ? If you are wrong'd, com-

*Peri.* We shall find friends to right us. [plain.

*Din.* And I justice,  
The cause being heard ; I ask no more. Hence !  
vanish ! [Exit

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

*Enter CHAMONT, PHILAMOUR, and LAFORT.*

*Phil.* Montrose slain ! and by Cleremond !

*Cham.* 'Tis too true.

*Laf.* But wondrous strange, that any difference,  
Especially of such a deadly nature,  
Should e'er divide so eminent a friendship.

*Phil.* The miracle is greater, that a lady,  
His most devoted mistress, *Leonora*,  
Against the usual softness of her sex,

Should with such violence and heat pursue  
Her amorous servant ; since I am inform'd  
That he was apprehended by her practice,  
And, when he comes to trial for his life,  
She'll rise up his accuser.

*Cham.* So 'tis rumour'd :  
And that's the motive that young Cleremond  
Makes it his humble suit, to have his cause  
Decided in the Parliament of Love ;  
For he pretends the bloody quarrel grew  
From grounds that claim a reference to that place !

Nor fears he, if you grant him equal hearing,  
But, with unanswerable proof, to render  
The cruel Leonora tainted with  
A guilt beyond his.

*Laf.* The king is acquainted  
Already with the accident; besides,  
He hath vouchsafed to read divers petitions  
Preferr'd on several causes; one against  
Monsieur Dinant, his doctor, by Novall;  
A second, in which madam Bellissant  
Complains 'gainst Clarindore; there is a bill too,  
Brought in by Perigot, against your lordship;  
All which, in person, he resolves to hear,  
Then, as a judge, to censure. [*A flourish within.*]

*Phil.* See the form!  
Choice musick ushers him.

*Cham.* Let us meet the troop,  
And mix with them.

*Phil.* 'Twill poize your expectation. [*Exeunt.*]

*Lead Music.* Enter CHARLES followed by ORLEANS, NEMOURS, CHAMONT, LAPORT, and PHILAMOUR. A Priest with the image of Cupid; then enter CLEREMOND, CLARINDORE, PERIGOT, NOVALL, BELLIRANT, LEONORA, BEAUFRE, LAMIRA, CLAMUNDA, and Officers. MONTROSE is brought forward on a bier, and placed before the Bar.

*Char.* Let it not seem a wonder, nor beget  
An ill opinion in this fair assembly,  
That here I place this statue; 'tis not done,  
Upon the forfeit of our grace, that you  
Should, with a superstitious reverence,  
Fall down and worship it: nor can it be  
Presumed, we hope, young Charles, that justly holds  
The honour'd title of most Christian King,  
Would ever nourish such idolatrous thoughts.  
'Tis rather to instruct deceived mankind,  
How much pure Love, that has his birth in heaven,  
And scorns to be received a guest, but in  
A noble heart prepared to entertain him,  
Is, by the gross misprision of weak men,  
Abused and injured. That celestial fire,  
Which hieroglyphically is described  
In this his bow, his quiver, and his torch,  
First warm'd their bloods, and after gave a name  
To the old heroic spirits: such as Orpheus,  
That drew men, differing little then from beasts,  
To civil government; or famed Alcides,  
The tyrant-queller, that refused the plain  
And easy path leading to vicious pleasures,  
And ending in a precipice deep as hell,  
To scale the ragged cliff, on whose firm top  
Virtue and Honour, crown'd with wreaths of stars,  
Did sit triumphant. But it will be answer'd,  
(The world decaying in her strength,) that now  
We are not equal to those ancient times,  
And therefore 'twere impertinent and tedious  
To cite more precedents of that reverend age,  
But rather to endeavour, as we purpose,  
To give encouragement, by reward, to such  
As with their best nerves imitate that old goodness;  
And, with severe correction, to reform  
The modern vices.—Begin; read the bills.

*Peri.* Let mine be first, my lord; 'twas first  
preferr'd.

*Bell.* But till my cause be heard, our whole sex  
Off. Back! keep back, there! [*suffers—*]

*Nov.* Prithee, gentle officer,  
Handle me gingerly, or I fall to pieces,  
Before I can plead mine.

*Peri.* I am bruised - - -

*Omas.* Justice! Justice!

*Char.* Forbear these clamours, you shall all be  
And, to confirm I am no partial judge, [*heard:*  
By lottery decide it; here's no favour.—  
Whose bill is first, Lafort? [*The names are drawn.*]

*Laf.* 'Tis Cleremond's.

*Char.* The second?

*Laf.* Perigot's; the third Novall's.

*Nov.* Our cases are both lamentable, tutor.

*Peri.* And I am glad they shall be heard together;  
We cannot stand asunder.

*Char.* What's the last?

*Laf.* The injured lady Bellissant's.

*Char.* To the first, then;  
And so proceed in order.

*Phil.* Stand to the bar. [*Cler. comes forward.*]

*Leon.* Speak, Cleremond, thy grief, as I will  
mine.

*Peri.* A confident little pleader! were I in case,  
I would give her a double fee.

*Nov.* So would I, tutor.

*Off.* Silence! silence!

*Cler.* Should I rise up to plead my innocence,  
Though, with the favour of the court, I stood  
Acquitted to the world, yea, though the wounds  
Of my dead friend, (which, like so many mouths  
With bloody tongues, cry out aloud against me.)  
By your authority, were closed; yet here,  
A not to be corrupted judge, my conscience,  
Would not alone condemn me, but inflict  
Such lingering tortures on me, as the hangman,  
Though witty in his malice, could not equal.  
I therefore do confess a guilty cause,  
Touching the fact, and uncompell'd, acknowledge  
Myself the instrument of a crime the sun,  
Hiding his face in a thick mask of clouds,  
As frighted with the horror, durst not look on.  
But if your laws with greater rigour punish  
Such as invent a mischief, than the organs  
By whom 'tis put in act, (they truly being  
The first great wheels by which the lesser move.)  
Then stand forth, Leonora; and I'll prove  
The white robe of my innocence tainted with  
But one black spot of guilt, and even that one  
By thy hand cast on me; but thine, died o'er,  
Ten times in grain, in hell's most ugly colours.

*Leon.* The fellow is distracted: see how he  
Now as I live, if detestation of [*raves!*  
His baseness would but give me leave, I should  
Begin to pity him.

*Cler.* Frontless impudence,  
And not to be replied to! Sir, to you,  
And these subordinate ministers of yourself,  
I turn my speech: to her I do repent  
I e'er vouchsafed a syllable. My birth  
Was noble as 'tis ancient, nor let it relish  
Of arrogance, to say my father's care,  
With curiousness and cost, did train me up  
In all those liberal qualities that commend  
A gentleman: and when the tender down  
Upon my chin told me I was a man,  
I came to court; there youth, ease, and example,  
First made me feel the pleasing pains of love:  
And there I saw this woman; saw, and loved her  
With more than common ardour: for that deity,  
(Such our affection makes him,) whose dread  
power

- - - - the choicest arrow, headed with  
Not loose but loyal flames, which aim'd at me,  
Who came with greedy haste to meet the shaft,

- - - -ing, that my captive heart was made  
 - - - - - Love's divine artillery,  
 - - - - preserved - - - no relation.  
 But the shot made at her was not, like mine,  
 Of gold, nor of pale lead that breeds disdain;  
 Cupid himself disclaims it: I think rather,  
 As by the sequel 'twill appear, some Fury  
 From burning Acheron snatch'd a sulphur brand,  
 That smok'd with hate, the parent of red murder,  
 And threw it in her bosom. Pardon me,  
 Though I dwell long upon the cause that did  
 Produce such dire effects; and, to omit,  
 For your much patience' sake, the cunning trap  
 In which she caught me, and, with horrid oaths,  
 Embark'd me in a sea of human blood,  
 I come to the last scene—

*Leon.* 'Tis time; for this  
 Grows stale and tedious.

*Cler.* When, I say, she had,  
 To satisfy her fell rage, as a penance,  
 Forced me to this black deed, her vow, too, given,  
 That I should marry her, and she conceal me;  
 When to her view I brought the slaughter'd body  
 Of my dear friend, and labour'd with my tears  
 To stir compunction in her, aided too  
 By the sad object, which might witness for me,  
 At what an over-rate I had made purchase  
 Of her long-wish'd embraces; then, great sir,—  
 But that I had a mother, and there may be  
 Some two or three of her - - - sex less faulty,  
 I should affirm she was the perfect image  
 Of the devil, her tutor, that had left hell empty,  
 To dwell in wicked woman.

*Leon.* Do; rail on.

*Cler.* For not alone she gloried in my sufferings,  
 Forswore what she had vow'd, refused to touch me,  
 Much less to comfort me, or give me harbour;  
 But, instantly, ere I could re-collect  
 My scatter'd sense, betray'd me to your justice,  
 Which I submit to; hoping, in your wisdom,  
 That as, in me, you lop a limb of murder,  
 You will, in her, grub up the root. I have said, sir.

*Leon.* Much, I confess, but much to little purpose.  
 And though, with your rhetorical flourishes,  
 You strive to gild a rotten cause, the touch  
 Of reason, fortified by truth, deliver'd  
 From my unletter'd tongue, shall shew it dust;  
 And so to be contemn'd: You have trimm'd up  
 All your deservings, should I grant them such,  
 With more care than a maiden of threescore  
 Does hide her wrinkles, which, if she encounter  
 The rain, the wind, or sun, the paint wash'd off,  
 Are to dim eyes discover'd. I forbear  
 The application, and in a plain style  
 Come roundly to the matter. 'Tis confess'd,  
 This pretty, handsome gentleman, (for thieves  
 Led to the gallows are held proper men,  
 And so I now will call him,) would needs make me  
 The mistress of his thoughts; nor did I scorn,  
 For truth is truth, to grace him as a servant.

*Nay,* he took pretty ways to win me too,  
 For a court novice; every year I was  
 His Valentine, and, in an anagram,  
 My name worn in his hat; he made me banquets,  
 As if he thought that ladies, like to flies,  
 Were to be caught with sweetmeats; quarrell'd  
 My tailor, if my gown were not the first [with  
 Of that edition; beat my shoemaker,  
 If the least wrinkle on my foot appear'd,  
 As wronging the proportion; and, in time,

Grew bolder, usher'd me to masques, and - - -  
 Or else paid him that wrote them; - - -  
 With such a deal of p- - - -  
 And of good rank, are taken with such gambols:  
 In a word, I was so; and a solemn contract  
 Did pass betwixt us; and the day appointed,  
 That should make our embraces warrantable,  
 And lawful to the world: all things so carried,  
 As he meant nought but honourable love.

*Char.* A pretty method.

*Phil.* Quantly, too, deliver'd.

*Leon.* But, when he thought me sure, he then  
 gave proof

That foul lust lurk'd in the fair shape of love;  
 For, valuing neither laws divine, nor human,  
 His credit, nor my fame, with violence born  
 On black-sail'd wings of loose and base desires,  
 As if his natural parts had quite forsook him,  
 And that the pleasures of the marriage bed  
 Were to be reap'd with no more ceremony  
 Than brute beasts couple,—I yet blush to speak it,  
 He tempted me to yield my honour up  
 To his libidinous twines; and, like an atheist,  
 Scoff'd at the form and orders of the church;  
 Nor ended so, but, being by me reproved,  
 He offer'd violence; but was prevented.

*Char.* Note, a sudden change.

*Lea.* 'Twas foul in Cleremond.

*Leon.* I, burning then with a most virtuous  
 anger,

Razed from my heart the memory of his name,  
 Reviled, and spit at him; and knew 'twas justice  
 That I should take those deities he scorn'd,  
 Hymen and Cupid, into my protection,  
 And be the instrument of their revenge:  
 And so I cast him off, scorn'd his submission,  
 His poor and childish whinings, will'd my servants  
 To shut my gates against him: but, when neither  
 Disdain, hate, nor contempt, could free me from  
 His loathsome importunities, (and fired too,  
 To wreak mine injured honour,) I took gladly  
 Advantage of his execrable oaths  
 To undergo what penance I enjoin'd him;  
 Then, to the terror of all future rivals,  
 That make no difference between love and lust,  
 Imposed this task upon him. I have said, too:  
 Now, when you please, a censure.

*Char.* She has put

The judges to their whisper.

*Nov.* What do you think of these proceedings,

*Peri.* The truth is, [tutor?

I like not the severity of the court;  
 Would I were quit, and in an hospital,  
 I could let fall my suit!

*Nov.* 'Tis still your counsel.

*Char.* We are resolved, and with an equal hand  
 Will hold the scale of justice; pity shall not  
 Rob us of strength and will to draw her sword,  
 Nor passion transport us: let a priest  
 And headsman be in readiness;—do you start,  
 To hear them named? Some little pause we grant  
 To take examination of yourselves, [you,  
 What either of you have deserved, and why  
 These instruments of our power are now thought  
 You shall hear more, anon. [useful?

*Cler.* I like not this. [Aside.

*Leon.* A dreadful preparation! I confess  
 It shakes my confidence. [Aside.

*Clarin.* I presumed this court  
 Had been in sport erected; but now find,

With sorrow to the strongest hopes I built on,  
That 'tis not safe to be the subject of  
The - - - of kings.

(*New Speaker.*) To the second cause.

*Laf.* - - - Perigot's.

*Nov.* Nay, take me along too ;  
And, since that our complaints differ not much,  
Dispatch us both together. I accuse  
This devilish doctor.

*Peri.* I, this wicked lord.

*Nov.* 'Tis known I was an able, lusty man,  
Fit to get soldiers to serve my king  
And country in the wars ; and howsoever  
'Tis said I am not valiant of myself,  
I was a striker, one that could strike home too ;  
And never did beget a girl, though drunk.

To make this good, I could produce brave boys,  
That others father, twigs of mine own grafting,  
That loved a drum at four, and ere full ten,  
Fought battles for the parish they were born in ;  
And such by-blows, old stories say, still proved  
Fortunate captains : now, whereas, in justice,

I should have had a pension from the state  
For my good service, this ingrateful doctor,  
Having no child, and never like to have one,  
Because, in pity of his barrenness,  
I plotted how to help him to an heir,

Has, with a drench, so far disabled me,  
That the great Turk may trust me with his virgins,  
And never use a surgeon. Now consider,  
If this be not hard measure, and a wrong to  
Little Dan Cupid, if he be the god  
Of coupling, as 'tis said ; and will undo,

If you give way to this, all younger brothers  
That carry their revenue in their breeches.—  
Have I not nick'd it, tutor ? [*Aside to Pass.*]

*Peri.* To a hair, boy :

Our bills shall pass, ne'er fear it. [*Aside.*—For  
It is the same, sir ; my intent as noble [my case,  
As was my pupil's.

*Cham.* Plead it not again, then :

It takes much from the dignity of the court  
But to give audience to such things as these,  
That do, in their defence, condemn themselves,  
And need not an accuser. To be short, sir,  
And in a language as far from obscenity,

As the foul cause will give me leave, be pleased  
To know thus much : This hungry pair of flesh-flies,  
And most inseparable pair of coxcombs,  
Though born of divers mothers, twins in baseness,  
Were frequent at my table, had free welcome  
And entertainment fit for better men ;

In the return of which, this thankful monsieur  
Tempted my wife, seduced her, at the least  
To him it did appear so ; which discover'd,  
And with what treacheries he did abuse .

My bounties, treading underneath his feet  
All due respect of hospitable rights,  
Or the honour of my family ; though the intent  
Deserved a stab, and at the holy altar,  
I borrow'd so much of your power to right me,  
As to make him caper.

*Dis.* For this gallant, sir,

I do confess I cool'd him, spoil'd his rambling ;  
Would all such as delight in it, were served so !  
And since you are acquainted with the motives  
That did induce me to it, I forbear  
A needless repetition.

*Cham.* 'Tis not worth it.

The criminal judge is fitter to take - - -

Of pleas of this base nature. Be - - - -  
An injured lady, for whose wrong - - - -  
I see the statue of the god of love  
Drop down tears of compassion, his sad mother,  
And fair-cheek'd Graces, that attend on her,  
Weeping for company, as if that all  
The ornaments upon the Paphian shrine  
Were, with one gripe, by sacrilegious hands,  
Torn from the holy altar : 'tis a cause, sir,  
That justly may exact your best attention ;  
Which if you truly understand and censure,  
You not alone shall right the present times,  
But bind posterity to be your debtor.  
Stand forth, dear madam :—

[*BELLISANT comes forward.*]

Look upon this face,

Examine every feature and proportion,  
And you with me must grant, this rare piece finish'd,  
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,  
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.  
Yet, to increase your pity, and call on  
Your justice with severity, this fair outside  
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.

Think, then, what punishment he must deserve,  
And justly suffer, that could arm his heart  
With such impenetrable flinty hardness,  
To injure so much sweetness.

*Clarin.* I must stand

The fury of this tempest, which already  
Sings in my ears.

*Bell.* Great sir, the too much praise

This lord, my guardian once, has shower'd upon me,  
Could not but spring up blushes in my cheeks,  
If grief had left me blood enough to speak  
My humble modesty : and so far I am  
From being litigious, that though I were robb'd  
Of my whole estate, provided my fair name  
Had been unwounded, I had now been silent,  
But since the wrongs I undergo, if smother'd,  
Would injure our whole sex, I must lay by  
My native bashfulness, and put on boldness,

Fit to encounter with the impudence  
Of this bad man, that from his birth hath been  
So far from nourishing an honest thought,  
That the abuse of virgins was his study,  
And daily practice. His forsaking of  
His wife, distressed Beaupré ; his lewd wager  
With these, companions like himself, to abuse me ;  
His desperate resolution, in my presence,  
To be his own assassin ; to prevent which,  
Foolish compassion forced me to surrender  
The life of life, my honour, I pass over :

I'll only touch his foul ingratitude,  
To scourge which monster, if your laws provide not  
A punishment with rigour, they are useless.  
Or if the sword, the gallows, or the wheel,  
Be due to such as spoil us of our goods ;  
Perillus' brazen bull, the English rack,  
The German pincers, or the Scotch oil'd-boots,  
Though join'd together, yet come short of torture,  
To their full merit, those accursed wretches,  
That steal our reputations, and good names,  
As this base villain has done mine :—Forgive me,  
If rage provoke me to uncivil language ;  
The cause requires it. Was it not enough  
That, to preserve thy life, I lost my honour,  
- - - - in recompense of such a gift  
- - - - publish it, to my disgrace ?  
- - - - whose means, unfortunate I,  
Whom, but of late, the city, nay, all France,

Durst bring in opposition for chaste life,  
With any woman in the Christian world,  
Am now become a by-word, and a scorn,  
In mine own country.

*Char.* As I live, she moves me.  
Is this true, Clarindore?

*Nov.* Oh! 'tis very true, sir;  
He bragg'd of it to me.

*Peri.* And me.  
Nay, since we must be censured, we'll give evidence;

'Tis comfort to have fellows in affliction:  
You shall not 'scape, fine monsieur.

*Clarin.* Peace, you dog-bolts!—  
Sir, I address myself to you, and hope  
You have preserved one ear for my defence,  
The other freely given to my accuser:  
This lady, that complains of injury,  
If she have any, was herself the cause  
That brought it to her; for being young, and rich,  
And fair too, as you see, and from that proud,  
She boasted of her strength, as if it were not  
In the power of love to undermine the fort  
On which her chastity was strongly raised:  
I, that was bred a courtier, and served  
Almost my whole life under Cupid's ensigns,  
Could not, in justice, but interpret this  
As an affront to the great god of love,  
And all his followers, if she were not brought  
To due obedience: these strong reasons, sir,  
Made me to undertake her. How I woo'd,  
Or what I swore, it skills not; (since 'tis said,  
And truly, Jupiter and Venus smile  
At lovers' perjuries;) to be brief, she yielded,  
And I enjoy'd her: if this be a crime,  
And all such as offend this pleasant way  
Are to be punish'd, I am sure you would have  
Few followers in the court: you are young your-  
self, sir,

And what would you in such a cause?—

*Laf.* Forbear.

*Phil.* You are rude and insolent.

*Clarin.* Good words, gentle judges.  
I have no oil'd tongue; and I hope my bluntness  
Will not offend.

*Char.* But did you boast your conquest  
Got on this lady?

*Clarin.* After victory;  
A little glory in a soldier's mouth  
Is not uncomely; love being a kind of war too:  
And what I did achieve, was full of labour  
As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs.  
I thought it could not but take from my honour,  
(Besides the wager of three thousand crowns  
Made sure by her confession of my service,) .  
If it had been conceal'd.

*Char.* Who would have thought  
That such an impudence could e'er have harbour  
In the heart of any gentleman? In this,  
Thou dost degrade thyself of all the honours  
Thy ancestors left thee, and, in thy base nature,  
'Tis too apparent that thou art a peasant.  
Boast of a lady's favours! this confirms  
Thou art the captain of that - - -  
That glory in their sins, and - - -  
With name of courtship; such as dare bely  
Great women's bounties, and repuls'd and scorn'd,  
Commit adultery with their good names,  
And never touch their persons. I am sorry,  
For your sake, madam, that I cannot make

Such reparation for you in your honour  
As I desire; for, if I should compel him  
To marry you, it were to him a blessing,  
To you a punishment; he being so unworthy:  
I therefore do resign my place to you;  
Be your own judge; what'er you shall determine,  
By my crown, I'll see perform'd.

*Clarin.* I am in a fine case,  
To stand at a woman's mercy. [*Aside.*]

*Bell.* Then thus, sir:  
I am not bloody, nor bent to revenge;  
And study his amendment, not his ruin:  
Yet, since you have given up your power to me,  
For punishment, I do enjoin him to  
Marry this Moor.

*Clarin.* A devil! hang me rather.

*Char.* It is not to be alter'd.

*Clarin.* This is cruelty  
Beyond expression, - - I have a wife.

*Cham.* Ay, too good for thee. View her well,  
And in this shape she served me; all my studies  
Aiming to make a fair atonement for her,  
To which your majesty may now constrain him.

*Clarin.* It needs not: I receive her, and ask  
Of her and you. [*pardon*]

*Bell.* On both our parts 'tis granted.  
This was your bedfellow, and fill'd your arms,  
When you thought you embraced me: I am yet  
A virgin; nor had ever given consent,  
In my chaste house, to such a wanton passage,  
But that I knew that her desires were lawful.—  
But now no more of personated passion:  
This is the man I loved, [*pointing to the bier.*] that  
I loved truly,

However I dissembled; and, with him,  
Dies all affection in me. So, great sir,  
Resume your seat.

*Char.* An unexpected issue,  
Which I rejoice in. Would 'twere in our power  
To give a period to the rest, like this,  
And spare our heavy censure! but the death  
Of good Montrose forbids it. Cleremond,  
Thou instantly shall marry Leonora;  
Which done, as suddenly thy head cut off,  
And corpse interr'd, upon thy grave I'll build  
A room of eight feet square, in which this lady,  
For punishment of her cruelty, shall die  
An anchoress.

*Leon.* I do repent, and rather  
Will marry him, and forgive him.

*Clarin.* Bind her to  
Her word, great sir; Montrose lives; this a plot  
To catch this obstinate lady.

*Leon.* I am glad  
To be so cheated.

*Mont.* [*rises from the bier.*] - - - lady,  
- - - - - deceived; do not repent  
Your good opinion of me when thought dead.  
Nor let not my neglect to wait upon you,  
Considering what a business of import  
Diverted me, be thought unpardonable.

*Bell.* For my part 'tis forgiven; and thus I seal  
- - - - -

*Char.* Nor are we averse  
To your desires; may you live long, and happy!

*Nor.* Mercy to us, great sir.

*Peri.* We will become  
Chaste and reform'd men.

*Cham. and Dia.* We both are suitors,  
On this submission, for your pardon, sir.

*Chas.* Which we in part will grant: but, to deter  
Others, by their example, from pursuing  
Unlawful lusts, that think adultery  
A sport to be oft practised; fix on them  
Two satyrs' heads; and so, in capital letters  
Their foul intents writ on their breasts, we'll have  
them  
Led thrice through Paris; then, at the court  
gate,

To stand three hours, where Clarindore shall make  
His recantation for the injury  
Done to the lady Bellisant; and read  
A sharp invective, ending with a curse  
Against all such as boast of ladie's favours:  
Which done, both truly penitent, my doctor  
Shall use his best art to restore your strength,  
And render Perigot a perfect man.—  
So break we up LOVE'S PARLIAMENT, which, we  
hope,

*Being for mirth intended, shall not meet with  
An ill construction; and if then, fair ladies,  
You please to approve it, we hope you'll invite  
Your friends to see it often, with delight.* [Exeunt.



# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND MOST TRUE FRIENDS,  
SIR PHILLIP KNYVET, KNT. AND BART.  
AND TO  
SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNT.  
AND  
THOMAS BELLINGHAM,  
OF NEWTIMBER, IN SUSSEX, ESQ.

How much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many, and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice: I were most unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry, (as I presume it will,) their condemnation of me and my poem, can no way offend me: my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOMITIANUS CÆSAR.  
PARIS, *the ROMAN ACTOR.*  
ÆLIUS LAMIA,  
JUNIUS RUSTICUS, } *Senators.*  
PALPHURIUS SURA, }  
FULCINIUS,  
PARTHENIUS, *CÆSAR'S Freedman.*  
ARETHIUS, *CÆSAR'S Spy.*  
STEPHANOS, *DOMITILLA'S Freedman.*  
ÆSOPUS, } *Players.*  
LATINUS, }  
PHILARGUS, *a rich Miser; Father to PARTHENIUS.*

ASCLETARIO, *an Astrologer.*  
SERJEUS, } *Conspirators.*  
ENTELLUS, }

DOMITIA, *Wife of ÆLIUS LAMIA.*  
DOMITILLA, *Cousin-German to CÆSAR.*  
JULIA, *Daughter of TYTUS.*  
CÆNIS, *VESPASIAN'S Concubine.*  
*A Lady.*

Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen, Servants, Captives.

SCENE,—ROME.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

*Enter PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS.*

*Æsop.* What do we act to-day?

*Lat.* Agave's frenzy,

With Pentheus' bloody end.

*Par.* It skills not what;

The times are dull, and all that we receive  
Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.

The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention  
Both of the buskin'd scene, and humble sock,  
That reign in every noble family,  
Declaim against us: and our theatre,  
Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight  
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand  
Spectators in one day, as if it were  
Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled.  
Is quite forsaken.

*Lat.* Pleasures of worse natures

Are gladly entertained; and they that shun us,  
Practise, in private, sports the stewards would blush  
A litter born by eight Liburnian slaves, [at.  
To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet,  
The most censorious of our Roman gentry,  
Nay, of the garded robe, the senators,  
Esteem an easy purchase.

*Par.* Yet grudge us,  
That with delight join profit, and endeavour  
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage  
Decipher to the life what honours wait  
On good and glorious actions, and the shame  
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary  
Of six *sestertii*.

*Esop.* For the profit, Paris,  
And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;  
Since, while you hold your grace and power with  
Cæsar,

We, from your bounty, find a large supply,  
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

*Par.* Our aim is glory, and to leave our names  
To aftertime.

*Lat.* And, would they give us leave,  
There ends all our ambition.

*Esop.* We have enemies,  
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,  
The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,  
Said at his table, ere a month expired,  
For being gall'd in our last comedy,  
He'd silence us for ever.

*Par.* I expect  
No favour from him; my strong Aventine is,  
That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd  
In his most sullen moods, will once return,  
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.

*Lat.* 'Tis frequent in the city, he hath subdued  
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,  
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

*Enter two Lictors.*

*Par.* Jove hasten it! With us?—I now believe  
The consul's threats, *Æsopus*.

1 *Lict.* You are summon'd  
To appear to day in senate.

2 *Lict.* And there to answer  
What shall be urged against you.

*Par.* We obey you.  
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.  
We, that have personated in the scene  
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,  
With loud applause; being to act ourselves,  
Must do it with undaunted confidence.  
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport:  
And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without sor-  
As if we were to live again to-morrow. [row,  
1 *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like yourself.

*Enter ELIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, and PALPHURIUS SURA.*

*Lam.* Whither goes Paris?

1 *Lict.* He's cited to the senate.

*Lat.* I am glad the state is  
So free from matters of more weight and trouble,  
That it has vacant time to look on us.

*Par.* That reverend place, in which the affairs of  
And provinces were determined, to descend [kings  
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,  
Dropp'd from a poet's pen! Peace to your lord-  
We are glad that you are safe. [ships!  
[*Exit* LICTORS, PARIS, LATINUS, and *Æsopus*.

*Lam.* What times are these!

To what's Rome fallen! may we, being alone,  
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,  
And not fear the informer?

*Rust.* Noble *Lamia*,  
So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts  
Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,  
Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions  
Are call'd in question; to be nobly born  
Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,  
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,  
Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile  
From one in grace at court, our chasteest matrons  
Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous  
Is to be guilty. They are only safe  
That know to soothe the prince's appetite,  
And serve his lusts.

*Sura.* 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,  
That two sons of so different a nature  
Should spring from good *Vespasian*. We had a  
Titus,

Styl'd, justly, "the Delight of all Mankind,"  
Who did esteem that day lost in his life,  
In which some one or other tasted not  
Of his magnificent bounties. One that had  
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign  
The death of an offender: and so far  
From pride, that he disdain'd not the converse  
Even of the poorest Roman.

*Lam.* Yet his brother,  
Domitian, that now sways the power of things,  
Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes  
In which some are not fasten'd to the hook,  
Or thrown down from the Gemonies. His freed-  
Scorn the nobility, and he himself, [men  
As if he were not made of flesh and blood,  
Forgets he is a man.

*Rust.* In his young years,  
He shew'd what he would be when grown to ripe-  
His greatest pleasure was, being a child, [ness.  
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,  
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape  
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple  
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure  
In the bosom of the god: and, in his edicts,  
He does not blush, or start, to style himself  
(As if the name of emperor were base)  
Great Lord and God Domitian.

*Sura.* I have letters  
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes  
To enter with all glory. The flattering senate  
Decreases him divine honours; and to cross it,  
Were death with studied torments:—for my part,  
I will obey the time; it is in vain  
To strive against the torrent.

*Rust.* Let's to the curia,  
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages,  
Before we are compell'd.

*Lam.* And since we cannot  
With safety use the active, let's make use of  
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,  
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,  
Though at the worst, will now begin to mend.  
[*Exit* *Lat.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LAMIA'S House.

*Enter DOMITIA and PARTHENIUS.*

*Dom.* To me this reverence!

*Parth.* I pay it, lady,

As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress :  
For understand with joy, he that commands  
All that the sun gives warmth to, is your servant ;  
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.  
Think upon state and greatness, and the honours  
That wait upon Augusta, for that name,  
Ere long, comes to you :—still you doubt your  
vassal—

[Presents a Letter.

But, when you've read this letter, writ and sign'd  
With his imperial hand, you will be freed  
From fear and jealousy ; and, I beseech you,  
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,  
And senators shall take it for an honour,  
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet ; [Kneels.  
When every smile you give is a preferment,  
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures,  
Think on Parthenius.

Dom. Rise. I am transported,  
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.  
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought  
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour [Cæsar,  
Upon his humble handmaid ?

Parth. What, but your beauty ?  
When nature framed you for her masterpiece,  
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,  
She had no other ends but to design you  
To the most eminent place. I will not say  
(For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate  
The service I have done you) with what zeal  
I oft have made relation of your virtues,  
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar  
Was fired with the relation of your story :  
I am rewarded in the act, and happy  
In that my project prosper'd.

Dom. You are modest :  
And were it in my power, I would be thankful.  
If that, when I was mistress of myself,  
And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted,  
The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,  
I had with joy given up my virgin fort,  
At the first summons, to his soft embraces :  
But I am now another's, not mine own.  
You know I have a husband :—for my honour,  
I would not be his strumpet ; and how law  
Can be dispensed with to become his wife,  
To me's a riddle.

Parth. I can soon resolve it :  
When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.  
The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,  
And as his rule is infinite, his pleasures  
Are unconfined ; this syllable, his will,  
Stands for a thousand reasons.

Dom. But with safety,  
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it ?  
My husband is a senator, of a temper  
Not to be jested with.

Enter LAMIA.

Parth. As if he durst  
Be Cæsar's rival !—here he comes ; with ease  
I will remove this scruple.

Lam. How ! so private !  
My own house made a brothel ! [Aside.]—Sir,  
how durst you,  
Though guarded with your power in court, and  
greatness,  
Hold conference with my wife ? As for you, minion,  
I shall hereafter treat—

Parth. You are rude and saucy,  
Nor know to whom you speak.

Lam. This is fine, i'faith !  
Is she not my wife ?

Parth. Your wife ! But touch her, that respect  
forgotten

That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,  
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time,  
She's Cæsar's choice : it is sufficient honour  
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar ;  
But now must quit the office.

Lam. This is rare !  
Cannot a man be master of his wife  
Because she's young and fair, without a patent ?  
I in my own house am an emperor,  
And will defend what's mine. Where are my  
knaves ?

If such an insolence escape unpunish'd—

Parth. In yourself, Lamia.—Cæsar hath forgot  
To use his power, and I, his instrument,  
In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,  
Have lost my faculties ! [Stamps

Enter a Centurion with Soldiers.

Lam. The guard ! why, am I  
Design'd for death ?

Dom. As you desire my favour,  
Take not so rough a course.

Parth. All your desires  
Are absolute commands : Yet give me leave  
To put the will of Cæsar into act.  
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship  
And this great lady : if you refuse to sign it,  
And so as if you did it uncompe'll'd,  
Won't by reasons that concern yourself,  
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks,  
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture  
Compel you to perform it.

Lam. Is this legal ?

Parth. Monarchs that dare not do unlawful  
things,

Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings.  
Will you dispute ?

Lam. I know not what to urge  
Against myself, but too much dotage on her,  
Love, and observance.

Parth. Set it under your hand,  
That you are impotent, and cannot pay  
The duties of a husband ; or, that you are mad ;  
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so.  
Dispatch, you know the danger else ;—deliver it,  
Nay, on your knee.—Madam, you now are free,  
And mistress of yourself.

Lam. Can you, Domitia,  
Consent to this ?

Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind  
To live a servant, when I may command.  
I now am Cæsar's : and yet, in respect  
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,  
Provided you deserve it in your service,  
You shall find me your good mistress. Wait me,  
And now farewell, poor Lamia ! [Parthenius ;  
[Exeunt all but LAMIA.

Lam. To the gods  
I bend my knees, (for tyranny hath banish'd  
Justice from men,) and as they would deserve  
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,  
That this my ravish'd wife may prove as fatal  
To proud Domitian, and her embraces  
Afford him, in the end, as little joy  
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy ! [Exit

SCENE III.—*The Curia or Senate-house.*

*Enter Lictors, ARETINUS, FULCINIUS, ROSTICUS, SURA, PARIS, LATINIUS, and ESOPUS.*

*Aret.* Fathers conscript, may this our meeting  
Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth! [be  
*Lict.* Silence!

*Aret.* The purpose of this frequent senate  
Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,  
That, for the propagation of the empire,  
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.  
In height of courage, depth of understanding,  
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,  
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian  
Transcends the ancient Romans: I can never  
Bring his praise to a period. What good man,  
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful,  
That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage  
Of bold Marcellus, and whom Hannibal gave  
The style of Target, and the Sword of Rome?  
But he has more, and every touch more Roman;  
As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state,  
Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune,  
With Cato's resolution. I am lost  
In the ocean of his virtues: in a word,  
All excellencies of good men meet in him,  
But no part of their vices.

*Rust.* This is no flattery!

*Sura.* Take heed, you'll be observed.

*Aret.* 'Tis then most fit

That we, (as to the father of our country,  
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service  
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,)  
Should not connive, and see his government  
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,  
That to his favour and indulgence owe  
Themselves and being.

*Par.* Now he points at us.

*Aret.* Cite Paris, the tragedian.

*Par.* Here.

*Aret.* Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,  
I do accuse the quality of treason,  
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.

*Par.* Mere accusations are not proofs my lord;  
In what are we delinquents?

*Aret.* You are they

That search into the secrets of the time,  
And, under feign'd names, on the stage, present  
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce  
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,  
And, with satirical and bitter jests,  
Make even the senators ridiculous  
To the plebeians.

*Par.* If I free not myself,  
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,  
From these false imputations, and prove  
That they make that a libel which the poet  
Writ for a comedy, so acted too;  
It is but justice that we undergo  
The heaviest censure.

*Aret.* Are you on the stage,  
You talk so boldly?

*Par.* The whole world being one,  
This place is not exempted; and I am  
So confident in the justice of our cause,  
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name  
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,  
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.—

If, to express a man sold to his lusts,  
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes  
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end  
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;  
Deterring careless youth, by his example,  
From such licentious courses; laying open  
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts  
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof;  
Why are not all your golden principles,  
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us  
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,  
Condemn'd unto the fire?

*Sura.* There's spirit in this.

*Par.* Or if desire of honour was the base  
On which the building of the Roman empire  
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame  
The noble youth with an ambitious heat  
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,  
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath  
By glorious undertakings, may deserve  
Reward, or favour, from the commonwealth;  
Actors may put in for as large a share  
As all the sects of the philosophers:  
They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)  
Deliver, what an honourable thing  
The active virtue is: but does that fire  
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,  
To be both good and great, equal to that  
Which is presented on our theatres?

Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,  
Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat  
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,  
Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold  
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,  
After his victories, imposing tribute  
On conquer'd Carthage: if done to the life,  
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,  
And did partake with them in their rewards,  
All that have any spark of Roman in them,  
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be  
Like those they see presented.

*Rust.* He has put

The consuls to their whisper.

*Par.* But, 'tis urged

That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.  
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,  
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,  
By the success of wicked undertakings,  
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?  
We shew no arts of Lydian panderism,  
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,  
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that  
Even those spectators that were so inclined,  
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such  
That are above us, publishing to the world  
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent  
As such as are born dumb. When we present  
An heir, that does conspire against the life  
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour  
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be,  
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells  
him

He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.  
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,  
That does maintain the riotous expense  
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers  
The lawful pledges of a former bed  
To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,  
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,  
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin.

Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.  
Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth  
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships  
A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;  
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,  
As not to afford himself the necessaries  
To maintain life ; if a patrician,  
(Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself  
Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP  
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt, [17.  
And will give up his sentence, as he favours  
The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty,  
If of his faction, and as oft condemning  
The innocent, out of particular spleen ;  
If any in this reverend assembly,  
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image  
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,  
That puts you in remembrance of things past,  
Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.  
I have said, my lord : and now, as you find cause,  
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

*Lat.* Well pleaded, on my life ! I never saw him  
Act an orator's part before.

*Æsop.* We might have given  
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet  
Our cause deliver'd worse. [A shout within.

Enter PARTHENIUS.

*Arct.* What shout is that ?

*Parth.* Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is  
Return'd in triumph.

*Ful.* Let's all haste to meet him.

*Arct.* Break up the court ; we will reserve to  
The censure of this cause. [him

*All.* Long life to Cæsar ! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The approach to the Capitol.*

Enter JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, and DOMITIA.

*Cænis.* Stand back—the place is mine.

*Jul.* Yours ! Am I not

Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece ?  
Dares any claim precedence ?

*Cænis.* I was more :

The mistress of your father, and, in his right,  
Claim duty from you.

*Jul.* I confess, you were useful  
To please his appetite.

*Dom.* To end the controversy,  
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold  
To lead the way myself.

*Domitil.* You, minion !

*Dom.* Yes ;

And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours.

*Jul.* Whence springs this flood of greatness ?

*Dom.* You shall know

Too soon, for your vexation, and perhaps  
Repeat too late, and pine with envy, when  
You see whom Cæsar favours.

*Jul.* Observe the sequel.

Enter Captains with laurels, DOMITIAN in his triumphant  
chariot, PARTHENIUS, PARIS, LATINUS, and ÆSOPUS, met  
by ARETINUS, SURA, LAMIA, RUSTICUS, FULCINIUS, Soldiers  
and Captives.

*Cæs.* As we now touch the height of human  
Riding in triumph to the capitol, [glory,  
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made  
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,  
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off

To the common prisons, and there let them prove  
How sharp our axes are.

[Exeunt Soldiers with Captives.

*Rust.* A bloody entrance !

[Aside.

*Cæs.* To tell you you are happy in your prince,  
Were to distrust your love, or my desert ;  
And either were distasteful : or to boast  
How much, not by my deputies, but myself,  
I have enlarged the empire ; or what horrors  
The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,  
Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart,  
Than the adored monarch of the world.

*Sura.* This is no boast !

[Aside.

*Cæs.* When I but name the Daci,  
And gray-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,  
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,  
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph,  
(Truth must take place of father and of brother.)  
Will be no more remember'd. I am above  
All honours you can give me ; and the style  
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,  
Not my ambition, is deserved.

*Arct.* At all parts  
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,  
In our acknowledgment.

*Cæs.* Thanks ; Aretinus ;  
Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war,  
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,  
Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good for-  
tune,

With justice he may taste the fruits of peace,  
Whose sword hath plough'd the ground, and reap'd  
the harvest

Of your prosperity. Nor can I think  
That there is one among you so ungrateful,  
Or such an enemy to thriving virtue,  
That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest,  
Too good for Cæsar's use.

*Sura.* All we possess—

*Lam.* Our liberties—

*Ful.* Our children—

*Par.* Wealth—

*Arct.* And throats,  
Fall willingly beneath his feet.

*Rust.* Base flattery !

What Roman can endure this !

[Aside.

*Cæs.* This calls on

My love to all, which spreads itself among you.  
The beauties of the time ! [Seeing the ladies.]

Receive the honour

To kiss the hand which, rear'd up thus, holds  
To you 'tis an assurance of a calm. [thunder ;

Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight  
Of old Vespasian ; Domitilla, too,  
A princess of our blood.

*Rust.* 'Tis strange his pride  
Affords no greater courtesy to ladies  
Of such high birth and rank.

*Sura.* Your wife's forgotten.

*Lam.* No, she will be remember'd, fear it not ;  
She will be graced, and greased.

*Cæs.* But, when I look on  
Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet  
(The lesser gods applauding the encounter)  
As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead  
On the Phlegrean plain, embraced his Juno.  
Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine.

*Lam.* You are too great to be gainsaid.

*Cæs.* Let all

That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,

Without examining the reason why,  
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)  
With the title of Augusta.

*Dom.* Still your servant.

*All.* Long live Augusta, great Domitian's em-  
*Ces.* Paris, my hand. [press!

*Par.* [kissing it.] The gods still honour Cæsar!  
*Ces.* The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,  
We are for soft delights. Command the poets

To use their choicest and most rare invention,  
To entertain the time, and be you careful  
To give it action: we'll provide the people  
Pleasures of all kinds.—My Domitia, think not  
I flatter, though thus fond.—On to the capitol:  
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.  
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone  
He can command all, but is awed by none.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II.

### SCENE I.—A State Room in the Palace.

*Enter PHILAROUS in rags, and PARTHENIUS.*

*Phil.* My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,  
And question not my will.

*Parth.* Sir, were I one,  
Whom want compell'd to wish a full possession  
Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd  
Your years, or thought you lived too long, with  
reason

You then might nourish ill opinions of me:  
Or did the suit that I prefer to you  
Concern myself, and aim'd not at your good,  
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,  
And after never press you.

*Phil.* In the name of Pluto,  
What would'st thou have me do?

*Parth.* Right to yourself;  
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine  
This nasty hat, this tatter'd cloak, rent shoe,  
This sordid linen, can become the master  
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,  
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in  
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,  
The spoils of provinces, and every day  
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.

*Phil.* Out upon thee!  
My monies in my coffers melt to hear thee.  
Purple! hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer,  
Or tailor heir, or see my jeweller purchase?  
No, I hate pride.

*Parth.* Yet decency would do well.  
Though, for your outside, you will not be alter'd,  
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you  
Not to deny your belly nourishment;  
Neither to think you've feasted, when 'tis cramm'd  
With mouldy barley-bread, onions and leeks,  
And the drink of bondmen, water.

*Phil.* Wouldst thou have me  
Be an Apicius, or a Lucullus,  
And riot out my state in curious sauces?

Wise nature with a little is contented;  
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.

*Parth.* But you destroy her in your want of care  
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her  
In perfect health and vigour; when you suffer,  
Frighted with the charge of physic, rheums,  
catarrhs,

The scurf, ach in your bones, to grow upon you,  
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing:  
When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet,  
May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send  
The emperor's doctor to you.

*Phil.* I'll be borne first,  
Half-rotten, to the fire that must consume me!

His pills, his cordials, his electuaries,  
His syrups, juleps, bezoar stone, nor his  
Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly;  
My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis relieved.  
No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,  
Which, every hour increasing, does renew  
My youth and vigor; but, if lessen'd, then,  
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,  
And brood o'er't, while I live, it being my life,  
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,  
And part from what is more esteem'd, by me,  
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,  
Inherit thou my adoration of it,  
And, like me, serve my idol. [*Exit.*]

*Parth.* What a strange torture  
Is avarice to itself! what man, that looks on  
Such a penurious spectacle, but must  
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,  
Or the ass whose back is crack'd with curious  
viands,  
Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take,  
To make my father know what cruelty  
He uses on himself.

*Enter PARIS.*

*Par.* Sir, with your pardon,  
I make bold to enquire the emperor's pleasure;  
For, being by him commanded to attend,  
Your favour may instruct us what's his will  
Shall be this night presented.

*Parth.* My loved Paris,  
Without my intercession, you well know,  
You may make your own approaches, since his ear  
To you is ever open.

*Par.* I acknowledge  
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever  
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!  
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,  
(Without boast I may say so much,) was never  
Employ'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense  
His fury.

*Parth.* 'Tis confess'd: many men owe you  
For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives,  
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,  
I could say more.

*Par.* You still are my good patron;  
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,  
You should perceive the poorest of your clients  
To his best abilities thankful.

*Parth.* I believe so.  
Met you my father?

*Par.* Yes, sir, with much grief,  
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him  
To be himself?

*Parth.* O, Paris, 'tis a weight

Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss  
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf  
To all persuasion.

*Par.* Sir, with your pardon,  
I'll offer my advice: I once observed,  
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder  
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,  
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,  
To make discovery of that which torture  
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear  
Like an impossibility, but that  
Your father, looking on a covetous man  
Presented on the stage, as in a mirror,  
May see his own deformity, and loath it.  
Now, could you but persuade the emperor  
To see a comedy we have, that's styled  
*The Cure of Avarice*, and to command  
Your father to be a spectator of it,  
He shall be so anatomized in the scene,  
And see himself so personated, the baseness  
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch  
Truly described, that I much hope the object  
Will work compunction in him.

*Parth.* There's your fee;  
I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,  
I will effect the rest.

*Par.* Sir, when you please;  
We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, and Guard.*

*Cæs.* Repine at us!

*Aret.* 'Tis more, or my informers,  
That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived  
In their intelligence: there is a list  
Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus,  
Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia,  
That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants;  
And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice,  
(For so I style what they call tyranny,)  
For Pætus Thræsea's death, as if in him  
Virtue herself were murder'd: nor forget they  
Agricola, who, for his service done  
In the reducing Britain to obedience,  
They dare affirm to be removed with poison;  
And he compell'd to write you a coheir  
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,  
Which, else, you had made void. Then your much  
love

To Julia your niece, censured as incest,  
And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother:  
But the divorce Lamia was forc'd to sign  
To her you honour with Augusta's title,  
Being only named, they do conclude there was  
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;  
But nothing Roman left now but, in you,  
The lust of Tarquin.

*Cæs.* Yes, his fire, and scorn  
Of such as think that our unlimited power  
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend  
An interest to that which I call mine;  
Or but remember she was ever his,  
That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither.

[*Exit Guard.*]

I'll give him cause to wish he rather had  
Forgot his own name, than e'er mention'd her's.  
Shall we be circumscrib'd? Let such as cannot  
By force make good their actions, though wicked,  
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!  
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,  
Though contradicting all divine decrees,

Or laws confirm'd by Romulus and Numa,  
Shall be held sacred.

*Aret.* You should, else, take from  
The dignity of Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Am I master  
Of two and thirty legions, that awe  
All nations of the triumphed world,  
Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account  
Of what's our pleasure, to a private man!  
Rome perish first, and Atlas's shoulders shrink,  
Heaven's fabric fall, (the sun, the moon, the stars  
Losing their light and comfortable heat,)  
Ere I confess that any fault of mine  
May be disputed!

*Aret.* So you preserve your power,  
As you should, equal and omnipotent here,  
With Jupiter's above.

[*PARTHENIUS kneeling, whispers CÆSAR.*]

*Cæs.* Thy suit is granted,  
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service  
Done to Augusta.—Only so? a trifle:  
Command him hither. If the comedy fail  
To cure him, I will minister something to him  
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,  
And think upon himself.

*Parth.* May it succeed well,  
Since my intents are pious! [*Exit*]

*Cæs.* We are resolved  
What course to take; and, therefore, Aretinus,  
Enquire no further. Go you to my empress,  
And say I do entreat (for she rules him  
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe  
The music of her voice at yonder window,  
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend

[*Exit ARETINUS.*]

My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.  
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling  
With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles.  
Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes  
Prepared to meet it.— [*not*]

*Re-enter Guard with LAMIA.*

Our good Lamia, welcome.

So much we owe you for a benefit,  
With willingness on your part conferr'd upon us,  
That 'tis our study, we that would not live  
Engaged to any for a courtesy,  
How to return it.

*Lam.* 'Tis beneath your fate  
To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp  
The means to be magnificent.

*Cæs.* Well put off;  
But yet it must not do: the empire, Lamia,  
Divided equally, can hold no weight,  
If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia—  
You, that could part with all delights at once,  
The magazine of rich pleasures being contain'd  
In her perfections,—uncompell'd, deliver'd  
As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes,  
With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd  
Your glory in your act.

*Lam.* Derided too!  
Sir, this is more—

*Cæs.* More than I can requite;  
It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop  
Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,  
But yields a touch of immortality  
To the blest receiver: every grace and feature,  
Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,  
If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse

So ravishing, and her action so attractive,  
That I would part with all my other senses,  
Provided I might ever see and hear her.  
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust  
The winds or air with ; for that would draw down,  
In envy of my happiness, a war  
From all the gods, upon me.

*Les.* Your compassion  
To me, in your forbearing to insult  
On my calamity, which you make your sport,  
Would more appease those gods you have pro-  
Than all the blasphemous comparisons [voked,  
You sing unto her praise.

*DOMITIA appears at the window.*

*Cæs.* I sing her praise !  
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it ;  
It being a debt she only can lay down,  
And no tongue else discharge.

[*He raises his hand. Music above.*

Hark ! I think, prompted  
With my consent that you once more should hear  
She does begin. An universal silence [her,  
Dwell on this place ! 'Tis death, with lingering  
To all that dare disturb her.— [torments,

[*A Song by DOMITIA.*

—Who can hear this,

And fall not down and worship ? In my fancy,  
Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill  
Fair-hair'd Calliope, on her ivory lute,  
(But something short of this,) sung Ceres' praises,  
And grially Pluto's rape on Proserpine.  
The motions of the spheres are out of time,  
Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,  
Is not her voice angelical ?

*Les.* To your ear :  
But I, alas ! am silent.

*Cæs.* Be so ever,  
That without admiration canst hear her !  
Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,  
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess  
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee  
Guilty of treason.—Off with his head ! do you stare ?  
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,  
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,  
If he but live to make reply, thy life  
Shall answer it !

[*The Guard leads off LAMIA, stopping his mouth.*

My fears of him are freed now ;  
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,  
For an offence he never could imagine,  
In wantonness removed.—Descend, my dearest ;  
Plurality of husbands shall no more  
Breed doubts or jealousies in you : [*Exit Dom.*  
*above.*] 'tis dispatch'd,  
And with as little trouble here, as if  
I had kill'd a fly.

*Enter DOMITIA, ushered in by ARKINUS, her train borne  
up by JULIA, CÆNIS, and DOMITILLA.*

Now you appear, and in  
That glory you deserve ! and these, that stoop  
To do you service, in the act much honour'd !  
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father ;  
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember  
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves  
To her is more true liberty, than to live  
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,  
That wait on Phoebe in her full of brightness,  
Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you  
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once

Were the adored glories of the time,  
To witness to the world they are your vassals,  
At your feet to attend you.

*Dom.* 'Tis your pleasure,  
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider  
That I am yours, all duties they can pay  
I do receive as circumstances due  
To her you please to honour.

*Re-enter PARTHENIUS with PHILAREUS.*

*Parth.* Cæsar's will  
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

*Phil.* Lose time to see an interlude ! must I pay  
For my vexation ? [too,

*Parth.* Not in the court :  
It is the emperor's charge.

*Phil.* I shall endure  
My torment then the better.

*Cæs.* Can it be  
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father ?  
No actor can express him : I had held  
The fiction for impossible in the scene,  
Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah, sit still,  
And give attention ; if you but nod,  
You sleep for ever.—Let them spare the prologue,  
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,  
And come to the last act—there, where the cure  
By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes  
Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee  
From my embraces : my desires increasing  
As they are satisfied, all pleasures else  
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me again :  
If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,  
In Priam's veins, would thaw his frozen blood,  
Enabling him to get a second Hector  
For the defence of Troy.

*Dom.* You are wanton !  
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.

*Cæs.* Begin there.

*Enter PARIS, like a doctor of physic, and ÆSOPUS :  
LATINIUS is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in  
his mouth.*

*Æsop.* O master doctor, he is past recovery ;  
A lethargy hath seized him ; and, however  
His sleep resemble death, his watchful care  
To guard that treasure he dares make no use of,  
Works strongly in his soul.

*Par.* What's that he holds  
So fast between his teeth ?

*Æsop.* The key that opens  
His iron chests, cramm'd with accursed gold,  
Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty  
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,  
That can persuade him to deliver up  
That to the trust of any.

*Phil.* He is the wiser :  
We were fashion'd in one mould.

*Æsop.* He eats with it ;  
And when devotion calls him to the temple  
Of Mammon, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,  
THAT held thus still, his orisons are paid :  
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were  
paw'n'd

For the restoring of't, for one short hour  
Be won to part with it.

*Phil.* Still, still myself !  
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn  
Is good security.

*Par.* I'll try if I can force it—  
It will not be. His avaricious mind,



*Like men in rivers drown'd, make him gripe fast,  
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest ;  
And, if that it were possible in nature,  
Would carry it with him to the other world.*

*Phil.* As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.

*Esop.* Is he not dead ?

*Par.* Long since to all good actions,  
Or to himself, or others, for which wise men  
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,  
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not ;  
Anxious fear to lose what his soul doats on,  
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use  
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties  
Of his mind ; there lies the lethargy. Take a  
trumpet,

*And blow it into his ears ; 'tis to no purpose ;  
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him :—  
And yet despair not ; I have one trick left yet.*

*Esop.* What is it ?

*Par.* I will cause a fearful dream  
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it  
With the horror it brings with it, and so free  
His body's organs.

*Dom.* 'Tis a cunning fellow ;

If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says,  
He should be sworn my servant ; govern my slum-  
And minister to me waking. [bers,

*Par.* If this fail, [A chest brought in.  
I'll give him o'er. So ; with all violence  
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies  
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence  
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,  
And fill each vein and artery.—Louder yet !  
—'Tis open, and already he begins  
To stir ; mark with what trouble.

[LATINUS stretches himself.

*Phil.* As you are Cæsar,  
Defend this honest, thrifty man ! they are thieves,  
And come to rob him.

*Parth.* Peace ! the emperor frowns.

*Par.* So ; now pour out the bags upon the table ;  
Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again,  
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open ;  
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,  
And were turn'd marble.—Once more.

*Lat.* Murder ! murder !

*They come to murder me. My son in the plot ?  
Thou worse than parricide ! if it be death  
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures  
The Furies in hell practise, be sufficient  
For thee, that dost assassinate my soul ?—  
My gold ! my bonds ! my jewels ! dost thou envy  
My glad possession of them for a day ;  
Extinguishing the taper of my life  
Consumed unto the snuff ?*

*Par.* Seem not to mind him.

*Lat.* Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself  
The joys of human being ; scraped and hoarded  
A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen,  
The Lydian Cræsus had appear'd to him  
Poor as the beggar Iruus ? And yet I,  
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails  
Were clemm'd with keeping a perpetual fast,  
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,  
Should I disburse one penny to their use,  
My heir might curse me. And, to save expense  
In outward ornaments, I did expose  
My naked body to the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat : nay, when diseases  
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost

*Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather  
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,  
By hastening on my fate, than to diminish  
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,  
Carelessly scatters.*

*Esop.* Would you'd dispatch and die once !  
Your ghost should feel in hell, THAT is my slave  
Which was your master.

*Phil.* Out upon thee, varlet !

*Par.* And what then follows all your carke and  
caring,

*And self-affliction ? When your starved trunk is  
Turn'd to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth  
Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering  
How much for him you suffer'd ; and then tells,  
To the companions of his lusts and riots,  
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him  
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast  
His senses all at once, a happiness  
You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,  
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,  
Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians,  
That quaff damnations to your memory,  
For living so long here.*

*Lat.* It will be so ; I see it—

*O, that I could redeem the time that's past !  
I would live and die like myself ; and make true  
use*

*Of what my industry purchased.*

*Par.* Covetous men,  
Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever :  
But grant that I by art could yet recover  
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life  
A dozen of years ; as I restore your body  
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour  
To rectify your mind ?

*Lat.* I should so live then,

*As neither my heir should have just cause to think  
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,  
Or cruel to myself.*

*Par.* Have your desires.

*Phæbus assisting me, I will repair  
The ruin'd building of your health ; and think not  
You have a son that hates you ; the truth is,  
This means, with his consent, I practised on you  
To this good end : it being a device,  
In you to shew the Cure of Avarice.*

[Exit PARIS, LATINUS, and ESOPUS

*Phil.* An old fool to be gull'd thus ! had he died  
As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,  
It had gone off twanging.

*Cæs.* How approve you, sweetest,  
Of the matter, and the actors ?

*Dom.* For the subject,  
I like it not ; it was filch'd out of Horace.  
—Nay, I have read the poets :—but the fellow  
That play'd the doctor, did it well, by Venus ;  
He had a tuneable tongue, and neat delivery :  
And yet, in my opinion, he would perform  
A lover's part much better. Prithee, Cæsar,  
For I grow weary, let us see, to-morrow,  
Iphis and Anaxarete.

*Cæs.* Anything  
For thy delight, Domitia ; to your rest,  
Till I come to disquiet you : wait upon her.  
There is a business that I must dispatch,  
And I will straight be with you.

[Exit ARB. DOM. JULIA, CÆSAR, and DOMITIA.

*Parth.* Now, my dread sir,  
Endeavour to prevail.

*Cæs.* One way or other  
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,  
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid  
baseness,

And but observed what a contemptible creature  
A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself  
Feel true compunction, with a resolution  
To be a new man?

*Phil.* This crazed body's Cæsar's;  
But for my mind—

*Cæs.* Trifle not with my anger.  
Canst thou make good use of what was now pre-  
sented;

And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,  
The miserable rich man, that express'd  
What thou art to the life?

*Phil.* Pray you, give me leave  
To die as I have lived. I must not part with  
My gold; it is my life: I am past cure.

*Cæs.* No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more  
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,  
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,  
Enjoy it!—thine here, and thy life together,  
Is forfeited.

*Phil.* Was I sent for to this purpose?

*Parth.* Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!  
*Cæs.* Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he  
dies,

And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;  
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:  
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,  
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter JULIA, DOMITILLA, and STEPHANOS.*

*Jul.* No, Domitilla; if you but compare  
What I have suffered with your injuries,  
(Though great ones, I confess,) they will appear  
Like molehills to Olympus.

*Domitil.* You are tender  
Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the  
feeling

And sense of mine. The incest he committed  
With you, and publicly profess'd, in scorn  
Of what the world durst censure, may admit  
Some weak defence, as being borne headlong to it,  
But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties:  
Besides, won by his perjuries, that he would  
Salute you with the title of Augusta,  
Your faint denial show'd a full consent,  
And grant to his temptations. But poor I,  
That would not yield, but was with violence forced  
To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius  
At Capræ fever practised, have not here  
One conscious touch to rise up my accuser;  
I, in my will, being innocent.

*Steph.* Pardon me,  
Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,  
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,  
You do degenerate from the blood you spring from:  
For there is something more in Rome expected  
From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,  
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs  
Which mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,  
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt  
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,  
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian  
Hath ready swords at his command, as well  
As islands to confine you, to remove  
His doubts, and fears, did he but entertain  
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted  
Against his person.

*Jul.* 'Tis true, Stephanos;  
The legions that sack'd Jerusalem,  
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,  
And I no more remember'd.

*Domitil.* And to lose  
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,  
Were desperate madness.

*Steph.* You conclude too fast.

One single arm, whose master does contemn  
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,  
Spite of his guards. I was your bondman, lady,  
And you my gracious patroness; my wealth  
And liberty your gift; and, though no soldier,  
To whom or custom or example makes  
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die  
To do you service in a fair revenge:  
And it will better suit your births and honours  
To fall at once, than to live ever slaves  
To his proud empress, that insults upon  
Your patient sufferings. Say but you, *Go on!*  
And I will reach his heart, or perish in  
The noble undertaking.

*Domitil.* Your free offer  
Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge  
A satisfaction for a greater debt  
Than what you stand engaged for; but I must not  
Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful  
And good a servant. The immortal Powers  
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,  
And seem to slumber, till his roaring crimes  
Awake their justice; but then, looking down,  
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt  
Of all religion, and moral goodness,  
They, in their secret judgments, do determine  
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him,  
When he is most secure.

*Jul.* His cruelty  
Increasing daily, of necessity  
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,  
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done  
Already to the senate: then forsaken  
Of his supporters, and grown terrible  
Even to himself, and her he now so doats on,  
We may put into act what now with safety  
We cannot whisper.

*Steph.* I am still prepared  
To execute, when you please to command me:  
Since I am confident he deserves much more  
That vindicates his country from a tyrant,  
Than he that saves a citizen.

*Enter CÆNIA.*

*Jul.* O, here's Cænia.

*Domitil.* Whence come you?

*Cænia.* From the empress, who seems moved  
In that you wait no better. Her pride's grown

To such a height, that she disdains the service  
Of her own women : and esteems herself  
Neglected, when the princesses of the blood,  
On every coarse employment, are not ready  
To stoop to her commands.

*Domitil.* Where is her Greatness ?

*Cæsis.* Where you would little think she could  
To grace the room or persons. [descend

*Jul.* Speak, where is she ?

*Cæsis.* Among the players ; where, all state laid  
She does enquire who acts this part, who that, [by,  
And in what habits ? blames the tirewomen  
For want of curious dressings ;—and, so taken  
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,  
That is to act a lover, I thought once  
She would have courted him.

*Domitil.* In the mean time

How spends the emperor his hours ?

*Cæsis.* As ever

He hath done heretofore ; in being cruel  
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.  
And, but this morning, if't be possible,  
He hath outgone himself, having condemn'd,  
At Aretinus his informer's suit,  
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,  
Men of the best repute in Rome for their  
Integrity of life ; no fault objected,  
But that they did lament his cruel sentence  
On Pætus Thræsea, the philosopher,  
Their patron and instructor.

*Steph.* Can Jove see this,  
And hold his thunder !

*Domitil.* Nero and Caligula  
Only commanded mischiefs ; but our Cæsar  
Delights to see them.

*Jul.* What we cannot help,  
We may deplore with silence.

*Cæsis.* We are call'd for  
By our proud mistress.

*Domitil.* We awhile must suffer.

*Steph.* It is true fortitude to stand firm against  
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die  
In fear to suffer more calamity. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS.*

*Cæs.* They are then in fetters ?

*Parth.* Yes, sir, but—

*Cæs.* But what ?

I'll have thy thoughts ; deliver them.

*Parth.* I shall, sir :

But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,  
Which cannot be instructed—

*Cæs.* To the point.

*Parth.* Nor let your sacred majesty believe  
Your vassal, that with dry eyes look'd upon  
His father dragg'd to death by your command,  
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure  
What you decreed.

*Cæs.* Well ; forward.

*Parth.* 'Tis my zeal

Still to preserve your clemency admired,  
Temper'd with justice, that emboldens me  
To offer my advice. Alas ! I know, sir,  
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,  
Deserve all tortures ; yet, in my opinion,  
They being popular senators, and cried up  
With loud applauses of the multitude,

For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,  
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them  
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments  
You please,—it skills not,—than to have them  
drawn

To the degrees in public ; for 'tis doubted  
That the sad object may beget compassion  
In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar  
That may disturb you.

*Cæs.* Hence, pale-spirited coward !  
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,  
As or to court the people's love, or fear  
Their worst of hate ? Can they, that are as dust  
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,  
Add any moment to us ? Or thou think,  
If there are gods above, or goddesses,  
But wise Minerva, that's a mine own, and sure,  
That they have vacant hours to take into  
Their serious protection, or care,  
This many-headed monster ? Mankind lives  
In few, as potent monarchs, and their peers ;  
And all those glorious constellations  
That do adorn the firmament, appointed,  
Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend  
The actions of kings and emperors,  
They being the greater wheels that move the less.  
Bring forth those condemn'd wretches ;—[*Exit*

PARTHENIUS.]—let me see

One man so lost, as but to pity them,  
And though there lay a million of souls  
Imprison'd in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks  
Should rend it off, and give them liberty.  
Cæsar hath said it.

*Re-enter PARTHENIUS, with ARISTINUS, and Guard ; Executioners dragging in JUNIUS RUSTICUS and PALPHURIUS SURA, bound back to back.*

*Aret.* 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,  
That with fix'd eyes you carefully observe  
The people's looks. Charge upon any man  
That with a sigh or murmur does express  
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.  
You know his will, perform it.

*Cæs.* A good bloodhound,  
And fit for my employments.

*Sura.* Give us leave  
To die, fell tyrant.

*Rust.* For, beyond our bodies,  
Thou hast no power.

*Cæs.* Yes ; I'll afflict your souls,  
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,  
Prepared for such to howl in, that blaspheme  
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.  
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is  
After this sleep of death.

*Rust.* To guilty men  
It may bring terror ; not to us, that know  
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example  
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see  
The substance of that pure untainted soul  
Of Thræsea, our master, made a star,  
That with melodious harmony invites us  
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)  
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere  
Above you crystal canopy.

*Cæs.* Do invoke him  
With all the aids his sanctity of life  
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue ;  
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin ?  
torment them.

[*The Executioners torment them, they still talking.*]

So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove  
If it can render you insensible  
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,  
Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,  
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.  
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan!—  
Is my rage lost? What cursed charms defend  
them!

Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks  
That I am cruel?

*Aret.* Over-merciful:  
'Tis all your weakness, sir.

*Parth.* I dare not shew

A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,  
The spectacle is so horrid.

*[Aside.]*

*Cæs.* I was never

O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,  
And shew you are corporeal, and not turn'd  
Aerial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,  
It is unkindly done to mock his fury  
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tor-  
tured

In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,  
That does report him to have sat unmoved,  
When cunning surgeons ripp'd his arteries  
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,  
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?  
If so, we wash an Æthiopian.

*Sura.* No; we live.

*Rust.* Live to deride thee, our calm patience  
treading

Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,  
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure  
Thy hangman's studied tortures, is a debt  
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us  
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,  
Which growing out of fashion, though it be  
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,  
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.

But unto such as thou, that have no hopes  
Beyond the present, every little scar,  
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,  
That does inform them only they are mortal,  
Pierce through and through them.

*Cæs.* We will hear no more.

*Rust.* This only, and I give thee warning of it:  
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth  
As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,  
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense:—  
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness  
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me  
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;  
For I'll appear in horror.

*Cæs.* By my shaking

I am the guilty man, and not the judge.  
Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,  
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,  
Which way soe'er I look, are Furies to me.  
Away with them! first shew them death, then  
leave

No memory of their ashes. I'll mock Fate.

*[Exeunt Executioners with RUSTICUS and SURA.]*

Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?

No, no; the fever does begin to leave me;

*Enter DOMITILA, JULIA, and CÆNIS; STEPHANOS following.*

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain  
I could renew the vigour of my youth,  
And be a second Virbius. O my glory!  
My life! commend! my all!

*Dom.* As you to me are.

*[Embracing and kissing.]*

I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport  
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,  
(I hug myself for't,) I have been instructing  
The players how to act; and to cut off  
All tedious impertinence, have contracted  
The tragedy into one continued scene.  
I have the art of't, and am taken more  
With my ability that way, than all knowledge  
I have but of thy love.

*Cæs.* Thou art still thyself,  
The sweetest, wittiest,—

*Dom.* When we are a-bed

I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see  
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and, to humble  
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me,  
(Howe'er she is your cousin,) I have forced her  
To play the part of Anaxarete—  
You are not offended with it?

*Cæs.* Any thing

That does content thee yields delight to me:  
My faculties and powers are thine.

*Dom.* I thank you:

Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter  
Without more circumstance.

*After a short flourish, enter PARIS as IPHIS.*

How do you like

That shape? methinks it is most suitable  
To the aspect of a despairing lover.  
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears  
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.

*Cæs.* And all was excellent.

*Dom.* Now hear him speak.

*Iphis.* *That she is fair, (and that an epithet  
Too foul to express her,) or descended nobly,  
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths  
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these  
Perfections, in no other virgin found,  
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride  
In the divinest Anaxarete,  
Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle;  
And with more difficulty to be dissolv'd,  
Than that the monster Sphinx, from the steep rock,  
Offer'd to Ædipus. Imperious Love,  
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,  
Thy never-tired votary, hath presented,  
With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs,  
Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's,  
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's  
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,  
And had the sway of things, yet were compell'd  
By thy inevitable shafts to yield,  
And fight under thy ensigns) be auspicious  
To this last trial of my sacrifice  
Of love and service!*

*Dom.* Does he not act it rarely?

Observe with what a feeling he delivers  
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with't.

*Iphis.* *And from thy never-emptied quiver take  
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart,  
And force her love like me; or cure my wound  
With a leaden one, that may beget in me  
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol—  
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed  
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy;  
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,  
From the assurance of her excellencies,  
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,*

*All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,  
As faithful advocates to make intercession,  
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,  
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.  
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,  
My limbs benumb'd with cold, I oft have wash'd,  
With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud  
With frequent favours from her delicate feet.*

*Dom.* By Cæsar's life he weeps! and I forbear  
Hardly to keep him company.

*Iphis.* *Blest ground, thy pardon,  
If I profane it wih forbidden steps.  
I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it  
With such a trembling reverence, as if  
My hands [were now] held up for expiation  
To the incensed gods to spare a kingdom.  
Within there, ho! something divine come forth  
To a distressed mortal.*

*Enter LATINUS as a Porter.*

*Port.* *Ha! Who knocks there?*

*Dom.* What a churlish look this knave has!

*Port.* *Is't you, sirrah?  
Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and  
quickly;*

*Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else.*

*Dom.* Churlish devil!

But that I should disturb the scene, as I live  
I would tear his eyes out.

*Cæs.* 'Tis in jest, Domitia.

*Dom.* I do not like such jesting: if he were not  
A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use  
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells  
At the other's sweet humility!

*Cæs.* 'Tis his part:  
Let them proceed.

*Dom.* A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

*Iphis.* *As you have, genile sir, the happiness  
(When you please) to behold the figure of  
The masterpiece of nature, limn'd to the life,  
In more than human Anaxarete,  
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands  
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,  
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk  
Of wolves, and tigers, or d mother of  
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,  
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.  
Will you be gracious, sir?*

*Port.* *Though I lose my place for't,  
I can hold out no longer.*

*Dom.* Now he melts,  
There is some little hope he may die honest.

*Port.* *Madam!*

*Enter DOMITILLA as ANAXARETE.*

*Anax.* *Who calls? What object have we here?*

*Dom.* Your cousin keeps her proud state still;  
I think

I have fitted her for a part.

*Anax.* *Did I not charge thee  
I ne'er might see this thing more!*

*Iphis.* *I am, indeed,  
What thing you please; a worm that you may  
tread on:*

*Lower* *I cannot fall to shew my duty,  
Till your disdain hath digg'd a grave to cover  
This body with forgotten dust; and, when  
I know your sentence, cruellest of women!  
I'll, by a willing death, remove the object  
That is an eyesore to you.*

*Anax.* *Wretch, thou dar'st not:*

*That were the last and greatest service to me  
Thy dotting love could boast of. What dull fool  
But thou could nourish any flattering hope,  
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,  
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,  
Much less consent to make my lord of one  
I'd not accept, though offer'd for my slave?  
My thoughts stoop not so low.*

*Dom.* There's her true nature:  
No personated scorn

*Anax.* *I wrong my worth,  
Or to exchange a syllable or look  
With one so far beneath me.*

*Iphis.* *Yet take heed,  
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider,  
How brittle the foundation is, on which  
You labour to advance it. Niobe,  
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn  
Latona's double burthen; but what follow'd?  
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to  
marble.*

*The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness  
Can change to loath'd deformity; your wealth  
The prey of thieves; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,  
Ulysses' bondswoman: but the love I bring you  
Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate,  
Can ravish from you.*

*Dom.* Could the oracle  
Give better counsel!

*Iphis.* *Say, will you relent yet,  
Revolving your decree that I should die?  
Or, shall I do what you command? resolve;  
I am impatient of delay.*

*Anax.* *Dispatch then:  
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,  
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove  
A comedy to me.*

*Dom.* O devil! devil!

*Iphis.* *Then thus I take my last leave. All  
the curses*

*Of lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,  
When any man, like me contemn'd, shall study,  
In the anguish of his soul, to give a name  
To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only  
Say, This most bloody woman is to me,  
As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis!—  
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in  
The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,  
That should have made us one, this fatal halter  
For ever shall divorce us: at your gate,  
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,  
I'll presently hang myself.*

*Dom.* Not for the world— [*Starts from her seat.*]  
Restrain him, as you love your lives!

*Cæs.* Why are you

Transported thus, Domitia? 'tis a play;  
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits  
This passion in you.

*Par.* I ne'er purposed, madam,  
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow  
To your care and tenderness of me.

*Dom.* Let me, sir,  
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,  
Carried me beyond myself.

*Cæs.* To your place again,  
And see what follows.

*Dom.* No, I am familiar  
With the conclusion; besides, upon the sudden  
I feel myself much indisposed.

*Cæs.* To bed then ;  
I'll be thy doctor.

*Aret.* There is something more  
In this than passion,—which I must find out,  
Or my intelligence freezes.

*Dom.* Come to me, Paris,  
To-morrow, for your reward.

[*Exeunt all but DOMITILLA and STEPHANOS*]

*Steph.* Patroness, hear me ;  
Will you not call for your share ? Sit down with  
this,

And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet,  
I shall look to see you tumble !

*Domitil.* Prithree be patient.

I, that have suffer'd greater wrongs, bear this :  
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PARTHENUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, and CÆNUS.*

*Parth.* Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris !

*Jul.* You observed not,

As it appears, the violence of her passion,  
When personating Iphis, he pretended,  
For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,  
To hang himself.

*Parth.* Yes, yes, I noted that ;  
But never could imagine it could work her  
To such a strange intemperance of affection,  
As to doat on him.

*Domitil.* By my hopes, I think not  
That she respects, though all here saw, and  
mark'd it ;

Presuming she can mould the emperor's will  
Into what form she likes, though we, and all  
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.

*Cæn.* Then with what eagerness, this morning,  
urging

The want of health and rest, she did entreat  
Cæsar to leave her !

*Domitil.* Who no sooner absent,  
But she calls, *Dwarf!* (so in her scorn she styles  
me,)

*Put on my pantofles ; fetch pen and paper,*  
*I am to write :*—and with distracted looks,  
In her smock, impatient of so short delay  
As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,  
She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas indorsed,  
*To my loved Paris.*

*Jul.* Add to this, I heard her  
Say, when a page received it, *Let him wait me,*  
*And carefully, in the walk call'd our Retreat,*  
*Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,*  
*Unsent for, never enters.*

*Parth.* This being certain,  
(For these are more than jealous suppositions,)  
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,  
Discover it ?

*Domitil.* Alas ! you know we dare not.  
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,  
To free us from that slavery which her pride  
Imposes on us. But, if you would please  
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,  
We would ever it.

*Parth.* I would second you,  
But that I am commanded with all speed  
To fetch in Ascleterio the Chaldean ;  
Who, in his absence, is condemn'd of treason,  
For calculating the nativity  
Of Cæsar, with all confidence fortelling,  
In every circumstance, when he shall die  
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve  
Of my directions, I would have you speak

As much to Aretinus, as you have  
To me deliver'd : he in his own nature  
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,  
Will undertake it ; not for goodness' sake,  
(With which he never yet held correspondence,)  
But to endear his vigilant observings  
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little  
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,  
That cross'd him in the senate-house.—

*Enter ARETINUS.*

Here he comes,  
His nose held up ; he hath something in the wind,  
Or I much err, already. My designs  
Command me hence, great ladies ; but I leave  
My wishes with you. [*Exit.*]

*Aret.* Have I caught your Greatness  
In the trap, my proud Augusta !

*Domitil.* What is't wraps him ?

*Aret.* And my fine Roman Actor ! Is't even so ?  
No coarser dish to take your wanton palate,  
Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste  
'Tis very well. I needs must glory in  
This rare discovery : but the rewards  
Of my intelligence bid me think, even now,  
By an edict from Cæsar, I have power  
To tread upon the neck of slavish Rome,  
Disposing offices and provinces  
To my kinsmen, friends, and clients.

*Domitil.* This is more  
Than usual with him.

*Jul.* Aretinus !

*Aret.* How !  
No more respect and reverence tender'd to me,  
But *Aretinus!* 'Tis confess'd that title,  
When you were princesses, and commanded all,  
Had been a favour ; but being, as you are,  
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,  
You stand obliged with as much adoration  
To entertain him, that comes arm'd with strength  
To break your fetters, as tann'd galley-slaves  
Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.  
I come not to entrap you ; but aloud  
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd : and to make  
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,  
This empress,—this Domitia,—what you will,—  
That triumphed in your miseries.

*Domitil.* Were you serious,  
To prove your accusation I could lend  
Some help.

*Cæn.* And I.

*Jul.* And I.

*Aret.* No atom to me.—

My eyes and ears are everywhere ; I know all,  
To the line and action in the play that took her :  
Her quick dissimulation to excuse

Her being transported, with her morning passion.  
I bribed the boy that did convey the letter,  
And, having perused it, made it up again :  
Your griefs and angers are to me familiar.  
—That Paris is brought to her, and how far  
He shall be tempted.

*Domitil.* This is above wonder.

*Aret.* My gold can work much stranger miracles,  
Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me—  
[*Takes out a petition.*]

'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that  
Shall ruin her and raise you. Have you set your  
To the accusation? [hands]

*Jul.* And will justify  
What we've subscribed to.

*Cæn.* And with vehemence.

*Domitil.* I will deliver it.

*Aret.* Leave the rest to me then.

*Enter CÆSAR, with his Guard.*

*Cæs.* Let our lieutenants bring us victory,  
While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home :  
And being secured from our intestine foes,  
(Far worse than foreign enemies,) doubts and fears,  
Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,  
Which fond astrologers give out to be  
Assured presages of the change of empires,  
And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet,  
Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance  
To them and fate ; we being too strongly arm'd  
For them to wound us.

*Aret.* Cæsar !

*Jul.* As thou art  
More than a man—

*Cæn.* Let not thy passions be  
Rebellious to thy reason—

*Domitil.* But receive [Delivers the petition.]  
This trial of your constancy, as unmoved  
As you go to or from the capitol,  
Thanks given to Jove for triumphs.

*Cæs.* Ha !

*Domitil.* Vouchsafe  
Awhile to stay the lightning of your eyes,  
Poor mortals dare not look on.

*Aret.* There's no vein  
Of yours that rises with high rage, but is  
An earthquake to us.

*Domitil.* And, if not kept closed  
With more than human patience, in a moment  
Will swallow us to the centre.

*Cæn.* Not that we  
Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.

*Jul.* But that she's fallen so low.

*Aret.* Which on sure proofs  
We can make good.

*Domitil.* And shew she is unworthy  
Of the least spark of that diviner fire  
You have conferr'd upon her.

*Cæs.* I stand doubtful,  
And unresolved what to determine of you.  
In this malicious violence you have offer'd  
To the altar of her truth and pureness to me,  
You have but fruitlessly labour'd to sully  
A white robe of perfection, black-mouth'd envy  
Could belch no spot on.—But I will put off  
The deity you labour to take from me,  
And argue out of probabilities with you,  
As if I were a man. Can I believe  
That she, that borrows all her light from me,  
And knows to use it, would betray her darkness

To your intelligence ; and make that apparent,  
Which, by her perturbations in a play,  
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none  
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her,  
Whose aids she might employ to make way for her ?  
Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew  
To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key  
Of Cæsar's secrets ? Could her beauty raise her  
To this unequal'd height, to make her fall  
The more remarkable ? or must my desires  
To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged  
By her, and on herself, that drew on both ?  
Or she leave our imperial bed, to court  
A public actor ?

*Aret.* Who dares contradict  
These more than human reasons, that have power  
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape  
Of innocence ?

*Domitil.* Too well she knew the strength  
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,  
And thereupon presuming, fell securely ;  
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth  
Produced against her, which your love and favour  
Will ne'er discern from falsehood.

*Cæs.* I'll not hear  
A syllable more that may invite a change  
In my opinion of her. You have raised  
A fiercer war within me by this fable,  
Though with your lives you vow to make it story,  
Than if, and at one instant, all my legions  
Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.  
Here in this paper are the swords predestined  
For my destruction ; here the fatal stars,  
That threaten more than ruin ; this the Death's  
That does assure me, if she can prove false, [head  
That I am mortal, which a sudden fever  
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.  
But now in my full confidence what she suffers,  
In that, from any witness but myself,  
I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,  
My toughness returns to me. Lead on, monsters,  
And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm  
She is all excellence, as you all baseness ;  
Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear  
There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A private Walk in the Gardens of  
the Palace.*

*Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, and Servants.*

*Dom.* Say we command, that none presume to  
On forfeit of our favour, that is life, [dare,  
Out of a saucy curiosity, to stand  
Within the distance of their eyes or ears,  
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

And, sirrah,  
Howe'er you are excepted, let it not  
Beget in you an arrogant opinion  
'Tis done to grace you.

*Par.* With my humblest service  
I but obey your summons, and should blush else,  
To be so near you.

*Dom.* 'Twould become you rather  
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you  
May overwhelm you ; and 'twill do no less,  
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups  
You boast this privacy.

*Par.* That were, mightiest empress,  
To play with lightning.

*Dom.* You conceive it right.  
The means to kill or save is not alone  
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,  
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

*Par.* 'Twould ill become the lowness of my  
fortune,

To question what you can do, but with all  
Humility to attend what is your will,  
And then to serve it.

*Dom.* And would not a secret,  
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,  
Scald you to keep it?

*Par.* Though it rag'd within me  
Till I turn'd cinders, it should ne'er have vent.  
To be an age a-dying, and with torture,  
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel,  
Or actuate what you command to me,  
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your know-  
Were a perpetual happiness. [ledge,

*Dom.* We could wish  
That we could credit thee, and cannot find  
In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen  
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,  
Faithful, and gainsome, and what virtues else  
The poet pleases to adorn you with;  
But that (as vessels still partake the odour  
Of the sweet precious liquors they contained)

Thou must be really, in some degree,  
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;  
We seriously believe it, and presume  
Our Paris is the volume, in which all  
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him  
Are curiously bound up. [graced with,

*Par.* The argument  
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting  
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,  
Or any other weak and vicious person,  
Of force I must be such. O, gracious madam,  
How glorious soever, or deform'd,  
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,  
And all my borrow'd ornaments put off,  
I am no more, nor less, than what I was  
Before I enter'd.

*Dom.* Come, you would put on  
A wilful ignorance, and not understand  
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language,  
Against the decent modesty of our sex,  
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee;  
Or that in our desires thou art preferr'd,  
And Cæsar but thy second? Thou in justice,  
If from the height of majesty we can  
Look down upon thy lowness, and embrace it,  
Art bound with fervour to look up to me.

*Par.* O, madam! hear me with a patient ear,  
And be but pleas'd to understand the reasons  
That do deter me from a happiness  
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe  
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,  
Beyond my hopes or merits, shower'd upon me,  
Make payment for them with ingratitude,  
Falsehood and treason! Though you have a shape  
Might tempt Hippolitus, and larger power  
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,  
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,  
Though I refuse to satisfy.

*Dom.* You are coy,  
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies  
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures  
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;  
But for Augusta so to lose herself,

That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,  
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must—thou shalt  
The violence of my passion knows no mean,  
And in my punishments and my rewards,  
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,  
As a caution from me; threadbare chastity  
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,  
But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent  
To have the salary of vice weigh down  
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling,  
Thy sudden answer.

*Par.* In what a strait am I brought in!  
Alas! I know that the denial's death;  
Nor can my grant, discover'd, threaten more.  
Yet, to die innocent, and have the glory  
For all posterity to report, that I  
Refused an empress, to preserve my faith  
To my great master; in true judgment, must  
Show fairer, than to buy a guilty life  
With wealth and honour. 'Tis the base I build on:  
I dare not, must not, will not.

*Dom.* How! contemn'd?  
Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes, prevail not,  
I must use a mean. [*Aside.*]—Think who 'tis sues  
Deny not that yet, which a brother may [to thee.  
Grant to a sister: as a testimony

*Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS, and a  
Guard, behind.*

I am not scorn'd, kiss me;—kiss me again:  
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,  
And I thy Helen.

*Par.* Since it is your will.  
*Cæs.* And I am Menelaus: but I shall be  
Something I know not yet.

*Dom.* Why lose we time  
And opportunity? These are but salads  
To sharpen appetite: let us to the feast,  
[*Courting PARIS wantonly.*

Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,  
And I Alcmena; and that I had power  
To lengthen out one short night into three,  
And so beget a Hercules.

*Cæs.* [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio  
Stands by, and draws the curtains.

*Par.* Oh! ——— [*Falls on his face.*

*Dom.* Betray'd!  
*Cæs.* No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,  
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods  
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring  
To witness, with a smile, he does desire  
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that  
You've sold your being for! What shall I name  
Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all [thee?  
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,  
Wrong'd men have breathed out against wicked  
women,

Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from  
Thy low condition to the height of greatness,  
Command, and majesty, in one base act  
To render me, that was, before I hugg'd thee,  
An adder, in my bosom, more than man,  
A thing beneath a beast! Did I force these  
Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to  
Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought  
But how with benefits to bind thee mine;  
And am I thus rewarded! Not a knee,  
Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?  
Break, stubborn silence: what caust thou allege  
To stay my vengeance?



*Dom.* This. Thy lust compell'd me  
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it  
In my intent and will, though not in act,  
To cuckold thee.

*Cæs.* O, impudence! take her hence,  
And let her make her entrance into hell,  
By leaving life with all the tortures that  
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power  
Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs  
Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me  
To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!  
O that my dotage should increase from that  
Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,  
If I look on her longer, I shall melt,  
And sue to her, my injuries forgot,  
Again to be received into her favour;  
Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her cham-  
ber; that her prison, till in cooler blood [ber;  
I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with DOMITILLA.*

*Arct.* Now step I in,  
While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.—  
Sir, if my service hath deserved—

*Cæs.* Yes, yes:  
And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robb'd me of  
All rest and peace, and been the principal means  
To make me know that, of which if again  
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

*Re-enter Guard.*

With the loss of empire: Strangle him; take these  
hence too,  
And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your  
reason,  
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think  
That this discovery, that hath shower'd upon me  
Perpetual vexation, should not fall  
Heavy on you? Away with them!—stop their  
I will hear no reply. [mouths;  
[*Exit Guard with ARCTINUS, JULIA, CÆNIS, and  
DOMITILLA.*

—O, Paris, Paris!  
How shall I argue with thee? how begin  
To make thee understand, before I kill thee,  
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from  
me?

Yet, in respect I have favour'd thee, I'll hear  
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse  
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;  
And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,  
As I might bury the remembrance of it.  
Look up: we stand attentive.

*Par.* O, dread Cæsar!  
To hope for life, or plead in the defence  
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.  
I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,  
That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,  
When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)  
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,  
Her will, and the temptation of that beauty  
Which you could not resist. How could poor I,  
then,

Fly that which follow'd me, and Cæsar sued for?  
This is all. And now your sentence.

*Cæs.* Which I know not  
How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been  
But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst  
In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,  
Betray'd an army, butcher'd the whole senate,  
Committed sacrilege, or any crime  
The justice of our Roman laws calls death.

I had prevented any intercession,  
And freely sign'd thy pardon.

*Par.* But for this,  
Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;  
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,  
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffer'd a wrong,  
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,  
Cowards would baffle him.

*Cæs.* With such true feeling  
Thou arguest against thyself, that it  
Works more upon me, than if my Minerva,  
The grand protectress of my life and empire,  
On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,  
Cæsar, show mercy! and, I know not how,  
I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;  
Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.  
What we must do, we shall do: we remember  
A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,  
Call'd *the False Servant*.

*Par.* Such a one we have, sir.  
*Cæs.* In which a great lord takes his protec-  
A man forlorn, giving him ample power [tion  
To order and dispose of his estate  
In's absence, he pretending then a journey.  
But yet with this restraint that, on no terms,  
(This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,  
She having play'd false to a former husband,)  
The servant, though solicited, should consent,  
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

*Par.* That was, indeed, the argument.  
*Cæs.* And what  
Didst thou play in it?  
*Par.* *The False Servant*, sir.  
*Cæs.* Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait  
without?

*Par.* They do, sir, and prepared to act the story  
Your majesty mention'd.  
*Cæs.* Call them in. Who presents  
The injured lord?

*Enter ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, and a Lady.*

*Æsop.* 'Tis my part, sir.  
*Cæs.* Thou didst not  
Do it to the life; we can perform it better.  
Off with my robe and wreath: since Nero scorn'd  
The public theatre, we in private may [not  
Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without  
Wearing a beard, or other property,  
Will fit the person.

*Æsop.* Only, sir, a foil,  
The point and edge rebated, when you act,  
To do the murder. If you please to use this,  
And lay aside your own sword.

*Cæs.* By no means,  
In jest nor earnest this parts never from me.  
We'll have but one short scene—That, where the  
In an imperious way commands the servant [lady  
To be unthankful to his patron: when  
My cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,  
And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,  
When I come to execution, you shall find  
No cause to laugh at me.

*Lat.* In the name of wonder,  
What's Cæsar's purpose!

*Æsop.* There is no contending.

*Cæs.* Why, when?

*Par.* I am arm'd:

And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his  
Inevitable dart aim'd at my breast,  
His cold embraces should not bring an ague

To any of my faculties, till his pleasures  
Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's  
years

To me would be unwelcome. [Aside.]

Lady. *Must we entreat,  
That were born to command? or court a servant,  
That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,  
For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel  
for?*

*Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of  
Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged  
For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears  
Of what may follow, it being in my power  
To mould him any way.*

Par. *As you may me,  
In what his reputation is not wounded,  
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.  
I know you're young, and fair; be virtuous too,  
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you  
To the height of happiness.*

Lady. *Can my love-sick heart  
Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever  
Offer to put in an exploded plea  
In the court of Venus? My desires admit not  
The least delay; and therefore instantly  
Give me to understand what I must trust to:  
For, if I am refused, and not enjoy  
Those ravishing pleasures from thee, I run mad  
I'll swear unto my lord, at his return, [for,  
(Making what I deliver good with tears.)  
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me  
What I make suit for. And then but imagine  
What 'tis to die, with these words, slave and traitor,*

*With burning corsives writ upon thy forehead,  
And live prepared for't.*

Par. *This he will believe  
Upon her information, 'tis apparent;  
And then I'm nothing: and of two extremes,*

*Wisdom says, choose the less. [Aside.]—Rather  
Under your indignation, I will yield: [than fall  
This kiss, and this, confirms it.*

*Æsoop. Now, sir, now.*

*Cas. I must take them at it?*

*Æsoop. Yes, sir; be but perfect.*

*Cas. O villain! thankless villain!—I should  
talk now;*

But I've forgot my part. But I can do:  
Thus, thus, and thus! [Stabs PARIS.]

Par. Oh! I am slain in earnest.

*Cas. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good  
Paris:*

And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour  
I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.  
If it had been within the power of Cæsar,  
His dignity preserved, he had pardon'd thee:  
But cruelty of honour did deny it.  
Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study,  
To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish  
My Paris from all others; and in that  
Have shewn my pity. Nor would I let thee fall  
By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs  
Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however  
Thy crime deserved it: but, as thou didst live  
Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou  
Shouldst die in action, and to crown it, die,  
With an applause enduring to all times,  
By our imperial hand.—His soul is freed  
From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward!  
And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile  
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed  
In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse  
With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage  
For ever mourn him, and all such as were  
His glad spectators, weep his sudden death,  
The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

*[Sad music; the Players bear off PARIS's body, CÆSAR and  
the rest following.]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with an image  
of Minerva.*

*Enter PARTHENIUS, STEPHANOS, and Guard.*

Parth. Keep a strong guard upon him, and  
Access to any, to exchange a word [admit not  
Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases  
To call him to his presence.—[Exit Guard.]—The  
relation

That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late  
Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.  
The informer Aretinus put to death  
For yielding him a true discovery  
Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris kill'd first,  
And now lamented; and the princesses  
Confined to several islands; yet Augusta,  
The machine on which all this mischief moved,  
Received again to grace!

Steph. Nay, courted to it:  
Such is the impotence of his affection!  
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out,  
The people made suit for her, whom they hate.  
Than civil war, or famine. But take heed, [more  
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,  
You lend or furtherance or favour to

The plot contrived against her: should she prove  
Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man, [it,  
Her power o'er doating Cæsar being now  
Greater than ever.

Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at;  
And, when there's opportunity—

Steph. Say but, Do,  
I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I'll stand one trial more,  
And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe  
The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.  
[They stand aside.]

*Enter CÆSAR and DOMITIA.*

*Cas. Nay, all's forgotten.*

*Dom. It may be, on your part.*

*Cas. Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour  
That you should welcome with more cheerful looks.  
Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for,  
That did the injury, and yet must sue  
To her, whose guilt is wash'd off by his mercy,  
Only to entertain it?*

*Dom. I ask'd none;  
And I should be more wretched to receive*

Remission for what I hold no crime,  
But by a bare acknowledgment, than if,  
By slighting and contemning it, as now,  
I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers  
Persuade thee, that thy murders, lusts, and rapes,  
Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar,  
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;  
Or work in thee a false belief that thou  
Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth,  
When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes,  
And all the ensigns of thy boasted power,  
Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar,  
Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to  
His violent passions, and in that my slave;  
Nay, more my slave than my affections made me  
To my loved Paris.

*Cæs.* Can I live and hear this?

Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know  
The strength that you hold on me, do not use it  
With too much cruelty; for though 'tis granted  
That Lydian Omphale had less command  
O'er Hercules, than you usurp o'er me,  
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke  
Of my fond dotage.

*Dom.* Never; do not hope it:

It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive,  
And not to be redeem'd, my empire's larger  
Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise  
With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death.  
And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with  
fury,

To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me,  
I know thy fervour such to my embraces,  
Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, still denied  
thee,

That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor  
Did live again, so thou mightst be his second  
To feed upon those delicacies, when he's sated.

*Cæs.* O my Minerva!

*Dom.* There she is, [*Points to the statue*] in-  
She cannot arm thee with ability [*voke her*]:  
To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater:  
Or only say to thy centurions,  
Dare none of you do what I shake to think on,  
And, in this woman's death, remove the Furies  
That every hour afflict me?—Lamia's wrongs,  
When thy lust forced me from him, are, in me,  
At the height revenged; nor would I outlive  
Paris,

But that thy love, increasing with my hate,  
May add unto thy torments; so, with all  
Contempt I can, I leave thee.

[*Exit.*]

*Cæs.* I am lost;

Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betray'd  
The freedom of my faculties and will  
To this imperious Siren, I laid down  
The empire of the world, and of myself,  
At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers!  
Or is the magic of my dotage such,  
That I must still make suit to hear those charms  
That do increase my thralldom! Wake, my anger!  
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear  
With usual terror, and enable me;  
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,  
Nor have a tongue to say this, *Let her die*,  
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,

[*Pulls out a table-book.*]

To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,  
And vindicate thy votary! [*writes*] So; she's now  
Among the list of those I have proscribed,

And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,  
To die to-morrow.

*Steph.* That same fatal book  
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank  
Were mark'd out for destruction. [*Exit.*]

*Parth.* I begin  
To doubt myself.

*Cæs.* Who waits there?

*Parth.* [*Coming forward.*] Cæsar.

*Cæs.* So!

These, that command arm'd troops, quake at my  
frowns,

And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard  
We charged you to fetch in?

*Parth.* Ready to suffer

What death you please to appoint him.

*Cæs.* Bring him in.

We'll question him ourself.

*Enter Tribunes, and Guard with ASCLETARIO.*

Now, you, that hold

Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix  
The day and hour in which we are to part  
With life and empire, punctually foretelling  
The means and manner of our violent end;  
As you would purchase credit to your art,  
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,  
What fate attends yourself?

*Ascle.* I have had long since

A certain knowledge, and as sure as thou  
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of  
The kalends of October, the hour five:  
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be  
Torn and devour'd by dogs;—and let that stand  
For a firm prediction.

*Cæs.* May our body, wretch,  
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this  
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer  
Of life and death, yet cannot mock the stars  
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;  
And having cut his throat, erect a pile,  
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursed trunk  
Be turn'd to ashes: upon forfeit of  
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

*Ascle.* 'Tis in vain;

When what I have foretold is made apparent,  
Tremble to think what follows.

*Cæs.* Drag him hence,

[*The Tribunes and Guard bear off ASCLETARIO.*]

And do as I command you. I was never  
Fuller of confidence; for, having got  
The victory of my passions, in my freedom  
From proud Domitia, (who shall cease to live,  
Since she disdains to love), I rest unmoved:  
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,  
Chaldeans' vain predictions, jealous fears  
Of my near friends and freedoms, certain hate  
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors  
The soldiers' doubted faith, or people's rage  
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am arm'd.  
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is scar'd  
And I insensible of all my actions, [*up.*]  
For which, by moral and religious fools,  
I stand condemn'd, as they had never been.  
And, since I have subdued triumphant love,  
I will not deify pale captive fear,  
Nor in a thought receive it: for, till thou,  
Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth  
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,  
Not Junius Rusticus' threaten'd apparition,

Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,  
Being things impossible to human reason.  
Shall in a dream disturb me: Bring my couch,  
A sudden but a secure drowsiness [there ;  
Invites me to repose myself. [*A couch brought in.*]

Let music,  
With some choice ditty, second it :— [*Exit PARTHENIUS.*—The mean time,  
Rest there, dear book, which open'd, when I wake,  
Shall make some sleep for ever.  
[*Lays the book under his pillow.*  
[*Music and a song. CÆSAR sleeps.*

*Re-enter PARTHENIUS and DOMITIA.*

*Dom.* Write my name  
In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle :  
He durst not, could not.

*Parth.* I can assure nothing ;  
But I observed, when you departed from him,  
After some little passion, but much fury,  
He drew it out : whose death he sign'd, I know  
But in his looks appear'd a resolution [not ;  
Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath  
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon  
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,  
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,  
Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it.  
Now, if out of the confidence of your power,  
The bloody catalogue being still about him,  
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,  
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,  
Or how to cross it.

*Dom.* I would not be caught  
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir,  
No motion!—you lie uneasy, sir, [Ha!  
Let me mend your pillow. [*Takes away the book.*

*Parth.* Have you it ?

*Dom.* 'Tis here.

*Cæs.* Oh!

*Parth.* You have waked him : softly, gracious  
madam,

While we are unknown ; and then consult at leisure.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Dreadful music. The apparitions of JUNIUS RUSTICIUS  
and PALPHURIUS SURA rise, with bloody swords in  
their hands ; they wave them over the head of CÆSAR,  
who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if praying to  
the image of Minerva, which they scornfully seize,  
and then disappear with it.*

*Cæs.* [*starting.*] Defend me, goddess, or this  
horrid dream

Will force me to distraction ! whither have  
These Furies born thee ? Let me rise and follow.  
I am bath'd o'er with the cold sweat of death,  
And am deprived of organs to pursue  
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once  
Robb'd of my hopes and being ? No, I live—  
[*Rises distractedly.*

Yes, live, and have discourse, to know myself  
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser  
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,  
In being just to neither ? Who dares speak this ?  
Am I not Cæsar ?—How I again repeat it ?  
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die :—What  
traitor ?

He that hath been a traitor to himself,  
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit  
A competent judge o'er Cæsar ? Cæsar. Yes,  
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer ;  
Minerva cannot save him. Ha ! where is she ?

Where is my goddess ? vanish'd ! I am lost then.  
No ; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,  
That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,  
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,  
Were by their innocence made up again,  
And in corporeal forms but now appear'd,  
Waving their bloody swords above my head,  
As at their deaths they threaten'd. And me-  
thought.

Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she  
Was, for my blasphemies, disarm'd by Jove,  
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so.

His thunder does confirm it, against which,  
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath  
[*Thunder and lightning*

*Enter three Tribunes.*

Is no assurance. Ha ! come you resolved  
To be my executioners ?

*1 Trib.* Allegiance  
And faith forbid that we should lift an arm  
Against your sacred head.

*2 Trib.* We rather sue  
For mercy.

*3 Trib.* And acknowledge that in justice  
Our lives are forfeited for not performing  
What Cæsar charged us.

*1 Trib.* Nor did we transgress it  
In our want of will or care ; for, being but men,  
It could not be in us to make resistance,  
The gods fighting against us.

*Cæs.* Speak, in what  
Did they express their anger ? we will hear it,  
But dare not say, undaunted.

*1 Trib.* In brief thus, sir :  
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,  
For the astrologer Ascleterio's death,  
With speed was put in execution.

*Cæs.* Well.

*1 Trib.* For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and  
his arms

Pinion'd behind his back, the breathless trunk  
Was with all scorn dragg'd to the field of Mars,  
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,  
Smear'd o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else  
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,  
The carcass was thrown on it ; but no sooner  
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,  
But suddenly, to the amazement of  
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash  
Of lightning, breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,  
And, as disdaining all heat but itself,  
In a moment quenched the artificial fire :  
And before we could kindle it again,  
A clap of thunder follow'd with such noise,  
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,  
Had in his secret purposes determined  
An universal ruin to the world.

This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood  
Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is  
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen :  
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury,  
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile ;  
Or that the sea, spouted into the air  
By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships  
But sailing near it, so falls down again.—  
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins :  
For, as in vain we labour'd to consume  
The wizard's body, all the dogs of Rome,

Howling and yelling like to famish'd wolves,  
 Brake in upon us; and though thousands were  
 Kill'd in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,  
 And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.

*Cæs.* But have they torn it?

*1 Trib.* Torn it, and devour'd it.

*Cæs.* I then am a dead man, since all predic-  
 tions

Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,  
 Your emperor must leave you I yet, however  
 I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,  
 I freely pardon you. The fatal hour  
 Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning  
 By five, my soldiers; that's the latest hour  
 You e'er must see me living.

*1 Trib.* Jove avert it!

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.

*Cæs.* O no, it cannot be; it is decreed  
 Above, and by no strength here to be alter'd.  
 Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,  
 Compass'd of late with armies, in his eyes  
 Carrying both life and death, and in his arms  
 Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a God,  
 And is, for that presumption, cast beneath  
 The low condition of a common man,  
 Sinking with mine own weight.

*1 Trib.* Do not forsake

Yourself, we'll never leave you.

*2 Trib.* We'll draw up

More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.

*Cæs.* They cannot save me. The offended gods,  
 That now sit judges on me, from their envy  
 Of my power and greatness here, conspire against

*1 Trib.* Endeavour to appease them. [me.]

*Cæs.* 'Twill be fruitless:

I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I  
 Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,  
 That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:  
 And could you but till then assure me—

*1 Trib.* Yes, sir;

Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn  
 In which we'll mix our ashes.

*Cæs.* 'Tis said nobly:

I am something comforted: howe'er, to die  
 Is the full period of calamity. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CÆNIE, DOMITILLA,  
 STEPHANOS, SEJRIUS, and ENTELLUS.

*Parth.* You see we are all condemn'd; there's  
 no evasion;

We must do, or suffer.

*Steph.* But it must be sudden;

The least delay is mortal.

*Dom.* Would I were

A man, to give it action!

*Domitil.* Could I make my approaches, though  
 my stature

Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring  
 As her's that can reach higher.

*Steph.* I will take

That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,  
 To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;  
 For, could you bring him but within my sword's  
 reach,

The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant  
 To Stephanos.

*Sej.* You shall not share alone

The glory of a deed that will endure  
 To all posterity.

*Ent.* I will put in

For a part, myself.

*Parth.* Be resolv'd, and stand close.

I have conceived a way, and with the hazard  
 Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.  
 But then no trifling.

*Steph.* We'll dispatch him, fear not:

A dead dog never bites.

*Parth.* Thus then at all.

[Exit; the rest conceal themselves.]

Enter CÆSAR and the Tribunes.

*Cæs.* How slow-paced are these minutes! in  
 How miserable is the least delay! [extremes,  
 Could I imp feathers to the wings of time,  
 Or with as little ease command the sun  
 To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,  
 Making the hour to tremble at, past recalling,  
 As I can move this dial's tongue to six;  
 My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,  
 Would fill and swell again. How do I look?  
 Do you yet see Death about me?

*1 Trib.* Think not of him;

There is no danger: all these prodigies  
 That do affright you, rise from natural causes;  
 And though you do ascribe them to yourself,  
 Had you ne'er been, had happened.

*Cæs.* 'Tis well said,

Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be,  
 That I, that feel myself in health and strength,  
 Should still believe I am so near my end,  
 And have my guards about me? perish all  
 Predictions! I grow constant they are false,  
 And built upon uncertainties.

*1 Trib.* This is right;

Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.

*Cæs.* We will to

The camp, and having there confirm'd the soldier  
 With a large donative, and increase of pay,  
 Some shall—I say no more.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS.

*Parth.* All happiness,  
 Security, long life, attend upon  
 The monarch of the world!

*Cæs.* Thy looks are cheerful.

*Parth.* And my relation full of joy and wonder.  
 Why is the care of your imperial body,  
 My lord, neglected, the fear'd hour being past,  
 In which your life was threaten'd?

*Cæs.* Is't past five?

*Parth.* Past six, upon my knowledge; and, in  
 justice,

Your clock-master should die, that hath deferr'd  
 Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,  
 That brings assured intelligence, that your legions  
 In Syria have won a glorious day,  
 And much enlarged your empire. I have kept  
 him

Conceal'd, that you might first partake the pleasure  
 In private, and the senate from yourself  
 Be taught to understand how much they owe  
 To you and to your fortune.

*Cæs.* Hence, pale fear, then!

Lead me, Parthenius.

*1 Trib.* Shall we wait you?

*Cæs.* No.

After losses guards are useful. Know your dis-  
 tance. [Exeunt CÆSAR and PARTHENIUS]

2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude men! as  
I live,

The hour is not yet come.

1 Trib. Howe'er, we are

To pay our duties, and observe the sequel.

[*Exeunt Tribunes. DOMITIA and the rest come forward.*]

Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

*Re-enter CESAR and PARTHENIUS.*

Ces. Where, Parthenius,

Is this glad messenger?

Steph. Make the door fast.—Here;

A messenger of horror.

Ces. How! betray'd?

Dom. No; taken, tyrant.

Ces. My Domitia

In the conspiracy!

Parth. Behold this book.

Ces. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am

I'll not fall poorly. [unarm'd,

*[Overthrows STEPHANOS.*]

Steph. Help me.

Ent. Thus, and thus!

Sej. Are you so long a falling? } *They stab him.*

Ces. 'Tis done basely. } *[Falls, and dies.*

Parth. This for my father's death.

Dom. This for my Paris.

Jul. This for thy incest.

Domitil. This for thy abuse

Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*]

Tribunes. [*Within.*] Force the doors!

*Enter Tribunes.*

O Mars!

What have you done?

Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.

Steph. Dispatch'd a monster.

1 Trib. Yet he was our prince,

However wicked; and, in you, this murder,—

Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:

Nor will we, that serv'd under his command,

Consent that such a monster as thyself,

(For in thy wickedness Augusta's title  
Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert the  
ground

Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd.

Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.—

We will refer the hearing to the senate,

Who may at their best leisure censure you.

Take up his body: he in death hath paid

For all his cruelties. Here's the difference;

Good kings are mourn'd for after life; but ill,

And such as govern'd only by their will,

And not their reason, unlamented fall;

No good man's tear shed at their funeral.

*[Exeunt; the Tribunes bearing the body of CESAR.]*

# THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

TO THE TRULY HONOURED, AND MY NOBLE FAVOURER,  
SIR ROBERT WISEMAN, KNT.

OF THORRELL'S-HALL, IN ESSEX.

SIR,—As I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits you have heretofore conferred upon me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However, examples encourage me. The most able in my poor quality have made use of Dedications in this nature, to make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who and what they were that gave supportment and protection to their studies, being more willing to publish the doer, than receive a benefit in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge, that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty. But it is above my strength and faculties to celebrate to the desert your noble inclinations, and that made actual, to raise up, or, to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruins of demolished poeie. But that is a work reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, contain not the name of

Your true and faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COSIMO, *Duke of Florence.*

GIOVANNI, *Nephew to the Duke.*

SANAZARRO, *the Duke's Favourite.*

CAROLO CHAROMONTE, GIOVANNI'S Tutor.

CONTARINO, *Secretary to the Duke.*

ALPHONSO,  
HIPPOLITO,  
HIERONIMO, } *Counsellors of State.*

CALANDRINO, *a merry fellow, Servant to GIOVANNI.*

BERNARDO, }  
CAPONI, } *Servants to CHAROMONTE.*  
PETRUCHIO, }  
A Gentleman.

FIORINDA, *Dutchess of URBIN.*

LIDIA, *Daughter to CHAROMONTE.*

CALAMINTA, *Servant to FIORINDA.*

PETRONELLA, *a foolish Servant to LIDIA.*

Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN FLORENCE, AND PARTLY AT THE RESIDENCE OF CHAROMONTE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in CHAROMONTE'S House.*

*Enter CHAROMONTE and CONTARINO.*

*Char.* You bring your welcome with you.

*Cont.* Sir, I find it

In every circumstance.

*Char.* Again most welcome.

Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you, excuse me,

For I must use the freedom I was born with)  
The great duke's pleasure had commanded you  
To my poor house upon some other service;  
Not this you are design'd to: but his will  
Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me  
The happy conversation of one  
As dear to me as the old Romans held

Their household Lays, whom they believed had  
To bless and guard their families. [power

*Cont.* 'Tis received so

On my part, signior; nor can the duke  
But promise to himself as much as may  
Be hoped for from a nephew. And 'twere weakness  
In any man to doubt, that Giovanni.

Train'd up by your experience and care

In all those arts peculiar and proper

To future greatness, of necessity

Must in his actions, being grown a man,

Make good the princely education

Which he derived from you.

*Char.* I have discharged,

To the utmost of my power, the trust the duke

Committed to me, and with joy perceive

The seed of my endeavours was not sown

Upon the barren sands, but fruitful glebe,  
Which yields a large increase: my noble charge,  
By his sharp wit, and pregnant apprehension,  
Instructing those that teach him; making use,  
Not in a vulgar and pedantic form,  
Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested,  
And truly made his own. His grave discourse,  
In one no more indebted unto years,  
Amazes such as hear him: horsemanship,  
And skill to use his weapon, are by practice  
Familiar to him: as for knowledge in  
Music, he needs it not, it being born with him;  
All that he speaks being with such grace deliver'd,  
That it makes perfect harmony.

*Cont.* You describe  
A wonder to me.

*Car.* Sir, he is no less;  
And that there may be nothing wanting that  
May render him complete, the sweetness of  
His disposition so wins on all  
Appointed to attend him, that they are  
Rivals, even in the coarsest office, who  
Shall get precedency to do him service;  
Which they esteem a greater happiness,  
Than if they had been fashion'd and built up  
To hold command o'er others.

*Cont.* And what place  
Does he now bless with his presence?

*Char.* He is now  
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.  
He does allot for every exercise  
A several hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices,  
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.  
But I fear I am tedious, let us pass,  
If you please, to some other subject, though I can  
Deliver him as he deserves. [not

*Cont.* You have given him  
A noble character.

*Char.* And how, I pray you,  
(For we, that never look beyond our villas,  
Must be inquisitive,) are state affairs  
Carried in court?

*Cont.* There's little alteration:  
Some rise, and others fall, as it stands with  
The pleasure of the duke, their great disposer.

*Char.* Does Lodovico Sanazarro hold  
Weight, and grace with him?

*Cont.* Every day new honours  
Are shower'd upon him, and without the envy  
Of such as are good men; since all confess  
The service done our master in his wars  
'Gainst Pisa and Sienna may with justice  
Claim what's conferr'd upon him.

*Char.* 'Tis said nobly;  
For princes never more make known their wisdom,  
Than when they cherish goodness where they find  
They being men, and not gods, Contarino, [it:  
They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues;  
That is without their power. When they advance,  
Not out of judgment, but deceiving fancy,  
An undeserving man, howe'er set off  
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power,  
And of a creature even grown terrible  
To him from whom he took his giant form,  
This thing is still a comet, no true star;  
And when the bounties feeding his false fire  
Begin to fail, will of itself go out,  
And what was dreadful, proves ridiculous.  
But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so,  
He being pure and tried gold; and any stamp

Of grace, to make him current to the world,  
The duke is pleased to give him, will add honour  
To the great bestower; for he, though allow'd  
Companion to his master, still preserves  
His majesty in full lustre.

*Cont.* He, indeed,  
At no part does take from it, but becomes  
A partner of his cares, and eases him,  
With willing shoulders, of a burthen which  
He should alone sustain.

*Char.* Is he yet married?  
*Cont.* No, signior, still a bachelor; bowe'er  
It is apparent that the choicest virgin  
For beauty, bravery, and wealth, in Florence,  
Would, with her parents' glad consent, be won,  
Were his affection and intent but known,  
To be at his devotion.

*Char.* So I think too.  
But break we off—here comes my princely charge.

*Enter GIOVANNI and CALANDRINO.*

Make your approaches boldly; you will find  
A courteous entertainment. [Cont. kneels.

*Giov.* Pray you, forbear  
My hand, good signior; 'tis a ceremony  
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace  
With mutual arms.

*Cont.* It is a favour, sir,  
I grieve to be denied.

*Giov.* You shall o'ercome:  
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride, that grants it.  
Nay, pray you, guardian, and good sir, put on:  
How ill it shews to have that reverend head  
Uncover'd to a boy!

*Char.* Your excellence  
Must give me liberty to observe the distance  
And duty that I owe you.

*Giov.* Owe me duty!  
I do profess (and when I do deny it,  
Good fortune leave me!) you have been to me  
A second father, and may justly challenge,  
For training up my youth in arts and arms,  
As much respect and service, as was due  
To him that gave me life. And did you know,

Or will believe from me, how many sleeps  
Good Charomonte hath broken, in his care  
To build me up a man, you must confess  
Chiron, the tutor to the great Achilles,  
Compared with him, deserves not to be named.

And if my gracious uncle, the great duke,  
Still holds me worthy his consideration,  
Or finds in me aught worthy to be loved,  
That little rivulet flow'd from this spring;  
And so from me report him.

*Cont.* Fame already  
Hath fill'd his highness' ears with the true story  
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.  
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travail  
Of this grave sir, with a magnificent hand.  
For, though his tenderness hardly could consent  
To have you one hour absent from his sight,  
For full three years he did deny himself  
The pleasure he took in you, that you, here,  
From this great master, might arrive unto  
The theory of those high mysteries  
Which you, by action, must make plain in court.  
'Tis, therefore, his request, (and that, from him,  
Your excellence must grant a strict command,)  
That instantly (it being not five hours riding)



You should take horse and visit him. These his  
Will yield you further reasons. [letters

[Delivers a packet.

*Cal.* To the court!  
Farewell the flower, then, of the country's garland,  
This is our sun, and when he's set, we must not  
Expect or spring or summer, but resolve  
For a perpetual winter.

*Char.* Pray you, observe  
[GIOVANNI reading the letters.

The frequent changes in his face.

*Cont.* As if  
His much unwillingness to leave your house  
Contented with his duty.

*Char.* Now he appears  
Collected and resolved.

*Giov.* It is the duke!  
The duke, upon whose favour all my hopes  
And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check  
At his commands for any private motives  
That do invite my stay here, though they are  
Almost not to be master'd. My obedience,  
In my departing suddenly, shall confirm  
I am his highness' creature; yet, I hope  
A little stay to take a solemn farewell  
Of all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted  
In this my sweet retirement, from my guardian,  
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meet  
An ill construction.

*Cont.* I will answer that:  
Use your own will.

*Giov.* I would speak to you, sir,  
In such a phrase as might express the thanks  
My heart would gladly pay; but—

*Char.* I conceive you:  
And something I would say; but I must do it  
In that dumb rhetoric which you make use of;  
For I do wish you all—I know not how,  
My toughness melts, and, spite of my discretion,  
I must turn woman. [Embraces GIOVANNI.

*Cont.* What a sympathy  
There is between them!

*Cal.* Were I on the rack,  
I could not shed a tear. But I am mad,  
And, ten to one, shall hang myself for sorrow,  
Before I shift my shirt. But hear you, sir,  
(I'll separate you,) when you are gone, what will  
Become of me?

*Giov.* Why, thou shalt to court with me.  
[Takes CHAR, aside.

*Cal.* To see you worried?

*Cont.* Worried, Calandrino!

*Cal.* Yes, sir: for, bring this sweet face to the  
court,  
There will be such a longing 'mong the madams,  
Who shall engross it first, nay, fight and scratch  
for't,

That, if they be not stopp'd, for entertainment  
They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll 'scape so,  
And not be tempted to a further danger,  
These succubæ are so sharp set, that you must  
Give out you are an enouch.

*Cont.* Have a better  
Opinion of court-ladies, and take care  
Of your own stake.

*Cal.* For my stake, 'tis past caring.  
I would not have a bird of unclean feathers  
Hansel his lime twig,—and so much for him:  
There's something else that troubles me.

*Cont.* What's that?

*Cal.* Why, how to behave myself in court, and  
tightly.

I have been told the very place transforms men,  
And that not one of a thousand, that before  
Lived honestly in the country on plain salads,  
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him  
But a month or two with custards and court cake-  
bread,

And he turns knave immediately.—I'd be honest;  
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

*Giov.* And, if I ever reach my hopes, believe it,  
We will share fortunes.

*Char.* This acknowledgment

Enter LIDIA.

Binds me your debtor ever.—Here comes one  
In whose sad looks you easily may read  
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced  
To take her last leave of you.

*Cont.* As I live,  
A beauty without parallel!

*Lid.* Must you go, then,  
So suddenly?

*Giov.* There's no evasion, Lidia,  
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it  
At any rate. Greatness, with private men  
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;  
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude  
The only freemen, are the only slaves.  
Happy the golden mean! had I been born  
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up  
With expectation to command a court,  
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,  
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,  
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd  
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised  
So high upon the pinnacles of state,  
That I must either keep my height with danger,  
Or fall with certain ruin.

*Lid.* Your own goodness  
Will be your faithful guard.

*Giov.* O, Lidia! —

*Cont.* So passionate! [Aside.

*Giov.* For, had I been your equal,  
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,  
And not, as now, with others; I might still,  
And without observation, or envy,  
As I have done, continued my delights  
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,  
The abstract of society: we might walk  
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;  
From the variety of curious flowers  
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders:  
And then, for change, near to the murmur of  
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,  
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,  
In my imagination conceive  
With what melodious harmony a quire  
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.  
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,  
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—  
And all this I must part from.

*Cont.* You forget

The haste imposed upon us.

*Giov.* One word more,  
And then I come. And after this, when, with  
Continued innocence of love and service,  
I had grown ripe for Hymeneal joys,  
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,  
I might have been your husband.

*Lid.* Sir, I was,  
And ever am, your servant; but it was,  
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish  
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir  
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,  
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,  
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal  
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,  
A princess equal to you; such a one  
That may make it the study of her life,  
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you.  
May you have happy issue, and I live  
To be their humblest handmaid!

*Giov.* I am dumb,  
And can make no reply.

*Cont.* Your excellence  
Will be benighted.

*Giov.* This kiss, bathed in tears,  
May learn you what I should say.

*Lid.* Give me leave  
To wait on you to your horse.

*Char.* And me to bring you  
To the one half of your journey.

*Giov.* Your love puts  
Your age to too much trouble.

*Char.* I grow young,  
When most I serve you.

*Cont.* Sir, the duke shall thank you. [Exit.

SCENE II.—FLORENCE.—A Room in the  
Palace.

Enter ALFONSO, HIPOLITO, and HIBONIMO.

*Alph.* His highness cannot take it ill.

*Hip.* However,  
We with our duties shall express our care  
For the safety of his dukedom.

*Hier.* And our loves

Enter COZIMO.

To his person.—Here he comes: present it boldly.

[They kneel, ALFONSO tenders a Paper.

*Coz.* What needs this form? We are not grown  
As to disdain familiar conference . . . [so proud  
With such as are to counsel and direct us.  
This kind of adoration shew'd not well  
In the old Roman emperors, who, forgetting  
That they were flesh and blood, would be styled  
gods:

In us to suffer it, were worse. Pray you, rise.

[Reads.

Still the old suit! With too much curiousness  
You have too often search'd this wound, which  
Security and rest, not trouble to me. [yields  
For here you grieve, that my firm resolution  
Continues me a widower; and that  
My want of issue to succeed me in  
My government, when I am dead, may breed  
Distraction in the state, and make the name  
And family of the Medici, now admired,  
Contemptible.

*Hip.* And with strong reasons, sir.

*Alph.* For, were you old, and past hope to beget  
The model of yourself, we should be silent.

*Hier.* But, being in your height and pride of  
As you are now, great sir, and having, too, [years,  
In your possession the daughter of  
The deceased duke of Urbino, and his heir  
Whose guardian you are made; were you but  
pleas'd

To think her worthy of you, besides children,  
The dukedom she brings with her for a dowry  
Will yield a large increase of strength and power  
To those fair territories which already  
Acknowledge you their absolute lord.

*Coz.* You press us  
With solid arguments, we grant; and, though  
We stand not bound to yield account to any  
Why we do this or that, (the full consent  
Of our subjects being included in our will,)  
We, out of our free bounties, will deliver  
The motives that divert us. You well know  
That, three years since, to our much grief, we lost  
Our dutchess; such a dutchess, that the world,  
In her whole course of life, yields not a lady  
That can with imitation deserve  
To be her second; in her grave we buried  
All thoughts of woman: let this satisfy  
For any second marriage. Now, whereas  
You name the heir of Urbino, as a princess  
Of great revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so:  
But for some causes, private to ourself,  
We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair not;  
For you, ere long, with joy shall understand,  
That in our princely care we have provided  
One worthy to succeed us.

Enter SANAZARRO.

*Hip.* We submit,  
And hold the counsels of great Cozimo  
Oraculous.

*Coz.* My Sanazarro!—Nay,  
Forbear all ceremony. You look sprightly, friend,  
And promise in your clear aspect some novel  
That may delight us.

*Sanas.* O sir, I would not be  
The harbinger of aught that might distaste you;  
And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to torture  
Your highness' expectation) your vice-admiral,  
By my directions, hath surprised the gallies  
Appointed to transport the Asian tribute  
Of the great Turk; a richer prize was never  
Brought into Florence.

*Coz.* Still my nightingale,  
That with sweet accents dost assure me, that  
My spring of happiness comes fast upon me!  
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch  
An enemy to brave and thriving action,  
That dares believe but in a thought, we are  
Too prodigal in our favours to this man,  
Whose merits, though with him we should divide  
Our dukedom, still continue us his debtor.

*Hip.* 'Tis far from me.

*Alph.* We all applaud it.

*Coz.* Nay, blush not, Sanazarro, we are proud  
Of what we build up in thee; nor can our  
Election be disparaged, since we have not  
Received into our bosom and our grace  
A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding  
On others' toil, but an industrious bee,  
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,  
And every happy evening returns  
Loaden with wax and honey to our hive.

*Sanas.* My best endeavours never can discharge  
The service I should pay.

*Coz.* Thou art too modest;  
But we will study how to give, and when.

Enter GIOVANNI and CONTARINO.

Before it be demanded.—Giovanni!  
My nephew! let me eye thee better, boy.

In thee, methinks, my sister lives again ;  
For her love I will be a father to thee,  
For thou art my adopted son.

*Giov.* Your servant,  
And humblest subject.

*Cox.* Thy hard travel, nephew,  
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear,  
For the present, an account how thou hast spent  
Thy absent hours. See, signiors, see, our care,  
Without a second bed, provides you of  
A hopeful prince. Carry him to his lodgings,  
And, for his further honour, Sanazarro,  
With the rest, do you attend him.

*Giov.* All true pleasures  
Circle your highness !

*Sanas.* As the rising sun,  
We do receive you.

*Giov.* May this never set,  
But shine upon you ever !

[*Exeunt GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, HIERONIMO, ALPHONSO,  
and HIPPOLITO.*]

*Cox.* Contarino !

*Cont.* My gracious lord.

*Cox.* What entertainment found you  
From Carolo de Charomonte ?

*Cont.* Free,  
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,  
Noble and hospitable.

*Cox.* But did my nephew  
Depart thence willingly ?

*Cont.* He obey'd your summons  
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,  
But that he durst not cross your will, he would  
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding  
Variety of sweetest entertainment.  
But there was something else ; nor can I blame  
His youth, though with some trouble he took  
leave

Of such a sweet companion.

*Cox.* Who was it ?

*Cont.* The daughter, sir, of signior Carolo,  
Fair Lidia, a virgin, at all parts,  
But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him.  
The rarest beauties Italy can make boast of,  
Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance  
Of all perfection. And what increases  
The wonder, sir, her body's matchless form  
Is better'd by the pureness of her soul.  
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour,  
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,  
With a simplicity that shames all courtship,  
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe  
Had Circe or Calypso her sweet graces,  
Wandering Ulysses never had remember'd  
Penelope, or Ithaca.

*Cox.* Be not rapt so.

*Cont.* Your excellence would be so, had you  
seen her.

*Coz.* Take up, take up.—But did your obser-  
vation

Note any passage of affection  
Between her and my nephew ?

*Cont.* How it should

Be otherwise between them, is beyond  
My best imagination. Cupid's arrows  
Were useless there ; for, of necessity,  
Their years and dispositions do accord so,  
They must wound one another.

*Cox.* Umph ! Thou art  
My secretary, Contarino, and more skill'd  
In politic designs of state, than in  
Thy judgment of a beauty ; give me leave,  
In this, to doubt it.—Here. Go to my cabinet,  
You shall find there letters newly received,  
Touching the state of Urbin.  
Pray you, with care peruse them : leave the search  
Of this to us.

*Cont.* I do obey in all things. [*Exit.*]

*Cox.* Lidia ! a diamond so long conceal'd,  
And never worn in court ! of such sweet feature !  
And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes  
Made captive to it ! Umph ! 'tis somewhat strange.  
Our eyes are everywhere, and we will make  
A strict enquiry.—Sanazarro !

[*Re-enter SANAZARRO.*]

*Sanas.* Sir.

*Cox.* Is my nephew at his rest ?

*Sanas.* I saw him in bed, sir.

*Cox.* 'Tis well ; and does the princess Fiorinda,  
Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir,  
Continue constant in her favours to you ?

*Sanas.* Dread sir, she may dispense them as  
she pleases ;

But I look up to her as on a princess  
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope  
Her prodigal graces shall not render me  
Offender to your highness.

*Cox.* Not a scruple.

He whom I favour, as I do my friend,  
May take all lawful graces that become him ;  
But touching this hereafter. I have now  
(And though perhaps it may appear a trifle)  
Serious employment for thee.

*Sanas.* I stand ready  
For any act you please.

*Cox.* I know it, friend.

Have you ne'er heard of Lidia, the daughter  
Of Carolo Charomonte ?

*Sanas.* Him I know, sir,  
For a noble gentleman, and my worthy friend ;  
But never heard of her.

*Cox.* She is deliver'd,  
And feelingly to us by Contarino,  
For a masterpiece in nature. I would have you  
Ride suddenly thither to behold this wonder,  
But not as sent by us ; that's our first caution :  
The second is, and carefully observe it,  
That, though you are a bachelor, and endow'd with  
All those perfections that may take a virgin,  
On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her :  
It may be her fair graces do concern us.  
Pretend what business you think fit, to gain  
Access unto her father's house, and there  
Make full discovery of her, and return me  
A true relation :—I have some ends in it,  
With which we will acquaint you.

*Sanas.* This is, sir,  
An easy task.

*Cox.* Yet one that must exact  
Your secrecy and diligence. Let not  
Your stay be long.

*Sanas.* It shall not, sir.

*Cox.* Farewell,  
And be, as you would keep our favour, careful.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in FIORINDA'S House.*

*Enter FIORINDA and CALAMINTA.*

*Fior.* How does this dressing shew?

*Calam.* 'Tis of itself

Curious and rare; but, borrowing ornament,  
As it does from your grace, that deigns to wear it,  
Incomparable.

*Fior.* Thou flatter'st me.

*Calam.* I cannot,

Your excellence is above it.

*Fior.* Were we less perfect,  
Yet, being as we are, an absolute princess,  
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,  
By our prerogative!—yet all these fail  
To move where I would have them. How received  
Count Sanazarro the rich scarf I sent him  
For his last visit?

*Calam.* With much reverence,  
I dare not say affection. He express'd  
More ceremony in his humble thanks,  
Than feeling of the favour; and appear'd  
Wilfully ignorant, in my opinion,  
Of what it did invite him to.

*Fior.* No matter;  
He's blind with too much light. Have you not  
heard

Of any private mistress he's engaged to?

*Calam.* Not any; and this does amaze me,  
madam,

That he, a soldier, one that drinks rich wines,  
Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus  
Could wish to find from Mars, should in his man-  
Be so averse to women. [ners

*Fior.* Troth, I know not;  
He's man enough, and, if he has a haunt,  
He preys far off, like a subtle fox.

*Calam.* And that way  
I do suspect him: for I learnt last night,  
When the great duke went to rest, attended by  
One private follower, he took horse; but whither  
He's rid, or to what end, I cannot guess at,  
But I will find it out.

*Fior.* Do, faithful servant;

*Enter CALANDRINO.*

We would not be abused.—Who have we here?

*Calam.* How the fool stares!

*Fior.* And looks as if he were  
Conning his neck-verse.

*Cal.* If I now prove perfect  
In my A B C of courtship, Calandrino  
Is made for ever. I am sent—let me see,  
On a *How d'ye*, as they call't.

*Calam.* What wouldst thou say?

*Cal.* Let me see my notes. These are her  
lodgings; well.

*Calam.* Art thou an ass?

*Cal.* Peace! thou art a court wagtail,

[*Looking on his instructions.*]

To interrupt me.

*Fior.* He has given it you.

*Cal.* And then say to the illustrious Fi-  
I have it. Which is she? [rin-da—

*Calam.* Why this; fop-doodle.

*Cal.* Leave chattering, bull-finch; you would  
put me out,

But 'twill not do.—*Then, after you have made  
Your three obeisances to her, kneel, and kiss  
The skirt of her gown.*—I am glad it is no worse.

*Calam.* And why so, sir?

*Cal.* Because I was afraid  
That, after the Italian garb, I should  
Have kiss'd her backward.

*Calam.* This is sport unlook'd for.

*Cal.* Are you the princess?

*Fior.* Yes, sir.

*Cal.* Then stand fair,

For I am choleric; and do not nip  
A hopeful blossom.—Out again!—*Three low  
Obeisances—*

*Fior.* I am ready.

*Cal.* I come on, then.

*Calam.* With much formality.

*Cal.* Umph! One, two, three.

[*Makes antic curtesies.*]

Thus far I am right. Now for the last. [*Kisses  
the skirt of her gown.*]—O, rare!

She is perfum'd all over! Sure great women,  
Instead of little dogs, are privileged  
To carry musk-cats.

*Fior.* Now the ceremony  
Is pass'd, what is the substance?

*Cal.* I'll peruse

My instructions, and then tell you.—*Her skirt  
Inform her highness that your lord—* [*kiss'd,*  
*Calam.* Who's that?

*Cal.* Prince Giovanni, who entreats your grace,  
That he, with your good favour, may have leave  
To present his service to you. I think I have nick'd  
For a courtier of the first form. [it

*Fior.* To my wonder.

*Enter GIOVANNI and a Gentleman.*

Return upon the prince—but he prevents  
My answer. Calaminta, take him off;  
And, for the neat delivery of his message,  
Give him ten ducats: such rare parts as yours  
Are to be cherish'd.

*Cal.* We will share: I know

It is the custom of the court, when ten  
Are promised, five is fair. *Fie! fie!* the princess  
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,  
And bid me not come to-morrow.

*Calam.* Very good, sir.

[*Exit CALANDRINO, and CALAMINTA.*]

*Giov.* Pray you, friend,  
Inform the duke I am putting into act  
What he commanded.

*Gent.* I am proud to be employ'd, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Giov.* Madam, that, without warrant, I presume  
To trench upon your privacies, may argue  
Rudeness of manners; but the free access  
Your princely courtesy vouchsafes to all  
That come to pay their services, gives me hope  
To find a gracious pardon.

*Fior.* If you please, not

To make that an offence in your construction,  
Which I receive as a large favour from you,  
There needs not this apology.

*Giov.* You continue,

As you were ever, the greatest mistress of  
Fair entertainment.

*Fior.* You are, sir, the master;

And in the country have learnt to outdo  
All that in court is practised. But why should we  
Talk at such distance? You are welcome, sir.  
We have been more familiar, and since  
You will impose the province (you should govern)  
Of boldness on me, give me leave to say  
You are too punctual. Sit, sir, and discourse  
As we were used.

*Giov.* Your excellence knows so well  
How to command, that I can never err  
When I obey you.

*Fior.* Nay, no more of this.  
You shall o'ercome; no more, I pray you, sir.—  
And what delights, pray you be liberal  
In your relation, hath the country life  
Afforded you?

*Giov.* All pleasures, gracious madam,  
But the happiness to converse with your sweet  
I had a grave instructor, and my hours [virtues.  
Design'd to serious studies yielded me  
Pleasure with profit, in the knowledge of  
What before I was ignorant in; the signior,  
Carolo de Charomonte, being skilful  
To guide me through the labyrinth of wild passions,  
That labour'd to imprison my free soul  
A slave to vicious sloth.

*Fior.* You speak him well.

*Giov.* But short of his deserts. Then for the  
Of recreation, I was allow'd [time  
(Against the form follow'd by jealous parents  
In Italy) full liberty to partake  
His daughter's sweet society. She's a virgin  
Happy in all endowments which a poet  
Could fancy in his mistress; being herself  
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may learn,  
Without the aids of foreign principles,  
By the example of her life and pureness,  
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you  
A brief epitome of her virtues, which,  
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,  
Would make an ample story.

*Fior.* Your whole age,  
So spent with such a father and a daughter,  
Could not be tedious to you.

*Giov.* True, great princess:  
And now, since you have pleased to grant the  
hearing  
Of my time's expense in the country, give me leave  
To treat the favour to be made acquainted  
What service, or what objects in the court,  
Have, in your excellency's acceptance, proved  
Most gracious to you.

*Fior.* I'll meet your demand,  
And make a plain discovery. The duke's care  
For my estate and person holds the first  
And choicest place: then, the respect the courtiers  
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.  
But that which raised in me the most delight,  
(For I am a friend to valour,) was to hear  
The noble actions truly reported  
Of the brave count Sanazarro. I profess,  
When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd,  
How boldly, in the horror of a fight,  
Cover'd with fire and smoke, and, as if nature  
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath fallen  
Upon the Turkish galleys, I have heard it  
With a kind of pleasure, which hath whisper'd to  
This worthy must be cherish'd. [me,

*Giov.* 'Twas a bounty  
You never can repent.

*Fior.* I glory in it.  
And when he did return, (but still with conquest)  
His armour off, not young Antinous  
Appear'd more courtly; all the graces that  
Render a man's society dear to ladies,  
Like pages waiting on him; and it does  
Work strangely on me.

*Giov.* To divert your thoughts,  
Though they are fix'd upon a noble subject,  
I am a suitor to you.

*Fior.* You will ask,  
I do presume, what I may grant, and then  
It must not be denied.

*Giov.* It is a favour  
For which I hope your excellence will thank me.

*Fior.* Nay, without circumstance.

*Giov.* That you would please  
To take occasion to move the duke,  
That you, with his allowance, may command  
This matchless virgin, Lidia, (of whom  
I cannot speak too much,) to wait upon you.  
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of  
Your good opinion of me, that will not  
Be a blemish to your train.

*Fior.* 'Tis rank! he loves her:  
But I will fit him with a suit. [*Aside.*]—I pause  
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me [not,  
To do what you desire, for I'll effect it,  
And make use of a fair and fit occasion;  
Yet, in return, I ask a boon of you,  
And hope to find you, in your grant to me,  
As I have been to you.

*Giov.* Command me, madam.  
*Fior.* 'Tis near allied to yours. That you would  
A suitor to the duke, not to expose, [be

After so many trials of his faith,  
The noble Sanazarro to all dangers,  
As if he were a wall to stand the fury  
Of a perpetual battery: but now  
To grant him, after his long labours, rest  
And liberty to live in court; his arms  
And his victorious sword and shield hung up  
For monuments.

*Giov.* Umph!—I'll embrace, fair princess,

*Enter Cozzino.*

The soonest opportunity. The duke!

*Cos.* Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacy,  
And come not to disturb you. You are equals,  
And, without prejudice to either's honours,  
May make a mutual change of love and courtship,  
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,  
And we give suffrage to it.

*Giov.* You are gracious.

*Cos.* To ourself in this: but now break off;  
too much

Taken at once of the most curious viands,  
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now  
For other sports, in which our pleasure is  
That you shall keep us company.

*Fior.* We attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Hall in  
CHAROMONTE'S House.*

*Enter BERNARDO, CAPONI, and PETRUCHIO.*

*Bern.* Is my lord stirring?

*Cap.* No; he's fast.

*Pet.* Let us take, then,

Our morning draught. Such as eat store of beef,  
Mutton, and capons, may preserve their healths  
With that thin composition call'd small beer,  
As, 'tis said, they do in England. But Italians,  
That think when they have suppd upon an olive,  
A root, or bunch of raisins, 'tis a feast,  
Must kill those crudities rising from cold herbs,  
With hot and lusty wines.

*Cap.* A ha-pinness  
Those tramontanes ne'er tasted.

*Ber.* Have they not  
Store of wine there?

*Cap.* Yes, and drink more in two hours  
Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and  
twenty.

*Pet.* But what is't? French trash, made of  
rotten grapes,  
And dregs and lees of Spain, with Welsh metheg-  
lin,

A drench to kill a horse! But this pure nectar,  
Being proper to our climate, is too fine  
To brook the roughness of the sea: the spirit  
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions,  
And active executions; whereas their  
Gross feeding makes their understanding like it:  
They can fight, and that's their all. [*They drink.*]

*Enter SANAZARRO and Servant.*

*Sanas.* Security  
Dwells about this house, I think; the gate's wide  
And not a servant stirring. See the horses [open,  
Set up, and clothed. [*Exit.*

*Serv.* I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

*Sanas.* I'll make bold  
To press a little further.

*Bern.* Who is this,  
Count Sanazarro?

*Pet.* Yes, I know him. Quickly  
Remove the flaggon.

*Sanas.* A good day to you, friends.  
Nay, do not conceal your physic; I approve it,  
And, if you please, will be a patient with you.

*Pet.* My noble lord. [*Drinks.*]  
*Sanas.* A health to yours. [*Drinks.*] Well  
done!

I see you love yourselves, and I commend you;  
'Tis the best wisdom.

*Pet.* May it please your honour  
To walk a turn in the gallery, I'll acquaint  
My lord with your being here. [*Exit.*

*Sanas.* Tell him I come  
For a visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this. [*Exit.*

*Cap.* Why here is a brave fellow, and a right  
Nor wealth nor greatness makes him proud. [one;

*Bern.* There are  
Too few of them; for most of our new courtiers.  
(Whose fathers were familiar with the prices  
Of oil and corn, with when and where to vent them,  
And left their heirs rich, from their knowledge that  
way.)

Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speak  
But to cloth of tissue.

*Enter CHAROMONTE in a nightgown, PETRUCHIO following.*

*Char.* Stand you prating, knaves,  
When such a guest is under my roof! See all  
The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries  
The sway and swing of the court; and I had rather  
Preserve him mine with honest offices, than—  
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter

Trim herself up to the height; I know this courtier  
Must have a smack at her; and, perhaps, by his  
place,

Expects to wriggle further: if he does,  
I shall deceive his hopes; for I'll not taint  
My honour for the dukedom. Which way went he?  
*Cap.* To the round gallery.

*Char.* I will entertain him  
As fits his worth and quality, but no further.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the same.*

*Enter SANAZARRO.*

*Sanas.* I cannot apprehend, yet I have argued  
All ways I can imagine, for what reasons  
The great duke does employ me hither; and,  
What does increase the miracle, I must render  
A strict and true account, at my return,  
Of Lidia, this lord's daughter, and describe  
In what she's excellent, and where defective.  
'Tis a hard task: he that will undergo  
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,  
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,  
Had need of Lynceus' eyes, and with more ease  
May look, like him, through nine mud walls, than  
make

A true discovery of her. But the intents  
And secrets of my prince's heart must be  
Served, and not search'd into.

*Enter CHAROMONTE.*

*Char.* Most noble sir,  
Excuse my age, subject to ease and sloth,  
That with no greater speed I have presented  
My service with your welcome.

*Sanas.* 'Tis more fit  
That I should ask your pardon, for disturbing  
Your rest at this unseasonable hour.  
But my occasions carrying me so near  
Your hospitable house, my stay being short too,  
Your goodness, and the name of friend, which you  
Are pleased to grace me with, gave me assurance  
A visit would not offend.

*Char.* Offend, my lord!  
I feel myself much younger for the favour.  
How is it with our gracious master?

*Sanas.* He, sir,  
Holds still his wouted greatness, and confesses  
Himself your debtor, for your love and care  
To the prince Giovanni; and had sent  
Particular thanks by me, had his grace known  
The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to  
Would have licensed me to see you.

*Char.* I am rich  
In his acknowledgment.

*Sanas.* Sir, I have heard  
Your happiness in a daughter.

*Char.* Sits the wind there? [*Aside.*]  
*Sanas.* Fame gives her out for a rare master-  
piece.

*Char.* 'Tis a plain village girl, sir, but oedient;  
That's her best beauty, sir.

*Sanas.* Let my desire  
To see her, find a fair construction from you:  
I bring no loose thought with me.

*Char.* You are that way,  
My lord, free from suspicion. Her own manners,  
Without an imposition from me,  
I hope, will prompt her to it.

*Enter LIDIA and PETRONELLA.*

As she is,

She comes to make a tender of that service  
Which she stands bound to pay.

*Sanas.* With your fair leave,  
I make bold to salute you.

*Lid.* Sir, you have it.

*Petron.* I am her gentlewoman, will he not kiss  
me too?

This is coarse, I'faith.

[*Aside.*]

*Char.* How he falls off!

*Lid.* My lord, though silence best becomes a  
And to be curious to know but what [maid,  
Concerns myself, and with becoming distance,  
May argue me of boldness, I must borrow  
So much of modesty, as to enquire  
Prince Giovanni's health.

*Sanas.* He cannot want  
What you are pleased to wish him.

*Lid.* Would 'twere so!

And then there is no blessing that can make  
A hopeful and a noble prince complete,  
But should fall on him. O! he was our north star,  
The light and pleasure of our eyes.

*Sanas.* Where am I?

I feel myself another thing! Can charms  
Be writ on such pure rubies? her lips melt  
As soon as touch'd! Not those smooth gales that  
O'er happy Araby, or rich Sabæa, [glide  
Creating in their passage gums and spices,  
Can serve for a weak simile to express  
The sweetness of her breath. Such a brave stature  
Homer bestow'd on Pallas, every limb  
Proportion'd to it!

*Char.* This is strange.—My lord!

*Sanas.* I crave your pardon, and yours, match-  
For such I must report you. [less maid.

*Petron.* There's no notice  
Taken all this while of me. [aside.

*Sanas.* And I must add,  
If your discourse and reason parallel  
The rareness of your more than human form,  
You are a wonder.

*Char.* Pray you, my lord, make trial:  
She can speak, I can assure you; and that my  
presence

May not take from her freedom, I will leave you:  
For know, my lord, my confidence dares trust her  
Where, and with whom, she pleases.—If he be  
Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy  
A better match; and, for false play, I know  
The tricks, and can discern them.—Petronella.

*Petron.* Yes, my good lord.

*Char.* I have employment for you.

[*Exit CHAROMONTE and PETRONELLA.*]

*Lid.* What's your will, sir?

*Sanas.* Madam, you are so large a theme to  
And every grace about you offers to me [treat of,  
Such copiousness of language, that I stand  
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,  
As in my choice I may, let me entreat you,  
Before I do offend, to sign my pardon:  
Let this, the emblem of your innocence,  
Give me assurance.

*Lid.* My hand join'd to yours,  
Without this superstition, confirms it.  
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me.  
The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing  
That rhetoric, with all her tropes and figures,  
Can amplify. Yet since you are resolv'd

To prove yourself a courtier in my praise,  
As I'm a woman (and you men affirm  
Our sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it.

*Enter CHAROMONTE above.*

Now, when you please, begin.

*Sanas.* [turning from her.] Such Læda's paps  
were,—  
(Down pillows styl'd by Jove, and their pure  
whiteness

Shames the swan's down, or snow. No heat of lust  
Swells up her azure veins; and yet I feel  
That this chaste ice but touch'd, fans fire in me.

*Lid.* You need not, noble sir, be thus trans-  
Or trouble your invention to express [portent.  
Your thought of me: the plainest phrase and lan-  
guage

That you can use, will be too high a strain  
For such an humble theme.

*Sanas.* If the great duke

Made this his end to try my constant temper.  
Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his fault, not mine.  
For I am flesh and blood, and have affections  
Like other men. Who can behold the temples,  
Or holy altars, but the objects work  
Devotion in him? And I may as well  
Walk over burning iron with bare feet,  
And be unscorch'd, as look upon this beauty  
Without desire, and that desire pursued too.  
Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those  
Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing,  
And loyalty but a word.

*Lid.* I ne'er was proud;  
Nor can find I am guilty of a thought  
Deserving this neglect and strangeness from you:  
Nor am I amorous.

*Sanas.* Suppose his greatness  
Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me  
To be his agent? It is tyranny  
To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast,  
And at that instant cruelly deny him  
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance  
Tempted too far is like the trial of  
A good sword on an anvil; as that often  
Flies in pieces without service to the owner,  
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,  
And is too late repented.

*Lid.* Pray you, sir,  
Or license me to leave, or deliver  
The reasons which invite you to command  
My tedious waiting on you.

*Char.* As I live,  
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,  
Or his simplicity?

*Sanas.* Whither have my thoughts  
Carried me from myself? In this my dulness,  
I've lost an opportunity—

[*Turns to her; she falls off.*]

*Lid.* 'Tis true,  
I was not bred in court, nor live a star there;  
Nor shine in rich embroideries and pearl,  
As they, that are the mistresses of great fortunes,  
Are every day adorn'd with—

*Sanas.* Will you vouchsafe  
Your ear, sweet lady?

*Lid.* Yet I may be bold,  
For my integrity and fame, to rank  
With such as are more glorious. Though I never  
Did injury, yet I am sensible  
When I'm contemn'd, and scorn'd.

*Sanas.* Will you please to hear me?

*Lid.* O the difference of natures! Giovanni, A prince in expectation, when he lived here, Stole courtesy from heaven, and would not to The meanest servant in my father's house Have kept such distance.

*Sanas.* Pray you, do not think me Unworthy of your ear; it was your beauty That turn'd me statue. I can speak, fair lady.

*Lid.* And I can hear. The harshness of your courtship

Cannot corrupt my courtesy.

*Sanas.* Will you hear me, If I speak of love?

*Lid.* Provided you be modest; I were uncivil, else.

*Char.* They are come to parley:

I must observe this nearer. [*He retires.*]

*Sanas.* You are a rare one, And such (but that my haste commands me hence) I could converse with ever. Will you grace me With leave to visit you again?

*Lid.* So you, At your return to court, do me the favour To make a tender of my humble service To the prince Giovanni.

*Sanas.* Ever touching Upon that string! [*Aside.*] And will you give me Of future happiness? [*hope*]

*Lid.* That as I shall find you: The fort that's yielded at the first assault Is hardly worth the taking.

*Re-enter CHARANONTE below.*

*Char.* O, they are at it.

*Sanas.* She is a magazine of all perfection,

And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must— A parting kiss, fair maid.

*Lid.* That custom grants you.

*Char.* A homely breakfast does attend your Such as the place affords. [*lordship,*]

*Sanas.* No; I have feasted Already here; my thanks, and so I leave you: I will see you again.—Till this unhappy hour I was never lost, and what to do, or say, I have not yet determined. [*Aside, and exit.*]

*Char.* Gone so abruptly!

'Tis very strange.

*Lid.* Under your favour, sir, His coming hither was to little purpose, For anything I heard from him.

*Char.* Take heed, Lidia!

I do advise you with a father's love, And tenderness of your honour; as I would not Have you coarse and harsh in giving entertain-ment,

So by no means to be credulous; for great men, Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in Their promises, but, those obtain'd, weak pigmies In their performance. And it is a maxim Allow'd among them, so they may deceive, They may swear anything; for the queen of love, As they hold constantly, does never punish, But smile, at lovers' perjuries.—Yet be wise too, And when you are sued to in a noble way, Be neither nice nor scrupulous.

*Lid.* All you speak, sir, I hear as oracles; nor will digress From your directions.

*Char.* So shall you keep Your fame untainted.

*Lid.* As I would my life, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—FLORENCE. *An Ante-room in the Palace.*

*Enter SANAZARDO and Servant.*

*Sanas.* Leave the horses with my grooms; but be you careful, With your best diligence and speed, to find out The prince, and humbly, in my name, entreat I may exchange some private conference with him,

Before the great duke know of my arrival.

*Serv.* I haste, my lord.

*Sanas.* Here I'll attend his coming: And see you keep yourself, as much as may be, Conceal'd from all men else.

*Serv.* To serve your lordship, I wish I were invisible. [*Exit.*]

*Sanas.* I am driven Into a desperate strait, and cannot steer A middle course; and of the two extremes Which I must make election of, I know not Which is more full of horror. Never servant Stood more engaged to a magnificent master, Than I to Cozimo: and all those honours And glories by his grace conferr'd upon me, Or by my prosperous services deserved. If now I should deceive his trust, and make A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruin'd.

And, on the other side, if I discover Lidia's divine perfections, all my hopes In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up: For 'tis impossible, but, as soon as seen, She must with adoration be sued to. A hermit at his beads but looking on her, Or the cold cynic, whom Corinthian Laïs (Not moved with her lust's blandishments) call'd

a stone, At this object would take fire. Nor is the duke Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phædra, But seen, must force him to forsake the groves, And Dian's huntmanship, proud to serve under Venus' soft ensigns. No, there is no way For me to hope fruition of my ends, But to conceal her beauties;—and how that May be effected, is as hard a task As with a veil to cover the sun's beams, Or comfortable light. Three years the prince Lived in her company, and Contarino, The secretary, hath possess'd the duke What a rare piece she is:—but he's my creature, And may with ease be frighted to deny What he hath said: and, if my long experience, With some strong reasons I have thought upon, Cannot o'er-reach a youth, my practice yields me But little profit.



*Enter GIOVANNI with the Servant.*

*Giov.* You are well return'd, sir.

*Sanas.* Leave us.—[*Erit Servant.*] When that your grace shall know the motives That forced me to invite you to this trouble, You will excuse my manners.

*Giov.* Sir, there needs not This circumstance between us. You are ever My noble friend.

*Sanas.* You shall have further cause To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve you. And, when I have committed to your trust (Presuming still on your retentive silence) A secret of no less importance than My honour, nay, my head, it will confirm What value you hold with me.

*Giov.* Pray you, believe, sir, What you deliver to me shall be lock'd up In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself Shall keep the key: for here I pawn my honour, Which is the best security I can give yet, It shall not be discover'd.

*Sanas.* This assurance Is more than I with modesty could demand From such a paymaster; but I must be sudden: And therefore, to the purpose. Can your Excel- In your imagination, conceive [Ience, On what design, or whither, the duke's will Commanded me hence last night?

*Giov.* No, I assure you; And it had been a rudeness to enquire Of that I was not call'd to.

*Sanas.* Grant me hearing, And I will make you truly understand It only did concern you.

*Giov.* Me, my lord!

*Sanas.* You, in your present state, and future For both lie at the stake. [fortunes;

*Giov.* You much amaze me. Pray you, resolve this riddle.

*Sanas.* You know the duke, If he die issueless, as yet he is, Determines you his heir.

*Giov.* It hath pleased his highness Oft to profess so much.

*Sanas.* But say, he should Be won to prove a second wife, on whom He may beget a son, how, in a moment, Will all those glorious expectations, which Render you revered and remarkable, Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are His much-loved sister's son!

*Giov.* I must bear it With patience, and in me it is a duty That I was born with; and 'twere much unfit For the receiver of a benefit To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe Laws to the giver's pleasure.

*Sanas.* Sweetly answer'd, And like your noble self. This your rare temper So wins upon me, that I would not live (If that by honest arts I can prevent it) To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think How you shall be transform'd from what you are, Should this (as heaven avert it!) ever happen. It must disturb your peace: for whereas now, Being, as you are, received for the heir apparent, You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at; The signiors making it a business to Enquire how you have slept; and, as you walk

The streets of Florence, the glad multitude In throngs press but to see you; and, with joy, The father, pointing with his finger, tells His son, This is the prince, the hopeful prince, That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.— Great ladies beg your picture, and make love To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.— And, but the last night, when 'twas only rumour'd That you were come to court, as if you had By sea pass'd hither from another world, What general shouts and acclamations follow'd! The bells rang loud, the bonfires blazed, and such As loved not wine, carousing to your health, Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this A happiness to part with?

*Giov.* I allow these As flourishes of fortune, with which princes Are often sooth'd; but never yet esteem'd them For real blessings.

*Sanas.* Yet all these were paid To what you may be, not to what you are; For if the great duke but shew to his servants A son of his own, you shall, like one obscure, Pass unregarded.

*Giov.* I confess, command Is not to be contemn'd, and if my fate Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it With willing shoulders. But, my lord, as yet, You've told me of a danger coming towards me, But have not named it.

*Sanas.* That is soon deliver'd. Great Cozimo, your uncle, as I more Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance That does persuade my judgment to believe it, Purposes to be married.

*Giov.* Married, sir! With whom, and on what terms? pray you, instruct

*Sanas.* With the fair Lidia. [me.

*Giov.* Lidia!

*Sanas.* The daughter Of Signior Charomonte.

*Giov.* Pardon me Though I appear incredulous; for, on My knowledge he ne'er saw her.

*Sanas.* That is granted: But Contarino hath so sung her praises, And given her out for such a masterpiece, That he's transported with it, sir:—and love Steals sometimes through the ear, into the heart, As well as by the eye. The duke no sooner Heard her described, but I was sent in post To see her, and return my judgment of her.

*Giov.* And what's your censure?

*Sanas.* 'Tis a pretty creature.

*Giov.* She's very fair.

*Sanas.* Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.

*Giov.* Her limbs are neatly form'd.

*Sanas.* She hath a waist, Indeed, sized to love's wish.

*Giov.* A delicate hand too.

*Sanas.* Then for a leg and foot—

*Giov.* And there I leave you, For I presumed no further.  
*Sanas.* As she is, sir, I know she wants no gracious part that may Allure the duke; and, if he only see her, She is his own; he will not be denied, And then you are lost: yet, if you'll second me, (As you have reason, for it most concerns you,) I can prevent all yet.

*Giov.* I would you could,  
A noble way.

*Sanas.* I will cry down her beauties ;  
Especially the beauties of her mind,  
As much as Contarino hath advanced them ;  
And this, I hope, will breed forgetfulness,  
And kill affection in him : but you must join  
With me in my report, if you be question'd.

*Giov.* I never told a lie yet ; and I hold it  
In some degree blasphemous to dispraise  
What's worthy admiration ; yet, for once,  
I will dispraise a little, and not vary  
From your relation.

*Sanas.* Be constant in it.

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

*Alph.* My lord, the duke hath seen your man,  
and wonders

*Enter COZIMO, HIPPOLITO, CONTARINO, and Attendants.*

You come not to him. See, if his desire  
To have conference with you hath not brought him  
In his own person ! [hither

*Cos.* They are comely coursers,  
And promise swiftness.

*Cont.* They are, of my knowledge,  
Of the best race in Naples.

*Cos.* You are, nephew,  
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we like it :  
'Tis a fair grace in a prince. Pray you, make trial  
Of their strength and speed ; and, if you think them  
For your employment, with a liberal hand [fit  
Reward the gentleman that did present them  
From the viceroy of Naples.

*Giov.* I will use  
My best endeavour, sir.

*Cos.* Wait on my nephew.  
[*Exeunt GIOVANNI, ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, and Attendants.*  
Nay, stay you, Contarino : be within call ;  
It may be we shall use you. [*Exit CONTARINO.*]

You have rode hard, sir,  
And we thank you for it : every minute seems  
Irkesome, and tedious to us, till you have  
Made your discovery. Say, friend, have you seen  
This phoenix of our age ?

*Sanas.* I have seen a maid, sir ;  
But, if that I have judgment, no such wonder  
As she was deliver'd to you.

*Cos.* This is strange.  
*Sanas.* But certain truth. It may be, she was  
With admiration in the country, sir ; [look'd on  
But, if compared with many in your court,  
She would appear but ordinary.

*Cos.* Contarino  
Reports her otherwise.  
*Sanas.* Such as ne'er saw swans,  
May think crows beautiful.

*Cos.* How is her behaviour ?  
*Sanas.* 'Tis like the place she lives in.

*Cos.* How her wit,  
Discourse, and entertainment ?

*Sanas.* Very coarse ;  
I would not willingly say poor, and rude :  
But, had she all the beauties of fair women,  
The dullness of her soul would fright me from her.

*Cos.* You are curious, sir. I know not what to  
think on't.— [*Aside.*  
Contarino !

*Re-enter CONTARINO.*

*Cont.* Sir.

*Cos.* Where was thy judgment, man,  
To extol a virgin Sanazarro tells me  
Is nearer to deformity ?

*Sanas.* I saw her,  
And curiously perused her ; and I wonder  
That she, that did appear to me, that know  
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,  
Should so transport you.

*Cont.* Troth, my lord, I thought then—

*Cos.* Thought ! Didst thou not affirm it ?

*Cont.* I confess, sir,  
I did believe so then ; but now, I hear  
My lord's opinion to the contrary,  
I am of another faith : for 'tis not fit  
That I should contradict him. I am dim, sir ;  
But he's sharp-sighted.

*Sanas.* This is to my wish.

*Cos.* We know not what to think of this ; yet  
would not

*Re-enter GIOVANNI, HIPPOLITO, and ALPHONSO.*

Determine rashly of it. [*Aside.*]— How do you like  
My nephew's horsemanship ?

*Hip.* In my judgment, sir,  
It is exact and rare.

*Alph.* And, to my fancy,  
He did present great Alexander mounted  
On his Bucephalus.

*Cos.* You are right courtiers,  
And know it is your duty to cry up  
All actions of a prince.

*Sanas.* Do not betray  
Yourself, you're safe ; I have done my part.

[*Aside to GIOVANNI.*

*Giov.* I thank you ;  
Nor will I fail.

*Cos.* What's your opinion, nephew,  
Of the horses ?

*Giov.* Two of them are, in my judgment,  
The best I ever back'd ; I mean the roan, sir,  
And the brown bay : but for the cheanut-colour'd,  
Though he be full of metal, hot, and fiery,  
He treads weak in his pasterns.

*Cos.* So : come nearer ;  
This exercise hath put you into a sweat ;  
Take this, and dry it ; and now I command you  
To tell me truly what's your censure of  
Charamonte's daughter, Lidia.

*Giov.* I am, sir,  
A novice in my judgment of a lady ;  
But such as 'tis, your grace shall have it freely.  
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,  
If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot  
Report her as I would, so much I owe  
Her reverend father : but I'll give you, sir,  
As near as I can, her character in little.  
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs  
Not disproportion'd ; for her face, it is  
Far from deformity ; yet they flatter her,  
That style it excellent : her manners are  
Simple and innocent ; but her discourse  
And wit deserve my pity, more than praise :  
At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture,  
And, that said, all is spoken.

*Cos.* I believe you ;  
I ne'er yet found you false.

*Giov.* Nor ever shall, sir.—  
Forgive me, matchless Lidia ! too much love,  
And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me.  
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge,

To be a poor detractor of that beauty,  
Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again,  
Would want words to express.

[*Aside.*]

*Cos.* Pray you, make choice of  
The richest of our furniture for these horses,  
[*To SANAZARRO.*]

And take my nephew with you ; we in this  
Will follow his directions.

*Giov.* Could I find now  
The princess Fiorinda, and persuade her  
To be silent in the suit that I moved to her,  
All were secure.

*Sanas.* In that, my lord, I'll aid you.

*Cos.* We will be private ; leave us.

[*Exeunt all but COSIMO.*]

All my studies

And serious meditations aim no further  
Than this young man's good. He was my sister's  
And she was such a sister, when she lived, [son,  
I could not prize too much ; nor can I better  
Make known how dear I hold her memory,  
Than in my cherishing the only issue  
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that ?

*Enter FIORINDA.*

*Fior.* Sir.

*Cos.* My fair charge ! you are welcome to us.

*Fior.* I have found it, sir.

*Cos.* All things go well in Urbin.

*Fior.* Your gracious care to me, an orphan, frees  
From all suspicion that my jealous fears [me  
Can drive into my fancy.

*Cos.* The next summer,  
In our own person, we will bring you thither,  
And seat you in your own.

*Fior.* When you think fit, sir.

But, in the meantime, with your highness' pardon,  
I am a suitor to you.

*Cos.* Name it, madam,  
With confidence to obtain it.

*Fior.* That you would please  
To lay a strict command on Charamonte,  
To bring his daughter Lidia to the court ;  
And pray you, think, sir, that 'tis not my purpose  
To employ her as a servant, but to use her  
As a most wish'd companion.

*Cos.* Ha ! your reason ?

*Fior.* The hopeful prince, your nephew, sir, hath  
To me for such an abstract of perfection [given her  
In all that can be wish'd for in a virgin,  
As beauty, music, ravishing discourse,  
Quickness of apprehension, with choice manners  
And learning too, not usual with women,  
That I am much ambitious (though I shall  
Appear but as a foil to set her off)  
To be by her instructed, and supplied  
In what I am defective.

*Cos.* Did my nephew  
Seriously deliver this ?

*Fior.* I assure your grace,  
With zeal and vehemency ; and, even when,  
With his best words, he strived to set her forth,  
(Though the rare subject made him eloquent,)  
He would complain, all he could say came short  
Of her deservings.

*Cos.* Pray you have patience. [*Walks aside.*]  
This was strangely carried.—Ha ! arose trifled with ?  
Dare they do this ? Is Cosimo's fury, that  
Of late was terrible, grown contemptible ?  
Well ! we will clear our brows, and undermine

Their secret works, though they have digg'd like  
And crush them with the tempest of my wrath [moles.  
When I appear most calm. He is unfit  
To command others, that knows not to use it,  
And with all rigour : yet my stern looks shall not  
Discover my intents ; for I will strike  
When I begin to frown.—You are the mistress  
Of that you did demand.

*Fior.* I thank your highness ;  
But speed in the performance of the grant  
Doubles the favour, sir.

*Cos.* You shall possess it  
Sooner than you expect :—  
Only be pleased to be ready when my secretary  
Waits on you to take the fresh air. My nephew,  
And my bosom friend, so to cheat me ! 'tis not  
fair. [*Aside.*]

*Re-enter GIOVANNI and SANAZARRO.*

*Sanas.* Where should this princess be ? nor in  
her lodgings,  
Nor in the private walks, her own retreat,  
Which she so much frequented !

*Giov.* By my life,  
She's with the duke ! and I much more than fear  
Her forwardness to prefer my suit hath ruin'd  
What with such care we built up.

*Cos.* Have you furnish'd  
Those coursers, as we will'd you ?

*Sanas.* There's no sign  
Of anger in his looks.

*Giov.* They are complete, sir.

*Cos.* 'Tis well : to your rest. Soft sleeps wait  
on you, madam.

To morrow, with the rising of the sun,  
Be ready to ride with us.—They with more safety  
Had trod on fork-tongued adders, than provoked  
me. [*Aside, and exit.*]

*Fior.* I come not to be thank'd, sir, for the  
speedy

Performance of my promise touching Lidia :  
It is effected.

*Sanas.* We are undone. [*Aside.*]

*Fior.* The duke

No sooner heard me with my best of language  
Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,  
But he confirm'd it.—You look sad, as if  
You wish'd it were undone.

*Giov.* No, gracious madam,  
I am your servant for't.

*Fior.* Be you as careful  
For what I moved to you.—Count Sanazarro,  
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing  
To wear so slight a favour.

*Sanas.* 'Tis a grace  
I am unworthy of.

*Fior.* You merit more,  
In prizing so a trifle. Take this diamond ;  
I'll second what I have begun ; for know,  
Your valour hath so won upon me, that  
'Tis not to be resisted : I have said, sir,  
And leave you to interpret it. [*Exit.*]

*Sanas.* This to me  
Is wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken  
In our own noose. What's to be done ?

*Giov.* I know not.  
And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me,  
For leaving truth, a constant mistress, that  
Ever protects her servants, to become  
A slave to lies and falsehood. What excuse

Can we make to the duke, what mercy hope for,  
Our packing being laid open ?

*Sanas.* 'Tis not to  
Be question'd but his purposed journey is  
To see fair Lidia.

*Giov.* And to divert him  
Impossible.

*Sanas.* There's now no looking backward.  
*Giov.* And which way to go on with safety, not  
To be imagined.

*Sanas.* Give me leave : I have  
An embryo in my brain, which, I despair not,  
May be brought to form and fashion, provided  
You will be open-breasted.

*Giov.* 'Tis no time now,  
Our dangers being equal, to conceal  
A thought from you.

*Sanas.* What power hold you o'er Lidia ?  
Do you think that, with some hazard of her life,  
She would prevent your ruin ?

*Giov.* I presume so :  
If, in the undertaking it, she stray not  
From what becomes her innocence ; and to that  
'Tis far from me to press her : I myself  
Will rather suffer.

*Sanas.* 'Tis enough ; this night  
Write to her by your servant Calandrino,  
As I shall give directions ; my man

*Enter CALANDRINO, fantastically dressed.*

Shall bear him company. See, sir, to my wish  
He does appear ; but much transform'd from what  
He was when he came hither.

*Cal.* I confess  
I am not very wise, and yet I find  
A fool, so he be parcel knave, in court  
May flourish and grow rich.

*Giov.* Calandrino.

*Cal.* Peace !  
I am in contemplation.

*Giov.* Do not you know me ?

*Cal.* I tell thee, no ; on forfeit of my place,

I must not know myself, much less my father,  
But by petition ; that petition lined too  
With golden birds, that sing to the tune of profit,  
Or I am deaf.

*Giov.* But you've your sense of feeling.

[Offering to strike him.]

*Sanas.* Nay, pray you, forbear.

*Cal.* I have all that's requisite  
To the making up of a signior : my spruce ruff,  
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and panned hose,  
My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork,  
To convey an olive neatly to my mouth ;—  
And, what is all in all, my pockets ring  
A golden peal. O that the peasants in the country,  
My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am,  
How they would admire and worship me !

*Giov.* As they shall ;  
For instantly you must thither.

*Cal.* My grand signior,  
*Vouchsafe a beso la manos, and a cringe*  
*Of the last edition.*

*Giov.* You must ride post with letters  
This night to Lidia.

*Cal.* An it please your grace,  
Shall I use my coach, or footcloth mule ?

*Sanas.* You widgeon,  
You are to make all speed ; think not of pomp.

*Giov.* Follow for your instructions, sirrah.

*Cal.* I have  
One suit to you, my good lord.

*Sanas.* What is't ?  
*Cal.* That you would give me  
A subtle court-charn, to defend me from  
The infectious air of the country.

*Giov.* What's the reason ?  
*Cal.* Why, as this court-air taught me knavish  
By which I am grown rich, if that again [wit,  
Should turn me fool and honest, vain hopes fare-  
For I must die a beggar. [well !

*Sanas.* Go to, sirrah,  
You'll be whipt for this.

*Giov.* Leave fooling, and attend us. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Hall in CHAROMONTE'S House.*

*Enter CHAROMONTE and LIDIA.*

*Char.* Daughter, I have observed, since the  
presence left us,

(Whose absence I mourn with you,) and the visit  
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourished  
Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with  
That freedom and alacrity of spirit  
With which you used to cheer me.

*Lid.* For the count, sir,  
All thought of him does with his person die ;  
But I confess ingenuously, I cannot  
So soon forget the choice and chaste delights,  
The courteous conversation of the prince,  
And without stain, I hope, afforded me,  
When he made this house a court.

*Char.* It is in us  
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,  
And all we complain of, heaven be praised for't,  
Is too much plenty ; and we will make use of

*Enter CAPOPI, BERNARDO, PETRUCHIO, and other Servants.*

All lawful pleasures.—How now, fellows ! when  
Shall we have this lusty dance ?

*Cap.* In the afternoon, sir.  
'Tis a device, I wis, of my own making,  
And such a one, as shall make your signiorship  
know

I have not been your butler for nothing, but  
Have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it tightly,  
And make my sad young mistress merry again,  
Or I'll forswear the cellar.

*Bern.* If we had  
Our fellow Calandrino here, to dance  
His part, we were perfect.

*Pet.* O ! he was a rare fellow ;  
But I fear the court hath spoil'd him.

*Cap.* When I was young,  
I could have cut a caper on a pinnacle ;  
But now I am old and wise.—Keep your figure fair,  
And follow but the sample I shall set you,  
The duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us ;  
And that were credit.

Enter CALANDRINO.

*Lid.* Who have we here ?

*Cal.* I find

What was drawn in the country, in the court grows tender.

The bots on these jolting jades ! I am bruised to jelly.

A coach for my money ! and that the courtézans know well ;

Their riding so, makes them last three years longer Than such as are hacknued.

*Char.* Calandrino ! 'tis he.

*Cal.* Now to my postures.—Let my hand have the honour

To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of Your foot, dear signior.

*Char.* Fie ! you stoop too low, sir.

*Cal.* The hem of your vestment, lady : your glove is for princes :

Nay, I have conn'd my distances.

*Lid.* 'Tis most courtly.

*Cap.* Fellow Calandrino !

*Cal.* Signior de Caponi,

Grand botelier of the mansion.

*Bern.* How is't, man ? [*Claps him on the shoulder.*]

*Cal.* Be not so rustic in your salutations, Signior Bernardo, master of the accounts. Signior Petruccio, may you long continue Your function in the chamber !

*Cap.* When shall we learn

Such gambols in our villa ?

*Lid.* Sure he's mad.

*Char.* 'Tis not unlike, for most of such mush-What news at court ? [*rooms are so.*]

*Cal.* *Basta !* they are mysteries, And not to be reveal'd. With your favour, signior ; I am, in private, to confer a while With this signora : but I'll pawn my honour, That neither my terse language, nor my habit, Howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs, Shall render her enamour'd.

*Char.* Take your pleasure ;

A little of these apish tricks may pass, Too much is tedious. [*Exit.*]

*Cal.* The prince, in this paper, Presents his service. Nay, it is not courtly To see the seal broke open ; so I leave you.—Signiors of the villa, I'll descend to be Familiar with you.

*Cap.* Have you forgot to dance ?

*Cal.* No, I am better'd.

*Pet.* Will you join with us ?

*Cal.* As I like the project.

Let me warm my brains first with the richest And then I'm for you. [*grape.*]

*Cap.* We will want no wine. [*Exeunt all but LIDIA.*]

*Lid.* That this comes only from the best of princes,

With a kind of adoration does command me To entertain it ; and the sweet contents

[*Kissing the letter.*]

That are inscribed here by his hand must be Much more than musical to me. All the service Of my life at no part can deserve this favour. O what a virgin longing I feel on me To unrip the seal, and read it ! yet, to break What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear A saucy rudeness in me.—I must do it, (Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve them,)

But with such reverence, as I would open Some holy writ, whose grave instructions beat down Rebellious sins, and teach my better part How to mount upward.—So, [*opens the letter*]

'tis done, and I

With eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it. [*Reads.*]

Chaste Lidia, the favours are so great

On me by you oonferr'd, that to entreat

The least addition to them, in true sense

May argue me of blushless Impudences.

But, such are my extremes, if you deny

A further grace, I must unpitied die.

Haste out of circumstance. As you're admired

For beauty, the report of it hath fired

The duke my uncle, and, I fear, you'll prove,

Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.

If he see you as you are, my hoped-for light

Is changed into an everlasting night ;

How to prevent it, if your goodness find,

You save two lives, and me you ever bind,

The honourer of your virtues, GIOVANNI.

Were I more deaf than adders, these sweet charms Would through my ears find passage to my soul, And soon enchant it. To save such a prince, Who would not perish ? virtue in him must suffer, And piety be forgotten. The duke's lust, Though it rag'd more than Tarquin's, shall not reach me.

All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me ! My prayers are heard ; I have't. The duke ne'er saw me—

Or, if that fail, I am again provided—

But for the servants !—They will take what form

I please to put upon them. Giovanni,

Be safe ; thy servant Lidia assures it.

Let mountains of afflictions fall on me,

Their weight is easy, so I set thee free. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter COSIMO, GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, CHAROMONTE, and Attendants.

*Sanas.* Are you not tired with travel, sir ?

*Cos.* No, no ;

I am fresh and lusty.

*Char.* This day shall be ever

A holiday to me, that brings my prince Under my humble roof. [*Weeps.*]

*Giov.* See, sir, my good tutor

Sheds tears for joy.

*Cos.* Dry them up, Charomonte ;

And all forbear the room, while we exchange Some private words together.

*Giov.* O, my lord,

How grossly have we overshot ourselves !

*Sanas.* In what, sir ?

*Giov.* In forgetting to acquaint

My guardian with our purpose ; all that Lidia

Can do avails us nothing, if the duke

Find out the truth from him.

*Sanas.* 'Tis now past help,

And we must stand the hazard :—hope the best, sir.

[*Exeunt GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, and Attendants.*]

*Char.* My loyalty doubted, sir !

*Cos.* 'Tis more. Thou hast

Abused our trust, and in a high degree

Committed treason.

*Char.* Treason ! 'Tis a word My innocence understands not. Were my breast Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,

Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour  
Of my allegiance : and I must be bold  
To tell you, sir, (for he that knows no guilt  
Can know no fear,) 'tis tyranny to o'ercharge  
An honest man ; and such, till now, I've lived,  
And such, my lord, I'll die.

*Cos.* Sir, do not flatter  
Yourself with hope, these great and glorious words,  
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you,  
That's arm'd with impudence, can with ease deliver,  
And with as full a mouth, can work on us :  
Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear  
What is in fact apparent.

*Char.* Fact ! what fact ?  
You, that know only what it is, instruct me,  
For I am ignorant.

*Cos.* This, then, sir : We gave up,  
On our assurance of your faith and care,  
Our nephew Giovanni, nay, our heir  
In expectation, to be train'd up by you  
As did become a prince.

*Char.* And I discharged it :  
Is this the treason ?

*Cos.* Take us with you, sir.  
And, in respect we knew his youth was prone  
To women, and that, living in our court,  
He might make some unworthy choice, before  
His weaker judgment was confirm'd, we did  
Remove him from it ; constantly presuming,  
You, with your best endeavours, rather would  
Have quench'd those heats in him, than light a  
As you have done, to his looseness. [to *Char.*]

*Char.* I ! my travail  
Is ill-requited, sir ; for, by my soul,  
I was so curious that way, that I granted  
Access to none could tempt him ; nor did ever  
One syllable, or obscene accent, touch  
His ear, that might corrupt him.

*Cos.* No ! Why, then,  
With your allowance, did you give free way  
To all familiar privacy between  
My nephew and your daughter ? Or why did you  
(Had you no other ends in't but our service)  
Read to them, and together, as they had been  
Scholars of one form, grammar, rhetoric,  
Philosophy, story, and interpret to them  
The close temptations of lascivious poets ?  
Or wherefore, for we still had spies upon you,  
Was she still present, when, by your advice,  
He was taught the use of his weapon, horseman-  
ship,

Wrestling, nay, swimming, but to fan in her  
A hot desire of him ? and then, forsooth,  
His exercises ended, cover'd with  
A fair pretence of recreation for him,  
(When Lidia was instructed in those graces  
That add to beauty,) he, brought to admire her,  
Must hear her sing, while to her voice her hand  
Made ravishing music ; and, this applauded, dance  
A light voluita with her.

*Char.* Have you ended  
All you can charge me with ?

*Cos.* Nor stopt you there,  
But they must unattended walk into  
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds  
Warbling their wanton notes ; here, a sure shade  
Of barren sicamores, which the all-seeing sun  
Could not pierce through ; near that, an arbour  
hung

With spreading eglantine ; there, a bubbling spring

Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies ;  
With all allurements that could move to lust :  
And could this, Charomonte, (should I grant  
They had been equals both in birth and fortune,)  
Become your gravity ? nay, 'tis clear as air,  
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter  
Into our family, gave connivance to it :  
And this, though not in act, in the intent  
I call high treason.

*Char.* Hear my just defence, sir ;  
And, though you are my prince, it will not take  
from

Your greatness, to acknowledge with a blush,  
In this my accusation you have been  
More sway'd by spleen, and jealous suppositions,  
Than certain grounds of reason. You had a father,  
(Blest be his memory !) that made frequent proofs  
Of my loyalty and faith, and, would I boast  
The dangers I have broke through in his service,  
I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread sir,  
Whenever I was put unto the test,  
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal ;  
And am I doubted now ?

*Cos.* This is from the purpose.

*Char.* I will come to it, sir : Your grace well knew,  
Before the prince's happy presence made  
My poor house rich, the chiefest blessing which  
I gloried in, though now it prove a curse,  
Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me,  
As a security to your future fears,  
To cast her off : which had you done, howe'er  
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of  
My feeble age, so far I prized my duty  
Above affection, she now had been  
A stranger to my care. But she is fair !  
Is that her fault, or mine ? Did ever father  
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish ?  
Her education and her manners tempt too !  
If these offend, they are easily removed :  
You may, if you think fit, before my face,  
In recompense of all my watchings for you,  
With burning corrosives transform her to  
An ugly leper ; and, this done, to taint  
Her sweetness, prostitute her to a brothel.  
This I will rather suffer, sir, and more,  
Than live suspected by you.

*Cos.* Let not passion  
Carry you beyond your reason.

*Char.* I am calm, sir ;  
Yet you must give me leave to grieve I find  
My actions misinterpreted. Alas ! sir,  
Was Lidia's desire to serve the prince  
Call'd an offence ? or did she practise to  
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeal  
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him ?  
'Tis a hard construction. Though she be my  
daughter,

I may thus far speak her : from her infancy  
She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer  
Simplicity than craft ; and malice dares not  
Affirm, in one loose gesture, or light language,  
She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste.  
I'll fetch her to you, sir ; and but look on her  
With equal eyes, you must in justice grant  
That your suspicion wrongs her.

*Cos.* It may be ;  
But I must have stronger assurance of it  
Than passionate words : and, not to trifle time,  
As we came unexpected to your house,  
We will prevent all means that may prepare her

How to answer that, with which we come to charge  
And howsoever it may be received [her.  
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,  
On thy allegiance and boasted faith,  
Nay, forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee  
Close prisoner to thy chamber, till all doubts  
Are clear'd, that do concern us.

*Char.* I obey, sir,  
And wish your grace had followed my herse  
To my sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,  
Rather than now—but I am silent, sir,  
And let that speak my duty. [Exit.

*Cos.* If this man  
Be false, disguised treachery ne'er put on  
A shape so near to truth. Within, there!

*Re-enter GIOVANNI and SANARARO, ushering in PETRONELLA, CALANDRINO and others setting forth a Banquet.*

*Sanas.* Sir.

*Cos.* Bring Lidia forth.

*Giov.* She comes, sir, of herself,  
To present her service to you.

*Cos.* Ha! This personage  
Cannot invite affection.

*Sanas.* See you keep state.

*Petron.* I warrant you.

*Cos.* The manners of her mind  
Must be transcendent, if they can defend  
Her rougher outside. May we with your liking  
Salute you, lady?

*Petron.* Let me wipe my mouth, sir,  
With my cambric handkerchief, and then have at  
*Cos.* Can this be possible? [you.

*Sanas.* Yes, sir; you will find her  
Such as I gave her to you.

*Petron.* Will your dukeship  
Sit down and eat some sugar-plums? Here's a  
castle

Of march-pans too; and this quince-marmalade  
was

Of my own making; all summ'd up together,  
Did cost the setting on: and here is wine too,  
As good as e'er was tapp'd. I'll be your taster,  
For I know the fashion. [*Drinks all off.*—Now  
you must do me right, sir;

You shall nor will nor choose.

*Giov.* She's very simple.

*Cos.* Simple! 'tis worse. Do you drink thus  
often, lady?

*Petron.* Still when I am thirsty, and eat when  
I am hungry:

Such junkets come not every day. Once more to  
With a heart and a half, I'faith. [you,

*Cos.* Pray you, pause a little;  
If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side;  
I am not good at the game.

*Petron.* Then I'll drink for you.

*Cos.* Nay, pray you stay: I'll find you out a  
pledge

That shall supply my place; what think you of  
This complete signior? You are a Juno,  
And in such state must feast this Jupiter:  
What think you of him?

*Petron.* I desire no better.

*Cos.* And you will undertake this service for  
You are good at the sport. [me?

*Cal.* Who, I? a piddler, sir.

*Cos.* Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and eat and  
As you were a duke. [drink

*Cal.* If your grace will have me,  
I'll eat and drink like an emperor.

*Cos.* Take your place then:

*Calandrino takes the Duke's chair.*

We are amazed.

*Giov.* This is gross: nor can the imposture  
But be discover'd.

*Sanas.* The duke is too sharp-sighted,  
To be deluded thus.

*Cal.* Nay, pray you eat fair,  
Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use  
Your fork, as I do? Gape, and I will feed you.

*Feeds her.*

Gape wider yet; this is court-like.

*Petron.* To choke daws with:—  
I like it not.

*Cal.* But you like this?

*Petron.* Let it come, boy. [*They drink.*

*Cos.* What a sight is this! We could be angry  
with you.

How much you did belie her when you told us  
She was only simple! this is barbarous rudeness,  
Beyond belief.

*Giov.* I would not speak her, sir,  
Worse than she was.

*Sanas.* And I, my lord, chose rather  
To deliver her better parted than she is,  
Than to take from her.

*Enter CAPONI, with his fellow Servants, for the dance.*

*Cap.* Ere I'll lose my dance,  
I'll speak to the purpose. I am, sir, no prologue;  
But in plain terms must tell you, we are provided  
Of a lusty hornpipe.

*Cos.* Prithee, let us have it,  
For we grow dull.

*Cap.* But to make up the medley,  
For it is of several colours, we must borrow  
Your grace's ghost here.

*Cal.* Pray you, sir, depose me;  
It will not do else. I am, sir, the engine  
[Rises, and resigns his chair.

By which it moves.

*Petron.* I will dance with my duke too;  
I will not out.

*Cos.* Begin then.—[*They dance.*—There's  
more in this,

Than yet I have discover'd. Some *Œdipus*  
Resolve this riddle.

*Petron.* Did I not foot it roundly. [*Falls.*

*Cos.* As I live, stark drunk! away with her.  
We'll reward you,

*Exit Servants with PETRONELLA.*

When you have cool'd yourselves in the cellar.

*Cap.* Heaven preserve you!

*Cos.* We pity Charomonte's wretched fortune  
In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!—  
The place grows tedious; our remove shall be  
With speed: we'll only, in a word or two,  
Take leave, and comfort him.

*Sanas.* 'Twill rather, sir,  
Increase his sorrow, that you know his shame;  
Your grace may do it by letter.

\* *Cos.* Who sign'd you  
A patent to direct us? Wait our coming,  
In the garden.

*Giov.* All will out.

*Sanas.* I more than fear it.

*Re-enter GIOVANNI and SANARARO.*

*Cos.* These are strange chimeras to us: what  
to judge of't,

Is past our apprehension. One command  
Charomonte to attend us. [Exit an Attendant.

Can it be  
That Contarino could be so besotted,  
As to admire this prodigy ! or her father  
To doat upon it ! Or does she personate,  
For some ends unknown to us, this rude be-  
haviour,

Which, in the scene presented, would appear  
Ridiculous and impossible ?—O, you are welcome.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you  
In our unjust suspicion. We have seen  
The wonder, sir, your daughter.

Char. And have found her  
Such as I did report her. What she wanted  
In courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil  
And modest entertainment.

Cos. Pray you, tell us,  
And truly we command you—Did you never  
Observe she was given to drink ?

Char. To drink, sir !

Cos. Yes : nay more, to be drunk ?

Char. I had rather see her buried.

Cos. Dare you trust your own eyes, if you find  
More than distemper'd ? [her now

Char. I will pull them out, sir,  
If your grace can make this good. And if you please  
To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,  
And in a moment.

Cos. Look you do, and fail not,  
On the peril of your head.

Char. Drunk !—She disdains it. [Exit.

Cos. Such contrarieties were never read of.  
Charomonte is no fool ; nor can I think  
His confidence built on sand. We are abused,  
'Tis too apparent.

Re-enter CHAROMONTE with LIDIA.

Lid. I am indisposed, sir ;  
And that life you once tender'd, much endanger'd  
In forcing me from my chamber.

Char. Here she is, sir ;  
Suddenly sick, I grant ; but, sure, not drunk :  
Speak to my lord the duke.

Lid. All is discover'd. [Kneels.

Cos. Is this your only daughter ?

Char. And my heir, sir ;  
Nor keep I any woman in my house  
(Unless for sordid offices) but one  
I do maintain, trimm'd up in her cast habits,  
To make her sport : and she, indeed, loves wine,  
And will take too much of it ; and, perhaps, for  
She was presented to you. [mirth,

Cos. It shall yield  
No sport to the contrivers. 'Tis too plain now.  
Her presence does confirm what Contarino  
Deliver'd of her ; nor can sickness dim  
The splendour of her beauties : being herself, then,  
She must exceed his praise.

Lid. Will your grace hear me ?  
I'm faint, and can say little.

Cos. Here are accents  
Whose every syllable is musical !  
Pray you, let me raise you, and awhile rest here.  
False Sanazarro, treacherous Giovanni !  
But stand we talking !—

Char. Here's a storm soon raised.

Cos. As thou art our subject, Charomonte,  
To act what we command. [swear

Char. That is an oath  
I long since took.

Cos. Then, by that oath we charge thee,  
Without excuse, denial, or delay,  
To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanazarro,  
And our ingrateful nephew. We have said it.  
Do it without reply, or we pronounce thee,  
Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded  
In several lodgings, and forbid access  
To all, but when we warrant. Is our will  
Heard sooner than obey'd ?

Char. These are strange turns ;  
But I must not dispute them. [Exit

Cos. Be severe in't.—  
O my abused lenity ! from what height  
Is my power fall'n !

Lid. O me most miserable !  
That, being innocent, makes others guilty.  
Most gracious prince—

Cos. Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

Lid. My knees shall first be rooted in this earth,  
And, Myrrha-like, I'll grow up to a tree,  
Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which  
Harden'd by the rough wind, and turn'd to amber,  
Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear ;  
Before I'll make petition to your greatness,  
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,  
As I would do to heaven. You princes are  
As gods on earth to us, and to be sued to  
With such humility, as his deputies  
May challenge from their vassals.

Cos. Here's that form  
Of language I expected ; pray you, speak :  
What is your suit ?

Lid. That you would look upon me  
As a humble thing, that millions of degrees  
Is placed beneath you : for what am I, dread sir,  
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,  
That may be worth your care, much less your  
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty cedar, [trouble ?  
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,  
I am to you, sir. Or, suppose the prince,  
(Which cannot find belief in me,) forgetting  
The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown  
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,  
That am the cause, the rashness of his youth.  
Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air,  
The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings,  
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,  
For suffering a wren to perch too near them ?  
Such is our disproportion.

Cos. With what fervour  
She pleads against herself !

Lid. For me, poor maid,  
I know the prince to be so far above me,  
That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am  
So much his creature, that, to fix him in  
Your wanted grace and favour, I'll abjure  
His sight for ever, and betake myself  
To a religious life, (where in my prayers  
I may remember him,) and ne'er see man more,  
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me, sir ?  
In truth I'll keep my word ; or, if this fail,  
A little more of fear what may befall him  
Will stop my breath for ever.

Cos. Had you thus argued [Raises her.  
As you were yourself, and brought as advocata  
Your health and beauty, to make way for you,  
No crime of his could put on such a shape  
But I should look with the eyes of mercy on it.



What would I give to see this diamond  
In her perfect lustre, as she was before  
The clouds of sickness dimm'd it! Yet, take com-  
And, as you would obtain remission for [fort];  
His treachery to me, cheer your drooping spirits,  
And call the blood again into your cheeks,

And then plead for him; and in such a habit  
As in your highest hopes you would put on,  
If we were to receive you for our bride.  
*Lid.* I'll do my best, sir.  
*Cos.* And that best will be  
A crown of all felicity to me.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An upper Chamber in  
CHAROMONTE'S House.**Enter SANAZARRO.*

*Sanaz.* 'Tis proved in me: the curse of human  
Adding to our afflictions, makes us know [frailty,  
What's good; and yet our violent passions force  
To follow what is ill. Reason assured me [us  
It was not safe to shave a lion's skin;  
And that to trifle with a sovereign was  
To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty,  
Treading upon the neck of understanding,  
Compell'd me to put off my natural shape  
Of loyal duty, to disguise myself  
In the adulterate and cobweb-mask  
Of disobedient treachery. Where is now  
My borrow'd greatness, or the promised lives  
Of following courtiers echoing my will?  
In a moment vanish'd! Power that stands not on  
Its proper base, which is peculiar only  
To absolute princes, falls or rises with  
Their frown or favour. The great duke, my master,  
(Who almost changed me to his other self,)  
No sooner takes his beams of comfort from me,  
But I, as one unknown, or unregarded,  
Unpitied suffer. Who makes intercession  
To his mercy for me, now? who does remember  
The service I have done him? not a man:  
And such as spake no language but my lord  
The favourite of Tuscany's grand duke,  
Deride my madness.—Ha! what noise of horses?

*[He looks out at the back window.]*

A goodly troop! This back part of my prison  
Allows me liberty to see and know them.  
Contarino! yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico:  
And the dutchess Fiorinda, Urbin's heir,  
A princess I have alighted: yet I wear  
Her favours; and, to teach me what I am,  
She whom I scorn'd can only mediate for me.  
This way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not;  
And how to make suit to her is a task  
Of as much difficulty.—Yes, thou blessed pledge

*[Takes off the ring.]*

Of her affection, aid me! This supplies  
The want of pen and ink; and this, of paper.

*[Takes a pan: of glass.]*

It must be so; and I in my petition  
Concise and pithy.

SCENE II.—*The Court before CHAROMONTE'S  
House.**Enter CONTARINO leading in FIORINDA, ALFONSO, HIP-  
POLITO, HIERONIMO, and CALAMINTA.**Fior.* 'Tis a goodly pile, this.*Hier.* But better by the owner.*Alph.* But most rich

In the great states it covers.

*Fior.* The duke's pleasure  
Commands us hither.*Cont.* Which was laid on us  
To attend you to it.*Hip.* Signior Charomonte,  
To see your excellence his guest, will think  
Himself most happy.*Fior.* Tie my shoe.—*[The pane falls down.]—*  
What's that?A pane thrown from the window, no wind stirring!  
*Calam.* And at your feet too fall'n:—there's  
something writ on't.*Cont.* Some courtier, belike, would have it known  
He wore a diamond.*Calam.* Ha! it is directed  
To the princess Fiorinda.*Fior.* We will read it.

[Reads.]

Ho, whom you pleas'd to favour, is cast down  
Past hope of rising, by the great duke's frown,  
If, by your gracious means, he cannot have  
A pardon;—and that got, he lives your slave,  
Of men the most distressed,

SANAZARRO.

Of me the most beloved; and I will save thee,  
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy fault must be  
Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers  
And humble intercession to the duke

*Enter COZIMO and CHAROMONTE.*

Prevail not with him. Here he comes; delay  
Shall not make less my benefit.

*Cos.* What we purpose  
Shall know no change, and therefore move me not:  
We were made as properties, and what we shall  
Determine of them cannot be call'd rigour,  
But noble justice. When they proved disloyal,  
They were cruel to themselves. The prince that  
The first affront offer'd to majesty, [pardons  
Invites a second, rendering that power  
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.  
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,  
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherish'd.  
Madam, you're happily met with.

*Fior.* Sir, I am  
An humble suitor to you; and the rather  
Am confident of a grant, in that your grace,  
When I made choice to be at your devotion,  
Vow'd to deny me nothing.

*Cos.* To this minute  
We have confirm'd it. What's your boon?

*Fior.* It is, sir,  
That you, in being gracious to your servant,  
The ne'er sufficiently praised Sanazarro,  
That now under your heavy displeasure suffers,  
Would be good unto yourself. His services,  
So many, and so great, (your storm of fury  
Calm'd by your better judgment,) must inform you  
Some little slip, for sure it is no more,

From his loyal duty, with your justice cannot  
Make foul his fair deservings. Great sir, therefore,  
Look backward on his former worth, and turning  
Your eye from his offence, what 'tis I know not,  
And, I am confident, you will receive him  
Once more into your favour.

*Cos.* You say well,  
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault ;  
Which when you understand, as we'll instruct you,  
Your pity will appear a charity,  
It being conferr'd on an unthankful man,  
To be repented. He's a traitor, madam,  
To you, to us, to gratitude; and in that  
All crimes are comprehended.

*Fior.* If his offence  
Aim'd at me only, whatso'er it is,  
'Tis freely pardon'd.

*Cos.* This compassion in you  
Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly.  
The honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,  
The titles, the rewards, to the envy of  
The old nobility, as the common people,  
We now forbear to touch at, and will only  
Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were pleased,  
Forgetting both yourself and proper greatness,  
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace  
A happiness, which, on his knees, with joy  
He should have sued for. Who repined not at  
The grace you did him? yet, in recompense  
Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch  
Makes you a stake; and, what he might be by you  
Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly  
To the service of another. If you can  
Bear this with patience, we must say you have not  
The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions  
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,  
And when you seriously have weigh'd his carriage,  
Move us again, if your reason will allow it,  
His treachery known: and then, if you continue  
An advocate for him, we, perhaps, because  
We would deny you nothing, may awake  
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo!

*Char.* My lord. *[They talk aside.]*

*Fior.* To endure a rival that were equal to me,  
Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit ;  
But an inferior, more: yet true love must not  
Know or degrees, or distances. Lidia may be  
As far above me in her form, as she  
Is in her birth beneath me; and what I  
In Senazarro liked, he loves in her.  
But, if I free him now, the benefit  
Being done so timely, and confirming too  
My strength and power, my soul's best faculties  
being

Beat wholly to preserve him, must supply me  
With all I am defective in, and bind him  
My creature ever. It must needs be so,  
Nor will I give it o'er thus.

*Cos.* Does our nephew  
Bear his restraint so constantly, as you  
Deliver it to us?

*Char.* In my judgment, sir,  
He suffers more for his offence to you,  
Than in his fear of what can follow it.  
For he is so collected, and prepared  
To welcome that you shall determine of him,  
As if his doubts and fears were equal to him.  
And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,  
That more laments the telling one untruth,  
Under your pardon still, for 'twas a fault, sir,

Than others, that pretend to conscience, do  
Their crying secret sins.

*Cos.* No more; this gloss  
Defends not the corruption of the text :  
Urge it no more.

*[CHARMONT and the others talk aside.]*

*Fior.* I once more must make bold, sir,  
To trench upon your patience. I have  
Consider'd my wrongs duly: yet that cannot  
Divert my intercession for a man  
Your grace, like me, once favour'd. I am still  
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe  
The hearing his defence, and that I may,  
With your allowance, see and comfort him.  
Then, having heard all that he can allege  
In his excuse, for being false to you,  
Censure him as you please.

*Cos.* You will o'ercome ;  
There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy  
What you desire, and tell him, he shall have  
A speedy trial; in which, we'll forbear  
To sit a judge, because our purpose is  
To rise up his accuser.

*Fior.* All increase  
Of happiness wait on Cosimo!

*[Exit FIORINA and CALANITA.]*

*Alph.* Was it no more?

*Char.* My honour's pawn'd for it.

*Cont.* I'll second you.

*Hip.* Since it is for the service and the safety  
Of the hopeful prince, fall what can fall, I'll run  
The desperate hazard.

*Hior.* He's no friend to virtue  
That does decline it.

*[They all come forward and kneel.]*

*Cos.* Ha! what sue you for?  
Shall we be ever troubled? Do not tempt  
That anger may consume you.

*Char.* Let it, sir:

The loss is less, though innocents we perish,  
Than that your sister's son should fall, unheard,  
Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat  
That grace for him, that are your faithful servants,  
Which you vouchsafe the count, like us a subject?

*Cos.* Did not we vow, till sickness had forsook  
Thy daughter Lidia, and she appear'd  
In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,  
We were deaf to all persuasion?

*Char.* And that hope, sir,  
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd,  
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring  
The penitent prince before you.

*Cos.* To enjoy

Such happiness, what would we not dispense with?

*Alph. Hip. Hir.* We all kneel for the prince.

*Cont.* Nor can it stand

With your mercy, that are gracious to strangers,  
To be cruel to your own.

*Cos.* But art thou certain  
I shall behold her at the best?

*Char.* If ever

She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,  
She is now much better'd.

*Cos.* Rise; thou art but dead,  
If this prove otherwise. Lidia, appear,  
And feast an appetite almost pined to death  
With longing expectation to behold  
Thy excellencies: thou, as beauty's queen,  
Shalt censure the detractors. Let my nephew  
Be led in triumph under her command;

We'll have it so; and Sanazarro tremble  
To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire  
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet  
A blessing, which imagination tells us  
We are not worthy of: and then come forth,  
But with such reverence, as if I were  
Myself the priest, the sacrifice my heart,  
To offer at the altar of that goodness  
That must or kill or save me. [Exit.]

*Char.* Are not these  
Strange gambols in the duke!

*Alph.* Great princes have,  
Like meaner men, their weakness.

*Hip.* And may use it  
Without control or check.

*Cont.* 'Tis fit they should;  
Their privileges were less else, than their subjects'.

*Hier.* Let them have their humours; there's no  
crossing them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A State-room in the same.

*Enter FLORINDA, SANAZARRO, and CALAMINTA.*

*Sanas.* And can it be, your bounties should fall  
down

In showers on my ingratitude, or the wrongs  
Your greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?  
What retribution can I make, what service  
Pay to your goodness, that, in some proportion,  
May to the world express I would be thankful?  
Since my engagements are so great, that all  
My best endeavours to appear your creature  
Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe  
To your magnificence.

*Fior.* All debts are discharged  
In this acknowledgment: yet, since you please  
I shall impose some terms of satisfaction  
For that which you profess yourself obliged for,  
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,  
I hope, afflict you.

*Sanas.* Make me understand,  
Great princess, what they are, and my obedience  
Shall, with all cheerful willingness, subscribe  
To what you shall command.

*Fior.* I will bind you to  
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you  
To love a lady, that, a noble way,  
Truly affects you; and that you would take  
To your protection and care the dukedom  
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but your's.  
And that, when you have full possession of  
My person as my fortune, you would use me,  
Not as a princess, but instruct me in  
The duties of an humble wife, for such,  
The privilege of my birth no more remember'd,  
I will be to you. This consented to,  
All injuries forgotten, on your lips  
I thus sign your quietus.

*Sanas.* I am wretched,  
In having but one life to be employ'd  
As you please to dispose it. And, believe it,  
If it be not already forfeited  
To the fury of my prince, as 'tis your gift,  
With all the faculties of my soul I'll study,  
In what I may, to serve you.

*Fior.* I am happy

*Enter GIOVANNI and LIDIA.*

In this assurance. What sweet lady's this?

*Sanas.* 'Tis Lidia, madam, she—

*Fior.* I understand you.

Nay, blush not; by my life, she is a rare one!  
And, if I were your judge, I would not blame you  
To like and love her. But, sir, you are mine now;  
And I presume so on your constancy,  
That I dare not be jealous.

*Sanas.* All thoughts of her  
Are in your goodness buried.

*Lid.* Pray you, sir,  
Be comforted; your innocence should not know  
What 'tis to fear; and if that you but look on  
The guards that you have in yourself, you can not.  
The duke's your uncle, sir, and, though a little  
Incensed against you, when he sees your sorrow,  
He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar,  
Or cannibal, though bath'd in human gore,  
But, looking on your sweetness, would forget  
His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon,  
Though then aim'd at your throat?

*Giov.* O Lidia,  
Of maids the honour, and your sex's glory!  
It is not fear to die, but to lose you,  
That brings this fever on me. I will now

Discover to you, that which, till this minute,  
I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew  
What power the magic of your beauty had,  
I was enchanted by it, liked, and loved it,  
My fondness still increasing with my years;  
And, flattered by false hopes, I did attend  
Some blessed opportunity to move  
The duke with his consent to make you mine:  
But now, such is my star-cross'd destiny,  
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot  
Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you.  
And I as well in reason may entreat him  
To give away his crown, as to part from  
A jewel of more value, such you are.  
Yet, howsoever, when you are his dutcheas,  
And I am turn'd into forgotten dust,  
Pray you, love my memory:—I should say more,  
But I'm cut off.

*Enter COSIMO, CHARBODONTE, CONTARINO, HIERONIMO  
HIPOLITO, and ALPHONSO.*

*Sanas.* The duke! That countenance, once,  
When it was clothed in smiles, shew'd like an  
But, now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury, [angel's,  
'Tis terrible to look on.

*Lid.* Sir.

*Cos.* A while  
Silence your musical tongue, and let me feast  
My eyes with the most ravishing object that  
They ever gazed on. There's no miniature  
In her fair face, but is a copious theme  
Which would, discours'd at large of, make a volume.  
What clear arch'd brows! what sparkling eyes!  
Contending with the roses in her cheeks, [the lilies  
Who shall most set them off. What ruby lips!—  
Or unto what can I compare her neck,  
But to a rock of crystal? every limb  
Proportion'd to love's wish, and in their neatness  
Add lustre to the riches of her habit,  
Not borrow from it.

*Lid.* You are pleased to shew, sir,  
The fluency of your language, in advancing  
A subject much unworthy.

*Cos.* How! unworthy?  
By all the vows which lovers offer at  
The Cyprian goddess' altars, eloquence

Itself presuming, as you are, to speak you,  
Would be struck dumb!—And what have you de-  
served then,

[GIOVANNI and SANAZARRO kneel.

(Wretches, you kneel too late,) that have endeav-  
our'd

To spout the poison of your black detraction  
On this immaculate whiteness? was it malice  
To her perfections? or—

*Fior.* Your highness promised  
A gracious hearing to the count.

*Lid.* And prince too;  
Do not make void so just a grant.

*Cos.* We will not.

Yet, since their accusation must be urged,  
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,  
We seat you here, as judges, to determine  
Of your gross wrongs, and ours. [*Seats the Ladies  
in the chairs of state.*] And now, remem-

Whose deputies you are, be neither away'd [bearing  
Or with particular spleen, or foolish pity,  
For neither can become you.

*Char.* There's some hope yet,  
Since they have such gentle judges.

*Cos.* Rise, and stand forth, then,  
And hear, with horror to your guilty souls,  
What we will prove against you. Could this prin-  
cess,

Thou enemy to thyself, [*To SANAZARRO*] stoop  
her high flight

Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness  
To look up to it, and with nimble wings  
Of gratitude couldst thou forbear to meet it?  
Were her favours boundless in a noble way  
And warrant'd by our allowance, yet,  
In thy acceptance, there appear'd no sign  
Of a modest thankfulness?

*Fior.* Pray you forbear  
To press that further; 'tis a fault we have  
Already heard, and pardon'd.

*Cos.* We will then  
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that  
Which does concern ourself, in which both being  
Equal offenders, what we shall speak points  
Indifferently at either. How we raised thee,  
Forgetful Sanazarro! of our grace,  
To a full possession of power and honours,  
It being too well known, we'll not remember.  
And what thou wert, rash youth, in expectation,  
[*To GIOVANNI.*

And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself,  
Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness,  
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,  
We did keep constant to a widowed bed,  
And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures  
Our absolute power and height of blood allow'd us;  
Made both, the keys that open'd our heart's secrets,  
And what you spake, believed as oracles:  
But you in recompence of this, to him  
That gave you all, to whom you owed your being,  
With treacherous lies endeavour'd to conceal  
This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself  
Could only lay just claim to.

*Giov.* 'Tis most true, sir.  
*Sanaz.* We both confess a guilty cause.

*Cos.* Look on her.  
Is this a beauty fit to be embraced  
By any subject's arms? can any tire  
Become that forehead, but a diadem?  
Or, should we grant your being false to us

Could be excused, your treachery to her,  
In seeking to deprive her of that greatness  
(Her matchless form consider'd) she was born to,  
Must ne'er find pardon. We have spoken, ladies.  
Like a rough orator, that brings more truth  
Than rhetoric to make good his accusation;  
And now expect your sentence.

[*The Ladies descend from the state.*

*Lid.* In your birth, sir,  
You were mark'd out the judge of life and death,  
And we, that are your subjects, to attend,  
With trembling fear, your doom.

*Fior.* We do resign  
This chair, as only proper to your self.

*Giov.* And, since in justice we are lost, we fly  
Unto your saving mercy. [*All kneeling.*

*Sanaz.* Which sets off  
A prince, much more than rigour.

*Char.* And becomes him,  
When 'tis express'd to such as fell by weakness,  
That being a twin-born brother to affection,  
Better than wreaths of conquest.

*Hier. Hip. Cont. Alph.* We all speak  
Their language, mighty sir.

*Cos.* You know our temper,  
And therefore with more boldness venture on it:  
And, would not our consent to your demands  
Deprive us of a happiness hereafter  
Ever to be despair'd of, we, perhaps,  
Might hearken nearer to you; and could wish  
With some qualification, or excuse,  
You might make less the mountains of your crimes,  
And so invite our clemency to feast with you.  
But you, that knew with what impatience  
Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda,  
Our dutchess, (let her memory still be sacred!)  
And with what imprecations on ourself  
We vow'd, not hoping e'er to see her equal,  
Ne'er to make trial of a second choice,  
If nature fram'd not one that did excel her,  
As this maid's beauty prompts us that she does:—  
And yet, with oaths then mix'd with tears, upon  
Her monument we swore our eye should never  
Again be tempted;—'tis true, and those vows  
Are register'd above, something here tells me.—  
Carolo, thou heardst us swear.

*Char.* And swear so deeply,  
That if all women's beauties were in this,  
(As she's not to be named with the dead dutchess.)  
Nay, all their virtues bound up in one story,  
(Of which mine is scarce an epitome),  
If you should take her as a wife, the weight  
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst,  
I had told you this before.

*Cos.* 'Tis strong truth, Carolo:  
And yet, what was necessity in us,  
Cannot free them from treason.

*Char.* There's your error;  
The prince, in care to have you keep your vows  
Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter.

*Lid.* He told me so, indeed, sir.

*Fior.* And the count  
Averr'd as much to me.

*Cos.* You all conspire,  
To force our mercy from us.

*Char.* Which given up,  
To aftertimes preserves you unforsworn:  
An honour, which will live upon your tomb,  
When your greatness is forgotten.

*Cos.* Though we know

All this is practice, and that both are false :  
 Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,  
 And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased  
 With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not  
 Know what we understand. Here, Giovanni,  
 We pardon thee ; and take from us, in this,  
 More than our dukedom : love her. As I part  
 With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us !  
 Sanazarro, we forgive you : in your service  
 To this princess, merit it. Yet let not others  
 That are in trust and grace, as you have been,  
 By the example of our lenity,  
 Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

*Enter CALANDRINO and PETRONELLA.*

*All.* Long live great Cozimo !

*Cal.* Sure the duke is  
 In the giving vein, they are so loud. Come on,  
 spouse ;  
 We have heard all, and we will have our boon too.

*Cos.* What is it ?

*Cal.* That your grace, in remembrance of

My share in a dance, and that I played your part,  
 When you should have drunk hard, would get this  
 signior's grant

To give this damsel to me in the church,  
 For we are contracted. In it you shall do  
 Your dukedom pleasure.

*Cos.* How ?

*Cal.* Why, the whole race  
 Of such as can act naturally fools' parts,  
 Are quite worn out ; and they that do survive,  
 Do only zany us : and we will bring you,  
 If we die not without issue, of both sexes  
 Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall preserve  
 Perpetual cause of sport, both to your grace  
 And your posterity ; that sad melancholy  
 Shall ne'er approach you.

*Cos.* We are pleased in it,  
 And will pay her portion.—— [*Comes forward.*

*May the passage prove,  
 Of what's presented, worthy of your love  
 And favour, as was aimed, and we have all,  
 That can in compass of our wishes fall.* [*Exit.*

# THE MAID OF HONOUR.

TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIENDS,  
SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. AND BART.  
AND  
SIR THOMAS BLAND, KNT.

THAT you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge: and living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship, (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you,) I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind, to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily wish, that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your more serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERTO, *King of Sicily.*  
FERDINAND, *Duke of Urbin.*  
BERTOLDO, *the King's natural Brother, a Knight of Malta.*  
GONZAGA, *a Knight of Mal'a, General to the Dutchess of Sienna.*  
ASTUTIO, *a Counsellor of State.*  
FULGENTIO, *the minion of ROBERTO.*  
ADORNI, *a follower of CAMIOLA'S Father.*  
SIGNOR SYLLI, *a foolish self-lover.*  
ANTONIO, } *Two rich Heirs City-bred.*  
GASPARO, }  
PIERIO, *a Colonel to GONZAGA.*

RODERIGO, } *Captain's to GONZAGA.*  
JACOBO, }  
DRAUSO, } *Captain's to Duke FERDINAND.*  
LIVIO, }  
FATHER PAULO, *a Priest, CAMIOLA'S Confessor.*  
Ambassador from the Duke of URBIN.  
A Bishop.  
A Page.  
AURELIA, *Dutchess of Sienna.*  
CAMIOLA, *the MAID OF HONOUR.*  
CLARINDA, *her Woman.*

Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN SICILY, AND PARTLY IN THE SIPPINSE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—PALERMO. *A State-room in the Palace.*

*Enter ASTUTIO and ADORNI.*

*Ador.* Good day to your lordship.

*Ast.* Thanks, Adorni.

*Ador.* May I presume to ask if the ambassador Employ'd by Ferdinand, the duke of Urbin, Hath audience this morning?

*Enter FULGENTIO.*

*Ast.* 'Tis uncertain;

For though a counsellor of state, I am not Of the cabinet counsel: but there's one, if he That may resolve you. [please,

*Ador.* I will move him.—Sir!

*Ful.* If you've a suit, shew water, I am blind else.

*Ador.* A suit; yet of a nature not to prove The quarry that you hawk for: if your words Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple To be weigh'd and rated, one poor syllable, Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand, Cannot deserve a fee.

*Ful.* It seems you are ignorant, I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing; And yet, for once, I care not if I answer One single question, gratis.

*Ador.* I much thank you.  
*Ful.* Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?

*Ful.* Yes.

*Ador.* At what hour ?

*Ful.* I promised not so much.

A syllable you begg'd, my charity gave it ;  
Move me no further.

*Asl.* This you wonder at :

With me, 'tis usual.

*Ador.* Pray you, sir, what is he ?

*Asl.* A gentleman, yet no lord. He hath some drops

Of the king's blood, running in his veins, derived  
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lies  
In a narrow compass, the king's ear ; and yields  
him

Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk  
Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands,  
Or profit made by wool ; but, while there are  
suitsors,

His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick,  
Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant  
In the time of trussing a point, he can undo,  
Or make a man : his play or recreation,  
Is to raise this up, or pull down that ; and though  
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops  
In Sicily, than the pope himself.

*Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, and a Servant.*

*Ador.* Most strange !

*Asl.* The presence fills. He in the Malta habit  
Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.

*Ador.* I understand you.

*Gasp.* Morrow to my uncle.

*Ant.* And my late guardian :—but at length I  
The reins in my own hands. [have

*Asl.* Pray you, use them well,  
Or you'll too late repent it.

*Bert.* With this jewel

Presented to Camiola, prepare,  
This night, a visit for me. [*Exit Servant.*] I shall  
have

Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that  
The king will hear of war.

*Ant.* Sir, I have horses  
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far  
To break a rank than crack a lance ; and are,  
In their career, of such incredible swiftness,  
They outstrip swallows.

*Bert.* And such may be useful  
To run away with, should we be defeated:  
You are well provided, signior.

*Ant.* Sir, excuse me ;  
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,  
And scorn the burthen : they come on, like light-  
Founder'd in a retreat. [ning ;

*Bert.* By no means back them ;  
Unless you know your courage sympathize  
With the daring of your horse.

*Ant.* My lord, this is bitter.

*Gasp.* I will raise me a company of foot ;  
And, when at push of pike I am to enter  
A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought me  
An armour cannon-proof.

*Bert.* You will not leap, then,  
O'er an outwork, in your shirt ?

*Gasp.* I do not like  
Activity that way.

*Bert.* You had rather stand  
A mark to try their muskets on ?

*Gasp.* If I do

No good, I'll do no hurt.

*Bert.* 'Tis in you, signior,

A Christian resolution, and becomes you !  
But I will not discourage you.

*Ant.* You are, sir.

A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,  
Have serv'd against the Turk.

*Bert.* 'Tis true.

*Ant.* Pray you, shew us  
The difference between the city valour,  
And service in the field.

*Bert.* 'Tis somewhat more  
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,  
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,  
Then burn their halberds ; or, safe guarded by  
Your tenant's sons, to carry away a may-pole  
From a neighbour village. You will not find there  
Your masters of dependencies to take up  
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names  
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,  
For a cloak with thrice-died velvet, and a cast suit,  
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with half a

breach there,  
And no shirt, (being a thing superfluous,  
And worn out of his memory,) if you bear not  
Yourselves both in, and upright, with a provant  
sword

Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way ;  
Or, with the hilts, thunder about your ears  
Such music as will make your worships dance  
To the doleful tune of *Lachryma*.

*Gasp.* I must tell you

In private, as you are my princely friend,  
I do not like such fiddlers.

*Bert.* No ! they are useful

For your imitation ; I remember you,  
When you came first to the court, and talk'd of  
nothing

But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming  
The golden bells in your pockets ; you believed  
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to  
Your gaudy clothes ; and could not walk at mid-  
Without a causeless quarrel, as if men [night  
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound  
To suffer your affronts : but, when you had been  
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the doc-  
Made profitable uses, you concluded, [trine  
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs  
Civility, with conformity of manners,  
Were two or three sound beatings.

*Ant.* I confess

They did much good upon me.

*Gasp.* And on me :

The principles that they read were sound.

*Bert.* You'll find

The like instructions in the camp.

*Asl.* The king !

*A flourish. Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Ambassador,  
and Attendants.*

*Rob.* [*Ascends the throne.*] We sit prepared to  
*Amb.* Your majesty [hear.

Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,  
With the desperate fortunes of my lord ; and pity  
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd,  
You being his last refuge, may persuade you  
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend  
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall  
To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious  
That his ambition to encroach upon  
His neighbour's territories, with the danger of  
His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in question

His own inheritance ; but youth, and heat  
Of blood, in your interpretation, may  
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it  
An error in him, being denied the favours  
Of the fair princess of Sienna, (though  
He sought her in a noble way,) to endeavour  
To force affection by surprisal of  
Her principal seat, Sienna.

*Rob.* Which now proves  
The seat of his captivity, not triumph :  
Heaven is still just.

*Amb.* And yet that justice is  
To be with mercy temper'd, which heaven's deputies

Stand bound to minister. The injured dutches,  
By reason taught, as nature, could not, with  
The reparation of her wrongs, but aim at  
A brave revenge ; and my lord feels, too late,  
That innocence will find friends. The great Gon-  
The honour of his order, (I must praise {saga,  
Virtue, though in an enemy,) he whose fights  
And conquests hold one number, rallying up  
Her scatter'd troops, before we could get time  
To victual or to man the conquer'd city,  
Sat down before it ; and, presuming that  
'Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley,  
Our flags of truce hung out in vain : nor will he  
Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,  
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives  
Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,  
To be at his discretion.

*Rob.* Since injustice  
In your duke meets this correction, can you press  
With any seeming argument of reason, [us,  
In foolish pity to decline his dangers,  
To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be  
Warn'd by his harms? The league proclaim'd  
between us,

Bound neither of us further than to aid  
Each other, if by foreign force invaded ;  
And so far in my honour I was tied.  
But since, without our counsel, or allowance,  
He hath ta'en arms ; with his good leave, he must  
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock  
We see, and may avoid. Let other monarchs  
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,  
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase  
Increase of empire, and augment their cares  
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,  
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim  
Of glorious conquests ; we, that would be known  
The father of our people, in our study  
And vigilance for their safety, must not change  
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them  
The secure shade of their own vines, to be [from  
Scorch'd with the flames of war ; or, for our sport,  
Expose their lives to ruin.

*Amb.* Will you, then,  
In his extremity, forsake your friend ?

*Rob.* No ; but preserve ourself.

*Bert.* Cannot the beams  
Of honour thaw your icy fears ?

*Rob.* Who's that ?

*Bert.* A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your  
subject ;

Your father's son, and one who blushes that  
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,  
As to his kingdom.

*Rob.* How's this !

*Bert.* Sir, to be

His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,  
Cannot deserve your anger.

*Rob.* Where's your warrant  
For this presumption ?

*Bert.* Here, sir, in my heart :

Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,  
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer  
Your ease before your honour ; and conclude,  
To eat and sleep supinely is the end  
Of human blessings : I must tell you, sir,  
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice ;  
And, when we move not forward, we go backward :  
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,  
Our health, but a disease.

*Gasp.* Well urged, my lord.

*Ans.* Perfect what is so well begun.

*Amb.* And bind

My lord your servant.

*Rob.* Hair-brain'd fool ! what reason  
Canst thou infer, to make this good ?

*Bert.* A thousand,  
Not to be contradicted. But consider  
Where your command lies : 'tis not, sir, in France,  
Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily ;  
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold  
Or silver to enrich you ; no worm spins  
Silk in her womb, to make distinction  
Between you and a peasant, in your habits ;  
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can dye  
Scarlet or purple ; all that we possess,  
With beasts we have in common : nature did  
Design us to be warriors, and to break through  
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environ'd ;  
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting,  
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are  
A populous nation, and increase so fast,  
That, if we by our providence are not sent  
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,  
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful  
Than when 'twas styled the Granary of great  
Rome,

Can yield our numerous fry bread : we must starve,  
Or eat up one another.

*Ador.* The king hears

With much attention.

*Asl.* And seems moved with what  
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

*Bert.* May you live long, sir,  
The king of peace, so you deny not us  
The glory of the war ; let not our nerves  
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,  
Make younger brothers thieves : it is their swords,  
sir,

Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples  
May move you more than arguments, look on  
The empress of the European isles, [England,  
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence :  
When did she flourish so, as when she was  
The mistress of the ocean, her navies  
Putting a girdle round about the world ?  
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named ;  
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by  
The red rose and the white ? Let not our armour  
Hung up, or our unrigg'd armada, make us  
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,  
Warm'd in our bosoms, and to whom again  
We may be terrible ; while we spend our hours  
Without variety, confined to drink,  
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the  
sleep



Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.  
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom ;  
But his heroic mind descends to me :  
I will confirm so much.

*Ador.* In his looks he seems  
To break ope Janus' temple.

*Asi.* How these younglings  
Take fire from him !

*Ador.* It works an alteration  
Upon the king.

*Ant.* I can forbear no longer :  
War, war, my sovereign !

*Ful.* The king appears  
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speak.

*Rob.* Think not  
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,  
As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with  
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,  
Before resolv'd you, I will not engage  
My person in this quarrel ; neither press  
My subjects to maintain it : yet, to shew  
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling  
O' your master's sufferings, since these gallants,  
weary

Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste  
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent  
That, as adventurers, and volunteers,  
No way compell'd by us, they may make trial  
Of their boasted valours.

*Bert.* We desire no more.

*Rob.* 'Tis well ; and, but my grant in this,  
expect not

Assistance from me. Govern, as you please,  
The province you make choice of ; for, I vow  
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry  
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it  
No otherwise than as a sad disaster,  
Fallen on a stranger ; nor will I esteem  
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,  
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune :  
You know me ; I have said it. So, my lord,  
You have my absolute answer.

*Amb.* My prince pays,  
In me, his duty.

*Rob.* Follow me, Fulgentio,  
And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, ASTUTIO, and  
Attendants.]

*Gasp.* What a frown he threw,  
At his departure, on you !

*Bert.* Let him keep  
His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.

*Ant.* Shall we aboard to-night ?

*Amb.* Your speed, my lord,  
Doubles the benefit.

*Bert.* I have a business  
Requires dispatch ; some two hours hence I'll meet  
you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.--*The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S  
House.*

*Enter* Signior SYLLIS, walking fantastically, followed by  
CAMIOLA and CLARINDA.

*Cam.* Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony,  
In my own house.

*Syl.* What's gracious abroad,  
Must be in private practised.

*Clar.* For your mirth's sake  
Let him alone ; he has been all this morning

In practice with a peruked gentleman-usber,  
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,  
[SYLLIS walking by, and practising.]  
When he walks before a lady.

*Syl.* You may, madam,  
Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,  
To make you dote upon me, by exposing  
My more than most rare features to your view :  
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply ;  
A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted  
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,  
Look not with too much contemplation on me ;  
If you do, you are in the suds.

*Cam.* You are no barber ?

*Syl.* Fie, no ! not I ; but my good parts have  
drawn

More loving hearts out of fair ladies bellies,  
Than the whole trade have done teeth.

*Cam.* Is't possible ?

*Syl.* Yes, and they live too : marry, much con-  
doing

The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me,  
Because I love myself—

*Cam.* Without a rival.

What philters or love-powders do you use,  
To force affection ? I see nothing in  
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep  
My own poor heart still.

*Syl.* You are warn'd—be arm'd ;  
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,  
In being too soon enamour'd.

*Clar.* Hold in your head,  
Or you must have a martingal.

*Syl.* I have sworn

Never to take a wife, but such a one,  
O may your ladyship prove so strong ! as can  
Hold out a month against me.

*Cam.* Never fear it ;  
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were  
trebled,

I would not woo you. But since in your pity  
You please to give me caution, tell me what  
Temptations I must fly from.

*Syl.* The first is,  
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a Syren :  
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,  
As ravish'd with my ditties ; and you will  
Run mad to hear me.

*Cam.* I will stop my ears,  
And keep my little wits.

*Syl.* Next, when I dance,  
And come aloft thus, [*apers*] cast not a sheep's  
Upon the quivering of my calf. [eye]

*Cam.* Proceed, sir.

*Syl.* But on no terms, for 'tis a main point, dream  
not  
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a  
With any porter. [burthen]

*Cam.* I mean not to ride you.

*Syl.* Nor I your little ladyship, till you have  
Perform'd the covenants. Be not taken with  
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,  
That twinkle on both sides.

*Cam.* Was there ever such  
A piece of motley heard of ! [*A knocking within.*]  
Who's that ? [*Exit* CLARINDA.] You may  
spare

The catalogue of my dangers.

*Syl.* No, good madam ;  
I have not told you half.

*Cam.* Enough, good signior ;  
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.—

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

Who is't ?

*Clar.* The brother of the king.

*Syl.* Nay, start not.

The brother of the king ! is he no more ?  
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave  
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous ;  
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,  
I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.

*[Aside, and exit.]*

*Cam.* Camiola, if ever, now be constant :  
This is, indeed, a suitor, whose sweet presence,  
Courtship, and loving language, would have stag-  
The chaste Penelope ; and, to increase *[ger'd*  
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,  
I should ask that from him he sues to me for :  
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me  
I must nor give nor take it.

*Re-enter SYLLI with BERTOLODO.*

*Syl.* I must tell you,  
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,  
Signior Sylli came before you ; and you know,  
First come first serv'd : yet you shall have my  
countenance

To parley with her, and I'll take special care  
That none shall interrupt you.

*Bert.* You are courteous.

*Syl.* Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom ?

*Clar.* Yes, from you, sir. *[They walk aside.]*

*Bert.* If forcing this sweet favour from your lips,  
*[Kisses her.]*

Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,  
When you are pleased to understand I take  
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least  
'Twill qualify the offence.

*Cam.* A parting kiss, sir !

What nation, envious of the happiness  
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,  
Can buy you from her ? or what climate yield  
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,  
Being both beloved and honour'd ; the north-star  
And guider of all hearts ; and, to sum up  
Your full accout of happiness in a word,  
The brother of the king ?

*Bert.* Do you, alone,  
And with an unexampl'd cruelty,  
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of  
Those blessings which you, with a polish'd phrase,  
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,  
And yet tax me as being guilty of  
My wifal exile ? What are titles to me,  
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to  
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,  
Though it confess'd no sovereign but myself,  
When you, that are the essence of my being,  
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance  
Of my felicity, in your disdain,  
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows ?

*Cam.* You tax me without cause.

*Bert.* You must confess it,  
But answer love with love, and seal the contract  
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly  
(Though now I were in action, and assured,  
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory  
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)  
Would I put off my armour, in my heat  
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue

My Cleopatra ! Will you yet look on me,  
With an eye of favour ?

*Cam.* Truth bear witness for me,  
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are  
A man so absolute, and circular,  
In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take  
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant  
All scepter'd monarchs of our western world  
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy  
Of such a competition, you alone  
Should wear the garland.

*Bert.* If so, what diverts

Your favour from me ?

*Cam.* No mulct in yourself,  
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.

*Bert.* What then ?

*Cam.* The consciousness of mine own wants :  
alas ! sir,

We are not parallels ; but, like lines divided,  
Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,  
Without addition, were an ample dowry  
For one of fairer fortunes ; and this shape,  
Were you ignoble, far above all value :  
To this so clear a mind, so furnish'd with  
Harmonious faculties moulded from heaven,  
That though you were Thersites in your features,  
Of no descent, and Iruis in your fortunes,  
Ulysses-like, you'd force all eyes and ears  
To love, but seen ; and, when heard, wonder at  
Your matchless story : but all these bound up  
Together in one volume !—give me leave,  
With admiration to look upon them ;  
But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,  
I may or can enjoy them.

*Bert.* How you ruin

What you would seem to build up ! I know no  
Disparity between us ; you're an heir,  
Sprung from a noble family ; fair, rich, young,  
And every way my equal.

*Cam.* Sir, excuse me ;

One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses  
The eagle and the wren :—tissue and frieze  
In the same garment, monstrous ! But suppose  
That what's in you excessive were diminish'd,  
And my desert supplied ; the stronger bar,  
Religion, stops our entrance : you are, sir,  
A knight of Malta, by your order bound  
To a single life ; you cannot marry me ;  
And, I assure myself, you are too noble  
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,  
In a base path.

*Bert.* A dispensation, lady,  
Will easily absolve me.

*Cam.* O take heed, sir !

When what is vow'd to heaven is dispens'd with,  
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,  
And not a blessing.

*Bert.* Is there no hope left me ?

*Cam.* Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to  
Impossibility. True love should walk  
On equal feet ; in us it does not, sir :  
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be  
Devoted to your service.

*Bert.* And this is your

Determinate sentence ?

*Cam.* Not to be revoked.

*Bert.* Farewell then, fairest cruel ! all thoughts  
in me

Of women perish. Let the glorious light  
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper.

That only lends me light to see my folly :  
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,  
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee !  
[*Exit.*]

*Cam.* How soon my sun is set, he being absent,  
Never to rise again ! What a fierce battle  
Is fought between my passions !—methinks  
We should have kiss'd at parting.

*Syl.* I perceive  
He has his answer : now must I step in  
To comfort her. [*Comes forward.*] You have  
found, I hope, sweet lady,  
Some difference between a youth of my pitch,

And this bugbear Bertoldo : men are men,  
The king's brother is no more ; good parts will do  
When titles fail. Despair not ; I may be [it.  
In time entreated.

*Cam.* Be so now, to leave me.—  
Lights for my chamber. O my heart !  
[*Exeunt CAMIOLA and CLARINDA.*]

*Syl.* She now,  
I know, is going to bed, to ruminate  
Which way to glut herself upon my person :  
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry ;  
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper.  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, and ASTUTIO.*

*Rob.* Embark'd to-night, do you say ?  
*Ful.* I saw him aboard, sir.

*Rob.* And without taking of his leave ?  
*As.* 'Twas strange !

*Rob.* Are we grown so contemptible ?  
*Ful.* 'Tis far

From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,  
That, in your ill opinion of him, burns  
Too hot already ; else, I should affirm,  
It was a gross neglect.

*Rob.* A wilful scorn  
Of duty and allegiance ; you give it  
Too fair a name : but we shall think on't. Can  
you

Guess what the numbers were, that follow'd him  
In his desperate action ?

*Ful.* More than you think, sir.  
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,  
Or to your government or person, with  
The turbulent swordmen, such whose poverty  
foreed them

To wish a change, are gone along with him ;  
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,  
In right or wrong ; and, to express their zeal  
And readiness to serve him, ere they went,  
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,  
To live and die with him.

*Rob.* O most implous !  
Their loyalty to us forgot ?

*Ful.* I fear so.

*As.* Unthankful as they are !

*Ful.* Yet this deserves not

One troubled thought in you, sir ; with your pardon,  
I hold that their remove from hence makes more  
For your security than danger.

*Rob.* True ;

And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.  
Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd  
With letters, writ and sign'd with our own hand,  
To the dutchess of Sienna, in excuse  
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare  
An oath, to give it credit, that we never  
Consented to it, swearing for the king,  
Though false, it is no perjury.

*As.* I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, sir,  
That, without scruple of their conscience, cannot  
Be prodigal in such trifles.

*Ful.* Right, Astutio.

*Rob.* You must, beside, from us take some in-  
structions,

To be imparted, as you judge them useful,  
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly  
Prepare you for your journey.

*As.* With the wings  
Of loyalty and duty. [Exit.

*Ful.* I am bold

To put your majesty in mind—

*Rob.* Of my promise,  
And aids, to further you in your amorous project  
To the fair and rich Camiola ? there's my ring ;  
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,  
Or can command by power, I will make good.

*Ful.* Ever your majesty's creature.

*Rob.* Venus prove

Propitious to you ! [Exit.

*Ful.* All sorts to my wishes :  
Bertoldo was my hindrance ; he removed,  
I now will court her in the conqueror's style ;  
"Come, see, and overcome."—Boy !

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Sir ; your pleasure ?

*Ful.* Haste to Camiola ; bid her prepare  
An entertainment suitable to a fortune  
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe  
To honour her with a visit.

*Page.* 'Tis a favour  
Will make her proud.

*Ful.* I know it.

*Page.* I am gone, sir. [Exit

*Ful.* Entreaties fit not me ; a man in grace  
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in CAMIOLA's House.*

*Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, and CLARINDA.*

*Ador.* So melancholy, say you !

*Clar.* Never given  
To such retirement.

*Ador.* Can you guess the cause ?

*Clar.* If it hath not its birth and being from  
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess  
'Tis past my apprehension.

*Syl.* You are wide,  
The whole field wide. I, in my understanding,  
Pity your ignorance ; yet, if you will

Swear to conceal it, I will let you know  
Where her shoe wrings her.

*Clar.* I vow, signior,  
By my virginity.

*Syl.* A perilous oath,  
In a waiting woman of fifteen! and is, indeed,  
A kind of nothing.

*Ador.* I'll take one of something,  
If you please to minister it.

*Syl.* Nay, you shall not swear:  
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,  
D—n me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.

*Ador.* I thank you, signior; but resolve us.  
*Syl.* Know, then,

Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon  
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting, [me];  
She cannot endure my sight.

*Ador.* There I believe you.

*Syl.* But the time will come, be comforted, when  
Put off this vizard of unkindness to her, [I will  
And shew an amorous and yielding face:  
And, until then, though Hercules himself  
Desire to see her, he had better eat  
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be  
Her Cerberus, to guard her.

*Ador.* A good dog!

*Clar.* Worth twenty porters.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Keep you open house here?  
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.  
*Syl.* He means not me, I am sure.

*Page.* You, sirrah sheep's-head,  
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?  
You, yeoman fewterer, conduct me to  
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard  
Shall disembogue thy soul.

*Syl.* O terrible! *disembogue!*  
I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one  
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.

*Page.* Answer, wretch.

*Syl.* Pray you, little gentleman, be not so  
The lady keeps her chamber. [furious:]

*Page.* And we present,  
Sent in an embassy to her! but here is  
Her gentlewoman. Sirrah! hold my cloak,  
While I take a leap at her lips: do it, and neatly;  
Or, having first tripp'd up thy heels, I'll make  
Thy back my footstool. [Kisses CLARINDA.]

*Syl.* Tamberlane in little!  
Am I turn'd Turk! What an office am I put to!

*Clar.* My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.

*Page.* Though she were dead and buried, only  
tell her,

The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,  
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her  
Out of the grave for joy.

*Enter FULGENTIO.*

*Syl.* Here comes another!  
The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.

*Page.* So soon!  
My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders;  
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

*Ful.* Are you, sirrah, [To SYLLI.]  
An implement of the house?

*Syl.* Sure he will make  
A jointstool of me!

*Ful.* Or, if you belong [To ADOR.]  
To the lady of the place, command her hither.

*Ador.* I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge  
A duty to her; and as little bound  
To serve your peremptory will, as she is  
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,  
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,  
You may present your duty.

*Ful.* Duty! Slave,  
I'll teach you manners.

*Ador.* I'm past learning; make not  
A tumult in the house.

*Ful.* Shall I be braved thus? [They draw.]

*Syl.* O, I am dead! and now I swoon.

[Falls on his face.]

*Clar.* Help! murder!

*Page.* Recover, sirrah; the lady's her's.

*Enter CAMIOLA.*

*Syl.* Nay, then  
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [Rises.]

*Cam.* What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,  
Hold, I command you.

*Ful.* Saucy groom!

*Cam.* Not so, sir;

However, in his life, he had dependence  
Upon my father, he's a gentleman,  
As well born as yourself. Put on your hat.

*Ful.* In my presence, without leave!

*Syl.* He has mine, madam.

*Cam.* And I must tell you, sir, and in plain  
language,

How'er your glittering outside promise gentry,  
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour  
Speaks you a coarser thing.

*Syl.* She means a clown, sir;  
I am her interpreter, for want of a better.

*Cam.* I am a queen in mine own house; nor  
Expect an empire here. [must you]

*Syl.* Sure, I must love her  
Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant.

*Cam.* What are you? and what would you with  
*Ful.* Proud one, [me?]

When you know what I am, and what I came for,  
And may, on your submission, proceed to,  
You, in your reason, must repent the coarseness  
Of my entertainment.

*Cam.* Why, fine man? what are you?

*Ful.* A kinsman of the king's.

*Cam.* I cry you mercy,  
For his sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,  
'Tis not impossible but a king may have  
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.

*Ful.* You have heard of Fulgentio?

*Cam.* Long since, sir;

A suit-broker in court. He has the worst  
Report among good men I ever heard of,  
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers,  
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker  
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,  
You are not the man; much less employ'd by him,  
As a smock-agent to me.

*Ful.* I reply not

As you deserve, being assured you know me;  
Pretending ignorance of my person, only  
To give me a taste of your wit: 'tis well, and  
courtly;

I like a sharp wit well.

*Syl.* I cannot endure it;

Nor any of the Syllis.

*Ful.* More; I know too,

This harsh induction must serve as a foil

To the well-tuned observance and respect  
You will hereafter pay me, being made  
Familiar with my credit with the king,  
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you.

*Cam.* Love me! I am not rapt with it.

*Ful.* Hear't again;

I love you honestly: now you admire me.

*Cam.* I do, indeed; it being a word so seldom  
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you,  
deal plainly,

Since you find me simple; what might be the  
Inducing you to leave the freedom of [motives  
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear  
The stubborn yoke of marriage; and, of all  
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,  
Poor me? that is the main point you must treat of.

*Ful.* Why, I will tell you. Of a little thing  
You are a pretty peat, indifferent fair too;  
And, like a new-rigg'd ship, both tight and yare,  
Well truss'd to bear: virgins of giant size  
Are sluggards at the sport; but, for my pleasure,  
Give me a neat well-timber'd gamester like you;  
Such need no spurs,—the quickness of your eye  
Assures an active spirit.

*Cam.* You are pleasant, sir;  
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me,  
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all  
Those parts you have remember'd.

*Ful.* What?

*Cam.* My wealth, sir.

*Ful.* You are in the right; without that, beauty is  
A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on:  
But beauty, youth, and fortune meeting in you,  
I will vouchsafe to marry you.

*Cam.* You speak well;

And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I  
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,  
I'll marry you: I fable not.

*Syl.* I am glad

To hear this; I began to have an ague.

*Ful.* Come, your wise reasons.

*Cam.* Such as they are, pray you take them:  
First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,  
Since, for your shape, trimm'd up in a lady's  
dressing,

You might pass for a woman; now I love  
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness  
Of your complexion, which you think will take me,  
The colour, I must tell you, in a man,  
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,  
If put to labour: give me the lovely brown,  
A thick curl'd hair of the same dye, broad shoul-  
A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without [ders,  
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;  
But let that pass.

*Syl.* She means me all this while,  
For I have every one of those good parts;  
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!

*Cam.* You are moved, sir.

*Ful.* Fie! no; go on.

*Cam.* Then, as you are a courtier,  
A graced one too, I fear you have been too for-  
ward;

And so much for your person. Rich you are,  
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have  
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;  
And what is got upon his back, must be  
Spent, you know where;—the proverb's stale—  
One word more,  
And I have done.

*Ful.* I'll ease you of the trouble,  
Coy and disdainful!

*Cam.* Save me, or else he'll beat me.

*Ful.* No, your own folly shall; and, since you  
put me

To my last charm, look upon this and tremble.

[Shows the King's ring.

*Cam.* At the sight of a fair ring! the king's I  
take it?

I have seen him wear the like: if he hath sent it,  
As a favour, to me—

*Ful.* Yes, 'tis very likely,  
His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown!  
By this he does command you to be mine;

By his gift you are so:—you may yet redeem all.

*Cam.* You are in a wrong account still. Though  
the king may

Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine  
own,

And never shall be your's. The king, heaven  
bless him!

Is good and gracious, and, being in himself  
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,  
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste  
maidens,

To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,  
Forgetting it when he wash'd his hands, you  
stole it,

With an intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;  
I am still myself, and will be.

*Ful.* A proud haggard,  
And not to be reclaim'd! which of your grooms,  
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers  
Night-physic to you?

*Cam.* You are foul-mouth'd.

*Ful.* Much fairer

Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.

*Cam.* Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.

*Ful.* Heaven

So prosper me, as I resolve to do it  
To all men, and in every place: scorn'd by  
A tit of ten-pence! [Exeunt FULGENSIO and PAGE.

*Syl.* Now I begin to be valiant:  
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!  
Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length  
of't.

I give him three years and a day to match my  
And then we'll fight like dragons. [Toledo,

*Ador.* Pray, have patience.

*Cam.* I may live to have vengeance: my Ber-  
Would not have heard this. [Toledo

*Ador.* Madam—

*Cam.* Pray you, spare  
Your language. Prithee fool and make me merry.  
[To SYLLI.

*Syl.* That is my office ever.

*Ador.* I must do,

Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.  
[Exeunt

SCENE III.—*The SIENNESE. A Camp before  
the Walls of SIENNA.*

*Chambers shot off: a Flourish as to an Assault: after  
which, enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOBO, and  
Soldiers.*

*Gonz.* Is the breach made assaultable?

*Pier.* Yes, and the moat  
Fill'd up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;  
We may enter six abreast.

*Rod.* There's not a man  
Dares shew himself upon the wall.

*Jac.* Defeat not  
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.

*Pier.* If you, sir,  
Delay the assault, and the city be given up  
To your discretion, you in honour cannot  
Use the extremity of war,—but, in  
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.

*Jac.* And an enemy to yourself.

*Rod.* A hindrance to  
The brave revenge you have vow'd.

*Gonz.* Temper your heat,  
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that  
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.  
Security ushers ruin; proud contempt  
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd, with desire  
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested  
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.  
Discretion is the tutor of the war,  
Valour the pupil; and, when we command  
With lenity, and our directions follow'd  
With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown  
Our works well undertaken.

*Rod.* Ours are finish'd—  
*Pier.* If we make use of fortune.

*Gonz.* Her false smiles  
Deprive you of your judgments. The condition  
Of our affairs exacts a double care,  
And, like bifronted Janus, we must look  
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calm  
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,  
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear,  
May fully fall upon us, and distract us  
To our confusion.—

*Enter a Scout, hastily.*

Our scout! what brings  
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?

*Scout.* The assurance  
Of a new enemy.

*Gonz.* This I foresaw and fear'd.  
What are they, know'st thou?

*Scout.* They are, by their colours,  
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness  
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with  
Reflection of the sun.

*Gonz.* From Sicily?—  
The king in league! no war proclaim'd! 'tis foul:  
But this must be prevented, not disputed.  
Ha! how is this? your estridge plumes, that but  
Even now, like quills of porcupines, seem'd to  
threaten

The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,  
And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth:  
Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds  
Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, untrain'd  
But in a customary ostentation,  
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,  
Cause a dejection in you?

*Pier.* No dejection.

*Rod.* However startled, where you lead we'll  
follow.

*Gonz.* 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their  
charge,

But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.  
*Pier.* In our absence hold our place,  
And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,  
Prevent a sally: I in mine own person,  
With part of the cavallery, will bid

These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast:—  
But I lose time.

*Pier.* I'll to my charge.

[*Exit.*]

*Gonz.* And we  
To ours: I'll bring you on.

*Jac.* If we come off,  
It's not amiss; if not, my state is settled.

[*Exeunt. Alarum within.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Citadel of SIENNA.*

*Enter FERDINAND, DRUSO, and LIVIO, on the Walls.*

*Fer.* No aids from Sicily! Hath hope forsook  
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity, [us;  
By our vow'd friend denied us? we can nor live  
Nor die with honour: like beasts in a toil,  
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,  
Who is not so far reconciled unto us,  
As in one death to give a period  
To our calamities; but in delaying  
The fate we cannot fly from, starv'd with wants,  
We die this night, to live again to-morrow,  
And suffer greater torments.

*Dru.* There is not  
Three days provision for every soldier,  
At an ounce of bread a-day, left in the city.  
*Liv.* To die the beggar's death, with hunger  
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack [made  
Our heart-strings with vexation.

*Fer.* Would they would break,  
Break altogether! How willingly, like Cato,  
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than  
Look on the conqueror's insulting face;  
But that religion, and the horrid dream  
To be suffer'd in the other world, denies it!

*Enter a Soldier.*

What news with thee?

*Sold.* From the turret of the fort,  
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like  
lightning,  
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake  
through,

I did descry some forces making towards us;  
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,  
The general, (for I know him by his horse,)  
And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.  
Their greetings were too rough for friends; their  
swords,

And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.  
By this the main battalies are join'd;  
And, if you please to be spectators of  
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,  
As in a theatre, you may see their fates  
In purple gore presented.

*Fer.* Heaven, if yet  
Thou art appeas'd for my wrong done to Aurelia,  
Take pity of my miseries! Lead the way, friend.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Plain near the Camp.*

*A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for victory; then  
enter GONZAGA, JACOPO, and RODERIGO wounded; BR-  
TOLDO, GASPARO, and ANTONIO prisoners. Officers and  
Soldiers.*

*Gonz.* We have them yet, though they cost us  
dear. This was  
Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be to your-  
selves [To JACOPO and RODERIGO.

True mirrors to each other's worth ; and, looking  
With noble emulation on his wounds,

[Points to Bert.]

The glorious livery of triumphant war,  
Imagine these with equal grace appear  
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have  
In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest, [suffer'd  
Yields a rich crop of conquest ; and the spoil,  
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,  
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon

[GASPARO and ANTONIO are brought forward.]

The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much transform'd  
From what they were ! O Mars ! were these toys  
fashion'd

To undergo the burthen of thy service ?  
The weight of their defensive armour bruised  
Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have  
forced them,

In a hot day, without a blow to yield.

*Ant.* This insultation shews not manly in you.

*Gons.* To men I had forborn it ; you are women,  
Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights. What fury  
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court,  
For labour in the field ? perhaps you thought  
To charge through dust and blood an armed foe,  
Was but like graceful running at the ring  
For a wanton mistress' glove ; and the encounter,  
A soft impression on her lips :—but you  
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself  
In parling with you.

*Gasp.* *Væ victis !* now we prove it.

*Rod.* But here's one fashion'd in another mould,  
And made of tougher metal.

*Gons.* True ; I owe him

For this wound bravely given.

*Bert.* O that mountains

Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire,  
A wretch no more remember'd !

[Aside.]

*Gons.* Look up, sir ;

To be overcome deserves no shame. If you  
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse  
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere  
To be lamented : but, since you performed  
As much as could be hoped for from a man,  
(Fortune his enemy,) you wrong yourself  
In this dejection, I am honour'd in  
My victory over you ; but to have these  
My prisoners, is, in my true judgment, rather  
Captivity than a triumph : you shall find  
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,  
Which I hope are not mortal, with such care  
Look'd to and cured, as if your nearest friend  
Attended on you.

*Bert.* When you know me better,

You will make void this promise : can you call me  
Into your memory ?

*Gons.* The brave Bertoldo !

A brother of our order ! By St. John,  
Our holy patron, I am more amazed,  
Nay, thunderstruck with thy apostacy,  
And precipice from the most solemn vows  
Made unto heaven, when this the glorious badge  
Of our Redeemer, was conferr'd upon thee  
By the great master, than if I had seen  
A reprobate Jew, an atheist, Turk, or Tartar,  
Baptized in our religion !

*Bert.* This I look'd for ;

And am resolv'd to suffer.

*Gons.* Fellow-soldiers !

Behold this man, and, taught by his example,  
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,  
Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage [Woe's  
I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,  
Faith, and religion :—why, I will tell you ;  
He was a gentleman so train'd up and fashion'd  
For noble uses, and his youth did promise  
Such certainties, more than hopes, of great achieve-  
ments,

As—if the Christian race had stood opposed  
Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune  
Of one encounter,—this Bertoldo had been,  
For his knowledge to direct, and matchless courage  
To execute, without a rival, by  
The votes of good men, chosen general ;  
As the prime soldier, and most deserving  
Of all that wear the cross : which now, in justice,  
I thus tear from him.

*Bert.* Let me die with it

Upon my breast.

*Gons.* No ; by this thou wert sworn,  
On all occasions, as a knight, to guard  
Weak ladies from oppression, and never  
To draw thy sword against them ; whereas thou,  
In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,  
And such a princess as Aurelia is,  
Was disposess'd by violence, of what was  
Her true inheritance ; against thine oath  
Hast, to thy uttermost, labour'd to uphold  
Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay  
A heavy forfeiture, and learn too late,  
Valour employ'd in an ill quarrel, turns  
To cowardice, and Virtue then puts on  
Foul Vice's visor. This is that which cancels  
All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off ;  
I will hear no reply : and let the ransome  
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.  
In this I do but right, and let it be  
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [Exeunt

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Camp before the  
Walls of SIENNA.*

*Enter GONZAGA, ASTUTIO, RODERIGO, and JACOBO.*

*Gons.* What I have done, sir, by the law of  
arms

I can and will make good.

*Asi.* I have no commission

To expostulate the act. These letters speak  
The king my master's love to you, and his

Vow'd service to the dutchess, on whose person  
I am to give attendance.

*Gons.* At this instant,

She's at Fienza : you may spare the trouble  
Of riding thither : I have advertised her  
Of our success, and on what humble terms  
Sienna stands : though presently I can  
Possess it, I defer it, that she may  
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of  
The prisoners and the spoil.

*Asl.* I thank you, sir.

In the mean time, if I may have your license,  
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,  
For whose liberties and ransomes I would gladly  
Make composition.

*Gonz.* They are, as I take it,  
Call'd Gasparo and Antonio.

*Asl.* The same, sir.

*Gonz.* For them, you must treat with these :  
but, for Bertoldo,

He is mine own : if the king will ransom him,  
He pays down fifty thousand crowns ; if not,  
He lives and dies my slave.

*Asl.* Pray you, a word : [*Aside to Gonz.*

The king will rather thank you to detain him,  
Than give one crown to free him.

*Gonz.* At his pleasure.

I'll send the prisoners under guard : my business  
Calls me another way. [*Exit.*

*Asl.* My service waits you.

Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with  
me,

But noble captains ; you know, in great minds,  
*Posses et nolle, nobilis.*

*Rod.* Pray you, speak  
Our language.

*Jac.* I find not, in my commission,  
An officer's bound to speak or understand  
More than his mother-tongue.

*Rod.* If he speak that  
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.

*Asl.* In plain terms, then,  
Antonio is your prisoner ; Gasparo, yours.

*Jac.* You are in the right.

*Asl.* At what sum do you rate  
Their several ransomes ?

*Rod.* I must make my market  
As the commodity cost me.

*Asl.* As it cost you !

You did not buy your captainship ? your desert,  
I hope, advanced you.

*Rod.* How ! It well appears

You are no soldier. Desert in these days !  
Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel,  
And it may hinder him from rising higher ;

But, if it ever get a company,  
A company, pray you mark me, without money,  
Or private service done for the general's mistress,  
With a commendatory epistle from her,  
I will turn lanceprezado.

*Jac.* Pray you observe, sir :

I serv'd two apprenticeships, just fourteen years,  
Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long  
Had the right-hand file ; and I fought well, 'twas  
said, too :

But I might have serv'd, and fought, and serv'd  
till doomsday,

And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the legacy  
A bucksome widow of threecore bequeath'd me ;  
And that too, my back knows, I labour'd hard for,  
But was better paid.

*Asl.* You are merry with yourselves :

But this is from the purpose.

*Rod.* To the point then.

Prisoners are not ta'en every day ; and when  
We have them, we must make the best use of them.  
Our pay is little to the port we should bear,  
And that so long a-coming, that 'tis spent  
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores  
At the tavern and the ordinary.

*Jac.* You may add, too,  
Our sport ta'en upon trust.

*Rod.* Peace, thou smock-vermin !  
Discover commanders' secrets !—In a word, sir,  
We have enquired, and find our prisoners rich :  
Two thousand crowns apiece our companies cost us ;  
And so much each of us will have, and that  
In present pay.

*Jac.* It is too little : yet,  
Since you have said the word, I am content ;  
But will not go a gazet less.

*Asl.* Since you are not  
To be brought lower, there is no evading ;  
I'll be your paymaster.

*Rod.* We desire no better.

*Asl.* But not a word of what's agreed between us,  
Till I have school'd my gallants.

*Jac.* I am dumb, sir.

*Enter a Guard with BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, and GASPARO,  
in irons.*

*Bert.* And where removed now ? hath the tyrant  
found out

Worse usage for us ?

*Ant.* Worse it cannot be.

My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his  
But we have neither. [*kennel ;*

*Gasp.* Did I ever think

To wear such garters on silk stockings ? or  
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd  
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge, quails,  
Larks, woodcocks, calver'd salmon, as coarse diet,  
Would leap at a mouldy crust ?

*Ant.* And go without it,

So oft as I do ? Oh ! how have I jeer'd  
The city entertainment ! A huge shoulder  
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded  
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,  
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon,  
Mortified to grow tender !—these I scorn'd,  
From their plentiful horn of abundance, though  
invited :

But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe,  
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the  
founder.

*Bert.* O that I were no further sensible  
Of my miseries than you are ! you, like beasts,  
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not  
But when you're empty : but your narrow souls  
(If you have any) cannot comprehend  
How insupportable the torments are,  
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.  
Most miserable men !—and what am I, then,  
That envy you ? Fetters, though made of gold,  
Express base thraldom : and all delicacies  
Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,  
When not our own, are bitter ; quilts fill'd high  
With gossamere and roses, cannot yield  
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking  
With anguish and affliction.

*Asl.* My good lord—

*Bert.* This is no time nor place for flattery, sir :  
Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken  
Of the world, as myself.

*Asl.* I would it were  
In me to help you.

*Bert.* If that you want power, sir,  
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me  
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*

*Asl.* [*Comes forward.*] My valiant nephew !



And n.y more than warlike ward ! I am glad to see you,

After your glorious conquests. Are these chains, Rewards for your good service ? if they are You should wear them on your necks, since they like aldermen of the war. [are massy,

*Ant.* You jeer us too !

*Gasp.* Good uncle, name not, as you are a man of honour,

That fatal word of war ; the very sound of it Is more dreadful than a cannon.

*Ant.* But redeem us

From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat With a knife that has an edge or point ; I'll starve first.

*Gasp.* I will cry broom, or cat's-meat, in Pa-Turn porter, carsy burtheans, anything, [Iermo ; Rather than live a soldier.

*Ant.* This should have Been thought upon before. At what price, think Your two wise heads are rated ? [you,

*Ant.* A calf's head is More worth than mine ; I'm sure it has more Or I had ne'er come here. [brains in't,

*Rod.* And I will eat it

With bacon, if I have not speedy ransome.

*Ant.* And a little garlic too, for your own sake, 'Twill boil in your stomach else. [sir :

*Gasp.* Beware of mine,

Or the horns may choke you ; I am married, sir.

*Ant.* You shall have my row of houses near the

*Gasp.* And my villa ; all— [palace.

*Ant.* All that we have.

*Asp.* Well, have more wit hereafter : for this You are ransomed. [time,

*Jac.* Off with their irons.

*Rod.* Do, do :

If you are ours again, you know your price.

*Ant.* Pray you dispatch us : I shall ne'er believe I am a free man, till I set my foot In Sicily again, and drink Palermo, And in Palermo too.

*Ant.* The wind sits fair,

You shall aboard to-night : with the rising sun You may touch upon the coast. But take your Of the late general first. [leaves

*Gasp.* I will be brief.

*Ant.* And I. My lord, heaven keep you !

*Gasp.* Yours, to use

In the way of peace ; but, as your soldiers, never.

*Ant.* A pox of war ! no more of war.

[*Exeunt* ROD. JAC. ANT. and GASP.

*Bert.* Have you

Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave The brother of your king, whose worth disdains Comparison with such as these, in irons ?

If ransom may redeem them, I have lands,

A patrimony of mine own, assign'd me

By my deceased sire, to satisfy

What'er can be demanded for my freedom.

*Ant.* I wish you had, sir ; but the king, who yields

No reason for his will, in his displeasure

Hath seized on all you had ; nor will Gonzaga,

Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less

Than fifty thousand crowns.

*Bert.* I find it now,

That misery never comes alone. But, grant

The king is yet inexorable, time

May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.

I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes At my devotion, and, among the rest [were

Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law

For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,

I made your life my gift, and reconciled you

To this incensed king, and got your pardon.

—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,

And may pay down the sum.

*Ant.* I might, my lord ;

But pardon me.

*Bert.* And will Astutio prove, then,

To please a passionate man, (the king's no more.)

False to his maker, and his reason, which

Commands more than I ask ? O summer-friend-

ship,

Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our

Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

In the autumn of adversity ! How like

A prison is to a grave ! when dead, we are

With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,

Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,

Weep o'er the herse ; but earth no sooner covers

The earth brought thither, but they turn away,

With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd ;

So, enter'd in a prison—

*Ant.* My occasions

Command me hence, my lord.

*Bert.* Pray you, leave me, do ;

And tell the cruel king, that I will wear

These fetters till my flesh and they are one

Incorporated substance. [*Exit* ASTUTIO.] In my-

As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty, [self,

And curse the height of royal blood : since I,

In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.

Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own

Weight grubs their roots out.—Lead me where

you please ;

I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die

The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE II.—PALERMO. *A Grove near the Palace.*

*Enter* ADORN.

*Ador.* He undergoes my challenge, and contemns

And threatens me with the late edict made [it,

'Gainst duellists,—the altar cowards fly to.

But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me

A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,

Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not

Attempt him ; and in public, he's so guarded.

With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors,

That a musket cannot reach him :—my designs

Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,

Which, with a fit and due solemnity,

Camiola celebrates : and on it, all such

As love or serve her usually present

A tributary duty. I'll have something

To give, if my intelligence prove true,

Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove

Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets

With his petitioners ; I may present him

With a sharp petition !—Ha ! 'tis he : my fate

Be ever bless'd for't !

*Enter* FULGENTIO and Page.

*Ful.* Command such as wait me

Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,

To press on my retirements.

*Page.* I will say, sir,  
You are at your prayers.  
*Ful.* That will not find belief;  
Courtiers have something else to do:—be gone, sir.  
[*Exit Page.*]  
Challeng'd! 'tis well; and by a groom I still bet-  
ter.  
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,  
How'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,  
This morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit.*]  
*Ador.* I shall cross  
Your resolution, or suffer for you.  
[*Exit following him.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S House.*

*Enter CAMIOLA, followed by Servants with Presents; SYLLI, and CLARINDA.*  
*Syl.* What are all these?  
*Clar.* Servants with several presents,  
And rich ones too.  
*1 Serv.* With her best wishes, madam,  
Of many such days to you, the lady Petula  
Presents you with this fan.  
*2 Serv.* This diamond,  
From your aunt Honoria.  
*3 Serv.* This piece of plate  
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms  
Graven upon it.  
*Cam.* Good friends, they are too  
Munificent in their love and favour to me.  
Out of my cabinet return such jewels  
As this directs you:—[*To CLARINDA.*—for your  
pains; and yours;  
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*]  
Honour me

With the drinking of a health.  
*1 Serv.* Gold, on my life!  
*2 Serv.* She scorns to give base silver.  
*3 Serv.* Would she had been  
Born every month in the year!  
*1 Serv.* Month! every day.  
*2 Serv.* Shew such another maid.  
*3 Serv.* All happiness wait you!  
*Clar.* I'll see your will done.  
[*Exeunt SYLLI, CLARINDA, and Servants.*]

*Enter ADORNI wounded.*

*Cam.* How, Adorni wounded!  
*Ador.* A scratch got in your service, else not  
Your observation: I bring not, madam, [worth  
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,  
Or pearl, for which, the savage Indian dives  
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds  
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give  
To those that have, what they themselves want,  
A glad return with profit: yet, despise not [aim at  
My offering at the altar of your favour;  
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen  
The height of what's presented; since it is  
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,  
And dimm'd with clouds of infamy, redeem'd,  
And, in its natural splendour, with addition  
Restored to the true owner.  
*Cam.* How is this?  
*Ador.* Not to hold you in suspense, I bring  
you, madam,  
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting  
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name.

Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that  
Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst, [was  
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,  
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,  
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read  
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*]

*Cam.* I am amazed!  
*Ador.* It does deserve it, madam. Common  
service  
Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportion'd  
To their conditions: therefore, look not on me  
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or  
One that subsists on yours:—you frown! my ser-  
Merits not this aspect. [*vice*]

*Cam.* Which of my favours,  
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourish'd  
This more than rude presumption? Since you had  
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore  
Went you not to the war? Couldst thou suppose  
My innocence could ever fall so low  
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it  
Against malicious slander? O how much  
Those ladies are deceived and cheated, when  
The clearness and integrity of their actions  
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure  
On their own bases! Such as in a colour  
Of seeming service give protection to them,  
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts  
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit [out  
To a false accusation. In this, this your  
Most memorable service, you believed  
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more  
In your defence of my undoubted honour,  
Than false Fulgentio could.

*Ador.* I am sorry what was  
So well intended is so ill received;

*Re-enter CLARINDA.*

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd  
Bertoldo had been present.

*Cam.* True, I did:  
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,  
Nor must you think yourself so.

*Ador.* I am what  
You'll please to have me.

*Cam.* If Bertoldo had  
Punish'd Fulgentio's insolence, it had shewn  
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he  
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,  
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions  
Suit not all men alike;—but I perceive  
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me;  
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly:  
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.  
You will be sought for; yet, if my estate  
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*]

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

*Ador.* This is something yet, though I miss'd  
The mark I shot at. [*Aside and exit.*]

*Cam.* This gentleman is of a noble temper;  
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:  
Was I not, Clarinda?

*Clar.* I am not to censure  
Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand  
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause  
Would be proud of such a servant.

*Cam.* It may be;

*Enter a Servant.*

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncalled for?

*Serv.* The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio—Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo, [nio, Put ashore this morning.

*Cam.* Without him?

*Serv.* I think so.

*Cam.* Never think more then.

*Serv.* They have been at court, Kiss'd the king's hand; and, their first duties done To him, appear ambitious to tender To you their second service.

*Cam.* Wait them hither. [*Exit Servant.*

Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever, Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashion'd, Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence

*Enter ANTONIO and GASPARO.*

So soon miscarry!—pray you, forbear; ere you take The privilege, as strangers, to salute me, (Excuse my manners,) make me first understand How it is with Bertoldo.

*Gasp.* The relation

Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.

*Ant.* I wish

Some other should inform you.

*Cam.* Is he dead?

You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.

*Gasp.* Dead! Would that were the worst; a debt were paid then,

Kings in their birth owe nature.

*Cam.* Is there aught More terrible than death?

*Ant.* Yes, to a spirit

Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that Without the hope of freedom.

*Cam.* You abuse me:

The royal king cannot, in love to virtue, (Though all springs of affection were dried up,) But pay his ransom.

*Gasp.* When you know what 'tis, You will think otherwise: no less will do it Than fifty thousand crowns.

*Cam.* A petty sum,

The price weigh'd with the purchase: fifty thousand!

To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom such a brother at a million. You wrong The king's magnificence.

*Ant.* In your opinion;

But 'tis most certain: he does not alone In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids All other men.

*Cam.* Are you sure of this?

*Gasp.* You may read

The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him; That will resolve you.

*Cam.* Possible! pray you, stand off.

If I do not mutter treason to myself, My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;

He is my king. The news you have deliver'd Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door. Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

*Gasp.* One thing more,

And that's substantial: let your Adorni Look to himself.

*Ant.* The king is much incensed Against him for Fulgentio.

*Cam.* As I am, For your slowness to depart.

*Both.* Farewell, sweet lady.

[*Exit GASPARO and ANTONIO.*

*Cam.* O more than impious times! when not alone Subordinate ministers of justice are Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves, The greater wheels by which the lesser move, Are broken, or disjointed! could it be, else, A king, to sooth his politic ends, should so far Forsake his honour, as at once to break The adamant chains of nature and religion, To bind up atheism, as a defence To his dark counsels? Will it ever be, That to deserve too much is dangerous, And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?

Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripp'd of Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo, Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon Art thou eclipsed and darken'd! not the nearness Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all The benefits to the general good dispens'd, Gaining a retribution! But that To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin Would take from the deserving, I find in me Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with honour's breath,

Might rise into a flame, and in men darken Their usurp'd splendor. Ha! my aim is high, And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so, Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolv'd: Call in Adorni.

*Clar.* I am happy in

Such an employment, madam.

[*Exit.*

*Cam.* He's a man,

I know, that at a reverent distance loves me; And such are ever faithful. What a sea Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures Am I to undergo! but good intents Deride all future rumours.

*Re-enter CLARINDA with ADORNI.*

*Ador.* I obey

Your summons, madam.

*Cam.* Leave the place, Clarinda; One woman, in a secret of such weight, Wise men may think too much: [*Exit CLARINDA.*] I warrant it with a smile. [*nearer, Adorni,*

*Ador.* I cannot ask

Safer protection; what's your will?

*Cam.* To doubt

Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you With the repetition of former merits, Would, in my diffidence, wrong you: but I will, And without circumstance, in the trust that I Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.

*Ador.* I foster none of you.

*Cam.* I know you do not.

You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me—

*Ador.* The surest conjuration.

*Cam.* Take me with you.—

Love born of duty; but advance no further.

You are, sir, as I said, to do me service, To undertake a task, in which your faith, Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all That's good, must be engaged; nor must you study, In the execution, but what may make For the ends I aim at.

*Ador.* They admit no rivals.

*Cam.* You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness Of his ransom; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni; Two parts of my estate!

*Ador.* To what tends this? [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you I will confess my weakness, that I purpose Now, when he is forsaken by the king, And his own hopes, to ransom him, and receive Into my bosom, as my lawful husband— [him] Why change you colour?

*Ador.* 'Tis in wonder of Your virtue, madam.

*Cam.* You must, therefore, to Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga This ransom for his liberty; you shall Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him swear

A solemn contract to me; for you must be My principal witness, if he should—but why Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this? *Ador.* Faithfully, madam—but not live long after. [*Aside.*]

*Cam.* One thing I had forgot: besides his freedom, He may want accommodations; furnish him According to his birth: and from Camiola Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*] Seal'd on his hand. You shall not see my blushes: I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*]

*Ador.* I am half Hang'd out o' the way already.—Was there ever Poor lover so employ'd against himself, To make way for his rival? I must do it, Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find Recompense beyond hope or imagination, Let it fall on me in the other world, As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The SIENNESE. A Camp before the Walls of SIENNA.*

*Enter GONZAGA, PIERRO, RODERIGO, and JACOBO.*

*Gonz.* You have seized upon the citadel, and disarm'd

All that could make resistance?

*Pier.* Hunger had

Done that, before we came; nor was the soldier Compell'd to seek for prey: the famish'd wretches, In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd All that was worth the taking.

*Gonz.* You proclaim'd, On pain of death, no violence should be offer'd To any woman?

*Rod.* But it needed not; For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en off The care of their sex's honour, that there was not So coy a beauty in the town, but would, For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself To a poor bisognion, and without shrieking.

*Gonz.* Where is the duke of Urbin?

*Jac.* Under guard, As you directed.

*Gonz.* See the soldiers set In rank and file, and, as the dutches passes, Bid them veil their ensigns; and charge them on their lives,

Not to cry *Whores!*

*Jac.* The devil cannot fright them From their military license. Though they know They are her subjects, and will part with being, To do her service; yet, since she's a woman, They will touch at her breech with their tongues; and that is all That they can hope for.

[*A shout, and a general cry within, Whores, whores!*]

*Gonz.* O the devil! they are at it. Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make up, And cudgel them into jelly.

*Rod.* To no purpose, Though their mothers were there, they would have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Part of the Camp.*

*Loud music. Enter RODERIGO, JACOBO, PIERRO, GONZAGA, and AURELIA under a Canopy. ASTUTIO presents her with letters.*

*Gonz.* I do beseech your highness not to ascribe To the want of discipline, the barbarous rudeness Of the soldier, in his profanation of Your sacred name and virtues.

*Aurel.* No, lord general; I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punish'd For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well: Let the one excuse the other.

*All.* Excellent princess!

*Aurel.* But for these aids from Sicily sent against us,

To blast our spring of conquests in the bud; I cannot find, my lord ambassador, How we should entertain't but as a wrong, With purpose to detain us from our own, Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters, To mitigate the affront.

*Ast.* Your grace hereafter May hear from me such strong assurances Of his unlimited desires to serve you, As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness The memory of what's past.

*Aurel.* We shall take time To search the depth of't further, and proceed As our council shall direct us.

*Gonz.* We present you With the keys of the city; all lets are remov'd, Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet Your proudest enemy falls.

*Aurel.* We thank your valours: A victory without blood is twice achieved, And the disposal of it, to us tender'd, The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks! My love extends itself to all.

*Gonz.* Make way there.

[*A Guard drawn up: AURELIA passes through them. Loud Music.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—SIENNA. *A Room in the Prison.*

BERTOLDO is discovered in fetters, reading.

*Bert.* 'Tis here determined, (great examples, arm'd

With arguments, produced to make it good,) That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws, The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want, Nor that which I endure, captivity, Can do a wise man any injury. Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought.—But then Felicity courted him; his wealth exceeding A private man's; happy in the embraces Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends, Soothing his lip-positions; and created Prince of the senate, by the general voice, At his new pupil's suffrage: then, no doubt, He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him Out of security's lap, and a centurion Had offer'd him what choice of death he pleased, But told him, die he must; when straight the armour

Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,

*[Throws away the book.]*

Complaining of his frailty. Can it then Be censured womanish weakness in me, if, Thus clogg'd with irons, and the period To close up all calamities denied me, Which was presented Seneca, I wish I ne'er had being; at least, never knew What happiness was; or argue with heaven's justice, Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing Dust in the air? or, falling on the ground, thus With my nails and teeth to dig a grave, or rend The bowels of the earth, my step-mother, And not a natural parent? or thus practise To die, and, as I were insensible, Believe I had no motion? *[Falls on his face.]*

*Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, and GAOLER.*

*Gonz.* There he is:

I'll not enquire by whom his ransom's paid, I am satisfied that I have it; nor allege One reason to excuse his cruel usage, As you may interpret it; let it suffice It was my will to have it so. He is yours now, Dispose of him as you please. *[Exit.]*

*Ador.* Howe'er I hate him, As one prefer'd before me, being a man, He does deserve my pity. Sir!—he sleeps:— Or is he dead? would he were a saint in heaven! 'Tis all the hurt I wish him. But, I was not Born to such happiness. *[Aside.]—[Kneels by him.]*

—No, he breathes—come near, And, if't be possible, without his feeling, Take off his irons.—*[His irons taken off.]*—So; now leave us private. *[Exit Gaoler.]*

He does begin to stir; and, as transported With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels his As yet uncertain whether it can be *[legs, True or fantastical.]*

*Bert.* *[Rising.]* Ministers of mercy, Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision! Or, if it be, the happiest that ever Appear'd to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel, Concealing its divinity in his shape, Hath done this miracle, it being not an act

For wolfish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for Bent knees in adoration?

*Ador.* O forbear, sir! I am Adorni, and the instrument Of your deliverance; but the benefit You owe another.

*Bert.* If he has a name, As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart I am his bondman.

*Ador.* To the shame of men, This great act is a woman's.

*Bert.* The whole sex For her sake must be deified. How I wander In my imagination, yet cannot Guess who this phoenix should be!

*Ador.* 'Tis Camiola.

*Bert.* Pray you, speak't again: there's music in Once more, I pray you, sir. *[her name.]*

*Ador.* Camiola,

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*Bert.* Curs'd atheist that I was, Only to doubt it could be any other; Since she alone, in the abstract of herself, That small, but ravishing substance, comprehends Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the Idea of a woman! O what service, Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her, If not to live and die her charity's slave, Which is resolv'd already!

*Ador.* She expects not Such a dominion o'er you: yet, ere I Deliver her demands, give me your hand: On this, as she enjoin'd me, with my lips I print her love and service, by me sent you.

*Bert.* I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!

*Ador.* You must now, Which is the sum of all that she desires, By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom, To marry her.

*Bert.* This does engage me further; A payment! an increase of obligation. To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra* ever: The end of my ambition. O that now The holy man, she present, were prepared To join our hands, but with that speed my heart Wishes mine eyes might see her!

*Ador.* You must swear this.

*Bert.* Swear it! Collect all oaths and imprecations—Whose least breach is damnation, and those Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful; Set heaven and hell before me, I will take them: False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now Begin my vows to you?

*Ador.* I am no churchman; Such a one must file it on record: you are free; And, that you may appear like to yourself, (For so she wish'd,) here's gold, with which you may

Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever Of late you lost. I have found out the captain Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.

*Bert.* I know him.

*Ador.* I have done my parts.

*Bert.* So much, sir, As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks, I walk in air! Divine Camiola— But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer A still-encreasing sacrifice of duty. *[Exit]*

*Ador.* What will become of me now is apparent.  
Whether a poniard or a halter be  
The nearest way to hell, (for I must thither,  
After I've kill'd myself,) is somewhat doubtful.  
This Roman resolution of self-murder,  
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,  
When it comes to be argued; my good Genius  
Prompts me to this consideration. He  
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,  
And, at the best, shews but a bastard valour.  
This life's a fort committed to my trust,  
Which I must not yield up till it be forced :  
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,  
But he that boldly bears calamity. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

*A Flourish. Enter PIERRO, RODRIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, and Attendants.*

*Aurel.* A seat here for the duke. It is our glory  
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;  
The lordly Roman, who held it the height  
Of human happiness to have kings and queens  
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,  
In his insulting pride, deprived himself  
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,  
But known for such, in being merciful.  
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,  
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you.  
To seek by force, what courtship could not win,  
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.  
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn  
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.  
I spare the application.

*Fer.* In my fortune,  
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great lady,  
Since my offence grew from excess of love,  
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,  
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture  
Of my presumption, in your clemency  
It may find pardon.

*Aurel.* You shall have just cause  
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege  
Defray'd, and the loss my subjects have sustain'd  
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,  
You have your liberty.

*Fer.* I could not hope for  
Gentler conditions.

*Aurel.* My lord Gonzaga,  
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of  
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.

*Gonz.* Such an one,  
Madam, I had.

*Ast.* And have still, sir, I hope.  
*Gonz.* Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed,  
*Ast.* By whom, I pray you, sir? [Inmadam.]

*Gonz.* You had best enquire  
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer. [Aside.]

*Ast.* I like not this.  
*Aurel.* He is, as 'tis reported,  
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts;  
A brother of your order.

*Gonz.* He was, madam,  
Till he, against his oath, wrong'd you, a princess,  
Which his religion bound him from.

*Aurel.* Great minds,  
For trial of their valours, oft maintain  
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;

And such a fair construction I make of him :  
I would see that brave enemy.

*Gonz.* My duty  
Commands me to seek for him.

*Aurel.* Pray you do;  
And bring him to our presence. [Exit GONZAGA.]

*Ast.* I must blast  
His entertainment. [Aside.] May it please your  
excellency,

He is a man debauch'd, and, for his riots,  
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is  
A crime sufficient.

*Fer.* To you, his subjects,  
That like as your king likes.

*Aurel.* But not to us;  
We must weigh with our own scale.

*Re-enter GONZAGA, with BERTOLDO richly habited, and  
ADORNÍ.*

This is he, sure.  
How soon mine eye had found him! what a port  
He bears! how well his bravery becomes him!  
A prisoner! nay, a princely sutor, rather!  
But I'm too sudden. [Aside.]

*Gonz.* Madam, 'twas his suit,  
Unsent for, to present his service to you,  
Ere his departure.

*Aurel.* With what majesty  
He bears himself! [Aside.]

*Ast.* The devil, I think, supplies him.  
Ransomed, and thus rich too!

*Aurel.* You ill deserve  
[BERTOLDO kneeling, kisses her hand.]

The favour of our hand——we are not well,  
Give us more air. [Descends suddenly.]

*Gonz.* What sudden qualm is this?  
*Aurel.*—That lifted yours against me.

*Bert.* Thus, once more,  
I sue for pardon.

*Aurel.* Sure his lips are poison'd,  
And through these veins force passage to my heart,  
Which is already seized on. [Aside.]

*Bert.* I wait, madam,  
To know what your commands are; my designs  
Exact me in another place.

*Aurel.* Before  
You have our license to depart! If manners,  
Civility of manners, cannot teach you  
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,  
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you  
Commission to free him.

*Gonz.* How's this, madam?

*Aurel.* You were my substitute, and wanted  
power,

Without my warrant, to dispose of him :  
I will pay back his ransom ten times over,  
Rather than quit my interest.

*Bert.* This is  
Against the law of arms.

*Aurel.* But not of love. [Aside.]  
Why hath your entertainment, sir, been such,  
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,  
You would fly from it?

*Bert.* I know no man, madam,  
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting  
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason  
Prefer straw in a dungeon, before  
A down-bed in a palace.

*Aurel.* How!—Come nearer :  
Was his usage such?

*Gonz.* Yes; and it had been worse,  
Had I foreseen this.

*Aurel.* O thou mis-shaped monster!  
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have  
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity  
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,  
And answer, then, whether this were a man  
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made  
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes,  
Whose every glance store Cupid's empty quiver,  
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these  
lips,

These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries  
And roses were but copies, should grow pale  
For want of nectar? or these legs, that bear  
A burthen of more worth than is supported  
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd  
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever  
On this description!

*Bert.* Is this in derision,  
Or pity of me?

*Aurel.* In your charity  
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,  
You shall have fairer quarter; you will shame  
The place where you have been, should you now  
leave it,

Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you  
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be  
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;  
It is our will. You'll follow me?

*Bert.* To the centre,  
Such a Sybilla guiding me.

[*Exeunt AURELIA, BERTOLDO, and Attendants.*]

*Gonz.* Who speaks first?

*Fer.* We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.

*Pier.* I know not what to think, I am so amazed.

*Rod.* Amazed! I am thunderstruck.

*Jac.* We are enchanted,  
And this is some illusion.

*Ador.* Heaven forbid!

In dark despair it shews a beam of hope:  
Contain thy joy, Adorni.

[*Aside.*]

*Asi.* Such a princess,  
And of so long-experienced reserv'dness,  
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes  
Of more than doubted looseness!

*Gonz.* They come again,  
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.  
I shall run mad:—Some fury hath possess'd her.  
If I speak I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble  
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,  
Though the devil fart fire, have at him.

*Re-enter BERTOLDO and AURELIA.*

*Aurel.* Let not, sir,  
The violence of my passion nourish in you  
An ill opinion; or, grant my carriage  
Out of the road and garb of private women,  
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am  
A princess, what I do is above censure,  
And to be imitated.

*Bert.* Gracious madam,  
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt  
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected  
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender  
My resolution.

*Aurel.* Consider of it,  
I will not be long from you.

[*BERTOLDO walks by musing.*]

*Gonz.* Pray I cannot,

This cursed object strangles my devotion:  
I must speak, or I burst.—Pray you, fair lady,  
If you can, in courtesy direct me to  
The chaste Aurelia.

*Aurel.* Are you blind? who are we?

*Gonz.* Another kind of thing. Her blood was  
govern'd

By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:  
The reverence and majesty of Juno  
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,  
Appear'd a second Pallas. I can see  
No such divinities in you: if I,  
Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,  
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.

*Aurel.* Good! ere long  
You shall know me better.

*Gonz.* Why, if you are Aurelia,  
How shall I dispose of the soldier?

*Asi.* May it please you  
To hasten my dispatch?

*Aurel.* Prefer your suits  
Unto Bertoldo; we will give him hearing,  
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*]

*Asi.* This is rare!

*Gonz.* What are we come to?

*Rod.* Grown up in a moment  
A favourite!

*Ferd.* He does take state already.

*Bert.* No, no; it cannot be:—yet, but Camiola,  
There is no step between me and a crown.

Then my ingratitude! a sin in which  
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,  
Or I am lost.

*Gonz.* May it please your excellence—  
Second me, sir.

*Bert.* Then my so horrid oaths,  
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!

*Asi.* The king, your brother, will thank you  
for the advancement

Of his affairs.

*Bert.* And yet who can hold out  
Against such batteries as his power and greatness  
Raise up against my weak defences!

*Gonz.* Sir,

*Re-enter AURELIA.*

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!  
Walks she on woollen feet!

*Aurel.* You dwell too long

In your deliberation, and come  
With a cripple's pace to that which you should  
fly to.

*Bert.* It is confess'd: yet why should I, to  
win

From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,  
By false play send you off a loser from me?  
I am already too, too much engaged  
To the king my brother's anger; and who knows  
But that his doubts and politic fears, should you  
Make me his equal, may draw war upon  
Your territories? Were that breach made up,  
I should with joy embrace what now I fear  
To touch but with due reverence.

*Aurel.* That hinderance  
Is easily removed. I owe the king  
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;  
And having first reconciled you to his favour,  
A dispensation shall meet with us.

*Bert.* I am wholly yours.

*Aurel.* On this book seal it.

*Gonz.* What, hand and lip too! then the bargain's sure.—

You have no employment for me?

*Aurel.* Yes, Gonzaga;

Provide a royal ship.

*Gonz.* A ship! St. John,

Whither are we bound now?

*Aurel.* You shall know hereafter.

My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching  
Upon your patience.

*Ador.* Camiola!

[*Aside to BERTOLDO.*]

*Aurel.* How do you?

*Bert.* Indisposed; but I attend you.

[*Exeunt all but ADORNI.*]

*Ador.* The heavy curse that waits on perjury,  
And foul ingratitude pursue thee ever!  
Yet why from me this? in his breach of faith  
My loyalty finds reward: what poisons him,  
Proves mithridate to me. I have perform'd  
All she commanded, punctually; and now,  
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may  
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings  
To bear me to Palermo! This once known,  
Must change her love into a just disdain,  
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—PALERMO. A Room in CAMIOLA'S  
House.

*Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, and CLARIKDA, at several doors.*

*Syl.* Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome  
was

The top and ridge of my house, am, on the sudden,  
Turn'd to the pitifullest animal  
O' the lineage of the Syllis!

*Cam.* What's the matter?

*Syl.* The king—break, girdle, break!

*Cam.* Why, what of him?

*Syl.* Hearing how far you doated on my person,  
Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing  
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,  
Could get a sheep's-eye from you, I being present,  
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl  
Of his authority to bore my nose,  
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!

*Cam.* Do not roar so:

The king!

*Syl.* The king. Yet loving Sylli is not  
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune;  
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,  
What a loser should you be! He can but make  
you

A queen, and what a simple thing is that,  
To the being my lawful spouse? the world can  
Afford you such a husband. [*never*]

*Cam.* I believe you.

But how are you sure the king is so inclined?  
Did not you dream this?

*Syl.* With these eyes I saw him  
Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,  
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.

*Cam.* If so,

I guess the business.

*Syl.* It can be no other,  
But to give me the bob, that being a matter  
Of main importance. Yonder they are; I dare not

*Enter ROBERTO and FULGENTIO.*

Be seen, I am so desperate: if you forsake me,

Send me word, that I may provide a willow gar-  
land,  
To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!

[*Exit crying.*]

*Ful.* It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe  
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.  
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare  
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off  
With terror, cannot fright her.

*Rob.* May she answer

My expectation!

[*Aside.*]

*Ful.* There she is.

*Cam.* My knees thus

Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward  
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty  
Due for so great an honour, in this favour  
Done to your humblest handmaid.

*Rob.* You mistake me;

I come not, lady, that you may report  
The king, to do you honour, made your house  
(He being there) his court: but to correct  
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon  
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased  
With this humility.

*Cam.* A pardon, sir!

Till I am conscious of an offence,  
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.

What is my crime, sir?

*Rob.* Look on him I favour,

By you scorn'd and neglected.

*Cam.* Is that all, sir?

*Rob.* No, minion; though that were too much.

How can you

Answer the setting on your desperate bravo  
To murder him?

*Cam.* With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,  
While I reply to this: but thus rise up  
In my defence, and tell you, as a man,  
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity,  
Which you may challenge as a king, parts from  
'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral, [you,])  
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged  
To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,  
To such an undeserver is no virtue.

*Ful.* What think you now, sir?

*Cam.* Say, you should love wine,  
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,  
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants not kings,  
By violence, from humble vassals force  
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him;  
And to compel affection, as I take it,  
Is not found in your prerogative.

*Rob.* Excellent virgin!

How I admire her confidence!

[*Aside.*]

*Cam.* He complains

Of wrong done him: but, be no more a king,  
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,  
And of your laws and statutes make a fire  
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,  
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your edicts  
Call it death in any man that breaks into  
Another's house, to rob him, though of trifles;  
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,  
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,  
In the pollution of my clear fame,  
By his malicious slanders?

*Rob.* Have you done this?

Answer truly, on your life.

*Ful.* In the heat of blood,  
Some such thing I reported.



*Rob.* Out of my sight!  
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not  
This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon,  
Thy grave is digg'd already.

*Ful.* By my own folly  
I have made a fair hand of't. [*Aside and exit.*]

*Rob.* You shall know, lady,  
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword  
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.

*Cam.* Ay, now you shew whose deputy you  
are:

If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot  
Be censured superstition.

*Rob.* You must rise;

Rise in our favour and protection ever. [*Kisses her.*]

*Cam.* Happy are subjects, when the prince is  
still

Guided by justice, not his passionate will. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S  
House.*

*Enter CAMIOLA and SYLLI.*

*Cam.* You see how tender I am of the quiet  
And peace of your affection, and what great ones  
I put off in your favour.

*Syl.* You do wisely,  
Exceeding wisely; and, when I have said,  
I thank you for't, be happy.

*Cam.* And good reason,  
In having such a blessing.

*Syl.* When you have it;  
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,  
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,  
I have wiped your royal nose with a napkin;  
You may cry, *Willow, willow!* for your brother,  
I'll only say, *Go by!* for my fine favourite,  
He may graze where he please; his lips may water  
Like a puppy's o'er a furmenty pot, while Sylli,  
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish, drinks  
nectar!

I cannot hold out any longer; heaven forgive me!  
'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take  
A little for a preparative.

[*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*]

*Cam.* By no means.  
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:  
I'll rather lose my longing.

*Syl.* Pretty soul!  
How careful it is of me! Let me buss yet  
Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure, is  
Out of my oath.

*Cam.* Why, if thou canst dispense with't  
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour  
My amorous shoe-maker steals.

*Syl.* O most rare leather! [*Kisses her shoe often.*]  
I do begin at the lowest, but in time  
I may grow higher.

*Cam.* Fie! you dwell too long there:  
Rise, prithee rise.

*Syl.* O, I am up, already.

*Enter CLARINDA, hastily.*

*Cam.* How I abuse my hours!—What news  
with thee, now?

*Clar.* Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by  
your promise:  
Signior Adorni is return'd! now upon entrance!  
Off with it, off with it, madam!

*Cam.* Be not so hasty:  
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.

*Syl.* You have my grant too;  
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,  
You must hereafter ask my leave, before  
You part with things of moment.

*Cam.* Very good;  
When I'm yours I'll be govern'd.  
*Syl.* Sweet obedience!

*Enter ADORNI.*

*Cam.* You are well return'd.

*Ador.* I wish that the success  
Of my service had deserved it.

*Cam.* Lives Bertoldo?

*Ador.* Yes, and return'd with safety.

*Cam.* 'Tis not then

In the power of fate to add to, or take from  
My perfect happiness; and yet—he should  
Have made me his first visit.

*Ador.* So I think too;  
But he—

*Syl.* Durst not appear, I being present;  
That's his excuse, I warrant you.

*Cam.* Speak, where is he?  
With whom? who hath deserved more from him?  
Can be of equal merit? I in this [*or*]  
Do not except the king.

*Ador.* He's at the palace,  
With the dutchess of Sienna. One coach brought  
them hither,  
Without a third: he's very gracious with her;  
You may conceive the rest.

*Cam.* My jealous fears  
Make me to apprehend.

*Ador.* Pray you, dismiss  
Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you  
Of the particulars.

*Cam.* Servant, I would have you  
To haste unto the court.

*Syl.* I will outrun  
A footman for your pleasure.

*Cam.* There observe  
The dutchess' train, and entertainment.

*Syl.* Fear not;  
I will discover all that is of weight,  
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.  
This is fit employment for me. [*Exit.*]

*Cam.* Gracious with  
The dutchess! sure, you said so?

*Ador.* I will use  
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,  
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged  
With faith and loyal duty.

*Cam.* I believe it;  
You ransomed him, and supplied his wants—*ima-*  
That is already spoken; and what vows [*give*]  
Of service he made to me, is apparent;  
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous:  
Does not your story end so?

*Ador.* Would the end

Had answered the beginning!—In a word,  
Ingratitude and perjury at the height  
Cannot express him.

*Cam.* Take heed.

*Ador.* Truth is arm'd,  
And can defend itself. It must out, madam :  
I saw (the presence full) the amorous dutchess  
Kiss and embrace him ; on his part accepted  
With equal ardour ; and their willing hands  
No sooner join'd, but a remove was publish'd,  
And put in execution.

*Cam.* The proofs are  
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo !

*Ador.* He's not worth  
Your sorrow, madam.

*Cam.* Tell me, when you saw this,  
Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it ?

*Ador.* His precipice from goodness raising mine,  
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,  
I had little reason.

*Cam.* In this you confess  
The devilish malice of your disposition.  
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it ;  
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,  
To glory in it. When good men pursue  
The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints  
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels  
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,  
To see a scene of grace so well presented,  
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.  
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far  
As their divinity can partake of passion,  
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,  
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes  
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd  
Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well  
In you, Adorni.

*Ador.* What a temper dwells  
In this rare virgin ! [*Aside.*] Can you pity him,  
That hath shewn none to you ?

*Cam.* I must not be  
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,  
Expect now I should seek recovery  
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees  
Beg his compassion. No ; my towering virtue,  
From the assurance of my merit, scorns  
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,  
And, confident in the justice of my cause,  
The king, his brother, and new mistress, judges,  
Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,  
In which he swore to marry me ?

*Ador.* 'Tis here, madam.

*Cam.* He shall be, then, against his will, my  
husband ;

And when I have him, I'll so use him!—Doubt not,  
But that, your honesty being unquestioned,  
This writing, with your testimony, clears all.

*Ador.* And buries me in the dark mists of error.

*Cam.* I'll presently to court ; pray you, give  
order

For my coach.

*Ador.* A cart for me were fitter,  
To burry me to the gallows. [*Aside, and exit.*]

*Cam.* O false men !  
Inconstant ! perjured ! My good angel help me,  
In these my extremities !

*Re-enter SYLLA*

*Syl.* If you e'er will see brave sight,  
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the dutchess

Are presently to be married : there's such pomp,  
And preparation !

*Cam.* If I marry, 'tis  
This day, or never.

*Syl.* Why, with all my heart ;  
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make,  
And then it is quit.

*Cam.* Follow me to my cabinet ;  
You know my confessor, father Paulo ?

*Syl.* Yes : shall he

Do the feat for us ?

*Cam.* I will give in writing  
Directions to him, and attire myself  
Like a virgin bride ; and something I will do,  
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.

*Syl.* And I, to make all know I am not shallow,  
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A State-room in the  
Palace.*

*Loud music.* Enter ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FER-  
DINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOPO, PIERIO,  
a Bishop, and Attendants.

*Rob.* Had our division been greater, madam,  
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,  
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord,  
Must make a perfect union.—Once more,  
With a brotherly affection, we receive you  
Into our favour : let it be your study  
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far  
Beyond your merit.

*Bert.* As the princess' grace  
To me is without limit, my endeavours,  
With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,  
Shall know no bounds : nor will I, being made  
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that  
I owe her as a servant.

*Aurel.* I expect not  
But fair equality, since I well know,  
If that superiority be due,  
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,  
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,  
I'll practice the obedience of a wife,  
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they  
Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming  
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign  
Over their husbands, in some kind commit  
Authorized whoredom ; nor will I be guilty,  
In my intent, of such a crime.

*Gonz.* This done,  
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for  
A precedent to great women : but, when once  
The gripping hunger of desire is cloy'd,  
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,  
Most of your eagle breed, I'll not say all,  
Ever accepting you, challenge again  
What, in hot blood, they parted from.

*Aurel.* You are ever  
An enemy of our sex ; but you, I hope, sir,  
Have better thoughts.

*Bert.* I dare not entertain  
An ill one of your goodness.

*Rob.* To my power  
I will enable him, to prevent all danger  
Envy can raise against your choice. One word  
more

Touching the articles.

*Enter FULGENTIO, CAMIOLA, SYLLI, and ADORNI.*

*Ful.* In you alone

Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me;  
But pity in you will become you better  
(Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)  
Than too much rigour.

*Cam.* I will make your peace  
As far as it lies in me; but must first  
Labour to right myself.

*Aurel.* Or add or alter  
What you think fit; in him I have my all:  
Heaven make me thankful for him!

*Rob.* On to the temple.

*Cam.* Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,  
Erect one here, in doing justice to  
An injured maid.

*Aurel.* How's this?

*Bert.* O, I am blasted!

*Rob.* I have given some proof, sweet lady, of  
my promptness  
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;  
And rest assured, that, this great work dispatch'd,  
You shall have audience, and satisfaction  
To all you can demand.

*Cam.* To do me justice

Exacts your present care, and can admit  
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,  
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,  
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,  
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you  
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,  
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,  
As a delinquent look on him, and not  
As on a brother: Justice painted blind,  
Infers her ministers are obliged to hear  
The cause, and truth, the judge, determine of it;  
And not sway'd or by favour or affection,  
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter  
The true intent and letter of the law.

*Rob.* Nor will I, madam.

*Aurel.* You seem troubled, sir.

*Gons.* His colour changes too.

*Cam.* The alteration

Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause  
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring  
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay  
Rhetorical flourishes may palliate  
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.  
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,  
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will  
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king  
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,  
My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,  
To sit assistants with him.

*Aurel.* I ne'er wrong'd you.

*Cam.* In your knowledge of the injury, I believe  
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are [it;  
Acquainted with my interest in this man,  
Which I lay claim to.

*Rob.* Let us take our seats.

What is your title to him?

*Cam.* By this contract,  
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend man,

[Presents a paper to the King.

I challenge him for my husband.

*Syl.* Ha! was I

Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!  
Some cordial, or I faint.

*Rob.* This writing is  
Authentic.

*Aurel.* But, done in heat of blood,  
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt, he was,  
To be dispens'd with.

*Fer.* Add this, if you please,  
The distance and disparity between  
Their births and fortunes.

*Cam.* What can Innocence hope for,  
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!  
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?  
Or Syren charms? or, at his best, in me  
Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,  
And, as he was, consider him, and you  
Must grant him my inferior. Imagine  
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,  
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair  
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga  
Trampling on his afflictions; the great sum  
Proposed for his redemption; the king  
Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,  
With his protesting followers and friends,  
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;  
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave  
Of his calamities; and then weigh duly  
What she deserv'd, whose merits now are doubted.  
That, as his better angel, in her bounties  
Appear'd unto him, his great ransom paid,  
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied;  
Whether, then, being my manumised slave,  
He owed not himself to me?

*Aurel.* Is this true?

*Rob.* In his silence 'tis acknowledged.

*Gons.* If you want

A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.

*Cam.* If I have dwelt too long on my deservings  
To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me;  
The cause required it. And though now I add  
A little, in my painting to the life  
His barbarous ingratitude, to deter  
Others from imitation, let it meet with  
A fair interpretation. This serpent,  
Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warm'd  
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,  
But, in return, he ruin'd his preserver,  
The prints the irons had made in his flesh  
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,  
My benefits, in sand or water written,  
As they had never been, no more remember'd!  
And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes  
To gain this dutchess' favour?

*Aurel.* Yes; the object,  
Look on it better, lady, may excuse  
The change of his affection.

*Cam.* The object!

In what? forgive me, modesty, if I say  
You look upon your form in the false glass  
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.  
That you were a dutchess, as I take it, was not  
Character'd on your face; and, that not seen,  
For other feature, make all these, that are  
Experienced in women, judges of them,  
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,  
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,  
I may take the right-hand file.

*Gons.* Well said, i'faith!  
I see fair women on no terms will yield  
Priority in beauty.

*Cam.* Down, proud heart!  
Why do I rise up in defence of that,  
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me!  
No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty.

Goodness, and virtue ; and poor I not worthy  
As a foil to set you off : enjoy your conquest ;  
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am,  
In my lowness, from your height you may look on  
me,

And, in your suffrage to me, make him know  
That, though to all men else I did appear  
The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound  
To hold me as the masterpiece.

*Rob.* By my life,  
You have shewn yourself of such an abject temper,  
So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for  
Your nearness to me.

*Fer.* I am changed in my  
Opinion of you, lady ; and profess  
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune  
For an absolute monarch.

*Gons.* Since you are resolved  
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of  
Your noble order for a woman, do it  
For this. You may search through the world, and  
With such another phoenix. [meet not

*Aurel.* On the sudden  
I feel all fires of love quenched in the water  
Of my compassion.—Make your peace ; you have  
My free consent ; for here I do disclaim  
All interest in you : and, to further your  
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,  
The dispensation procured by me,  
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way  
To your embraces.

*Bert.* Oh, how have I stray'd,  
And wilfully, out of the noble track  
Mark'd me by virtue ! till now, I was never  
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late  
Captivity, I might allege the malice  
Of Fortune ; you, that conquer'd me, confessing  
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.  
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths  
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead  
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,  
DISLOYAL and INGRATEFUL. Though barr'd from  
Human society, and his'd into  
Some desert ne'er yet haunted with the curses  
Of men and women, sitting as a judge  
Upon my guilty self, I must confess  
It justly falls upon me ; and one tear,  
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more  
Than I can hope for.

*Cam.* This compunction  
For the wrong that you have done me, though you  
should

Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,  
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes  
Two springs of sorrow for you.

*Bert.* In your pity  
My cruelty shews more monstrous : yet I am not,  
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height  
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,  
To ask your pardon. If, as now I fall  
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe  
To act your own revenge, treading upon me  
As a viper eating through the bowels of  
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,  
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen  
That now is insupportable.

*Cam.* Pray you, rise ;  
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,  
I do forgive you heartily : yet, excuse me,  
Though I deny myself a blessing that,

By the favour of the dutches, seconded  
With your submission, is offer'd to me ;  
Let not the reason I allege for't grieve you,  
You have been false once.—I have done : and if,  
When I am married, as this day I will be,  
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,  
You wish me joy, I will receive it for  
Full satisfaction of all obligations  
In which you stand bound to me.

*Bert.* I will do it,  
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live  
To see myself undone, beyond all hope  
To be made up again.

*Syl.* My blood begins  
To come to my heart again.

*Cam.* Pray you, signior Sylli,  
Call in the holy friar : he's prepared  
For finishing the work.

*Syl.* I knew I was  
The man : heaven make me thankful !

*Rob.* Who is this ?  
*As.* His father was the banker of Palermo,  
And this the heir of his great wealth : his wisdom  
Was not hereditary.

*Syl.* Though you know me not,  
Your majesty owes me a round sum ; I have  
A seal or two to witness ; yet, if you please  
To wear my colours, and dance at my wedding,  
I'll never sue you.

*Rob.* And I'll grant your suit.  
*Syl.* Gracious madonna, noble general,  
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,  
[Gives them favours.

Since I am confident you dare not harbour  
A thought, but that way current. [Exit.

*Aurel.* For my part,  
I cannot guess the issue.

*Re-enter SYLLI with Father PAULO.*

*Syl.* Do your duty ;  
And with all speed you can, you may dispatch us.  
*Paul.* Thus, as a principal ornament to the  
I seize her. [church,

*All.* How !  
*Rob.* So young, and so religious !  
*Paul.* She has forsook the world.

*Syl.* And Sylli too !  
I shall run mad.

*Rob.* Hence with the fool !—[SYLLI is thrust  
off.]—Proceed, sir.

*Paul.* Look on this MAID OF HONOUR, now  
Truly honour'd in her vow

She pays to heaven : vain delight  
By day, or pleasure of the night,  
She no more thinks of. This fair hair  
(Favours for great kings to wear)

Must now be shorn ; her rich array  
Changed into a homely gray :  
The dainties with which she was fed,  
And her proud flesh pampered,  
Must not be tasted ; from the spring,  
For wine, cold water we will bring ;  
And with fasting mortify  
The feasts of sensuality.

Her jewels, beads ; and she must look  
Not in a glass, but holy book,  
To teach her the ne'er-erring way  
To immortality. O may  
She, as she purposes to be  
A child new-born to piety,

*Perséver in it, and good men,  
With saints and angels, say, Amen!*

*Cam.* This is the marriage! this the port to which  
My vows must steer me! Fill my spreading sails  
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,  
That I may touch the secure haven, where  
Eternal happiness keeps her residence,  
Temptations to frailty never entering!  
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose  
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing  
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it:  
The first to the fair nunnery, to which  
I dedicate the last and better part  
Of my frail life; a second portion  
To pious uses; and the third to thee,  
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.  
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope  
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that  
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,  
And to his merits love him, and no further.

*Rob.* I thus confirm it.

*[Gives his hand to FULGENTIO.]*

*Cam.* And, as e'er you hope, *[To BERTOLDO.]*  
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you  
To reassume your order; and in fighting

Bravely against the enemies of our faith,  
Redeem your mortgaged honour.

*Gons.* I restore this: *[Gives him the white cross]*  
Once more, brothers in arms.

*Bert.* I'll live and die so.

*Cam.* To you my pious wishes! And, to end  
All differences, great sir, I beseech you  
To be an arbitrator, and compound  
The quarrel long continuing between  
The duke and dutchess.

*Rob.* I will take it into  
My special care.

*Cam.* I am then at rest. Now, father,  
Conduct me where you please.

*[Exeunt PAULO and CAMILLA.]*

*Rob.* She well deserves  
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR! May she  
stand,

To all posterity, a fair example  
For noble maids to imitate! Since to live  
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part with  
Such poison'd baits is rare; there being nothing  
Upon this stage of life to be commended,  
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

# THE PICTURE.

TO MY HONOURED AND SELECTED FRIENDS,  
OF  
THE NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

It may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play, in the presentment, found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your frequent bounties; and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your servant, PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADISLAUS, *King of Hungary.*  
FERDINAND, *General of the Army.*  
EUBULUS, *an old Counsellor.*  
MATHIAS, *a Knight of Bohemia.*  
URALDO, } *Wild Courtiers.*  
RICARDO, }  
JULIO BAPTISTA, *a great Scholar.*  
HILARIO, *Servant to SOPHIA.*  
Two Boys, *representing APOLLO and PALLAS.*  
Two Couriers.  
A Guide.

Servants to the Queen.  
Servants to MATHIAS.

HONORIA, *the Queen.*  
SOPHIA, *Wife to MATHIAS.*  
ACANTHE, } *Maids of Honour.*  
SYLVIA, }  
CORISCA, *SOPHIA'S Woman.*

Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Captains, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN HUNGARY, AND PARTLY IN BOHEMIA.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Frontiers of BOHEMIA.*

Enter MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO, with other Servants.

*Math.* Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further is not alone impertinent, but dangerous. We are not distant from the Turkish camp above five leagues, and who knows but some party Of his Timariots, that scour the country, May fall upon us?—be now, as thy name. Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee, Wise, and discreet; and to thy understanding Marry thy constant patience.

*Soph.* You put me, sir, To the utmost trial of it.

*Math.* Nay, no melting; Since the necessity that now separates us, We have long since disputed, and the reasons Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears. I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,

And great men, my superiors, rivals for you; But mutual consent of heart, as hands, Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal. Nor is it in me mere desire of fame, Or to be cried up by the public voice, For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour: Such airy tumours take not me. You know How narrow our demeanors are, and, what's more, Having as yet no charge of children on us, We hardly can subsist.

*Soph.* In you alone, sir, I have all abundance.

*Math.* For my mind's content, In your own language I could answer you. You have been an obedient wife, a right one; And to my power, though short of your desert, I have been ever an indulgent husband. We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though Not to satiety, or loathing, yet

We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,  
As still to hug them, to the certain loss  
Of profit and preferment. Competent means  
Maintains a quiet bed ; want breeds dissention,  
Even in good women.

*Soph.* Have you found in me, sir,  
Any distaste, or sign of discontent,  
For want of what's superfluous ?

*Math.* No, Sophia ;  
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent  
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless  
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee  
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,  
Upon this sea of action, as a factor,  
To trade for rich materials to adorn  
Thy noble parts, and shew them in full lustre.  
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty  
And outward form, but in the harmony  
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age  
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee  
In jewels, and variety of wardrobes ;  
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies  
Compared are of no value, wanting these,  
Pass unregarded.

*Soph.* If I am so rich, or  
In your opinion, why should you borrow  
Additions for me ?

*Math.* Why ! I should be censured  
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel  
Above all price, if I forbear to give it  
The best of ornaments : therefore, Sophia,  
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,  
As you have ever done. To your discretion  
I leave the government of my family,  
And our poor fortunes ; and from these command  
Obedience to you, as to myself :  
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully ;  
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,  
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you  
A harvest in such full abundance, as  
Shall make a merry winter.

*Soph.* Since you are not  
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,  
All arguments to stay you here are useless :  
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you waste  
One drop of sorrow ; look you hoard all up [not  
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,  
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,  
Guardians of human life, I at this instant  
Forbear t'invoke you : at our parting, 'twere  
To personate devotion. My soul  
Shall go along with you, and, when you are  
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you ;  
And then I will not leave a saint unused to  
For your protection. To tell you what  
I will do in your absence, would shew poorly ;  
My actions shall speak for me : 'twere to doubt you,  
To beg I may hear from you ; where you are  
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,  
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.—  
If I dwell long upon your lips, consider,

[Kisses him.]

After this feast, the griping fast that follows,  
And it will be excusable ; pray turn from me.  
All that I can, is spoken. [Exit.]

*Math.* Follow your mistress.  
Forbear your wishes for me ; let me find them,  
At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.

*Hil.* For my part, sir, I will grow lean with study  
To make her merry.

*Coris.* Though you are my lord,  
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place  
I may take my leave ; your hand, or, if you please  
To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,  
But stand a tip-toe for't.

*Math.* O, farewell, girl.

[Kisses her.]

*Hil.* A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

*Coris.* 'Twas my fee ;

Love, how he melts ! I cannot blame my lady's  
Unwillingness to part with such marmalade lips.  
There will be scrambling for them in the camp ;  
And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now  
I were his leaguer laundress ; I would find  
Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen,  
Or I would strain hard for't.

*Hil.* How the mammet twitters !  
Come, come ; my lady stays for us.

*Coris.* Would I had been  
Her ladyship the last night !

*Hil.* No more of that, wench.

[Exit HILARIO, CORISCA, and the rest.]

*Math.* I am strangely troubled, yet why I should  
A fury here, and with imagined food, [nourish  
Having no real grounds on which to raise  
A building of suspicion she was ever  
Or can be false hereafter. I in this  
But foolishly enquire the knowledge of  
A future sorrow, which, if I find out,  
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,  
Though with my loss of being. I have already  
Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,  
One deeply read in nature's hidden secrets,  
And, though with much unwillingness, have won  
To do as much as art can, to resolve me [him  
My fate that follows—To my wish, he's come.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm  
Your promise and performance walk together ;  
And therefore, without circumstance, to the point :  
Instruct me what I am.

*Bapt.* I could wish you had  
Made trial of my love some other way.

*Math.* Nay, this is from the purpose.

*Bapt.* If you can  
Proportion your desire to any mean,  
I do pronounce you happy ; I have found,  
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife  
Is to this present hour from all pollution  
Free and untainted.

*Math.* Good.

*Bapt.* In reason, therefore,  
You should fix here, and make no further search  
Of what may fall hereafter.

*Math.* O, Baptista,  
'Tis not in me to master so my passions ;  
I must know further, or you have made good  
But half your promise. While my love stood by,  
Holding her upright, and my presence was  
A watch upon her, her desires being met too  
With equal ardour from me, what one proof  
Could she give of her constancy, being untempted ?  
But when I am absent, and my coming back  
Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women,  
Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she  
The absolute disposer of herself,  
Without control or curb ; nay, more, invited  
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,  
If then she hold out—

*Bapt.* As, no doubt, she will.

*Math.* Those doubts must be made certainties,  
Baptista,

By your assurance ; or your boasted art  
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,  
And play with my affliction ! I am on  
The rack, till you confirm me.

*Bapt.* Sure, Mathias,

I am no god, nor can I dive into  
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are ;  
That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd  
E'en from the devils themselves : they can but guess,  
Out of long observation, what is likely ;  
But positively to foretel that shall be,  
You may conclude impossible. All I can,  
I will do for you ; when you are distant from her  
A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,  
You shall know truly when she is solicited,  
And how far wrought on.

*Math.* I desire no more.

*Bapt.* Take then this little model of Sophia,  
With more than human skill limn'd to the life ;

[Gives him a picture.]

Each line and lineament of it, in the drawing,  
So punctually observed, that, had it motion,  
In so much 'twere herself.

*Math.* It is, indeed,

An admirable piece ! but if it have not  
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,  
In what can it advantage me ?

*Bapt.* I'll instruct you :

Carry it still about you, and as oft  
As you desire to know how she's affected,  
With curious eyes peruse it : while it keeps  
The figure it now has, entire and perfect,  
She is not only innocent in fact,  
But unattempted ; but if once it vary  
From the true form, and what's now white and red  
Incline to yellow, rest most confident  
She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd ;  
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance  
The fort, by composition or surprise,  
Is forced, or with her free consent surrender'd.

*Math.* How much you have engaged me for this  
favour,

The service of my whole life shall make good.

*Bapt.* We will not part so, I'll along with you,  
And it is needful : with the rising sun,  
The armies meet ; yet, ere the fight begin,  
In spite of opposition, I will place you  
In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,  
And near his person.

*Math.* As my better angel,  
You shall direct and guide me.

*Bapt.* As we ride  
I'll tell you more.

*Math.* In all things I'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—HUNGARY. *Alba Regalis.* A  
State-room in the Palace.

Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.

*Ric.* When came the post ?

*Ubaldo.* The last night.

*Ric.* From the camp ?

*Ubaldo.* Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and  
sign'd

By the general, Ferdinand.

*Ric.* Nay, then, sans question,  
't is of moment.

*Ubaldo.* It concerns the lives  
Of two great armies.

*Ric.* Was it cheerfully  
Received by the king ?

*Ubaldo.* Yes ; for being assured

The armies were in view of one another,  
Having proclaim'd a public fast and prayer  
For the good success, [he] dispatch'd a gentleman  
Of his privy chamber to the general,  
With absolute authority from him,  
To try the fortune of a day.

*Ric.* No doubt then

The general will come on, and fight it bravely.

Heaven prosper him ! This military art,  
I grant to be the noblest of professions ;  
And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never  
Inclined to learn it ; since this bubble honour  
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for.)  
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,  
Too dear a purchase.

*Ubaldo.* Give me our court warfare :

The danger is not great in the encounter  
Of a fair mistress.

*Ric.* Fair and sound together

Do very well, Ubaldo ; but such are,  
With difficulty, to be found out ; and when they  
know

Their value, prized too high. By thy own report,  
Thou wast at twelve a games'er, and, since that,  
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader  
I' the street, with certain danger to thy pocket,  
To the great lady in her cabinet ;  
That spent upon thee more in cullises,  
To strengthen thy weak back, than would maintain  
Twelve Flanders mares, and as many running  
horses :

Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills,  
Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.

*Ubaldo.* You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you were  
A novice in those mysteries.

*Ric.* By no means ;

My doctor can assure the contrary :  
I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,  
As he that is a gamester, and plays often,  
Must sometimes be a loser.

*Ubaldo.* Wherefore, then,

Do you envy me ?

*Ric.* It grows not from my want,  
Nor thy abundance ; but being, as I am,  
The likelier man, and of much more experience,  
My good parts are my curses : there's no beauty,  
But yields ere it be summon'd ; and, as nature  
Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,  
There's none can buy till I have made my market.  
Satiety cloy's me ; as I live, I would part with  
Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,  
To find that only phoenix in my search,  
That could hold out against me.

*Ubaldo.* Be not rapt so ;

You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,  
What think you of the queen ?

*Ric.* I dare not aim at

The petticoat royal, that is still excepted ;  
Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract  
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,  
To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,  
I would venture my neck to a halter—but we talk  
Impossibilities : as she hath a beauty [of  
Would make old Nestor young ; such majesty  
Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it,



As would fright Paris, though the queen of love  
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

*Ubald.* Have you observed

The gravity of her language, mix'd with sweetness?

*Ric.* Then, at what distance she reserves herself,  
When the king himself makes his approaches to her—

*Ubald.* As she were still a virgin, and his life  
But one continued wooing.

*Ric.* She well knows  
Her worth, and values it.

*Ubald.* And so far the king is  
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears  
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.

*Ric.* All his imaginations and thoughts  
Are buried in her; the loud noise of war  
Cannot awake him.

*Ubald.* At this very instant,  
When both his life and crown are at the stake.

He only studies her content, and when  
She's pleas'd to shew herself, music and masques  
Are with all care and cost provided for her.

*Ric.* This night she promised to appear.

*Ubald.* You may  
Believe it by the diligence of the king,  
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, and Attendants with perfumes.*

*Ladis.* These rooms  
Are not perfumed, as we directed.

*Eubu.* Not, sir!

I know not what you would have; I am sure the  
smoak

Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision  
Spent in your majesty's kitchens.

*Ladis.* How I scorn

Thy gross comparison! When my Honoria,  
The amazement of the present time, and envy  
Of all succeeding ages, does descend

To sanctify a place, and in her presence  
Makes it a temple to me, can I be  
Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her?  
But that the splendor of her beams of beauty  
Hath struck thee blind—

*Eubu.* As dotage hath done you.

*Ladis.* Dotage? O blasphemy! is it in me  
To serve her to her merit? Is she not  
The daughter of a king?

*Eubu.* And you the son  
Of ours, I take it; by what privilege else,  
Do you reign over us? for my part, I know not  
Where the disparity lies

*Ladis.* Her birth, old man,  
Old in the kingdom's service, which protects thee  
Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties,  
Might make the Thunderer a rival for her.

They are but superficial ornaments,  
And faintly speak her: from her heavenly mind,  
Were all antiquity and fiction lost,  
Our modern poets could not, in their fancy,  
But fashion a Minerva far transcending

The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of.  
But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus!  
And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes  
Must make all gazers her idolaters,  
She is so sparing of their influence  
That, to shun superstition in others,  
She shoots her powerful beams only at me.  
And can I, then, whom she desires to hold  
Her kingly captive above all the world,

Whose nations and empires, if she pleas'd,  
She might command as slaves, but gladly pay  
The humble tribute of my love and service,  
Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,  
I did not err?

*Eubu.* Well, since you hug your fetters,  
In Love's name wear them! You are a king, and  
that

Concludes you wise: your will a powerful reason.  
Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not argue.  
And what in a mean man I should call folly,  
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom:  
But for me, I subscribe.

*Ladis.* Do, and look up,  
Upon this wonder.

*Loud music. Enter HONORIA in state, under a Canopy,  
her train borne up by SYLVIA and ACANTHE.*

*Ric.* Wonder! It is more, sir.

*Ubald.* A rapture, an astonishment.

*Ric.* What think you, sir?

*Eubu.* As the king thinks; that is the surest  
We courtiers ever lie at.—Was prince ever [guard

So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles  
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:  
But yet to admiration, look not on her.

Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,  
With what assured gravity she receives it!  
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes

Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,  
How he's exalted! Women in their natures  
Affect command; but this humility

In a husband and a king, marks her the way  
To absolute tyranny. [*The king seats her on his  
throne.*] So! Juno's placed

In Jove's tribunal: and, like Mercury,  
(Forgetting his own greatness,) he attends  
For her employments. She prepares to speak;  
What oracles shall we hear now? [*Aside.*

*Hon.* That you please, sir,  
With such assurances of love and favour,  
To grace your handmaid, and in being yours, sir,  
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,  
Binds me in retribution to deserve  
The grace conferr'd upon me.

*Ladis.* You transcend  
In all things excellent; and it is my glory,  
Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself  
From absolute command, surrendering up  
My will and faculties to your disposal:  
And here I vow, not for a day or year,  
But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,  
That whatsoever I, in justice, may  
Exact from these my subjects, you from me  
May boldly challenge: and when you require it,  
In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,  
Thus I will pay my homage.

*Hon.* O forbear, sir!  
Let not my lips envy my robe; on them  
Print your allegiance often: I desire  
No other fealty.

*Ladis.* Gracious sovereign!  
Boundless in bounty.

*Eubu.* Is not here fine fooling!  
He's questionless, bewitch'd. Would I were golt,  
So that would disenchant him! though I forfeit  
My life for't, I must speak.—By your good leave,  
sir— [*Passing before the king*

I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,  
Having no power: you are like me, a subject,

Her more than serene majesty being present,  
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,  
Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,  
And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,  
But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen-ushers,  
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd ;  
He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge  
The privilege of his bonnet.

*Ladis.* Do not tempt me.

*Eubu.* Tempt you! in what? in following your example?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,  
As *Ladislau*s should do *Eubulus*,  
On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign,  
But weary of it, I now bend my knee  
To her divinity, and desire a boon  
From her more than magnificence.

*Hon.* Take it freely.

Nay, be not moved; for our mirth's sake let us hear him.

*Eubu.* 'Tis but to ask a question: Have you ne'er read

The story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

*Hon.* Not as I remember.

*Eubu.* I will then instruct you,  
And 'tis to the purpose: This *Ninus* was a king,  
And such an impotent loving king as this was,  
But now he's none; this *Ninus* (pray you observe  
Doted on this *Semiramis*, a smith's wife; [me]  
[I must confess, there the comparison holds not,  
You are a king's daughter, yet, under your correc-  
like her, a woman;]) this *Assyrian* monarch, [tion,  
Of whom this is a pattern, to express  
His love and service, seated her, as you are,  
In his regal throne, and bound by oath his nobles,  
Forgetting all allegiance to himself,  
One day to be her subjects, and to put  
In execution whatever she  
Pleased to impose upon them:—pray you command  
To minister the like to us, and then [him  
You shall hear what follow'd.

*Ladis.* Well, sir, to your story.

*Eubu.* You have no warrant, stand by; let me  
Your pleasure, goddess. [know

*Hon.* Let this nod assure you.

*Eubu.* Goddess-like, indeed! as I live, a pretty  
idol!

She knowing her power, wisely made use of it;  
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance  
Of what he had granted, (as, in reason, madam,  
You may do his,) that he might never have  
Power to recall his grant, or question her  
For her short government, instantly gave order  
To have his head struck off.

*Ladis.* Is't possible?

*Eubu.* The story says so, and commends her  
For making use of her authority. [wisdom  
And it is worth your imitation, madam:  
He loves subjection, and you are no queen,  
Unless you make him feel the weight of it.  
You are more than all the world to him, and that  
He may be so to you, and not seek change,  
When his delights are sated, mew him up  
In some close prison, (if you let him live  
Which is no policy,) and there diet him  
As you think fit, to feed your appetite;  
Since there ends his ambition.

*Ubald.* Devilish counsel!

*Ric.* The king's amazed.

*Ubald.* The queen appears, too, full

Of deep imaginations; *Eubulus*  
Hath put both to it.

*Ric.* Now she seems resolved:  
I long to know the issue.

[*HONORIA descends from the throne.*

*Hon.* Give me leave,  
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing  
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy  
Of your unequal graces shower'd upon me,  
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily  
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish  
One doubt *Honor*ia dares abuse the power  
With which she is invested by your favour;  
Or that she ever can make use of it  
To the injury of you, the great bestower,  
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight  
To seek to me with more obsequiousness  
Than I desired: and stood it with my duty  
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer.  
I do but act the part you put upon me,  
And though you make me personate a queen,  
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,  
Is at a period, I am what I was  
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,  
And you my royal sovereign.

*Ric.* Admirable!

*Hon.* I have heard of captains taken more with  
dangers

Than the rewards; and if, in your approaches  
To those delights which are your own, and freely,  
To heighten your desire, you make the passage  
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you,  
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me  
Beyond my just proportion?

*Ubald.* Above wonder!

*Ladis.* Heaven make me thankful for such good-

*Hon.* Now, sir, [ness!  
The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,  
I change to this humility; and the oath  
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,  
And seat you in your own.

[*Leads the king to the throne.*

*Ladis.* I am transported  
Beyond myself.

*Hon.* And now, to your wise lordship:  
Am I proved a *Semiramis*? or hath  
My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,  
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,  
Which you call dotage?

*Ladis.* Answer, wretch!

*Eubu.* I dare, sir,

And say, however the event may plead  
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;  
Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it,  
To teach a lady, humble in herself,  
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,  
To be ambitious.

*Hon.* *Eubulus*, I am so;

'Tis rooted in me; you mistake my temper.  
I do profess myself to be the most  
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold  
Command over my lord; such a proud torrent  
Would sink me in my wishes: not that I  
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,  
And may with justice challenge.

*Eubu.* This I look'd for;  
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew  
A gushing tide would follow.

[*Aside.*

*Hon.* By my birth,  
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,

From you, as things beneath me, I expect  
What's due to majesty, in which I am  
A sharer with your sovereign.

*Eubu.* Good again!

*Hon.* And as I am most eminent in place,  
In all my actions I would appear so.

*Ladis.* You need not fear a rival.

*Hon.* I hope not;

And till I find one, I disdain to know  
What envy is.

*Ladis.* You are above it, madam.

*Hon.* For beauty without art, discourse, and  
From affectation, with what graces else [free  
Can in the wife and daughter of a king  
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as—

*Eubu.* I

Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!  
This spoken by the people had been heard  
With honour to you. Does the court afford  
No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced  
To be your own gross flatterer?

*Ladis.* Be dumb,

Thou spirit of contradiction!

*Hon.* The wolf

But barks against the moon, and I contemn it.  
The mask you promised. [*A horn sounded within.*  
*Ladis.* Let them enter.

*Enter a Courier.*

How!

*Eubu.* Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

*Ladis.* From the camp?

*Cour.* The general, victorious in your fortune,  
Kisses your hand in this, sir. [*Delivers a letter.*

*Ladis.* That great Power,

Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,  
Be ever praised for't! Read, sweet, and partake it:  
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss  
Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.

*Eubu.* But let it not exalt you; bear it, sir,  
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

*Ladis.* I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now  
Enquire particulars.—[*Exit Courier.*—Our de-  
lights deferr'd,

With reverence to the temples; there we'll tender  
Our souls' devotions to his dread might,  
Who edged our swords, and taught us how to fight.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. *A Hall in MATHIAS' House.*

*Enter HILARIO and CORISCA.*

*Hil.* You like my speech?

*Coris.* Yes, if you give it action  
In the delivery,

*Hil.* If! I pity you.

I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first  
Nor shall be, I hope, the last. [time;

*Coris.* Nay, I think so too.

*Hil.* And if I put her not out of her dumps  
I'll make her howl for anger. [with laughter,

*Coris.* Not too much

Of that, good fellow Hilario: our sad lady  
Hath drank too often of that bitter cup;  
A pleasant one must restore her. With what pa-  
tience

Would she endure to hear of the death of my lord;  
That, merely out of doubt he may miscarry,  
Afflicts herself thus?

*Hil.* Umph! 'tis a question

A widow only can resolve. There be some  
That in their husbands' sicknesses have wept  
Their pottle of tears a day; but being once certain  
At midnight he was dead, have in the morning  
Dried up their handkerchiefs, and thought no  
more on't.

*Coris.* Tush, she is none of that race; if her  
sorrow

Be not true and perfect, I, against my sex,  
Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.  
She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,  
Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam  
Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;  
Eats little, and her nightly music is  
Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony  
Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,  
Am made one of the consort. This hour only  
She takes the air, a custom every day

She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes,  
From some that pass by, to receive assurance  
Of the success and safety of her lord.  
Now, if that your device will take—

*Hil.* Ne'er fear it:

I am provided cap à-pié, and have  
My properties in readiness.

*Soph.* [within.] Bring my veil, there.

*Coris.* Begone, I hear her coming.

*Hil.* If I do not

Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss me.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter SOPHIA.*

*Soph.* I was flatter'd once, I was a star, but now  
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and, like one,  
Hang in the air between my hopes and fears;  
And every hour the little stuff burnt out  
That yields a waning light to dying comfort,  
I do expect my fall, and certain ruin.  
In wretched things more wretched is delay;  
And Hope, a parasite to me, being unmask'd,  
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my  
Distraction worse than madness. Even my prayers,  
When with most zeal sent upward, are pull'd down  
With strong imaginary doubts and fears,  
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.  
Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round  
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber's  
Broken with loud alarms: can these be then  
But sad presages, girl?

*Coris.* You make them so,

And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you.  
Such pure affection, such mutual love,  
A bed, and undefiled on either part,  
A house without contention, in two bodies  
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,  
Kissing each other, cannot be short-lived,  
Or end in barrenness.—If all these, dear madam,  
(Sweet in your sadness,) should produce no fruit,  
Or leave the age no models of yourselves.

To witness to posterity what you were ;  
Succeeding times, frighted with the example,  
But hearing of your story, would instruct  
Their fairest issue to meet sensually,  
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise  
True Love, or Hymen, altars.

*Soph.* O Hymen,

I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes ;  
And they are built upon a weak foundation,  
To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,  
Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord  
Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,  
In his dear care of me. And if his life  
Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,  
His tenderness of me (knowing how much  
I languish for his absence) had provided  
Some trusty friend, from whom I might receive  
Assurance of his safety.

*Coris.* Ill news, madam,  
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on  
With patience expect it, and, ere long, [crutches :  
No doubt you shall hear from him. [*A horn without.*

*Soph.* Ha ! What's that ?

*Coris.* The fool has got a sowgelder's horn.

[*Aside*] A post

As I take it, madam.

*Soph.* It makes this way still ;  
Nearer and nearer.

*Coris.* From the camp, I hope.

*Enter one disguised as a Courier, with a horn ; followed  
by HILARIO, in antic armour, with long white hair and  
beard.*

*Soph.* The messenger appears, and in strange  
Heaven ! if it be thy will— [armour.

*Hil.* It is no boot

To strive ; our horses tired, let's walk on foot :  
And that the castle, which is very near us,  
To give us entertainment, may soon hear us,  
Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-s,  
Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.

*Coris.* He names you, madam.

*Hil.* For to her I bring,  
Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,  
By name Mathias. [*Exit Courier.*

*Soph.* From my lord ? O sir,  
I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.  
So may Mars favour you in all your battles,  
As you with speed unload me of the burthen  
I labour under, till I am confirm'd  
Both where and how you left him !

*Hil.* If thou art,

As I believe, the pigney of his heart,  
Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee ;  
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

*Soph.* Have you no letters from him ?

*Hil.* No more words.

In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords :  
Yet, as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth  
I will proclaim his deeds from north to south ;  
But tremble not, while I relate the wonder,  
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voice  
thunder.

*Soph.* This is some counterfeit braggart.

*Coris.* Hear him, madam.

*Hil.* The rear march'd first, which follow'd by  
And wing'd with the battalia, no man [the van,  
Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself ;  
Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,  
Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias,  
Advanced, and stared like Hercules or Goliath.

A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt.  
Assail'd him ; every one a Termagant :  
But what did he, then ! with his keen-edge spear  
He cut and carbonated them : here and there  
Lay legs and arms ; and, as 'tis said truelee  
Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

*Soph.* This is ridiculous.

*Hil.* I must take breath ;

Then, like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.

*Soph.* His death !

*Hil.* I am out.

[*Aside to CORIS.*

*Coris.* Recover, dunder-head.

*Hil.* How he escaped, I should have sung, not  
died ;

For, though a knight, when I said so, I lied.  
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,  
And looking round for some courageous knight  
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,  
He call'd to me, Help, help, Hilario !  
My valiant servant, help !

*Coris.* He has spoil'd all.

*Soph.* Are you the man of arms, then ? I'll  
make bold

To take off your martial beard, you had fool's hair  
Enough without it. Slave ! how durst thou make  
Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,  
In such an antic fashion ? Am I grown  
Contemptible to those I feed ? you, minion,  
Had a hand in it too, as it appears ;  
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.

*Coris.* We did it for your mirth.

*Hil.* For myself, I hope,  
I have spoke like a soldier.

*Soph.* Hence, you rascal !

I never but with reverence name my lord,  
And can I hear it by thy tongue profaned,  
And not correct thy folly ? but you are  
Transform'd, and turn'd knight-errant : take your  
course,

And wander where you please ; for here I vow  
By my lord's life, (an oath I will not break,)

Till his return, or certainty of his safety,  
My doors are shut against thee. [*Exit.*

*Coris.* You have made

A fine piece of work on't ! How do you like the  
You had a foolish itch to be an actor, [quality ?  
And may stroll where you please.

*Hil.* Will you buy my share ?

*Coris.* No, certainly ; I fear I have already  
Too much of mine own : I'll only, as a damsel,  
(As the books say,) thus far help to disarm you ;  
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,  
I leave you to your fortune. [*Exit.*

*Hil.* Have I sweat

My brains out for this quaint and rare invention,  
And am I thus rewarded ? I could turn  
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear  
'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no  
meat

To pacify colon : What will become of me ?  
I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not :  
My end must be to stand in a corn field,  
And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese ;  
Or find some hollow tree in the highway,  
And there, until my lord return, sell switches :  
No more Hilario, but Dolorio now,  
I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose  
To move compassion ; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Alba Regalis. An Ante-room in the Palace.*

*Enter EUBULUS, UBALDO, RICARDO, and others.*

*Eubu.* Are the gentlemen sent before, as it was order'd

By the king's direction, to entertain  
The general ?

*Ric.* Long since ; they by this have met him,  
And given him the bienvenu.

*Eubu.* I hope I need not  
Instruct you in your parts.

*Ubald.* How ! us, my lord !

Fear not ; we know our distances and degrees  
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

*Ric.* The state were miserable, if the court  
had none

Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs  
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France ;  
With form and punctuality to receive  
Stranger ambassadors : for the general,  
He's a mere native, and it matters not  
Which way we do accost him.

*Ubald.* 'Tis great pity

That such as sit at the helm provide no better  
For the training up of the gentry. In my judg-  
An academy erected, with large pensions [ment  
To such as in a table could set down  
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,  
Proper to every nation—

*Ric.* O, it were

An admirable piece of work !

*Ubald.* And yet rich folks

Throw away their charity on hospitals  
For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study  
The due regard to compliment and courtship,  
Matters of more import ; and are indeed  
The glories of a monarchy !

*Eubu.* These, no doubt,

Are state points, gallants, I confess ; but, sure,  
Our court needs no aids this way, since it is  
A school of nothing else. There are some of you  
Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads  
Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done  
More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery,  
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,  
Or a long famine ; all the treasure, by  
This foul excess, is got into the merchant,  
Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,  
And the third part of the land too, the nobility  
Engrossing titles only.

*Ric.* My lord, you are bitter. [A trumpet.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The general is alighted, and now enter'd.

*Ric.* Were he ten generals, I am prepared,  
And know what I will do.

*Eubu.* Pray you, what Ricardo ?

*Ric.* I'll fight at compliment with him.

*Ubald.* I'll charge home too.

*Eubu.* And that's a desperate service ; if you  
come off well.

*Enter FERDINAND, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, and Captains.*

*Ferd.* Captain, command the officers to keep  
The soldier, as he march'd, in rank and file,  
Till they hear further from me. [Exit Captains.

*Eubu.* Here's one speaks

In another key ; this is no canting language  
Taught in your academy.

*Ferd.* Nay, I will present you  
To the king myself.

*Math.* A grace beyond my merit.

*Ferd.* You undervalue what I cannot set  
Too high a price on.

*Eubu.* With a friend's true heart,  
I gratulate your return.

*Ferd.* Next to the favour  
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship-  
*Ubald.* By courtship, coarse on both sides !

*Ferd.* Pray you, receive  
This stranger to your knowledge ; on my credit,  
At all parts he deserves it.

*Eubu.* Your report  
Is a strong assurance to me.—Sir, most welcome.

*Math.* This said by you, the reverence of your  
Commands me to believe it. [age

*Ric.* This was pretty ;  
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low

To do your excellence that due observance  
Your fortune claims.

*Eubu.* He ne'er thinks on his virtue !  
*Ric.* For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,  
And bulwark of Bellona—

*Ubald.* The protection  
Both of the court and king—

*Ric.* And the sole minion  
Of mighty Mars—

*Ubald.* One that with justice may  
Increase the number of the worthies—

*Eubu.* Heyday !  
*Ric.* It being impossible in my arms to circle  
Such giant worth—

*Ubald.* At distance we presume  
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.

*Eubu.* What reply now  
Can he make to this foppery ?

*Ferd.* You have said,  
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,  
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,  
I must take time to thank you.

*Eubu.* As I live,  
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now !

*Ric.* This was harsh and scurvy.

*Ubald.* We will be revenged  
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at  
him.

*Eubu.* Nay, do your offices gentlemen, and  
The general to the presence. [conduct

*Ric.* Keep your order.

*Ubald.* Make way for the general.

[Exit all but EUBULUS.

*Eubu.* What wise man,  
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,  
But must confess that fortune's swing is more  
O'er that profession, than all kinds else  
Of life pursued by man ? They, in a state,  
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,  
E'en desperate in their hopes : While pain and  
anguish

Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death,  
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,  
Promise him mountains, if his saving hand  
Restore the tortured wretch to former strength :  
But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,  
Is frighted from the house, and health appears  
In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,  
All is forgot ; and, asking his reward,  
He's paid with curses, often receives wounds  
From him whose wounds he cured : so soldiers

Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,  
As it is too apparent. I have observ'd,  
When horrid Mars, the touch of whose rough  
hand

With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on  
His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills  
The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,  
Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like  
The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,  
And such like scarabs bred in the dung of peace,  
In hope of their protection humbly offer  
Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their  
service,  
And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their  
scars :

But when those clouds of war, that menaced  
A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,  
Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,  
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,  
Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;  
Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,  
To their own ruin, hatch this cuckoo peace,  
Are straight thought burthensome : since want of  
means,

Growing from want of action, breeds contempt :  
And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,  
Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The queen, my lord, hath made choice of  
To see the masque. [this room,

*Eubu.* I'll be a looker on :  
My dancing days are past.

*Loud music. Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, LADISLAUS,  
FERDINAND, HONORIA, MATHIAS, SYLVIA, ACANTHE,  
BAPTISTA, Captains, and others. As they pass, a Song  
in praise of war.*

*Ladis.* This courtesy  
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank  
With all your rarities. After your travail,  
Look on our court delights ; but first, from your  
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear  
The music of your war, which must be sweet,  
Ending in victory.

*Ferd.* Not to trouble  
Your majesties with description of a battle  
Too full of horror for the place, and to  
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,  
I must trench longer on your patience than  
My manners will give way to ;—in a word, sir,  
It was well fought on both sides, and almost  
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful  
Upon whose tents plumed Victory would take  
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,  
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged  
Their main battalia, and with their assistance  
Broke in ; but, when I was almost assured  
That they were routed, by a stratagem  
Of the subtle Turk, who opened his gross body,  
And rallied up his troops on either side,  
I found myself so far engaged, for I  
Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not  
Which way with honour to come off.

*Eubu.* I like  
A general that tells his faults, and is not  
Ambitious to engross unto himself  
All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,  
They could not claim a share.

*Ferd.* Being thus hemm'd in,  
Their scimitars rag'd among us ; and, my horse

Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for  
An honourable end, and that was all  
My hope could fashion to me : circled thus  
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,  
This man of men, with some choice horse, that  
follow'd

His brave example, did pursue the track  
His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him  
Already blush to hear what he, being present,  
I know would wish unspoken, I should say, sir,  
By what he did, we boldly may believe  
All that is writ of Hector.

*Math.* General,  
Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

*Eubu.* Do not blush  
To hear a truth ; here are a pair of monsieurs,  
Had they been in your place, would have run away,  
And ne'er changed countenance.

*Ubald.* We have your good word still.

*Eubu.* And shall, while you deserve it.

*Ladis.* Silence ; on.

*Ferd.* He, as I said, like dreadful lightning  
thrown

From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gire  
With which I was environed ; horse and man  
Shrunk under his strong arm : more, with his looks  
Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,  
My soldiers, (like young eaglets preying under  
The wings of their fierce dam,) as if from him  
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.  
By him I was remounted, and inspired  
With treble courage ; and such as fled before  
Boldly made head again ; and, to confirm them,  
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune  
Of the day was ours ; each soldier and commander  
Perform'd his part ; but this was the great wheel  
By which the lesser moved ; and all rewards  
And signs of honour, as the civic garland,  
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,  
With the general's sword, and armour, (the old  
honours

With which the Romans crown'd their several  
leaders.)

To him alone are proper.

*Ladis.* And they shall  
Deservedly fall on him. Sit ; 'tis our pleasure.

*Ferd.* Which I must serve, not argue.

*Hon.* You are a stranger,  
But, in your service for the king, a native.  
And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty  
To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it :  
This place is yours.

*Math.* It were presumption in me  
To sit so near you.

*Hon.* Not having our warrant. [*Music within.*

*Ladis.* Let the masquers enter : by the prepara-  
tion,

'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation  
Of what you really perform in battle :  
And Pallas, bound up in a little volume,  
Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,  
Serve for the induction.

*Enter Masquers, &c. PALLAS, accompanied by APOLLO  
on the lute.*

Though we contemplate to express  
The glory of your happiness,  
That, by your powerful arm, have been  
So true a victor, that no sin  
Could ever taint you with a blame  
To lessen your deserved fame.

Or, though we contend to set  
Your worth in the full height, or get  
Celestial singers crown'd with bays,  
With flourishes to dress your praise:  
You know your conquest; but your story  
Lives in your triumphant glory.

[A Dance.]

*Ladis.* Our thanks to all.

To the banquet that's prepared to entertain them:

[*Exit Masquers, APOLLO, and PALLAS.*]

What would my best Honoria?

*Hon.* May it please

My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever  
Have had power to command, may now entreat  
An honour from him.

*Ladis.* Why should you desire

What is your own? what'er it be, you are  
The mistress of it.

*Hon.* I am happy in

Your grant: my suit, sir, is, that your commanders,  
Especially this stranger, may, as I,  
In my discretion, shall think good, receive  
What's due to their deserts.

*Ladis.* What you determine

Shall know no alteration.

*Eubu.* The soldier

Is like to have good usage, when he depends  
Upon her pleasure! Are all the men so bad,  
That, to give satisfaction, we must have  
A woman treasurer? Heaven help all!

*Hon.* With you, sir, [To MATHIAS.]

I will begin, and, as in my esteem  
You are most eminent, expect to have  
What's fit for me to give, and you to take.  
The favour in the quick dispatch being double,  
Go fetch my casket, and with speed. [*Exit ACANTHE.*]

*Eubu.* The kingdom

Is very bare of money, when rewards  
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him gold  
And store, no question the gentleman wants it.  
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,  
And a spark of diamond in it? though you take it,

*Re-enter ACANTHE with a Casket.*

For the greater honour, from your majesty's finger,  
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase  
Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship,  
Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is  
A soldier's glory; and 'tis fit that way  
Your bounty should provide for him.

*Hon.* You are rude,

And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.  
What I will do now shall be worth the envy  
Of Cleopatra. Open it; see here

[*HONORIA descends from the State.*]

The lapidary's idol! Gold is trash,  
And a poor salary fit for grooms; wear these,  
As studded stars in your armour, and make the sun  
Look dim with jealousy of a greater light  
Than his beams gild the day with: when it is  
Exposed to view, call it Honoria's gift,  
The queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier;  
And, to give ornament and lustre to him,  
Parts freely with her own! Yet, not to take  
From the magnificence of the king, I will  
Dispense his bounty too, but as a page  
To wait on mine; for other tosses, take  
A hundred thousand crowns:—your hand, dear  
sir— [Takes off the King's signet.]

And this shall be thy warrant.

*Eubu.* I perceive

I was cheated in this woman: now she is  
In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,  
And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

*Hon.* This done, our pleasure is, that all arrears—  
Be paid unto the captains, and their troops; [ages  
With a large donative, to increase their zeal  
For the service of the kingdom.]

*Eubu.* Better still:

Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not  
Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouth,  
Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons,  
hang me!

Now they may drink sack; but small beer, with a  
passport

To beg with as they travel, and no money,  
Turns their red blood to buttermilk.

*Hon.* Are you pleased, sir,

With what I have done?

*Ladis.* Yes, and thus confirm it.

With this addition of mine own: You have, sir,  
From our loved queen received some recompense  
For your life hazarded in the late action;  
And, that we may follow her great example  
In cherishing valour, without limit ask  
What you from us can wish.

*Math.* If it be true,

Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,  
Where he is well, is to a valiant man  
His natural country, reason may assure me  
I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,  
From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.  
If wealth were my ambition, by the queen  
I am made rich already, to the amazement  
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read  
The story of her bounty; if to spend  
The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,  
No region is more fertile of good knights,  
From whom my knowledge that way may be bet-  
Than this your warlike Hungary; if favour, [ter'd,  
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,  
Far, far, beyond my merit, I may make  
In yours a free election; but, alas! sir,  
I am not mine own, but by my destiny  
(Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer  
My country's smoke, before the glorious fire  
With which your bounties warm me. All I ask,  
Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish [sir,  
Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious license  
For my departure.

*Ladis.* Whither?

*Math.* To my own home, sir,  
My own poor home; which will, at my return,  
Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here  
But a body without a soul; and, till I find it  
In the embraces of my constant wife,  
And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty  
And matchless excellencies without a rival,  
I am but half myself.

*Hon.* And is she then

So chaste and fair as you infer?

*Math.* O, madam,

Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,  
To shew his gold before an armed thief,  
And I, in praising of my wife, but feed  
The fire of lust in others to attempt her;  
Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,  
Though in my absence she were now besieged  
By a strong army of lascivious wooers,  
And every one more expert in his art,  
Than those that tempted chaste Penelope:

Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,  
By amorous letters, vows made for her service,  
With all the engines wanton appetite  
Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,  
Here, here is my assurance she holds out,

[Kisses the Picture.]

And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that?

Math. Her fair figure.

Ladis. As I live, an excellent face!

Hon. You have seen a better.

Ladis. I ever except yours:—nay, frown not,  
sweetest,

The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my  
Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd,  
I'll see the soldiers paid; and, in my absence,  
Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay  
This gentleman in our service.

Hon. I will do

My parts.

Ladis. On to the camp.

[Exit LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, BAPTISTA,  
and Officers.]

Hon. I am full of thoughts.

And something there is here I must give form to,  
Though yet an embryo: [Aside.] You, signiors,  
Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,  
You are for other warfare; quit the place,  
But be within call.

Ric. Employment, on my life, boy!

Ubaldo. If it lie in our road, we are made for  
ever. [Exit UBALDO and RICARDO.]

Hon. You may perceive the king is no way  
tainted

With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me  
Thus private with you.

Math. It were in him, madam,  
A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,  
Though I were an Adonis.

Hon. I presume

He neither does nor dares: and yet the story  
Deliver'd of you by the general,

With your heroic courage, which sinks deeply  
Into a knowing woman's heart, besides

Your promising presence, might beget some  
scruple

In a meaner man; but more of this hereafter.

I'll take another theme now, and conjure you  
By the honours you have won, and by the love  
Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly  
To what I shall demand.

Math. You need not use

Charms to this purpose, madam.

Hon. Tell me, then,

Being yourself assured 'tis not in man  
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness  
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since  
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,  
Play'd false with her?

Math. By the hopes of mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the converse  
Of handsome ladies, who were never tempted,  
And so your faith's untried yet.

Math. Surely, madam,

I am no woman-hater; I have been  
Received to the society of the best

And fairest of our climate, and have met with

No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt  
The least heat that way.

Hon. Strange! and do you think still,  
The earth can shew no beauty that can drench  
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour  
You now bear to your own?

Math. Nature must find out

Some other mould to fashion a new creature  
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove  
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,  
To my Sophia.

Hon. Sir, consider better;

Not one in our whole sex?

Math. I am constant to

My resolution.

Hon. But dare you stand  
The opposition, and bind yourself  
By oath for the performance?

Math. My faith else

Had but a weak foundation.

Hon. I take hold

Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay  
For one month here.

Math. I am caught!

[Aside.]

Hon. And if I do not

Produce a lady, in that time, that shall  
Make you confess your error, I submit  
Myself to any penalty you shall please  
To impose upon me: in the mean space, write  
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your for-  
tune;

The jewels that were mine you may send to her,  
For better confirmation. I'll provide you  
Of trusty messengers: but how far distant is she?

Math. A day's hard riding.

Hon. There is no retiring;

I'll bind you to your word.

Math. Well, since there is

No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,

And instantly make ready my dispatch:

Till then, I'll leave your majesty.

[Exit.]

Hon. How I burst

With envy, that there lives, besides myself,  
One fair and loyal woman! 'twas the end  
Of my ambition to be recorded

The only wonder of the age, and shall I  
Give way to a competitor? Nay more,

To add to my affliction, the assurances

That I placed in my beauty have deceived me:

I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring

All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger,

Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot

Sit down so with mine honour: I will gain

A double victory, by working him

To my desire, and taint her in her honour,

Or lose myself: I have read that sometime poison

Is useful.—To supplant her, I'll employ,

With any cost, Ubaldo and Ricardo,

Two noted courtiers, of approved cunning

In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;

And in corrupting him, I will outgo

Nero's Poppæa: if he shut his ears

Against my Syren notes, I'll boldly swear,

Ulysses lives again; or that I have found

A frozen cynic, cold in spite of all

Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,

Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [Exit.]



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. *A Space near the Entrance of MATHIAS' House.*

*Enter HILARIO, with a pitcher of water, and a wallet.*

*Hil.* Thin, thin provision ! I am dieted  
Like one set to watch hawks ; and, to keep me  
waking,

My croaking guts make a perpetual larum.  
Here I stand centinel ; and, though I fright  
Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have  
A greater share, I find my commons mend not.  
I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,  
And there appear'd a fish call'd a poor John,  
Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness ;  
And it seem'd to speak, and say, *Good morrow,*  
*cousin !*

No man comes this way but has a fling at me :  
A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rate  
I would sell myself ; I answered, For what use ?  
To make, said he, a living anatomy,  
And set thee up in our hall, for thou art trans-  
parent

Without dissection ; and, indeed, he had reason :  
For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.  
They say that hunger dwells in the camp ; but till  
My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,  
He will not part with me :—but sorrow's dry,  
And I must drink howsoever.

*Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, and a Guide.*

*Guide.* That's her castle,  
Upon my certain knowledge.

*Ubaldo.* Our horses held out  
To my desire. I am afire to be at it.

*Ric.* Take the jades for thy reward ; before I  
part hence,  
I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet :  
So ; leave us now.

*Guide.* Good fortune to you, gallants ! [*Exit.*

*Ubaldo.* Being joint agents, in a design of trust  
too,

For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,  
Let us proceed with judgment.

*Ric.* If I take not  
This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch ;  
So I may have precedence.

*Ubaldo.* On no terms.  
We are both to play one prize ; he that works best  
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it,  
Without contention.

*Ric.* Make you your approaches  
As I directed.

*Ubaldo.* I need no instruction ;  
I work not on your anvil. I'll give fire  
With mine own linstock ; if the powder be dank,  
The devil rend the touch-hole ! Who have we here ?  
What skeleton's this ?

*Ric.* A ghost ! or the image of famine !  
Where dost thou dwell ?

*Hil.* Dwell, sir ! my dwelling is  
In the highway : that goodly house was once  
My habitation, but I am banish'd,  
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive  
Of the good knight Mathias.

*Ric.* If that will  
Restore thee, thou art safe.

*Ubaldo.* We come from him,  
With presents to his lady.

*Hil.* But, are you sure  
He is in health ?

*Ric.* Never so well : conduct us  
To the lady.

*Hil.* Though a poor snake, I will leap  
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher, break !  
And wallet, late my cupboard, I bequeath thee  
To the next beggar ; thou, red herring, swim  
To the Red Sea again : methinks I am already  
Knuckle deep in the fleshpots ; and, though waking.  
Of wine and plenty ! [*dream*

*Ric.* What's the mystery  
Of this strange passion ?

*Hil.* My belly, gentlemen,  
Will not give me leave to tell you ; when I have  
brought you

To my lady's presence, I am disenchanted :  
There you shall know all. Follow ; if I outstrip  
Know I run for my belly. [*you,*

*Ubaldo.* A mad fellow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in MATHIAS' House.*

*Enter SOPHIA and CORISCA.*

*Soph.* Do not again delude me.

*Coris.* If I do,

Send me a grazing with my fellow, Hilario.  
I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,  
Observing all that pass'd by ; and even now,  
I did discern a pair of cavaliers,  
For such their outside spoke them, with their  
guide,  
Dismounting from their horses ; they said some-  
thing

To our hungry centinel, that made him caper  
And frisk in the air for joy : and, to confirm this,  
See, madam, they're in view.

*Enter HILARIO, UBALDO, and RICARDO*

*Hil.* News from my lord !

Tidings of joy ! these are no counterfeits,  
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,  
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs ;  
I have had a long fast of it.

*Soph.* Eat, I forgive thee.

*Hil.* O comfortable words ! *Eat, I forgive thee !*  
And if in this I do not soon obey you,  
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again  
In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready.  
For I enter like a tyrant. [*Exit.*

*Ubaldo.* Since mine eyes  
Were never happy in so sweet an object,  
Without inquiry, I presume you are  
The lady of the house, and so salute you.

*Ric.* This letter, with these jewels, from your  
Warrant my boldness, madam. [*lord,*

*[Delivers a letter and a casket.]*

*Ubaldo.* In being a servant  
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve  
This courtesy from a stranger. [*Salutes CORISCA*

*Ric.* You are still  
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I ascend  
To take the height of your lip ; and, if I miss  
In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,  
I will make use of my Jacob's staff. [*Salutes CORISCA*

*Coris.* These gentlemen

Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears  
By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the  
At the first sight. [lips,

*In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, and opens  
the casket.*

*Soph.* Heaven, in thy mercy, make me  
Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless blessing,  
In thy goodness shower'd upon me!

*Ubaldo.* I do not like

This simple devotion in her; it is seldom  
Practis'd among my mistresses.

*Ric.* Or mine.

Would they kneel to I know not who, for the pos-  
Of such inestimable wealth, before [session  
They thank'd the bringers of it? the poor lady  
Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor,  
And read her another lesson.

*Soph.* If I have

Shewn want of manners, gentlemen, in my slow-  
ness

To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,  
To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy  
Of such a benefit, this noble favour,  
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess  
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

*Ric.* She speaks well.

*Ubaldo.* Polite and courtly.

*Soph.* And howe'er it may  
Increase the offence, to trouble you with more  
Demands touching my lord, before I have  
Invited you to taste such as the coarseness  
Of my poor house can offer; pray you connive  
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat  
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,  
In his letter left unmention'd.

*Ric.* I can only

Give you assurance that he is in health,  
Graced by the king and queen.

*Ubaldo.* And in the court  
With admiration look'd on.

*Ric.* You must therefore  
Put off these widow's garments, and appear  
Like to yourself.

*Ubaldo.* And entertain all pleasures  
Your fortune marks out for you.

*Ric.* There are other  
Particular privacies, which on occasion  
I will deliver to you.

*Soph.* You oblige me  
To your service ever.

*Ric.* Good! your service; mark that.

*Soph.* In the mean time, by your good accept-  
My rustic entertainment relish of [ance make  
The curiousness of the court.

*Ubaldo.* Your looks, sweet madam,  
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

*Soph.* It shall be

Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.  
I'll shew you the way: this is too great an honour,  
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.  
[Exit.

SCENE III.—*Alba Regalis. An Outer-room in  
the Palace.*

*Enter ACANTHE, and four or five Servants with visors.*

*Acan.* You know your charge; give it action,  
Rewards beyond your hopes. [and expect

1 *Serv.* If we but eye them  
They are ours, I warrant you.

2 *Serv.* May we not ask why  
We are put upon this?

*Acan.* Let that stop your mouth;

*Gives them money.*

And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the hour  
In which they use to walk here: when you have them  
In your power, with violence carry them to the place  
Where I appointed; there I will expect you:  
Be bold and careful. [Exit.

*Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

1 *Serv.* These are they.

2 *Serv.* Are you sure?

1 *Serv.* Am I sure I am myself?

2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but  
means

To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't:  
Take all advantages.

*Math.* I cannot guess  
What her intents are; but her carriage was  
As I but now related.

*Bapt.* Your assurance  
In the constancy of your lady is the armour  
That must defend you. Where's the picture?

*Math.* Here,  
And no way alter'd.

*Bapt.* If she be not perfect,  
There is no truth in art.

*Math.* By this, I hope,  
She hath received my letters.

*Bapt.* Without question:  
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are  
To visit a handsome lady.

*Math.* Lend me your ear.  
One piece of her entertainment will require  
Your dearest privacy.

1 *Serv.* Now they stand fair;  
Upon them.

*[They rush forward.]*

*Math.* Villains!

1 *Serv.* Stop their mouths. We come not  
To try your valours: kill him, if he offer  
To ope his mouth. We have you: 'tis in vain  
To make resistance. Mount them, and away.

*[Exit with MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in the same.*

*Enter Servants with lights, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, and  
EUBULUS.*

*Ladis.* 'Tis late. Go to your rest; but do not  
The happiness I draw near to. [envy

*Eubu.* If you enjoy it  
The moderate way, the sport yields. I confess,  
A pretty titillation; but too much of't  
Will bring you on your knees. In my younger days  
I was myself a gamester; and I found  
By sad experience, there is no such soaker  
As a young spongy wife; she keeps a thousand  
Horse-leeches in her box, and the thieves will suck  
out

Both blood and marrow! I feel a kind of cramp  
In my joints, when I think on't: but it may be  
queens,

And such a queen as yours is has the art—  
*Ferd.* You take leave  
To talk, my lord.

*Ladis.* He may, since he can do nothing.

*Eubu.* If you spend this way too much of your  
Ere long we may be puefellows. [royal stock.

*Ladis.* The door shut!

Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her woman.  
Take off my gown.

Enter ACANTHE.

*Acan.* My lord, the queen by me  
This night desires your pardon.

*Ladis.* How, Acanthe!  
I come by her appointment; 'twas her grant;  
The motion was her own.

*Acan.* It may be, sir;  
But by her doctors she is since advised,  
For her health's sake, to forbear.

*Eubu.* I do not like  
This physical lethery, the old downright way  
Is worth a thousand on't.

*Ladis.* Prithee, Acanthe,  
Mediate for me. [Offering her a ring.]

*Eubu.* O the fiends of hell!  
Would any man bribe his servant, to make way  
To his own wife? if this be the court state,  
Shame fall on such as use it!

*Acan.* By this jewel,  
This night I dare not move her, but to-morrow  
I will watch all occasions.

*Ladis.* Take this,  
To be mindful of me.

*Eubu.* 'Slight, I thought a king  
Might have ta'en up any woman at the king's price;  
And must he buy his own, at a dearer rate  
Than a stranger in a brothel?

*Ladis.* What is that  
You mutter, sir?

*Eubu.* No treason to your honour:  
I'll speak it out, though it anger you; if you pay for  
Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir,  
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket  
Without a fee, or when she has a suit  
For you to grant? [LADIS. draws his sword.]

*Ferd.* O hold, sir!

*Ladis.* Off with his head!

*Eubu.* Do, when you please; you but blow out  
a taper  
That would light your understanding, and, in care  
of't,

Is burnt down to the socket. Be as you are, sir,  
An absolute monarch: it did shew more king-like  
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd  
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow  
Unto their ravenous lusts; and did admit  
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,  
That slave yourself to the imperious humour  
Of a proud beauty.

*Ladis.* Out of my sight!

*Eubu.* I will, sir,  
Give way to your furious passion; but when reason  
Hath got the better of it, I much hope  
The counsel that offends now will deserve  
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind  
Stay with you, sir!—I do begin to doubt  
There's something more in the queen's strangeness  
than

Is yet disclosed; and I will find it out,  
Or lose myself in the search. [Aside, and exit.]

*Ferd.* Sure he is honest,  
And from your infancy hath truly served you:  
Let that plead for him; and impute this harshness  
To the frowardness of his age.

*Ladis.* I am much troubled,  
And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good night!  
To-morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter ACANTHE and the visored Servants, with MATHEA  
and BAPTISTA blindfolded.

*Acan.* You have done bravely. Lock this in  
that room,  
There let him ruminat; I'll anon unhood him:

[They carry of BAPTISTA.]  
The other must stay here. As soon as I  
Have quit the place, give him the liberty  
And use of his eyes; that done, disperse yourselves  
As privately as you can: but, on your lives,  
No word of what hath pass'd'd. [Exit.]

*1 Serv.* If I do, sell  
My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms:  
You are now at your own disposal; and however  
We used you roughly, I hope you will find here  
Such entertainment as will give you cause  
To thank us for the service: and so I leave you.

[Exit Servants.]

*Math.* If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one.  
What Cædipus can resolve this riddle? Ha!  
I never gave just cause to any man  
Basely to plot against my life:—But what is  
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer  
More than myself.

*Acan.* [Within.] Remove that idle fear;  
He's safe as you are.

*Math.* Whosoe'er thou art,  
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine  
Where I should be: though I have read the tales  
Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations  
Of magical enchantments; yet I am not  
So sottiably credulous to believe the devil  
Hath that way power. [Music above.] Ha! music!

The blushing rose, and purple flower,  
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;  
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,  
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.  
Yet here is one more sweet than these:  
The more you taste the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,  
Is a shadow chaste as rare;  
Then how much those sweets entice,  
That have issue full as fair!  
Earth cannot yield, from all her powers,  
One equal for dame Venus' bowers.

A song too! certainly, be it he or she  
That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted  
With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are  
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,  
And are not mere aerial forms, appear,

Enter HONORIA, masked.

And make me know your end with me. Most  
strange!

What have I conjured up? sure, if this be  
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!  
Then, with what majesty it moves! If Juno  
Were now to keep her state among the gods,  
And Hercules to be made again her guest,  
She could not put on a more glorious habit,  
Though her handmaid, Iris, lent her various colours,  
Or old Oceanus ravish'd from the deep  
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have  
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face  
Have not too much divinity about it  
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what  
You have begun, with wonder and amazement  
To my astonish'd senses. [HONORIA unmasks.]  
How! the queen! [Exeunt.]

*Hon.* Rise, sir, and hear my reasons, in defence Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I, By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps, May think what you have suffer'd for my lust Is a common practice with me; but I call Those ever-shining lamps, and their great Maker, As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on A man but your best self, on whom I ever (Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

*Math.* The king, indeed, and only such a king, Deserves your rarities, madam; and, but he, 'Twere giant-like ambition in any, In his wishes only, to presume to taste The nectar of your kisses; or to feed His appetite with that ambrosia, due And proper to a prince; and, what binds more, A lawful husband. For myself, great queen, I am a thing obscure, disfigur'd of All merit, that can raise me higher than, In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty, To hazard my life for you; and, that way, I am most ambitious.

*Hon.* I desire no more Than what you promise. If you dare expose Your life, as you profess, to do me service, How can it better be employ'd than in Preserving mine? which only you can do, And must do, with the danger of your own, A desperate danger too! If private men Can brook no rivals in what they affect, But to the death pursue such as invade What law makes their inheritance; the king, To whom you know I am dearer than his crown, His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all His present blessings, must fall on that man, Like dreadful lightning, that is won by prayers, Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make His hoped-for issue doubtful!

*Math.* If you aim At what I more than fear you do, the reasons Which you deliver, should, in judgment rather Deter me, than invite a grant, with my Assured ruin.

*Hon.* True; if that you were Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear, In the most horrid forms they could put on, Might teach to be ungrateful. Your denial To me, that have deserved so much, is more, If it can have addition.

*Math.* I know not What your commands are.

*Hon.* Have you fought so well Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists You are to enter, when you are in private With a willing lady: one, that, to enjoy Your company this night, denied the king Access to what's his own? If you will press me To speak in plainer language—

*Math.* Fray you, forbear; I would I did not understand too much! Already, by your words, I am instructed To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you, Had bred suspicion in me of untruth, Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built On virtuous chastity, in the wantonness Of appetite, you desire to make trial Of the false delights proposed by vicious lust; Among ten thousand, every way more able And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you

Obedience, being your subjects, why should you Make choice of me, a stranger?

*Hon.* Though yet reason Was ne'er admitted in the court of love, I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged, In our last private conference, you have A pretty promising presence; but there are Many, in limbs and feature, who may take, That way, the right-hand file of you: besides, Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent By wounds, though bravely taken, renders you Disabled for love's service: and that valour Set off with better fortune, which, it may be, Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook That hath caught me, good sir. I need no champion, With his sword, to guard my honour or my beauty; In both I can defend myself, and live My own protection.

*Math.* If these advocates, The best that can plead for me, have no power, What can you find in me else, that may tempt you, With irrecoverable loss unto yourself, To be a gainer from me?

*Hon.* You have, sir, A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre, As does disdain comparison, and darkens All that is rare in other men; and that, I must or win or lessen.

*Math.* You heap more Amazement on me: What am I possess'd of That you can covet? make me understand it, If it have a name.

*Hon.* Yes, an imagined one; But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er By the court and country: 'tis your loyalty And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on, And does deserve my envy; and that jewel, Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

*Math.* These are mere contraries. If you love me, madam,

For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it? In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour. Or, if it be a jewel of that value, As you with labour'd rhetoric would persuade me, What can you stake against it?

*Hon.* A queen's fame, And equal honour.

*Math.* So, whoever wins, Both shall be losers.

*Hon.* That is that I aim at: Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty, This moist palm, this soft lip, and those delights Darkness should only judge of. [*Kisses him.*]

Do you find them Infectious in the trial, that you start, As frighted with their touch?

*Math.* Is it in man To resist such strong temptations?

*Hon.* He begins

To waver.

[*Aside.*]

*Math.* Madam, as you are gracious, Grant this short night's deliberation to me; And, with the rising sun, from me you shall Receive full satisfaction.

*Hon.* Though extremes Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing. This key will bring you to your friend; you are safe both;

And all the things useful that could be prepared

For one I love and honour, wait upon you.  
Take council of your pillow, such a fortune  
As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,  
Will not be often tender'd. [Exit.]

*Math.* How my blood  
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet  
There's something stays me: if the king had  
tender'd

Such favours to my wife, 'tis to be doubted  
They had not been refused: but, being a man,  
I should not yield first, or prove an example,  
For her defence, of frailty. By this, sans question,  
She's tempted too; and here I may examine

[Looks on the picture.]

How she holds out. She's still the same, the same  
Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all  
Allurements that may alter me! The snow  
Of her sweet coldness hath extinguish'd quite  
The fire that but even now began to flame:  
And I by her confirm'd,—rewards nor titles,  
Nor certain death from the refused queen,  
Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be  
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—BOHEMIA. *A Gallery in  
MATIAS' House.*

*Enter UBALDO and RICARDO.*

*Ubaldo.* What we spake on the voley begins to  
We have laid a good foundation. [work;]

*Ric.* Build it up,  
Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour  
Of the first assault; but, as it is condition'd,  
Observe the time proportion'd; I'll not part with  
My share in the achievement; when I whistle,  
Or hem, fall off.

*Enter SOPHIA.*

*Ubaldo.* She comes. Stand by, I'll watch  
My opportunity. [They walk aside.]

*Soph.* I find myself  
Strangely distracted with the various stories,  
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests  
Deliver'd of my lord; and, like poor beggars  
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection  
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable  
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with  
Such a fantastic hope of happiness,  
Wish they may never wake. In some such measure,  
Incredulous of what I see and touch,  
As 'twere a fading apparition, I  
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most  
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy  
To be assured, by what means, and from whom,  
Such a mass of wealth was first deserv'd, then  
gotten,  
Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,  
For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,  
Promising private conference to either,  
And, at this hour:—if in search of the truth,  
I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,  
Forgive me, my Mathias.

*Ubaldo.* Now I make in.— [Comes forward.]  
Madam, as you commanded, I attend  
Your pleasure.

*Soph.* I must thank you for the favour.

*Ubaldo.* I am no ghostly father; yet, if you have  
Some scruples touching your lord, you would be  
I am prepared. [resolved of,

*Soph.* But will you take your oath,  
To answer truly?

*Ubaldo.* On the hem of your smock, if you please:  
A vow I dare not break, it being a book  
I would gladly swear on.

*Soph.* To spare, sir, that trouble,  
I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,  
Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then,  
In such grace with the queen?

*Ubaldo.* You should best know,  
By what you have found from him, whether he can  
Deserve a grace or no.

*Soph.* What grace do you mean?

*Ubaldo.* That special grace, if you will have it, he  
Labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets,  
Upon your wedding night, when your ladyship  
Lost—you know what.

*Soph.* Fie! I be more modest,  
Or I must leave you.

*Ubaldo.* I would tell a truth  
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subject  
Makes me run out a little.

*Soph.* You would put, now,  
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord  
Hath gotten a new mistress.

*Ubaldo.* One! a hundred;  
But under seal I speak it: I presume  
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.  
They talk of Hercules' fifty in a night,  
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler:  
Such a soldier and a courtier never came  
To Alba Regalis; the ladies run mad for him,  
And there is such contention among them,  
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like  
Was never heard of.

*Soph.* Are they handsome women?

*Ubaldo.* Fie! no; coarse mammals: and what's  
worse, they are old too,  
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't,  
Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches  
Will make them young again; and these suck  
shrewdly.

*Ric.* [whistles.] Sir, I must fetch you off. [Aside.]

*Ubaldo.* I could tell you wonders  
Of the cures he has done, but a business of import  
Calls me away; but, that dispatch'd, I will  
Be with you presently. [Walks aside]

*Soph.* There is something more,  
In this, than bare suspicion.

*Ric.* [comes forward.] Save you, lady;  
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on  
A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam  
Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff  
too,

One just of your dimensions:—Sat the wind there.

*Soph.* What lady, sir? [boy!]

*Ric.* Nay, nothing; and methinks  
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the same.  
This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,  
Have been worn before; but much good may they  
do you!

Strength to the gentleman's back! he toil'd hard  
Before he got them. [for them,

*Soph.* Why, how were they gotten?

*Ric.* Not in the field with his sword, upon my  
life;

He may thank his close stiletto.—[UBALDO *hems.*]

—Plague upon it  
Run the minutes so fast? [Aside.]—Pray you,  
excuse my manners;

I left a letter in my chamber window,  
Which I would not have seen on any terms; fit  
on it,  
Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you.

[*Walks aside.*]

*Soph.* This is strange. His letters said these  
jewels were  
Presented him by the queen, as a reward  
For his good service, and the trunks of clothes,  
That followed them this last night, with haste  
By his direction. [made up  
*Ubald.* [*comes forward.*] I was telling you  
Of wonders, madam.

*Soph.* If you are so skilful,  
Without premeditation answer me;  
Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?

*Ubald.* Heaven,  
How things will come out! But that I should offend  
you,  
And wrong my more than noble friend, your  
husband,

(For we are sworn brothers,) in the discovery  
Of his nearest secrets, I could—

*Soph.* By the hope of favour  
That you have from me, out with it.

*Ubald.* 'Tis a potent spell  
I cannot resist: Why, I will tell you, madam,  
And to how many several women you are  
Beholding for your bravery. This was  
The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,  
Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,  
And left off trading.

*Soph.* O my heart!

*Ubald.* This chain  
Of pearl, was a great widow's, that invited  
Your lord to a masque, and the weather proving  
foul,  
He lodged in her house all night, and merry they  
were;

But how he came by it, I know not.

*Soph.* Perjured man!  
*Ubald.* This ring was Julietta's, a fine piece,  
But very good at the sport: this diamond  
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song  
Prick'd in a private arbour, as she said,  
When the queen ask'd for it; and she heard him  
sing too,  
And danced to his hornpipe, or there are liars  
abroad.

There are other toys about you, the same way  
purchased;  
But, parallel'd with these, not worth the relation.  
You are happy in a husband, never man

Made better use of his strength: would you have  
him waste

His body away for nothing? if he holds out,  
There's not an embroider'd petticoat in the court,  
But shall be at your service.

*Soph.* I commend him,  
It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me  
A little to myself.

*Ubald.* You may command  
Your servant, madam.—[*Walks aside.*—She's  
stung unto the quick, lad.

*Ric.* I did my part; if this potion work not,  
hang me!

Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow  
We'll mount new batteries.

*Ubald.* And till then leave her.

[*Exeunt UBALDO and RICARDO.*]

*Soph.* You Powers, that take into your care the  
Of innocence, aid me! for I am a creature [guard  
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy  
A ransom to redeem me. I begin

To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,  
Whether the saints, that were canonized for  
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret;  
Since my Mathias is fallen from his virtue,  
In such an open fashion. Could it be, else,  
That such a husband, so devoted to me,  
So vow'd to temperance, for lascivious hire  
Should prostitute himself to common harlots!

Old and deform'd too! Was't for this he left me,  
And, on a feign'd pretence, for want of means  
To give me ornament?—or to bring home  
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false,  
And lustful goats; if he were true and right,  
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,  
And that the only reason why he left me?

No, he is lost; and shall I wear the spoils  
And salaries of lust! they cleave unto me,  
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt: no, in my rage,  
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash  
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,  
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build  
Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,  
Deplore his falsehood? no; with the same trash  
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase  
A just revenge: I am not yet so much  
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all  
Should fly from my embraces: Chastity.  
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee!  
I am now a servant to voluptuousness.

Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome!  
You shall be entertain'd; and, if I stray,  
Let him condemn himself, that led the way. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Alba Regalis. A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.*

*Bapt.* We are in a desperate strait; there's no  
evasion,  
Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding  
To the necessity; you must feign a grant  
To her violent passion, or—

*Math.* What, my Baptista?

*Bapt.* We are but dead else.

*Math.* Were the sword now heaved up,  
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy  
An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue,  
To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,  
Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear  
To die, which is inevitable! You may urge  
The many years that, by the course of nature,  
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,  
And hold it as a blessing; as it is,  
When innocence is our guide: yet know, Baptista,  
Our virtues are prefer'd before our years,

By the great Judge : to die untainted in  
Our fame and reputation is the greatest ;  
And to lose that, can we desire to live ?  
Or, shall I, for a momentary pleasure,  
Which soon comes to a period, to all times  
Have breach of faith and perjury remember'd  
In a still-living epitaph ? no, Baptista,  
Since my Sophia will go to her grave  
Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her  
With equal loyalty :—[*Takes out the picture.*]

But look on this,  
Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,  
She being still the same, teach me to alter !—  
Ha ! sure I do not sleep ! or, if I dream,  
This is a terrible vision ! I will clear  
My eyesight ; perhaps melancholy makes me  
See that which is not.

*Bapt.* It is too apparent.  
I grieve to look upon't : besides the yellow,  
That does assure she's tempted, there are lines  
Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves  
O'er every miniature of her face, and those  
Confirm—

*Math.* She is turn'd whore !

*Bapt.* I must not say so.  
Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me  
Interpret it,—in her consent and wishes  
She's false, but not in fact yet.

*Math.* Fact, Baptista !  
Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,  
In labouring to palliate what a visor  
Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman,  
In her will, decline from chastity, but found means,  
To give her hot lust fuel ? It is more  
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,  
Descending of themselves, to hang in the air ;  
Or with my single arm to underprop  
A falling tower ; nay, in its violent course  
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman  
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,  
In her full career to wickedness !

*Bapt.* Pray you, temper  
The violence of your passion.

*Math.* In extremes  
Of this condition, can it be in man  
To use a moderation ? I am thrown,  
From a steep rock, headlong into a gulph  
Of misery, and find myself past hope.  
In the same moment that I apprehend  
That I am falling : and this, the figure of  
My idol, few hours since, while she continued  
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,  
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,  
Staid manners, with all excellency a husband  
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden  
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present  
Nothing but horns and horror.

*Bapt.* You may yet,  
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort  
On your own goodness.

*Math.* No, that hath undone me ;  
For now I hold my temperance a sin  
Worse than excess, and what was vice, a virtue.  
Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,  
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had  
tempted

A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers  
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith  
Inviolate to thee, with the hazard of  
My death with torture, since she could inflict

No less for my contempt ; and have I met  
Such a return from thee ! I will not curse thee,  
Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex ;  
'Tis poor, and common : I'll only, with wise men,  
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,  
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,  
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,  
Produce one constant woman.

*Bapt.* This is more  
Than the satirists write against them.

*Math.* There's no language  
That can express the poison of these aspics,  
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little  
That hath been said against them. But I'll mould  
My thoughts into another form ; and, if  
She can outlive the report of what I have done,  
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,  
Shall be her executioner.

*Enter HONORIA and ACANTHE.*

*Bapt.* The queen, sir,

*Hon.* Wait our command at distance :—[*Exit*  
ACANTHE.]—Sir, you too have  
Free liberty to depart.

*Bapt.* I know my manners,  
And thank you for the favour.

*Hon.* Have you taken  
Good rest in your new lodgings ? I expect now  
Your resolute answer ; but advise maturely,  
Before I hear it.

*Math.* Let my actions, madam,  
For no words can dilate my joy, in all  
You can command, with cheerfulness to serve you,  
Assure your highness : and, in sign of my  
Submission, and contrition for my error,  
My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch  
Of yours as poison, taught humility now,  
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour,  
For such an undeserver, seal my duty.  
A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to  
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see, then,  
What now, with adoration and wonder,  
With reverence I look up to : but those fogs  
Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams  
With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,  
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness ; like a suppliant,  
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg  
What you once pleased to tender.

*Hon.* This is more  
Than I could hope ! [*Aside.*]—What find you so  
Upon my face, in so short time to make [attractive  
This sudden metamorphosis ? pray you, rise ;  
I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pardon.

*Kisses him.*  
Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers  
Coldly salute their sisters.

*Math.* I am turn'd  
All spirit and fire.

*Hon.* Yet, to give some allay  
To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember  
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where ;  
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

*Math.* Danger ! a bugbear, madam ; let [me]  
ride once

Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,  
And I contemn Jove's thunder : though the king,  
In our embraces stood a looker on,  
His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready  
To drag me from your arms, it should not fright  
From the enjoying that a single life is [me]

Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour  
Of my youth were re-collected for an hour,  
That my desire might meet with yours, and draw  
The envy of all men, in the encounter,  
Upon my head! I should—but we lose time—  
Be gracious, mighty queen.

*Hon.* Pause yet a little:

The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,  
Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,  
Should not so soon be shaken.

*Math.* The whole fabric,

When I but look on you, is in a moment  
O'return'd and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose  
Their names when they are swallow'd by the  
In you alone all faculties of my soul [ocean,  
Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,  
At the best, as things forgotten.

*Hon.* Can this be?

I have gain'd my end now. [Aside.

*Math.* Wherefore stay you, madam?

*Hon.* In my consideration what a nothing  
Man's constancy is.

*Math.* Your beauties make it so  
In me, sweet lady.

*Hon.* And it is my glory:

I could be coy now, as you were, but I  
Am of a gentler temper; howsoever,  
And in a just return of what I have suffer'd  
In your disdain, with the same measure grant me  
Equal deliberation: I ere long  
Will visit you again; and when I next  
Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait  
On my triumphant beauty. [Exit.

*Math.* What a change

Is here beyond my fear! but by thy falsehood,  
Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me  
To sin but in my wishes? what a frown,  
In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me!  
I am both ways lost; storms of contempt and  
Are ready to break on me, and all hope [scorn  
Of shelter doubtful: I can neither be  
Disloyal, nor yet honest: I stand guilty  
On either part; at the worst, Death will end all;  
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,  
Since I have loved too much, and lived too long.  
[Exit.

SCENE II.—BOHEMIA. A Room in MATHIAS'  
House.

*Enter SOPHIA, with a book and a paper.*

*Soph.* Nor custom, nor example, nor vast  
numbers

Of such as do offend, make less the sin.  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted; and that comfort which  
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments: every one,  
Must suffer, in himself, the measure of  
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,  
It being unrefutable in reason,  
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant  
For me to walk in his forbidden paths:  
What penance then can expiate my guilt,  
For my consent (transported then with passion)  
To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame,  
Cannot recover his; and, though I have fed  
These courtiers with promises and hopes,  
I am yet in fact untainted; and I trust,  
My sorrow for it, with my purity,

And love to goodness for itself, made powerful.  
Though all they have alleged prove true or false,  
Will be such exorcisms as shall command  
This Fury, jealousy, from me. What I have  
Determined touching them, I am resolved  
To put in execution. Within, there!

*Enter HILARIO, CORISCA, with other Servants.*

Where are my noble guests?

*Hil.* The elder, madam,  
Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health,  
In muskadin and eggs; and, for a rasher  
To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pie  
Of marrowbones, potatoes, and eringos,  
With many such ingredients; and, 'tis said,  
He hath sent his man in post to the next town,  
For a pound of ambergris, and half a peck  
Of fishes call'd cantharides.

*Coris.* The younger

Prunes up himself, as if this night he were  
To act a bridegroom's part; but to what purpose,  
I am ignorance itself.

*Soph.* Continue so. [Gives the Servants the paper.  
Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you:  
And fail not in a circumstance, as you  
Respect my favour.

1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.

2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.

[Exit Servants.

*Enter UBALDO.*

*Hil.* Here comes, madam,  
The lord Ubaldo.

*Ubald.* Pretty one, there's gold  
To buy thee a new gown; [To CORIS.] and there's  
for thee;

Grow fat, and fit for service. [To HIL.] I am now,  
As I should be, at the height, and able to  
Beget a giant. O my better angel!  
In this you shew your wisdom, when you pay  
The lecher in his own coin; shall you sit puling,  
Like a Patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? no:  
This is a fair revenge. Shall we to't?

*Soph.* To what, sir?

*Ubald.* The sport you promised.

*Soph.* Could it be done with safety.

*Ubald.* I warrant you; I am sound as a bell, a  
tough  
Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find  
In the trial on your anvil. [me

*Soph.* So; but how, sir,  
Shall I satisfy your friend, to whom, by promise,  
I am equally engaged?

*Ubald.* I must confess,

The more the merrier; but, of all men living,  
Take heed of him: you may safer run upon  
The mouth of a cannon when it is unloading,  
And come off colder.

*Soph.* How! is he not wholesome?

*Ubald.* Wholesome! I'll tell you, for your good;  
He is a spittle of diseases, and, indeed,  
More loathsome and infectious; the tub is  
His weekly bath: he hath not drank this seven  
years,

Before he came to your house, but compositions  
Of saffraas and guaicum; and dry mutton  
His daily portion: name what scratch soever  
Can be got by women, and the surgeons will  
resolve you,

At this time, or at that, Ricardo had it.



*Soph.* Bless me from him.

*Ubaldo.* 'Tis a good prayer, lady.

It being a degree unto the pox,  
Only to mention him : if my tongue burn not,  
When I but name Ricardo. [hang me,

*Soph.* Sir, this caution  
Must be rewarded.

*Ubaldo.* I hope I have marr'd his market. [*Aside*—  
But when ?

*Soph.* Why, presently ; follow my woman,  
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve  
To-night for a page. Let the waistcoat I ap-  
pointed,

With the cambric shirt perfumed, and the rich cap,  
Be brought into his chamber.

*Ubaldo.* Excellent lady !  
And a caudle too in the morning.

*Coris.* I will fit you. [*Exeunt UBALDO and CORISCA.*

*Enter RICARDO.*

*Soph.* So hot on the scent ! Here comes the  
other beagle.

*Ric.* Take purse and all. [*TO HILARIO.*

*Hil.* If this company would come often,  
I should make a pretty term on't.

*Soph.* For your sake  
I have put him off ; his only begg'd a kiss,  
I gave it, and so parted.

*Ric.* I hope better :—  
He did not touch your lips ?

*Soph.* Yes, I assure you.  
There was no danger in it ?

*Ric.* No ! eat presently  
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,  
Or you are undone.

*Soph.* What is the virtue of them ?

*Ric.* They are preservatives against stinking  
breath,  
Rising from rotten lungs.

*Soph.* If so, your carriage  
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,  
May render yours suspected.

*Ric.* Fie ! no ; I use them  
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.  
But I'll be free with you : he was once a creature,  
It may be, of God's making, but long since  
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop ; the spring and  
fall

Hold all the year with him : that he lives he owes  
To art, not nature ; she has given him o'er.  
He moves, like the fairy king, on screws and wheels,  
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still  
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.  
He has a regiment of whores he keeps,  
At his own charge, in a lazar-house ; but the best is,  
There's not a nose among them. He's acquainted  
With the green water, and the spitting pill's  
Familiar to him : in a frosty morning,  
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot ; his bones  
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.  
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,  
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him  
From the chine-evil. In a word, he is  
Not one disease, but all ; yet, being my friend,  
I will forbear his character, for I would not  
Wrong him in your opinion.

*Soph.* The best is,  
The virtues you bestow on him, to me  
Are mysteries I know not ; but, however,  
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care

To unclothe the gentleman, and with speed ; delay  
Takes from delight.

*Ric.* Good ! there's my hat, sword, cloak :  
A vengeance on these buttons ! off with my doublet,  
I dare shew my skin ; in the touch you will like it  
better.

Prithee cut my codpiece-points, and, for this ser-  
When I leave them off, they are thine. [*vive.*

*Hil.* I'll take your word, sir.

*Ric.* Dear lady, stay not long.

*Soph.* I may come too soon, sir.

*Ric.* No, no ; I am ready now.

*Hil.* This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt HILARIO and RICARDO.*

*Soph.* I was much to blame to credit their reports  
Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,  
And with such virulent malice ; though I presume  
They are bad enough : but I have studied for them  
A way for their recovery.

[*A noise of clapping a door ; UBALDO appears above in  
his shirt.*

*Ubaldo.* What dost thou mean, wench ?  
Why dost thou shut the door upon me ? Ha !  
My clothes are ta'en away too ! shall I starve here ?  
Is this my lodging ? I am sure the lady talk'd of  
A rich cap, a perfumed shirt, and a waistcoat ;  
But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,  
A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,  
And an old woman's biggin, for a nightcap.

*Re-enter CORISCA below.*

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha !  
The windows grated with iron ! I cannot force  
And if I leap down here, I break my neck : [them,  
I am betray'd. Rogues ! Villains ! let me out :  
I am a lord, and that's no common title,  
And shall I be used thus ?

*Soph.* Let him rave, he's fast ;  
I'll parley with him at leisure.

*RICARDO entering with a great noise above, as fallen.*

*Ric.* Zounds ! have you trapdoors ?

*Soph.* The other bird's i' the cage too, let him

*Ric.* Whither am I fallen ? into hell ! [clatter.

*Ubaldo.* Who makes that noise, there ?

Help me, if thou art a friend.

*Ric.* A friend ! I am where  
I cannot help myself ; let me see thy face.

*Ubaldo.* How, Ricardo ! Prithee, throw me  
Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me : I am almost  
Frozen to death.

*Ric.* My cloak ! I have no breeches ;  
I am in my shirt, as thou art ; and here's nothing  
For myself but a clown's cast suit.

*Ubaldo.* We are both undone.

Prithee, roar a little—Madam !

*Re-enter HILARIO below, in RICARDO'S clothes.*

*Ric.* Lady of the house !

*Ubaldo.* Grooms of the chamber !

*Ric.* Gentlewomen ! Milkmaid's !

*Ubaldo.* Shall we be murder'd ?

*Soph.* No, but soundly punish'd,  
To your deserts.

*Ric.* You are not in earnest, madam ?

*Soph.* Judge as you find, and feel it ; and now  
What I irrevocably purpose to you. [hear

Being received as guests into my house,  
And with all it afforded entertain'd,  
You have forgot all hospitable duties ;  
And, with the defamation of my lord,

Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge  
Of his injuries, as you fashion'd them to me,  
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.

*Hil* Mark that, poor fellows !

*Soph.* And so far you have

Transgress'd against the dignity of men,  
By should, bound to it by virtue, still defend  
Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade  
To make them infamous : but you are caught  
In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and therefore  
Hope not to find the usage of men from me :  
Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer  
Like the most slavish women.

*Ubald.* How will you use us ?

*Soph.* Ease, and excess in feeding, made you wanton.

A pluriſy of ill blood you must let out,  
By labour, and spare diet that way got too,  
Or perish for hunger. Reach him up that distaff  
With the flax upon it ; though no Omphale,  
Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it,  
As you spin well at my command, and please me,  
Your wages, in the coarseſt bread and water,  
Shall be proportionable.

*Ubald.* I will starve first.

*Soph.* That's as you please.

*Ric.* What will become of me now ?

*Soph.* You shall have gentler work ; I have oft observed

You were proud to shew the fineness of your hands,  
And softness of your fingers ; you should reel well  
What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I'll  
force you.

Deliver him his materials. Now you know  
Your penance, and to work ; hunger will teach you :  
And so, as slaves to your lust, not me, I leave you.

[*Exit SOPHIA and CORINCA.*]

*Ubald.* I shall spin a fine thread out now !

*Ric.* I cannot look

On these devices, but they put me in mind  
Of rope-makers.

*Hil.* Fellow, think of thy task.

Forget such vanities ; my livery there,  
Will serve thee to work in.

*Ric.* Let me have my clothes yet ;

I was bountiful to thee.

*Hil.* They are past your wearing,

And mine by promise, as all these can witness.

You have no holidays coming, nor will I work  
While these, and this lasts ; and so, when you  
please,

You may shut up your shop windows. [*Exit.*]

*Ubald.* I am faint,

And must lie down.

*Ric.* I am hungry too, and cold.

O cursed women !

*Ubald.* This comes of our whoring.

But let us rest as well as we can to-night,

But not o'erſleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.

[*They withdraw.*]

SCENE III.—*Alba Regalis. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* LADISLAUS, HONORIA, EUBULUS, FERDINAND,  
ACANTHE, and Attendants.

*Hon.* Now you know all, sir, with the motives why  
I forced him to my lodging.

*Ladis.* I desire  
No more such trials, lady.

*Hon.* I presume, sir,  
You do not doubt my chastity.

*Ladis.* I would not ;

But these are strange inducements.

*Eubu.* By no means, sir.

Why, though he were with violence seized upon,  
And still detain'd, the man, sir, being no soldier,  
Nor used to charge his pike when the breach is open,  
There was no danger in't ! You must conceive, sir,  
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain,  
To read old homilies to her in the dark ;  
She's bound to it, by her canons.

*Ladis.* Still tormented  
With thy impertinence !

*Hon.* By yourself, dear sir,

I was ambitious only to o'erthrow  
His boasted constancy in his cohsent ;  
But for fact, I contemn him : I was never  
Unchaste in thought ; I laboured to give proof  
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so ;  
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd  
And with what superstition he adores it, [him,  
Determine as you please.

*Ladis.* I will look on  
This pageant ; but—

*Hon.* When you have seen and heard, sir,  
The passages which I myself discover'd,  
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,  
Judge as you please.

*Ladis.* Well, I'll observe the issue.

*Eubu.* How had you ta'en this, general, in your  
*Ferd.* As a strange curiosity ; but queens [wife ?  
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

*Bapt.* You are much alter'd, sir, since the last  
night,

When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,  
Your dulness quite blown over.

*Math.* I have seen a vision

This morning, makes it good ; and never was  
In such security as at this instant,  
Fall what can fall : and when the queen appears,  
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,  
Observe the encounter.

*Enter* HONORIA, LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, and  
ACANTHE, with others, *app ar above.*

*Bapt.* She already is

*Enter'd* the lists.

*Math.* And I prepared to meet her.

*Bapt.* I know my duty.

[*Going.*]

*Hon.* Not so, you may stay now,  
As a witness of our contract.

*Bapt.* I obey

In all things, madam.

*Hon.* Where's that reverence,  
Or rather superstitious adoration,  
Which, captive-like, to my triumphant beauty  
You paid last night ? No humble knee, nor sign  
Of vassal duty ! sure this is the foot,  
To whose proud cover, and then happy in it,  
Your lips were glued ; and that the neck then  
offer'd,

To witness your subjection, to be trod on :  
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger  
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour ;

And that false glow-worm fire of constancy  
To your wife, extinguish'd by a greater light  
Shot from our eyes;—and that, it may be, (being  
Too glorious to be look'd on,) hath deprived you  
Of speech and motion: but I will take off  
A little from the splendour, and descend  
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you  
Plead as a suppliant.

*Math.* I do remember  
I once saw such a woman.

*Hon.* How!  
*Math.* And then  
She did appear a most magnificent queen,  
And, what's more, virtuous, though somewhat  
darken'd  
With pride, and self-opinion.

*Eubu.* Call you this courtship?  
*Math.* And she was happy in a royal husband,  
Whom envy could not tax, unless it were  
For his too much indulgence to her humours.

*Eubu.* Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis about  
the purpose;

I like the picture the better for't.  
*Math.* And she lived  
Worthy her birth and fortune: you retain yet  
Some part of her angelical form; but when  
Envy to the beauty of another woman,  
Inferior to hers, one that she never  
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed  
Infection through her veins, and loyalty,  
Which a great queen, as she was, should have  
Grew odious to her— [nourish'd,

*Hon.* I am thunderstruck.  
*Math.* And lust, in all the bravery it could bor-  
row from majesty, howe'er disguised, had ta'en [row  
Sure footing in the kingdom of her heart,  
The throne of chastity once, how, in a moment,  
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,  
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows  
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!

*Hon.* How his reasons  
Work on my soul!  
*Math.* Retire into yourself;  
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd  
with virtue,

And be but as you were, and there's no office  
So base, beneath the slavery that men  
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.  
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,  
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the beau-  
ty of all that are by poets' raptures sainted [ties  
Were now in you united, you should pass  
Pierced by me, perhaps, but not regarded.

*Eubu.* If this take not, I am cheated.  
*Math.* To slip once,  
Is incident, and excused by human frailty;  
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both  
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection;  
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.  
When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is  
Like to this [magick] picture. While we run  
A constant race in goodness, it retains  
The just proportion; but the journey being  
Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,  
That may in some degree divert us from  
The road that we put forth in, ere we end  
Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,  
Or be with blackness clouded: but when we  
Find we have gone astray, and labour to  
Return unto our never-failing guide,

Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,  
The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore it  
To the first pureness.

*Hon.* I am disenchanted:  
Mercy, O mercy, heavens! [Kneels.

*Ladis.* I am ravish'd  
With what I have seen and heard.

*Ferd.* Let us descend,  
And herd the rest below.

*Eubu.* This hath fallen out  
Beyond my expectation. [They retire.

*Hon.* How have I wander'd  
Out of the track of piety! and misled  
By overweening pride, and flattery  
Of fawning sycophants, (the bane of greatness,)  
Could never meet till now a passenger,  
That in his charity would set me right,  
Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.  
How ill have I return'd your goodness to me!  
The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:  
But if it may be yet prevented—

Re-enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, and  
others, below.

O sir,  
What can I do to shew my sorrow, or  
With what brow ask your pardon?

*Ladis.* Pray you, rise.  
*Hon.* Never, till you forgive me, and receive  
Unto your love and favour a changed woman:  
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth  
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience  
Steer'd only by your will.

*Ladis.* And that will prove  
A second and a better marriage to me.  
All is forgotten.

*Hon.* Sir, I must not rise yet,  
Till, with a free confession of a crime  
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,  
Which thus I beg, be granted.

*Ladis.* I melt with you:  
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [Raises her.

*Hon.* Know then, sir,  
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practis'd  
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.  
*Bapt.* Thence grew the change of the picture.

*Hon.* And how far  
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant: now, if you,  
sir,

For the honour of this good man, may be entreated  
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,  
To fetch them off—

*Ladis.* We will put on to-night.  
*Bapt.* I, if you please, your harbinger.

*Ladis.* I thank you.  
Let me embrace you in my arms; your service  
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs  
nothing.

*Math.* I am still your humble creature.  
*Ladis.* My true friend.

*Ferd.* And so you are bound to hold him.  
*Eubu.* Such a plant

Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,  
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds  
That suck up your rain of favour.

*Ladis.* In my will  
I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.  
In act be my Honoria now, not name,  
And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. *A Hall in MATTHIAS' House.**Enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO.**Soph.* Are they then so humble?*Hil.* Hunger and hard labour  
Have tamed them, madam; at the first they  
bellow'dLike stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work  
For sullenness; but when they found, without it,  
There was no eating, and that, to starve to death,  
Was much against their stomachs; by degrees,  
Against their wills, they fell to it.*Coris.* And now feed on  
The little pittance you allow, with gladness.*Hil.* I do remember that they stopp'd their  
nosesAt the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding  
For their fine palates; but now, their work being  
ended,They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-parings,  
With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their water,  
For festival-exceedings.*Coris.* When I examine  
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,  
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults  
And botches in his labour, as a favour  
From a curst mistress.*Hil.* The other, too, reels well  
For his time; and if your ladyship would please  
To see them for your sport, since they want airing,  
It would do well, in my judgment; you shall hear  
Such a hungry dialogue from them!*Soph.* But suppose,  
When they are out of prison, they should grow  
Rebellious?*Hil.* Never fear't; I'll undertake  
To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread  
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel  
after,And without grumbling; and when you are weary  
Their company, as easily return them. [of*Coris.* Dear madam, it will help to drive away  
Your melancholy.*Soph.* Well, on this assurance,  
I am content; bring them hither.*Hil.* I will do it  
In stately equipage. [Exit.*Soph.* They have confess'd, then,  
They were set on by the queen, to taint me in  
My loyalty to my lord?*Coris.* 'Twas the main cause,  
That brought them hither.*Soph.* I am glad I know it;  
And as I have begun, before I end  
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside,  
They come: the object's so ridiculous,  
In spite of my sad thoughts, I cannot but lend  
A forced smile to grace it.*Re-enter HILARIO, with UBALDO spinning, and RICARDO  
reeling.**Hil.* Come away:  
Work as you go, and lose no time, 'tis precious;  
You'll find it in your commons.*Ric.* Commons, call you it!  
The word is proper; I have grazed so long  
Upon your commons, I am almost starv'd here.*Hil.* Work harder, and they shall be better'd.*Ubaldo.* Better'd!Worse they cannot be: would I might lie  
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a foot-  
stool,

So I might have my belly full of that

Her Iceland cur refuses!

*Hil.* How do you like  
Your airing? is it not a favour?*Ric.* Yes;  
Just such a one as you use to a brace of grey-  
hounds,When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;  
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing  
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be  
An honest yeoman-fewterer, feed us first,  
And walk us after.*Hil.* Yeoman-fewterer!  
Such another word to your governor, and you go  
Supperless to bed for't.*Ubaldo.* Nay, even as you please;  
The comfortable names of breakfasts, dinners,  
Collations, supper, beverage, are words  
Worn out of our remembrance.*Ric.* O for the steam  
Of meat in a cook's shop!*Ubaldo.* I am so dry,  
I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers  
When I draw my flax from my distaff.*Ric.* Nor I strength  
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh!  
I have the cramp all over me.*Hil.* What do you think  
Were best to apply to it? A cramp-stone, as I  
take it,Were very useful.  
*Ric.* Oh! no more of stones,  
We have been used too long like hawks already.*Ubaldo.* We are not so high in our flesh now to  
need casting,  
We will come to an empty fist.*Hil.* Nay, that you shall not.  
So ho, birds!—[*Holds up a piece of bread.*—How  
the cyasses scratch and scramble!Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your gorges;  
This is more than I have commission for; be  
thankful.*Soph.* Were all that study the abuse of women,  
Used thus, the city would not swarm with cuckolds,  
Nor so many tradesmen break.*Coris.* Pray you, appear now,  
And mark the alteration. [*SOPHIA comes forward.**Hil.* To your work,  
My lady is in presence; shew your duties:  
Exceeding well.*Soph.* How do your scholars profit?*Hil.* Hold up your heads demurely. Prettily,  
For young beginners.*Coris.* And will do well in time,  
If they be kept in awe.*Ric.* In awe! I am sure  
I quake like an aspen leaf.*Ubaldo.* No mercy, lady?  
*Ric.* Nor intermission?*Soph.* Let me see your work:  
Fie upon't, what a thread's here! a poor cobbler's  
wife

Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent startup ;  
And here you reel as you were drunk.

*Ric.* I am sure  
It is not with wine.

*Soph.* O take heed of wine ;  
Cold water is far better for your healths,  
Of which I am very tender : you had foul bodies,  
And must continue in this physical diet,  
Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,  
For fear of a relapse ; and that is dangerous :  
Yet I hope already that you are in some  
Degree recover'd, and that way to resolve me,  
Answer me truly ; nay, what I propound  
Concerns both ; nearer : what would you now give,  
If your means were in your hands, to lie all night  
With a fresh and handsome lady ?

*Ubald.* How ! a lady ?  
O, I am past it ; hunger with her razor  
Hath made me an eunuch.

*Ric.* For a mess of porridge,  
Well sopp'd with a bunch of radish and a carrot,  
I would sell my barony ; but for women, oh !  
No more of women : not a doit for a doxy,  
After this hungry voyage.

*Soph.* These are truly  
Good symptoms ; let them not venture too much  
in the air,  
Till they are weaker.

*Ric.* This is tyranny.

*Ubald.* Scorn upon scorn.

*Soph.* You were so  
In your malicious intents to me,

*Enter a Servant.*

And therefore 'tis but justice—What's the busi-  
ness ?

*Serv.* My lord's great friend, signior Baptista,  
madam,

Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain  
Assurance of my lord's arrival.

*Soph.* How !

And stand I trifling here ? Hence with the mon-  
grels

To their several kennels ; there let them howl in  
I'll be no further troubled. [private]

[*Exeunt SOPHIA and Servant.*]

*Ubald.* O that ever  
I saw this fury !

*Ric.* Or look'd on a woman  
But as a prodigy in nature !

*Hil.* Silence ;

No more of this.

*Coris.* Methinks you have no cause  
To repent your being here.

*Hil.* Have you not learnt,  
When your states are spent, your several trades to  
And never charge the hospital ? [live by.]

*Coris.* Work but tightly,  
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house,  
But of your spinning.

*Ubald.* O, I would this hemp  
Were turn'd to a halter !

*Hil.* Will you march ?

*Ric.* A soft one,

Good general, I beseech you.

*Ubald.* I can hardly  
Draw my legs after me.

*Hil.* For a crutch, you may use  
Your distaff ; a good wit makes use of all things.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same.*

*Enter SOPHIA and BAPTISTA.*

*Soph.* Was he jealous of me ?  
*Bapt.* There's no perfect love  
Without some touch of't, madam.

*Soph.* And my picture,  
Made by your devilish art a spy upon  
My actions ! I ne'er sat to be drawn,  
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.

*Bapt.* Excuse me ;  
At his earnest suit I did it.

*Soph.* Very good :—  
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me ?

*Bapt.* The prosperous events that crown his  
fortunes,  
May qualify the offence.

*Soph.* Good, the events !—  
The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,  
When their rash and desperate undertakings thrive  
well :

But good and wise men are directed by  
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation  
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing  
To do with them : howso'er, take the pains, sir,  
'To meet the honour (in the king and queen's  
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me ;  
I will expect them with my best of care.

*Bapt.* To entertain such royal guests—

*Soph.* I know it ;  
Leave that to me, sir. [*Exit BAPTISTA.*] What  
should move the queen,  
So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks  
her,

To such a journey ! or work on my lord,  
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,  
For the resolution of his fears, a course  
That is by holy writ denied a christian ?  
'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome  
He hopes in my embraces, may deceive

[*Trumpets sounded.*]

His expectation. The trumpets speak  
The king's arrival : help, a woman's wit now,  
To make him know his fault, and my just anger !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

*A Flourish.* *Enter LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS,  
MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, HONORIA, and ACANTHE, with  
Attendants.*

*Eulu.* Your majesty must be weary.

*Hon.* No, my lord,

A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.

*Math.* Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was  
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon,  
And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self,  
Your matchless queen, and all your royal train,  
Are to your servant and his wife.

*Ladis.* Where is she ?

*Hon.* I long to see her as my now-loved rival.

*Eubu.* And I to have a smack at her ; 'tis a  
cordial

To an old man, better than sack and a toast  
Before he goes to supper.

*Math.* Ha ! is my house turn'd  
To a wilderness ? nor wife nor servants ready,  
With all rites due to majesty, to receive  
Such unexpected blessings ! You assured me

Of better preparation ; hath not  
The excess of joy transported her beyond  
Her understanding ?

*Bapt.* I now parted from her,  
And gave her your directions.

*Math.* How shall I beg  
Your majesties' patience ! sure my family's drunk,  
Or by some witch, in envy of my glory,  
A dead sleep thrown upon them.

*Enter HILARIO and Servants.*

*Serv.* Sir.

*Math.* But that  
The sacred presence of the king forbids it,  
My sword should make a massacre among you.  
Where is your mistress ?

*Hil.* First, you are welcome home, sir :  
Then know, she says she's sick, sir.—There's no  
notice

Taken of my bravery ! [*Aside.*

*Math.* Sick at such a time !  
It cannot be : though she were on her deathbed,  
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they  
Could call it back again, and in this honour,  
Give her a second being. Bring me to her ;  
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem  
This mortgage of her manners.

*[Exit MATHIAS, HILARIO, and Servants.]*

*Eubu.* There's no climate  
On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or  
Reigns not in women. [*other*

*Ferd.* You were ever bitter  
Against the sex.

*Ladis.* This is very strange.

*Hon.* Mean women  
Have their faults, as well as queens.

*Ladis.* O, she appears now.

*Re-enter MATHIAS with SOPHIA ; HILARIO following.*

*Math.* The injury that you conceive I have  
done you

Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness  
Wrong not yourself and me.

*Soph.* I am past my childhood,  
And need no tutor.

*Math.* This is the great king,  
To whom I am engaged till death for all  
I stand possess'd of.

*Soph.* My humble roof is proud, sir,  
To be the canopy of so much greatness  
Set off with goodness.

*Ladis.* My own praises flying  
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,  
Cannot but please me.

*Math.* This is the queen of queens,  
In her magnificence to me.

*Soph.* In my duty  
I kiss her highness' robe.

*Hon.* You stoop too low  
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

[*Kisses her.*

*Soph.* Howe'er  
It may appear preposterous in women,  
So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,  
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir ?  
Without a magical picture, in the touch  
I find your print of close and wanton kisses  
On the queen's lips. [*Aside to MATHIAS.*

*Math.* Upon your life be silent :—  
And now salute these lords.

*Soph.* Since you will have me,  
You shall see I am experienced at the game,  
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave man, sir,  
[*To FERDINAND.*

And do deserve a free and hearty welcome :  
Be this the prologue to it. [*Kisses him.*

*Eubu.* An old man's turn  
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,  
However cold ones, madam.

*Soph.* I will warm them  
With the fire of mine. [*Kisses him.*

*Eubu.* And so she has ! I thank you,  
I shall sleep the better all night for't.

*Math.* You express  
The boldness of a wanton courtesan,  
And not a matron's modesty ; take up,  
Or you are disgraced for ever. [*Aside to BORN.*

*Soph.* How ? with kissing  
Feelingly, as you taught me ? would you have me  
Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use  
To their inferiors, as if they intended  
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,  
And not a salutation ? what I do,  
I will do freely ; now I am in the humour,  
I'll fly at all : are there any more ?

*Math.* Forbear,  
Or you will raise my anger to a height  
That will descend in fury.

*Soph.* Why ? you know  
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,  
By the help of Mephostophilus, and your picture :  
Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank  
The queen's great care of me while you were  
absent,

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,  
And being for that time a kind of widow,  
To pass away her melancholy hours  
Without good company, and in charity, therefore,  
Provided for me ; out of her own store,  
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,  
Two principal courtiers for ladies' service,  
To do me all good offices ; and as such  
Employ'd by her, I hope I have received  
And entertain'd them ; nor shall they depart,  
Without the effect arising from the cause  
That brought them hither.

*Math.* Thou dost belie thyself :  
I know that in my absence thou wert honest,  
However now turn'd monster.

*Soph.* The truth is,  
We did not deal, like you, in speculations  
On cheating pictures ; we knew shadows were  
No substances, and actual performance  
The best assurance. I will bring them hither,  
To make good in this presence so much for me.  
Some minutes space I beg your majesties' pardon.—  
You are moved now :—champ upon this bit a  
little,

Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.  
[*Exit SOPHIA and HILARIO.*

*Ladis.* How now ? turn'd statue, sir !  
*Math.* Fly, and fly quickly,  
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon  
Will make you all as I am. In her tongue  
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair  
Upon her wicked head a snake more dread'ul,  
Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,  
Which in his madness forced him to dismember  
His proper issue. O that ever I  
Reposed my trust in magick, or believed

Impossibilities ! or that charms had power  
To sink and search into the bottomless hell  
Of a false woman's heart !

*Eubu.* These are the fruits  
Of marriage ! an old bachelor as I am,  
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled  
With these fine vagaries.

*Ferd.* Till you are resolv'd, sir,  
Forsake not hope.

*Bapt.* Upon my life, this is  
Dissimulation.

*Ladis.* And it suits not with  
Your fortitude and wisdom, to be thus  
Transported with your passion.

*Hon.* You were once  
Deceived in me, sir, as I was in you ;  
Yet the deceit pleased both.

*Math.* She hath confess'd all ;  
What further proof should I ask ?

*Hon.* Yet remember  
The distance that is interposed between  
A woman's tongue and her heart ; and you must  
grant,  
You build upon no certainties.

*Re-enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, and HILARIO, with UBALDO and RICARDO in rags, and spinning and reeling, as before.*

*Eubu.* What have we here ?

*Soph.* You must come on, and shew yourselves.

*Ubald.* The king !

*Ric.* And queen too ! would I were as far under  
the earth

As I am above it !

*Ubald.* Some poet will,  
From this relation, or in verse or prose,  
Or both together blended, render us  
Ridiculous to all ages.

*Ladis.* I remember  
This face, when it was in a better plight :  
Are not you Ricardo ?

*Hon.* And this thing, I take it,  
Was once Ubaldo.

*Ubald.* I am now I know not what.

*Ric.* We thank your majesty for employing us  
To this subtle Circe.

*Eubu.* How, my lord ! turn'd spinster !  
Do you work by the day, or the great ?

*Ferd.* Is your theorbo  
Turn'd to a distaff, signior ? and your voice,  
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gallant !*  
Tuned to the note of *Lachryma ?*

*Eubu.* Prithee tell me,  
For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to the pur-  
You've been merry with this lady ? [pose,

*Ric.* Never, never.

*Ladis.* Howsoever, you should say so for your  
credit,

Being the only court-bull.

*Ubald.* O, that ever  
I saw this kicking heifer !

*Soph.* You see, madam,  
How I have cured your servants, and what favours,  
They, with their rampant valour, have won from me.  
You may, as they are physic'd, I presume,  
Trust a fair virgin with them ; they have learn'd  
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing  
But cold and hunger for them ; and may now  
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.  
And now to you, sir ; why do you not again  
Peruse your picture, and take the advice

Of your learned consort ? these are the men, or  
none,

That made you, as the Italian says, a *becco*.

*Math.* I know not which way to entreat your  
pardon,

Nor am I worthy of it. My *Sophia*,  
My best *Sophia*, here before the king,  
The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,  
I do renounce my error, and embrace you,  
As the great example to all aftertimes,  
For such as would die chaste and noble wives,  
With reverence to imitate.

*Soph.* Not so, sir ;  
I yet hold off. However I have purged  
My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,  
In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,  
Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

*Eubu.* Shall we have  
More jiggabobs yet ?

*Soph.* When you went to the wars,  
I set no spy upon you, to observe  
Which way you wander'd, though our sex by na-  
Is subject to suspicions and fears ; [ture  
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.  
But, to deal, as you did, against your religion,  
With this enchanter, to survey my actions,  
Was more than woman's weakness ; therefore know,  
And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do  
Desire a separation from your bed ;  
For I will spend the remnant of my life  
In prayer and meditation.

*Math.* O take pity  
Upon my weak condition, or I am  
More wretched in your innocence, than if  
I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a jewel  
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,  
To lock it up again ?—She turns away.  
Will none speak for me ? shame and sin have  
robb'd me

Of the use of my tongue.

*Ladis.* Since you have conquer'd, madam,  
You wrong the glory of your victory,  
If you use it not with mercy.

*Ferd.* Any penance  
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant  
He will gladly suffer.

*Eubu.* Have I lived to see  
But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle,  
Have her turn nun ? I will first pull down the  
cloister.

To the old sport again, with a good luck to you !  
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,  
We must have some of the breed of you : will you  
destroy

The kind and race of goodness ? I am converted,  
And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion  
Against the sex ; and shew me but two such more,  
I'll marry yet, and love them.

*Hon.* She that yet  
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,  
Thus begs remission for him.

*Soph.* O, dear madam,  
Wrong not your greatness so.

*Omnes.* We all are suitors.

*Ubald.* I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

*Ric.* And we have suffer'd for it.

*Soph.* I perceive

There's no resistance ; but, suppose I pardon  
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free  
From jealousy hereafter ?

*Math.* I will be  
My own security : go, ride, where you please ;  
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,  
I'll set no watch upon you ; and, for proof of it,  
This cursed picture I surrender up  
To a consuming fire.

*Bapt.* As I abjure  
The practice of my art.

*Soph.* Upon these terms  
I am reconciled ; and, for these that have paid  
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

*Ladis.* At your request they have it.

*Ubold.* Hang all trades now !

*Ric.* I will find a new one, and that is, to live  
honest.

*Hil.* These are my fees.

*Ubold.* Pray you, take them, with a mischief !

*Ladis.* So, all ends in peace now.

And, to all married men, be this a caution,  
Which they should duly tender as their life,  
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt.*]



# THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MY ESPECIAL GOOD LORD,

JOHN LORD MOHUN,

BARON OF OKHAMPTON, ETC.

My good Lord,—Let my presumption in styling you so, (having never deserved it in my service,) from the clemency of your noble disposition, find pardon. The reverence due to the name of Mohun, long since honoured in three earls of Somerset, and eight barons of Munster, may challenge from all pens a deserved celebration. And the rather in respect those titles were not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your ancestors, for many virtuous, noble, and still living actions; nor ever forfeited or tainted, but when the iniquity of those times laboured the depression of approved goodness, and in wicked policy held it fit that loyalty and faith, in taking part with the true prince, should be degraded and mulcted. But this admitting no further dilation in this place, may your lordship please, and with all possible brevity, to understand the reasons why I am, in humble thankfulness, ambitious to shew this poem under the wings of your honourable protection. My worthy friend, Mr. ASTON COCKAYNE, your nephew, to my extraordinary content, delivered to me that your lordship, at your vacant hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such trifles of mine as have passed the press, and not alone warranted them in your gentle suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a remembrance of your love, and intended favour to me. I profess to the world, I was exalted with the bounty, and with good assurance, it being so rare in this age to meet with one noble name, that, in fear to be censured of levity and weakness, dares express itself a friend or patron to contemned poetry. Having, therefore, no means else left me to witness the obligation in which I stand most willingly bound to your lordship, I offer this Tragi-comedy to your gracious acceptance, no way despairing, but that with a clear aspect you will deign to receive it, (it being an induction to my future endeavours,) and that in the list of those, that to your merit truly admire you, you may descend to number

Your lordship's faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THEODOSIUS the Younger, *the Emperor.*  
 PAULINUS, *a Kinsman to the Emperor.*  
 PHILANAX, *Captain of the Guard.*  
 TIMANTUS,  
 CHRYSAPIUS, } *Eunuchs of the Emperor's Chamber.*  
 GRATIANUS,  
 CLEON, *a Traveller, Friend to PAULINUS.*  
 Patriarch.  
 Informer.  
 Projector.  
 Master of the Habits and Manners.  
 Minion of the Suburbs.

Countryman.  
 Surgeon.  
 Empiric.

PULCHERIA, *the Protectress, Sister to the Emperor*  
 ATHENAIS, *a strange Virgin, afterwards Empress,*  
*and named EUDOCIA.*

ARCADIA, } *the younger Sisters of the Emperor.*  
 FLACCILLA, }

Officers, Suitors, Attendants, Guards, Huntsman,  
 Executioners, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—CONSTANTINOPLE.

## PROLOGUE

AT THE BLACKFRIARS.

*But that imperious custom warrants it,  
 Our author with much willingness would omit  
 This preface to his new work. He hath found,  
 (And suffer'd for't,) many are apt to wound  
 His credit in this kind: and, whether he  
 Express himself fearful, or peremptory,  
 He cannot 'scape their censures who delight  
 To misapply whatever he shall write.  
 'Tis his hard sale. And though he will not sue,  
 Or basely beg such suffrages, yet, to you,  
 Free and ingenious spirits, he doth now,  
 In me, present his service, with his vow,*

*He hath done his best; and, though he cannot glory  
 In his invention, (this work being a story  
 Of recent antiquity,) he doth hope,  
 In the proportion of it, and the scope,  
 You may observe some pieces drawn like one,  
 Of a stedfast hand; and, with the whiter stone,  
 To be mark'd in your fair censures. More than this  
 I am forbid to promise, and it is  
 With the most till you confirm it: since we know  
 Whate'er the shaft be, archer, or the bow  
 From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the white,  
 Unless your approbation guide it right.*

## PROLOGUE

AT COURT.

*As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear  
To oppress'd innocence, now vouchsafe to hear  
A short petition. At your feet, in me,  
The poet kneels, and to your majesty  
Appeals for justice. What we now present,  
When first conceived, in his vote and intent,  
Was sacred to your pleasure; in each part  
With his best of fancy, judgment, language, art,  
Fashion'd and form'd so, as might well, and may  
Deserve a welcome, and no vulgar way.*

*He durst not, sir, at such a solemn feast,  
Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest;  
But labour'd that no passage might appear,  
But what the queen without a blush might hear:  
And yet this poor work suffer'd by the rage  
And envy of some Catos of the stage:  
Yet still he hopes this Play, which then was seen  
With sore eyes, and condemn'd out of their spleen,  
May be by you, the supreme judge, set free,  
And raised above the reach of calumny.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PAULINUS and CLEON.*

*Paul.* In your six years' travel, friend, no doubt,  
you have met with  
Many and rare adventures, and observed  
The wonders of each climate, varying in  
The manners and the men; and so return,  
For the future service of your prince and country,  
In your understanding better'd.

*Cle.* Sir, I have made of it  
The best use in my power, and hope my gleanings  
After the full crop others reap'd before me,  
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether  
Appear unprofitable: yet I left  
The miracle of miracles in our age  
At home behind me; every where abroad,  
Fame, with a true though prodigal voice, deliver'd  
Such wonders of Pulcheria, the princess,  
To the amazement, nay astonishment rather,  
Of such as heard it, that I found not one,  
In all the states and kingdoms that I pass'd through,  
Worthy to be her second.

*Paul.* She, indeed, is  
A perfect phoenix, and disdains a rival.  
Her infant years, as you know, promised much,  
But, grown to ripeness, she transcends, and makes  
Credulity her debtor. I will tell you,  
In my blunt way, to entertain the time,  
Until you have the happiness to see her,  
How in your absence she hath born herself,  
And with all possible brevity; though the subject  
Is such a spacious field, as would require  
An abstract of the purest eloquence  
(Derived from the most famous orators  
The nurse of learning, Athens, shew'd the world)  
In that man, that should undertake to be  
Her true historian.

*Cle.* In this you shall do me  
A special favour.

*Paul.* Since Arcadius' death,  
Our late great master, the protection of  
The prince, his son, the second Theodosius,  
By a general vote and suffrage of the people,  
Was to her charge assign'd, with the disposure  
Of his so many kingdoms. For his person,  
She hath so train'd him up in all those arts  
That are both great and good, and to be wish'd  
In an imperial monarch, that the mother

Of the Gracchi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts of,  
The wise Pulcheria but named, must be  
No more remember'd. She, by her example,  
Hath made the court a kind of academy,  
In which true honour is both learn'd and practis'd  
Her private lodgings a chaste nunnery,  
In which her sisters, as probationers, hear  
From her, their sovereign abbess, all the precepts  
Read in the school of virtue.

*Cle.* You amaze me.

*Paul.* I shall, ere I conclude; for here the wonder  
Begins, not ends. Her soul is so immense,  
And her strong faculties so apprehensive,  
To search into the depth of deep designs,  
And of all natures, that the burthen, which  
To many men were insupportable,  
To her is but a gentle exercise,  
Made, by the frequent use, familiar to her.

*Cle.* With your good favour, let me interrupt you.  
Being, as she is, in every part so perfect,  
Methinks that all kings of our eastern world  
Should become rivals for her.

*Paul.* So they have;  
But to no purpose. She, that knows her strength  
To rule and govern monarchs, scorns to wear  
On her free neck the servile yoke of marriage;  
And for one loose desire, envy itself  
Dares not presume to taint her. Venus' son  
Is blind indeed when he but gazes on her;  
Her chastity being a rock of diamonds,  
With which encounter'd, his shafts fly in splinters;  
His flaming torches in the living spring  
Of her perfections quench'd: and, to crown all,  
She's so impartial when she sits upon  
The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity,  
Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale,  
That 'tis not superstition to believe  
Austria once more lives upon the earth,  
Pulcheria's breast her temple.

*Cle.* You have given her

An admirable character.

*Paul.* She deserves it:  
And, such is the commanding power of virtue,  
That from her vicious enemies it compels  
Pæans of praise, as a due tribute to her.

*[Loud music.]*

*Cle.* What means this solemn music?

*Paul.* Sir, it ushers  
The emperor's morning meditation.

In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.  
'Tis worth your observation, and you may  
Collect from her expense of time this day,  
How her hours, for many years, have been disposed  
*Cle.* I am all eyes and ears. [of.

*Enter, after a strain of solemn music, PHILANAX, TIMANTON, Patriarch, THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, and ANCADIA; followed by CHRYSAPIUS and GRATIANUS; Servants, and Officers.*

*Paul.* Your patience, sir.  
Let those corrupted ministers of the court,  
Which you complain of, our devotions ended,  
Be cited to appear: for the ambassadors  
Who are importunate to have audience,  
From me you may assure them, that to-morrow  
They shall in public kiss the emperor's robe,  
And we in private, with our soonest leisure,  
Will give them hearing. Have you especial care too,  
That free access be granted unto all  
Petitioners. The morning wears.—Pray you, on,  
Time lost is ne'er recover'd. [sir;

[*Exeunt all but PAULINUS and CLEON.*

*Paul.* Did you note  
The majesty she appears in?

*Cle.* Yes, my good lord;  
I was ravish'd with it.

*Paul.* And then, with what speed  
She orders her dispatches, not one daring  
To interpose; the emperor himself,  
Without reply, putting in act whatever  
She pleased to impose upon him.

*Cle.* Yet there were some,  
That, in their sullen looks, rather confess'd  
A forced constraint to serve her, than a will  
To be at her devotion: what are they?

*Paul.* Eunuchs of the emperor's chamber. that  
repine  
The globe and awful sceptre should give place  
Unto the distaff; for, as such, they whisper  
A woman's government, but dare not yet  
Express themselves.

*Cle.* From whence are the ambassadors  
To whom she promised audience?

*Paul.* They are  
Employ'd by divers princes, who desire  
Alliance with our emperor, whose years now,  
As you see, write him man. One would advance  
A daughter to the honour of his bed;  
A second, his fair sister: to instruct you  
In the particulars would ask longer time  
Than my own designs give way to. I have letters  
From special friends of mine, that to my care  
Commend a stranger virgin, whom this morning  
I purpose to present before the princess:  
If you please, you may accompany me.

*Cle.* I'll wait on you. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter the Informer, with Officers bringing in the Projector, the Minion of the Suburbs, and the Master of the Habit and Manners.*

*Infor.* Why should you droop, or hang your  
working heads?

No danger is meant to you; pray bear up:  
For aught I know, you are cited to receive  
Preferment due to your merits.

*Prof.* Very likely:

In all the projects I have read and practised,

I never found one man compell'd to come,  
Before the seat of justice, under guard,  
To receive honour.

*Infor.* No! it may be, you are  
The first example. Men of qualities,  
As I have deliver'd you to the protectress,  
Who knows how to advance them, cannot conceive  
A fitter place to have their virtues publish'd,  
Than in open court. Could you hope that the  
princess,

Knowing your precious merits, will reward them  
In a private corner? No; you know not yet  
How you may be exalted.

*Min.* To the gallows.

*Infor.* Fie!

Nor yet depress'd to the gallies; in your names  
You carry no such crimes; your specious titles  
Cannot but take her.—President of the Projectors!  
What a noise it makes! The Master of the Habit!  
How proud would some one country be that I know,  
To be your first pupil! Minion of the Suburbs,  
And now and then admitted to the court,  
And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames!  
What hurt is in it? One thing I must tell you,  
As I am the state-scout, you may think me an in-  
*Mastr.* They are synonyma. former.

*Infor.* Conceal nothing from her  
Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you;  
Or if you should, it matters not; she can conjure,  
And I am her ubiquitous spirit,  
Bound to obey her:—you have my instructions;  
Stand by, here's better company.

*Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, and ATHENAI, with a petition.*

*Athen.* Can I hope, sir,  
Oppressed innocence shall find protection  
And justice among strangers, when my brothers,  
Brothers of one womb, by one sire begotten,  
Trample on my afflictions?

*Paul.* Forget them,  
Remembering those may help you.

*Athen.* They have robb'd me  
Of all means to prefer my just complaint,  
With any promising hope to gain a hearing,  
Much less redress: petitions not sweetened  
With gold, are but unsavoury, oft refused;  
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.  
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams  
Of choleric authority are dried up  
Before they fall, or if seen, never pitied.  
What will become of a forsaken maid!  
My flattering hopes are too weak to encounter  
With my strong enemy, despair, and 'tis  
In vain to oppose her.

*Cle.* Cheer her up; she faints, sir.

*Paul.* This argues weakness; though your  
brothers were

Cruel beyond expression, and the judges  
That sentenced you, corrupt, you shall find here  
One of your own fair sex to do you right;  
Whose beams of justice, like the sun, extend  
Their light and heat to strangers, and are not  
Municipal or confined.

*Athen.* Pray you, do not feed me  
With airy hopes; unless you can assure me  
The great Pulcheria will descend to hear  
My miserable story, it were better  
I died without the trouble.

*Paul.* She is bound to it

By the surest chain, her natural inclination

To help the afflicted : nor shall long delays,  
More terrible to miserable suitors  
Than quick denials, grieve you. Dry your fair eyes.  
This room will instantly be sanctified  
With her bless'd presence ; to her ready hand  
Present your grievances, and rest assured  
You shall depart contented.

*Athen.* You breathe in me  
A second life.

*Infor.* Will your lordship please to hear  
Your servant a few words ?

*Paul.* Away, you rascal !  
Did I ever keep such servants ?

*Infor.* If your honesty  
Would give you leave, it would be for your profit.

*Paul.* To make use of an informer ! tell me, in  
Can you advantage me ? [what

*Infor.* In the first tender  
Of a fresh suit never begg'd yet.

*Paul.* What's your suit, sir ?

*Infor.* 'Tis feasible :—here are three arrant  
Discovered by my art. [knaves

*Paul.* And thou the archknave :  
The great devourer the less.

*Infor.* And with good reason ;  
I must eat one a month, I cannot live else.

*Paul.* A notable cannibal ! but should I hear  
In what do your knaves concern me ? [thee,

*Infor.* In the begging  
Of their estates.

*Paul.* Before they are condemn'd ?

*Infor.* Yes, or arraign'd ; your lordship may  
speak too late else.

They are your own, and I will be content  
With the fifth part of a share.

*Paul.* Hence, rogue !

*Infor.* Such rogues  
In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too.

Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain  
To a spiced-conscience chapman ! but I care not ;  
What he disdains to taste, others will swallow.

*Lead Music.* Enter THEOLOGOSUS, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA,  
FLACILLA, Patriarch, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAP-  
TIUS, GRATIANUS, and Attendants.

*Cle.* They are return'd from the temple.

*Paul.* See, she appears ;

What think you now ?

*Athen.* A cunning painter thus,  
Her veil ta'en off, and awful sword and balance  
Laid by, would picture Justice.

*Pul.* When you please,  
You may intend those royal exercises  
Suiting your birth and greatness : I will bear  
The burthen of your cares, and having purged  
The body of your empire of ill humours,  
Upon my knees surrender it.

*Chry.* Will you ever  
Be awed thus like a boy ?

*Grat.* And kiss the rod  
Of a proud mistress ?

*Tim.* Be what you were born, sir.

*Phil.* Obedience and majesty never lodged  
In the same inn.

*Theod.* No more ; he never learn'd  
The right way to command, that stopp'd his ears  
To wise directions.

*Pul.* Read o'er the papers  
I left upon my cabinet ; two hours hence  
I will examine you.

*Flac.* We spend our time well !  
Nothing but praying and poring on a book.  
It ill agrees with my constitution, sister.

*Arcad.* Would I had been born some masquing-  
lady's woman,

Only to see strange sights, rather than live thus !

*Flac.* We are gone, forsooth ; there is no remedy,  
sister. [Exeunt ARCADIA and FLACILLA.

*Grat.* What hath his eye found out ?

*Tim.* 'Tis fix'd upon  
That stranger lady.

*Chry.* I am glad yet, that  
He dares look on a woman.

[All this time the Informer is kneeling to PULCHERIA,  
and delivering papers.

*Theo.* Philanax,  
What is that comely stranger ?

*Phil.* A petitioner.

*Chry.* Will you hear her case, and dispatch her  
I'll undertake to bring her. [in your chamber ?

*Theo.* Bring me to  
Some place where I may look on her demeanor :  
'Tis a lovely creature !

*Chry.* There's some hope in this yet.

[Flourish. Exeunt THEODOCUS, Patriarch, PHILANAX,  
TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.

*Pul.* No : you have done your parts.

*Paul.* Now opportunity courts you,  
Prefer your suit.

*Athen.* [Kneeling.] As low as misery  
Can fall, for proof of my humility,  
A poor distressed virgin bows her head,  
And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar  
Calamity can fly to for protection.

Great minds erect their never-falling trophies  
On the firm base of mercy ; but to triumph  
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,  
Argues a bastard conquest :—'tis to you  
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,  
The wonder of the age, your sex's honour ;  
And as such, deign to hear me. As you have  
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire  
To have it made a star there, make the means  
Of your ascent to that celestial height  
Virtue, wing'd with brave action : they draw near  
The nature and the essence of the gods,  
Who imitate their goodness.

*Pul.* If you were  
A subject of the empire, which your habit  
In every part denies—

*Athen.* O, fly not to  
Such an evasion ! whate'er I am,  
Being a woman, in humanity  
You are bound to right me. Though the difference  
Of my religion may seem to exclude me  
From your defence, which you would have con-  
The moral virtue, which is general, [fin'd ;  
Must know no limits. By these blessed feet,  
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly  
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,  
By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure  
With pity to look on me ! [you

*Pul.* Pray you, rise ;  
And, as you rise, receive this comfort from me.  
Beauty, set off with such sweet language, never  
Can want an advocate ; and you must bring  
More than a guilty cause if you prevail not.  
Some business, long since thought upon, dispatch'd,  
You shall have hearing, and, as far as justice  
Will warrant me, my best aids.

*Athen.* I do desire  
No stronger guard; my equity needs no favour.

[*Walks aside.*]

*Pul.* Are these the men?

*Proj.* We were, an't like your highness,  
The men, the men of eminence and mark,  
And may continue so, if it please your grace.

*Mast.* This speech was well projected.

*Pul.* Does your conscience,  
I will begin with you, whisper unto you  
What here you stand accused of? Are you named  
The President of Projectors?

*Infor.* Justify it, man,  
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.

*Proj.* That is apparent;  
And if you please, ask some about the court,  
And they will tell you, to my rare inventions  
They owe their bravery, perhaps means to purchase,  
And cannot live without me. I, alas!  
Lend out my labouring brains to use, and sometimes  
For a drachma in the pound,—the more the pity  
I sm all patience, and endure the curses  
Of many, for the profit of one patron.

*Pul.* I do conceive the rest. What is the se-

*Infor.* The Minion of the Suburbs. [cond?]

*Pul.* What hath he

To do in Constantinople?

*Min.* I steal in now and then,  
As I am thought useful; marry, there I am call'd  
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,  
And by the allowance of some sportful ladies,  
Honour'd with that title.

*Pul.* Spare your character,  
You are here decipher'd: stand by with your  
compeer.

What is the third? a creature I ne'er heard of:  
The Master of the Manners and the Habit!  
You have a double office.

*Mast.* In my actions  
I make both good; for by my theorems,  
Which your polite and terser gallants practise,  
I re-refine the court, and civilize  
Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,  
With curious punctuality set down,  
To a hair's breadth, how low a new-stamp'd cour-  
May vail to a country gentleman, and by [tier  
Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper,  
His linen-man, and tailor.

*Pul.* Pray you, discover  
This hidden mystery.

*Mast.* If the foresaid courtier  
(As it may chance sometimes) find not his name  
Writ in the citizen's books, with a state hum  
He may salute them after three days waiting;  
But, if he owe them money, that he may  
Preserve his credit, let him in policy never  
Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still:  
But, if he be to take up more, his page  
May attend them at the gate, and usher them  
Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd with  
wine,

Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then  
He be under his barber's hands, as soon as seen,  
He must start up to embrace them, vail thus low;  
Nay, though he call them cousins, 'tis the better,  
His dignity no way wrong'd in't.

*Paul.* Here's a fine knave!

*Pul.* Does this rule hold without exception,  
For courtiers in general? [sirrah,

*Mast.* No, dear madam,

For one of the last edition; and for him  
I have composed a dictionary, in which  
He is instructed, how, when, and to whom  
To be proud or humble; at what times of the year  
He may do a good deed for itself, and that is  
Writ in dominical letters; all days else  
Are his own, and of those days the several hours  
Mark'd out, and to what use.

*Pul.* Shew us your method;  
I am strangely taken with it.

*Mast.* 'Twill deserve  
A pension, I hope. First, a strong cullis  
In his bed, to heighten appetite; shuttle-cock,  
To keep him in breath when he rises: tennis courts  
Are chargeable, and the riding of great horses  
Too boisterous for my young courtier; let the old  
I think not of, use it: next, his meditation [ones  
How to court his mistress, and that he may seem  
Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests [witty,  
Between him and his friend, that, on occasion,  
They may vent them mutually: what his pace and  
garb

Must be in the presence, then the length of his  
The fashion of the hilt—what the blade is [sword,  
It matters not, 'twere barbarism to use it,  
Unless to shew his strength upon an andiron;  
So, the sooner broke the better.

*Pul.* How I abuse

This precious time! Projector, I treat first  
Of you and your disciples: you roar out,  
All is the king's, his will above his laws;  
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes  
For his poor subjects: whispering in his ear,  
If he would have their fear, no man should dare  
To bring a salad from his country garden,  
Without the paying gabel; kill a hen,  
Without excise; and that if he desire  
To have his children or his servants wear  
Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm  
In policy 'tis fit the owner should  
Pay for them by the poll; or, if the prince want  
A present sum, he may command a city  
Impossibilities, and for non-performance,  
Compel it to submit to any fine  
His officers shall impose. Is this the way  
To make our emperor happy? can the groans  
Of his subjects yield him music? must his  
thresholds

Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans'  
Or his power grow contemptible? [tears,

*Proj.* I begin

To feel myself a rogue again.

*Pul.* But you are

The squire of dames, devoted to the service  
Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery  
Discover'd, their close bawd, thy slavish breath  
Fanning the fires of lust; the go-between  
This female and that wanton air; your art  
Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised  
Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey  
A letter in a pantofle or glove,  
Without suspicion, nay, at his table,  
In a case of picktooths; you instruct them now  
To parley with their eyes, and make the temple  
A mart of looseness:—to discover all  
Your subtle brokages, were to teach in public  
Those private practices which are, in justice,  
Severely to be punish'd.

*Min.* I am cast:

A jury of my patronesses cannot quit me.

*Paul.* You are master of the manners and the habit ;

Rather the scorn of such as would live men,  
And not, like apes, with servile imitation  
Study prodigious fashions. You keep  
Intelligence abroad, that may instruct  
Our giddy youth at home what new-found fashion  
Is now in use, swearing he's most complete  
That first turns monster. Know, villains, I can  
thrust

This arm into your hearts, strip off the flesh  
That covers your deformities, and shew you  
In your own nakedness. Now, though the law  
Call not your follies death, you are for ever  
Banish'd my brother's court.—Away with them ;  
I will hear no reply.

[*Execut Informer, and Officers with the Projector,  
Minion of the Suburbs, and Master of the Habits and  
Manners. ATHENAI8 comes forward.*]

*Enter above, THEODO8US, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.*

*Paul.* What think you now ?

*Cle.* That I am in a dream ; or that I see  
A second Pallas.

*Paul.* These removed, to you  
I clear my brow. Speak without fear, sweet maid,  
Since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear,  
I sit prepared to hear you.

*Athen.* Know, great princess,  
My father, though a pagan, was admired  
For his deep search into those hidden studies,  
Whose knowledge is denied to common men :  
The motion, with the divers operations  
Of the superior bodies, by his long  
And careful observation were made  
Familiar to him ; all the secret virtues  
Of plants and simples, and in what degree  
They were useful to mankind, he could discourse of :  
In a word, conceive him as a prophet honour'd  
In his own country. But being born a man,  
It lay not in him to defer the hour  
Of his approaching death, though long foretold :  
In this so fatal hour he call'd before him  
His two sons and myself, the dearest pledges  
Lent him by nature, and with his right hand  
Blessing our several heads, he thus began.

*Chry.* Mark his attention.

*Phil.* Give me leave to mark too.

*Athen.* If I could leave my understanding to  
It were superfluous to make division [you,  
Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you :  
But, to avoid contention, I allot  
An equal portion of my possessions  
To you, my sons ; but unto thee, my daughter,  
My joy, my darling, (pardon me, though I  
Repeat his words,) if my prophetic soul,  
Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at

*Thy future fate, I leave the strange assurance  
Of the greatness thou art born to, unto which  
Thy brothers shall be proud to pay their services:—*

*Paul.* And all men else, that honour beauty.

*Theo.* Umph !

*Athen.* Yet, to prepare thee for that certain  
fortune,

And that I may from present wants defend thee,  
I leave ten thousand crowns :—which said, being  
To the fellowship of our deities, he expired, [call'd  
And with him all remembrance of the charge  
Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.

*Paul.* Did they detain your legacy ?

*Athen.* And still do.

His ashes were scarce quiet in his urn,  
When, in derision of my future greatness,  
They thrust me out of doors, denying me  
One short night's harbour.

*Paul.* Weep not.

*Athen.* I desire,

By your persuasion, or commanding power,  
The restitution of mine own ; or that,  
To keep my frailty from temptation,  
In your compassion of me, you would please,  
I, as a handmaid, may be entertain'd  
To do the meanest offices to all such  
As are honour'd in your service.

*Paul.* Thou art welcome.

What is thy name ?

*Athen.* The forlorn Athenais.

*Paul.* The sweetness of thy innocence strangely  
takes me. [Takes her up, and kisses her.

Forget thy brothers' wrongs ; for I will be  
In my care a mother, in my love a sister to thee ;  
And, were it possible thou couldst be won  
To be of our belief—

*Paul.* May it please your excellence,  
That is an easy task ; I, though no scholar,  
Dare undertake it ; clear truth cannot want  
Rhetorical persuasions.

*Paul.* 'Tis a work,  
My lord, will well become you.—Break up the  
May your endeavours prosper ! [court :

*Paul.* Come, my fair one ;

I hope, my convert.

*Athen.* Never : I will die

As I was born.

*Paul.* Better you ne'er had been. [Execut.

*Phil.* What does your majesty think of ?—  
the maid's gone.

*Theo.* She's wondrous fair, and in her speech  
Pieces of scholarship. [appear'd

*Chry.* Make use of her learning  
And beauty together ; on my life she will be proud  
To be so converted.

*Theo.* From foul lust heaven guard me !

[Execut.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, and GRATIANUS.*

*Phil.* We only talk, when we should do.

*Tim.* I'll second you ;

Begin, and when you please.

*Grat.* Be constant in it.

*Chry.* That resolution which grows cold to-day,  
Will freeze to-morrow.

*Grat.* 'Slight, I think she'll keep him  
Her ward for ever, to herself engrossing  
The disposition of all the favours  
And bounties of the empire.

*Chry.* We, that, by

The nearness of our service to his person,  
Should raise this man, or pull down that, without  
Her license hardly dare prefer a suit,  
Or if we do, 'tis cross'd.

*Phil.* You are troubled for  
Your proper ends; my aims are high and honest,  
The wrong that's done to majesty I repine at:  
I love the emperor, and 'tis my ambition  
To have him know himself, and to that purpose  
I'll run the hazard of a check.

*Grat.* And I  
The loss of my place.

*Tim.* I will not come behind,  
Fall what can fall.

*Chry.* Let us put on sad aspects,  
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,  
Or lie dead by you.

*Enter THEODOSIUS.*

*Theo.* How's this? clouds in the chamber,  
And the air clear abroad!

*Phil.* When you, our sun,  
Obscure your glorious beams, poor we, that borrow  
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer  
A general eclipse.

*Tim.* Great sir, 'tis true;  
For, till you please to know and be yourself,  
And freely dare dispose of what's your own,  
Without a warrant, we are falling meteors,  
And not fix'd stars.

*Chry.* The pale-faced moon, that should  
Govern the night, usurps the rule of day,  
And still is at the full in spite of nature,  
And will not know a change.

*Theo.* Speak you in riddles?  
I am no *(Edipus)*, but your emperor,  
And as such would be instructed.

*Phil.* Your command  
Shall be obey'd: till now, I never heard you  
Speak like yourself; and may that Power, by which  
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall  
Deliver as a faithful subject to you,  
Hath root or growth from malice, or base envy  
Of your sister's greatness! I could honour in her  
A power subordinate to yours; but not,  
As 'tis, predominant.

*Tim.* Is it fit that she,  
In her birth your vassal, should command the knees  
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?

*Grat.* She with security walks upon the heads  
Of the nobility; the multitude,  
As to a deity, offering sacrifice  
For her grace and favour.

*Chry.* Her proud feet even wearied  
With the kisses of petitioners.

*Grat.* While you,  
To whom alone such reverence is proper,  
Pass unregarded by her.

*Tim.* You have not yet,  
Been master of one hour of your whole life.

*Chry.* Your will and faculties kept in more awe  
Than she can do her own.

*Phil.* And as a bondman,  
(O let my zeal find grace, and pardon from you,  
That I descend so low,) you are design'd  
To this or that employment, suiting well  
A private man, I grant, but not a prince.  
To be a perfect horseman, or to know  
The words of the chase, or a fair man of arms,  
Or to be able to pierce to the depth,

Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,  
I grant are ornaments; but your main scope  
Should be to govern men, to guard your own,  
If not enlarge your empire

*Chry.* You are built up  
By the curious hand of nature, to revive  
The memory of Alexander, or by  
A prosperous success in your brave actions,  
To rival *Cæsar*.

*Tim.* Rouse yourself, and let not  
Your pleasures be a copy of her will.

*Phil.* Your pupilage is past, and manly actions  
Are now expected from you.

*Grat.* Do not lose  
Your subjects' hearts.

*Tim.* What is't to have the means  
To be magnificent, and not exercise  
The boundless virtue?

*Grat.* You confine yourself  
To that which strict philosophy allows of,  
As if you were a private man.

*Tim.* No pomp  
Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it  
Both loved and terrible.

*Grat.* 'Slight! you live, as it  
Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not,  
The abilities of a man.

*Chry.* The firmament  
Hath not more stars than there are several beauties  
Ambitious, at the height, to impart their dear  
And sweetest favours to you.

*Grat.* Yet you have not  
Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serve you,  
In a physical way of courtship.

*Theo.* But that I would not  
Begin the expression of my being a man,  
In blood, or stain the first white robe I wear  
Of absolute power, with a servile imitation  
Of any tyrannous habit, my just anger  
Prompts me to make you, in your sufferings, feel,  
And not in words to instruct you, that the license  
Of the loose and saucy language you now practised  
Hath forfeited your heads.

*Grat.* How's this!

*Phil.* I know not  
What the play may prove, but I assure you that  
I do not like the prologue.

*Theo.* O the miserable  
Condition of a prince; who, though he vary  
More shapes than Proteus, in his mind and manners,  
He cannot win an universal suffrage  
From the many-headed monster, multitude!  
Like *Æeop's* foolish frogs, they trample on him  
As a senseless block, if his government be easy;  
And, if he prove a stork, they croak and rail  
Against him as a tyrant,—I will put off  
That majesty, of which you think I have  
Nor use nor feeling; and in arguing with you,  
Convince you with strong proofs of common reason,  
And not with absolute power, against which,  
wretches,

You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are  
My creatures, by my prodigal favours fashion'd,  
Presuming on the nearness of your service,  
Set off with my familiar acceptance,  
Condemn my obsequiousness to the wise directions  
Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts  
Of our world, that are made happy in the know-  
Of her perfections, with wonder gaze on? [*ledge*  
And yet you, that were only born to eat

The blessings of our mother earth, that are  
Distant but one degree from beasts, (since slaves  
Can claim no larger privilege,) that know  
No further than your sensual appetites,  
Or wanton lusts, have taught you, undertake  
To give your sovereign laws to follow that  
Your ignorance marks out to him! [*Walks by.*]

*Grat.* How were we  
Abused in our opinion of his temper!

*Phil.* We had forgot 'tis found in holy writ,  
That kings' hearts are inscrutable.

*Tim.* I ne'er read it;  
My study lies not that way.

*Phil.* By his looks,  
The tempest still increases.

*Theo.* Am I grown  
So stupid, in your judgments, that you dare,  
With such security, offer violence  
To sacred majesty? will you not know  
The lion is a lion, though he shew not  
His rending paws, or fill the affrighted air  
With the thunder of his roarings?—You bless'd  
saints,

How am I trenched on! Is that temperance  
So famous in your cited Alexander,  
Or Roman Scipio, a crime in me?  
Cannot I be an emperor, unless  
Your wives and daughters bow to my proud lusts?  
And, 'cause I ravish not their fairest buildings  
And fruitful vineyards, or what is dearest,  
From such as are my vassals, must you conclude  
I do not know the awful power and strength  
Of my prerogative? Am I close-handed,  
Because I scatter not among you that  
I must not call mine own? know, you court-leeches,  
A prince is never so magnificent  
As when he's sparing to enrich a few  
With the injuries of many. Could your hopes  
So grossly flatter you, as to believe  
I was born and train'd up as an emperor, only  
In my indulgence to give sanctuary,  
In their unjust proceedings, to the rapine  
And avarice of my grooms?

*Phil.* In the true mirror  
Of your perfections, at length we see  
Our own deformities.

*Tim.* And not once daring  
To look upon that majesty we now slighted—

*Chry.* With our faces thus glued to the earth,  
we beg

Your gracious pardon.

*Grat.* Offering our necks  
To be trod on, as a punishment for our late  
Presumption, and a willing testimony  
Of our subjection.

*Theo.* Deserve our mercy  
In your better life hereafter; you shall find,  
Though, in my father's life, I held it madness  
To usurp his power, and in my youth disdain'd not  
To learn from the instructions of my sister,  
I'll make it good to all the world I am  
An emperor; and even this instant grasp  
The sceptre, my rich stock of majesty  
Entire, no scruple wasted.

*Phil.* If these tears  
I drop proceed not from my joy to hear this,  
May my eyeballs follow them!

*Tim.* I will shew myself,  
By your sudden metamorphosis, transform'd  
From what I was.

*Grat.* And ne'er presume to ask  
What fits not you to give.

*Theo.* Move in that sphere,  
And my light with full beams shall shine upon you.  
Forbear this slavish courtship, 'tis to me  
In a kind idolatrous.

*Phil.* Your gracious sister.

*Enter PULCHERIA and Servant.*

*Phil.* Has he converted her?  
*Serv.* And, as such, will  
Present her, when you please.

*Phil.* I am glad of it.  
Command my dresser to adorn her with  
The robes that I gave order for.

*Serv.* I shall.

*Phil.* And let those precious jewels I took last  
Out of my cabinet, if't be possible,  
Give lustre to her beauties; and, that done,  
Command her to be near us.

*Serv.* 'Tis a province  
I willingly embrace. [*Exit.*]

*Phil.* O my dear sir,  
You have forgot your morning task, and therefore,  
With a mother's love, I come to reprehend you;  
But it shall be gently.

*Theo.* 'Twill become you, though  
You said, with reverend duty. Know hereafter.  
If my mother lived in you, how'er her son,  
Like you she were my subject.

*Phil.* How!

*Theo.* Put off  
Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you  
At distance, as a sister, but no longer  
As a governess, I assure you.

*Grat.* This is put home.

*Tim.* Beyond our hopes.

*Phil.* She stands as if his words  
Had powerful magic in them.

*Theo.* Will you have me  
Your pupil ever? the down on my chin  
Confirms I am a man, a man of men,  
The emperor, that knows his strength.

*Phil.* Heaven grant  
You know it not too soon!

*Theo.* Let it suffice  
My wardship's out. If your design concerns us  
As a man, and not a boy, with our allowance  
You may deliver it.

*Phil.* A strange alteration!  
But I will not contend. Be as you wish, sir,  
Your own disposer; uncompell'd I cancel  
All bonds of my authority. [*Knocks.*]

*Theo.* You in this  
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, I thus  
Embrace you as a sister; [*Raises her.*] no way  
doubting

Your vigilance for my safety as my honour;  
And what you now come to impart, I rest  
Most confident, points at one of them.

*Phil.* At both;

And not alone the present, but the future  
Tranquillity of your mind; since in the choice  
Of her you are to heat with holy fires,  
And make the consort of your royal bed,  
The certain means of glorious succession,  
With the true happiness of our human being,  
Are wholly comprehended.

*Theo.* How! a wife?  
Shall I become a votary to Hymen,



Before my youth hath sacrificed to Venus?  
 'Tis something with the soonest:—yet, to shew,  
 In things indifferent, I am not averse  
 To your wise counsels, let me first survey  
 Those beauties, that, in being a prince, I know  
 Are rivals for me. You will not confine me  
 To your election; I must see, dear sister,  
 With mine own eyes.

*Pul.* 'Tis fit, sir. Yet, in this,  
 You may please to consider, absolute princes  
 Have, or should have, in policy, less free will  
 Than such as are their vassals: for, you must,  
 As you are an emperor, in this high business  
 Weigh with due providence, with whom alliance  
 May be most useful for the preservation  
 Or increase of your empire.

*Theo.* I approve not  
 Such compositions for our moral ends,  
 In what is in itself divine, nay, more  
 Decreed in heaven. Yet, if our neighbour princes,  
 Ambitious of such nearness, shall present  
 Their dearest pledges to me, (ever reserving  
 The caution of mine own content,) I will not  
 Contemn their courteous offers.

*Pul.* Bring in the pictures.

*Two Pictures brought in.*

*Theo.* Must I then judge the substances by the  
 shadows?

The painters are most envious, if they want  
 Good colours for preferment: virtuous ladies  
 Love this way to be flattered, and accuse  
 The workman of detraction, if he add not  
 Some grace they cannot truly call their own.  
 Is't not so, Gratianus? you may challenge  
 Some interest in the science.

*Grat.* A pretender  
 To the art, I truly honour, and subscribe  
 To your majesty's opinion.

*Theo.* Let me see— [*Reads.*]

*Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epire,  
 Etatis sua the fourteenth:* ripe enough,  
 And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine  
 The symmetries. If statuarics could  
 By the foot of Hercules set down punctually  
 His whole dimensions, and the countenance be  
 The index of the mind, this may instruct me,  
 With the aids of that I've read touching this subject,  
 What she is inward. The colour of her hair,  
 If it be, as this does promise, pale and faint,  
 And not a glistening white; her brow, so so;  
 The circles of her sight, too much contracted;—  
 Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are  
 Commended to their merit: here's a sharp frost,  
 In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, assures  
 Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her [*me*]  
 The tribute she expects. I like her not:  
 What is the other?

*Chry.* How hath he commenced  
 Doctor in this so sweet and secret art,  
 Without our knowledge?

*Tim.* Some of his forward pages  
 Have robbed us of the honour.

*Phil.* No such matter;  
 He has the theory only, not the practice.

*Theo.* [*Reads.*] *Amasia, sister to the duke of  
 Her age eighteen, descended lineally [Athens;  
 From Theseus, as by her pedigree  
 Will be made apparent. Of his lusty kindred,  
 And lose so much time! 'tis strange!—as I live,  
 A philosophical aspect; there is* [*she hath*]

More wit than beauty in her face; and, when  
 I court her, it must be in tropes, and figures.  
 Or she will cry, Absurd! she will have her clenches  
 To cut off any fallacy I can hope  
 To put upon her, and expect I should  
 Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones  
*In parte de toto;* or she'll tire me with  
 Her tedious elocutions in the praise of  
 The increase of generation, for which  
 Alone, the sport, in her morality,  
 Is good and lawful, and to be often practised  
 For fear of missing. Fie on't! let the race  
 Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotle's:  
 I'll none of her.

*Pul.* You are curious in your choice, sir,  
 And hard to please; yet, if that your consent  
 May give authority to it, I'll present you  
 With one, that, if her birth and fortunes answer  
 The rarities of her body and her mind,  
 Detraction durst not tax her.

*Theo.* Let me see her,  
 Though wanting those additions, which we can  
 Supply from our own store: it is in us  
 To make men rich and noble; but to give  
 Legitimate shapes and virtues does belong  
 To the great Creator of them, to whose bounties  
 Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains  
 An emperor for his rival.

*Pul.* I applaud  
 This fit acknowledgment; since princes then  
 Grow less than common men, when they contend  
 With him, by whom they are so.

*Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, and ATHENAS richly habited.*

*Theo.* I confess it.

*Pul.* Not to hold you in suspense, behold the  
 virgin,  
 Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing  
 The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;  
 She's worth your serious view.

*Phil.* I am amazed too:  
 I never saw her equal.

*Grat.* How his eye  
 Is fix'd upon her!

*Tim.* And, as she were a fort  
 He'd suddenly surprise, he measures her  
 From the bases to the battlements.

*Chry.* Ha! now I view her better,  
 I know her; 'tis the maid that not long since  
 Was a petitioner; her bravery  
 So alters her, I had forgot her face.

*Phil.* So has the emperor.

*Paul.* She holds out yet,  
 And yields not to the assault.

*Cle.* She's strongly guarded  
 In her virgin blushes.

*Paul.* When you know, fair creature  
 It is the emperor that honours you  
 With such a strict survey of your sweet parts,  
 In thankfulness you cannot but return  
 Due reverence for the favour.

*Athen.* I was lost  
 In my astonishment at the glorious object,  
 And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,  
 Being more than man, my adoration,  
 Since sure there is divinity about him:  
 Or will rest satisfied, if my humble knees  
 In duty thus bow to him.

*Theo.* Ha! it speaks.

*Pul.* She is no statue, sir.

*Theo.* Suppose her one,  
And that she had nor organs, voice, nor heat,  
Most willingly I would resign my empire,  
So it might be to aftertimes recorded  
That I was her Pygmalion; though, like him,  
I doted on my workmanship, without hope too  
Of having Cytherea so propitious  
To my vows or sacrifice, in her compassion  
To give it life or motion.

*Phil.* Pray you, be not rapt so,  
Nor borrow from imaginary fiction  
Impossible aids: she's flesh and blood, I assure  
you.

And if you please to honour her in the trial,  
And be your own security, as you'll find  
I fable not, she comes in a noble way  
To be at your devotion.

*Chry.* 'Tis the maid  
I offer'd to your highness; her changed shape  
Conceal'd her from you.

*Theo.* At the first I knew her,  
And a second firebrand Cupid brings, to kindle  
My flames almost put out: I am too cold,  
And play with opportunity.—May I taste then  
The nectar of her lip?—*[Kisses her.]*—I do not  
give it

The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor  
To help me with a simile to express her:  
Let me drink often from this living spring,  
To nourish new invention.

*Phil.* Do not surfeit  
In over-greedily devouring that  
Which may without satiety feast you often.  
From the moderation in receiving them,  
The choicest viands do continue pleasing  
To the most curious palates. If you think her  
Worth your embraces, and the sovereign title  
Of the Grecian Empress—

*Theo.* If! how much you sin,  
Only to doubt it; the possession of her  
Makes all that was before most precious to me,  
Common and cheap: in this you've shewn yourself  
A provident protectress. I already  
Grow weary of the absolute command  
Of my so numerous subjects, and desire  
No sovereignty but here, and write down gladly  
A period to my wishes.

*Phil.* Yet, before  
It be too late, consider her condition;  
Her father was a pagan, she herself  
A new-converted Christian.

*Theo.* Let me know  
The man to whose religious means I owe  
So great a debt.

*Paul.* You are advanced too high, sir,  
To acknowledge a beholdingness; 'tis discharged,

And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if  
My service please your majesty

*Theo.* Take this pledge  
Of our assured love. Are there none here  
Have suits to prefer? on such a day as this  
My bounty's without limit. O my dearest!—  
I will not hear thee speak; whatever in  
Thy thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely:  
Thou wouldst plead thy unworthiness. By thyself,  
The magazine of felicity, in thy lowness  
Our eastern queens, at their full height, bow to thee,  
And are, in their best trim, thy foils and shadows!  
Excuse the violence of my love, which cannot  
Admit the least delay. Command the patriarch  
With speed to do his holy office for us,  
That, when we are made one—

*Phil.* You must forbear, sir;  
She is not yet baptized.

*Theo.* In the same hour  
In which she is confirmed in our faith,  
We mutually will give away each other,  
And both be gainers; we'll hear no reply  
That may divert us. On.

*Phil.* You may hereafter  
Please to remember to whose furtherance  
You owe this height of happiness.

*Athen.* As I was  
Your creature when I first petition'd you,  
I will continue so, and you shall find me,  
Though an empress, still your servant.

*[All go off, but PHILANAX, GRATIANUS, and TIMANTUS.]*

*Grat.* Here's a marriage  
Made up o' the sudden!

*Phil.* I repine not at  
The fair maid's fortune, though I fear the princes  
Had some peculiar end in't.

*Tim.* Who so simple  
Only to doubt it?

*Grat.* It is too apparent;  
She hath prefer'd a creature of her own,  
By whose means she may still keep to herself  
The government of the empire.

*Tim.* Whereas, if  
The emperor had espoused some neighbour queen,  
Pulcheria, with all her wisdom, could not  
Keep her pre-eminence.

*Phil.* Be it as it will,  
'Tis not now to be alter'd. Heaven, I say,  
Turn all to the best!

*Grat.* Ars we come to praying again?

*Phil.* Leave thy profaneness.

*Grat.* Would it would leave me!

I am sure I thrive not by it.

*Tim.* Come to the temple.

*Grat.* Even where you will—I know not what  
to think on't. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PAULINUS and PHILANAX.*

*Paul.* Nor this, nor the age before us, ever  
The like solemnity. *[look'd on]*

*Phil.* A sudden fever  
Kept me at home. Pray you, my lord, acquaint  
With the particulars. *[me]*

*Paul.* You may presume  
No pomp nor ceremony could be wanting,  
Where there was privilege to command, and means  
To cherish rare inventions.

*Phil.* I believe it;  
But the sum of all in brief.

*Paul.* Pray you, so take it:  
Fair Athenais, not long since a suitor,

And almost in her hopes forsaken, first  
Was christen'd, and the emperor's mother's name,  
Eudocia, as he will'd, impos'd upon her;  
Pulcheria, the ever-matchless princess,  
Assisted by her reverend aunt Maria,  
Her godmothers.

*Phil.* And who the masculine witness?

*Paul.* At the new empress' suit, I had the  
For which I must ever serve her. [honour;

*Phil.* 'Twas a grace  
With justice you may boast of.

*Paul.* The marriage follow'd;  
And, as 'tis said, the emperor made bold  
To turn the day to night; for to bed they went  
As soon as they had dined, and there are wagers  
Laid by some merry lords, he hath already  
Begot a boy upon her.

*Phil.* That is yet  
To be determined of; but I am certain  
A prince, so soon in his disposition alter'd,  
Was never heard nor read of.

*Paul.* But of late,  
Frugal and sparing, now nor bounds nor limits  
To his magnificent bounties. He affirm'd  
Having received more blessings by his empress  
Than he could hope, in thankfulness to heaven  
He cannot be too prodigal to others.  
Whatever's offer'd to his royal hand,  
He signs without perusing it.

*Phil.* I am here  
Enjoin'd to free all such as lie for debt,  
The creditors to be paid out of his coffers.

*Paul.* And I all malefactors that are not  
Convicted or for treason or foul murder;  
Such only are excepted.

*Phil.* 'Tis a rare clemency!

*Paul.* Which we must not dispute, but put in  
practice. [Exit.



SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Loud Music; Shouts within:* Heaven preserve the Emperor!  
Heaven bless the Empress! *Then enter in state,*  
the Patriarch, CHRYSAPIUS, PAULINUS, THEODOSIUS, EU-  
DOCIA, PULCHERIA; ARCADIA and FLACCILLA, bearing up  
EUDOCIA's train; followed by PHILANAX, GRATIANUS,  
and TIMANTUS. Several Suitors present petitions to the  
Emperor, which he seals.

*Pul.* Sir, by your own rules of philosophy,  
You know things violent last not. Royal bounties  
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed  
With moderation; but, when their excess  
In giving giant-bulks to others, takes from  
The prince's just proportion, they lose  
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,  
Grow the most dangerous vices.

*Theo.* In this, sister,  
Your wisdom is not circular; they that sow  
In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason  
A crop beyond their ventures: what I do  
Disperse, I lend, and will with usury  
Return unto my heap. I only then  
Am rich and happy (though my coffers sound  
With emptiness) when my glad subjects feel  
Their plenty and felicity is my gift;  
And they will find, when they with cheerfulness  
Supply not my defects, I being the stomach  
To the politic body of the state, the limbs  
Grow suddenly faint and feeble: I could urge  
Proofs of more fineness in their shape and language,

But none of greater strength.—Dissuade me not;  
What we will, we will do; yet, to assure you  
Your care does not offend us, for an hour  
Be happy in the converse of my best  
And dearest comfort. May you please to license  
My privacy some few minutes?

*Eud.* License, sir!

I have no will but is derived from yours,  
And that still waits upon you; nor can I  
Be left with such security with any  
As with the gracious princess, who receives  
Addition, though she be all excellence,  
In being styled your sister.

*Theo.* O sweet creature!

Let me be censured fond, and too indulgent,  
Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not—  
Her love and sweet humility exact  
A tribute far above my power to pay  
Her matchless goodness. Forward.

[*Flourish.* *Exit all but PULCHERIA, EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.*

*Pul.* Now you find

Your dying father's prophecy, that foretold  
Your present greatness, to the full accomplish'd.  
For the poor aids and furtherance I lent you,  
I willingly forget.

*Eud.* Even that binds me

To a more strict remembrance of the favour;  
Nor shall you, from my foul ingratitude,  
In any circumstance, ever find cause  
To upbraid me with your benefit.

*Pul.* I believe so.

Pray you, give us leave:—[*ARCADIA and FLACCILLA walk aside.*—What now I must deliver

Under the deepest seal of secrecy,  
Though it be for your good, will give assurance  
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone  
Hear, but obey my counsels.

*Eud.* They must be

Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed  
I put them not in practice.

*Pul.* 'Twere impertinence

To dwell on circumstances, since the wound  
Requires a sudden cure; especially  
Since you, that are the happy instrument  
Elected to it, though young, in your judgment  
Write far above your years, and may instruct  
Such as are more experienced.

*Eud.* Good madam,

In this I must oppose you; I am well  
Acquainted with my weakness, and it will not  
Become your wisdom, by which I am raised  
To this titular height, that should correct  
The pride and overweening of my fortune,  
To play the parasite to it, in ascribing  
That merit to me, unto which I can  
Pretend no interest: pray you, excuse  
My bold simplicity, and to my weight  
Design me where you please, and you shall find  
In my obedience, I am still your creature.

*Pul.* 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in  
The building I have raised: go on, sweet lady,  
In this your virtuous progress: but to the point.  
You know, nor do I envy it, you have  
Acquired that power which, not long since, was  
In governing the emperor, and must use [mine,  
The strength you hold in the heart of his affections,  
For his private, as the public preservation,  
To which there is no greater enemy

Than his exorbitant prodigality,  
How'er his sycophants and flatterers call it  
Royal magnificence; and though you may  
Urge what's done for your honour must not be  
Carb'd or controll'd by you, you cannot in  
Your wisdom but conceive, if that the torrent  
Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd or lessen'd,  
It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, madam,  
Since 'tis your duty, as you are his wife,  
To give him saving counsels, and in being  
Almost his idol, may command him to  
Take any shape you please, with a powerful hand  
To stop him in his precipice to ruin——

*Eud.* Avert it, heaven!

*Pub.* Heaven is most gracious to you,  
In choosing you to be the instrument  
Of such a pious work. You see he signs  
What suit soever is preferr'd, not once  
Enquiring what it is, yielding himself  
A prey to all; I would, therefore, have you, lady,  
As I know you will, to advise him, or command  
As he would reap the plenty of your favours, [him,  
To use more moderation in his bounties;  
And that, before he gives, he would consider  
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

*Eud.* Do you think

Such arrogance, or usurpation rather,  
Of what is proper and peculiar  
To every private husband, and much more  
To him, an emperor, can rank with the obedience  
And duty of a wife? Are we appointed  
In our creation (let me reason with you)  
To rule, or to obey? or, 'cause he loves me  
With a kind impotence, must I tyrannize  
Over his weakness, or abuse the strength  
With which he arms me, to his wrong? or, like  
A prostituted creature, merchandize  
Our mutual delight for hire, or to  
Serve mine own sordid ends? In vulgar nuptials  
Priority is exploded, though there be  
A difference in the parties; and shall I,  
His vassal, from obscurity raised by him  
To this so eminent light, presume to appoint him  
To do, or not to do, this, or that? When wives  
Are well accommodated by their husbands,  
With all things both for use and ornament,  
Let them fix there, and never dare to question  
Their wills or actions: for myself, I vow.  
Though now my lord would rashly give away  
His sceptre and imperial diadem,  
Or if there could be anything more precious,  
I would not cross it:—but I know this is  
But a trial of my temper, and as such  
I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,  
You are so subtle in your arguments  
I dare not stay to hear them. [*Offers to retire.*]

*Pub.* Is it even so?

I have power o'er these yet, and command their  
To harken nearer to me. [*stay.*]

*Ar cad.* We are charged  
By the emperor, our brother, to attend  
The empress' service.

*Flac.* You are too mortified, sister,  
(With reverence I speak it,) for young ladies  
To keep you company. I am so tired  
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,  
Of your religious morality,  
That, for my health's sake, I must take the freedom  
To enjoy a little of those pretty pleasures  
That I was born to.

*Ar cad.* When I come to your years,  
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your pardon,  
I'll lose no more time. I have not learn'd to dance  
yet,

Nor sing, but holy hymns, and those to vile tunes  
too;

Nor to discourse but of schoolmen's opinions.  
How shall I answer my suitors, since, I hope,  
Ere long I shall have many, without practice  
To write, and speak, something that's not derived  
From the fathers of philosophy?

*Flac.* We shall shame

Our breeding, sister, if we should go on thus.

*Ar cad.* 'Tis for your credit that we study  
How to converse with men; women with women  
Yields but a barren argument.

*Flac.* She frowns——

But you'll protect us, madam?

*Eud.* Yes, and love

Your sweet simplicity.

*Ar cad.* All young girls are so,  
Till they know the way of it.

*Flac.* But, when we are enter'd,  
We shall on a good round pace.

*Eud.* I'll leave you, madam.

*Ar cad.* And we our duties with you.

[*Exeunt EUODIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.*]

*Pub.* On all hands

Thus slighted! no way left? Am I grown stupid  
In my invention? can I make no use  
Of the emperor's bounties?—Now 'tis thought:  
within, there!

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* Madam.

*Pub.* It shall be so: nearer; your ear.

—Draw a petition to this end. [*Whispers him.*]

*Att.* Besides

The danger to prefer it, I believe  
'Twill ne'er be granted.

*Pub.* How's this! are you grown,  
From a servant, my director? let me hear  
No more of this. Dispatch; [*Exit Attendant.*] I'll  
At his own weapon. [*master him*]

*Enter THEODOIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, and  
GRATIANUS.*

*Theo.* Let me understand it,  
If yet there be aught wanting that may perfect  
A general happiness.

*Paul.* The people's joys  
In seas of acclamations flow in,  
To wait on yours.

*Phil.* Their love, with bounty levied,  
Is a sure guard: obedience forced from fear,  
Paper fortification, which, in danger,  
Will yield to the impression of a reed,  
Or of itself fall off.

*Theo.* True, Philanax;  
And by that certain compass we resolve  
To steer our bark of government.

*Re-enter Attendant with the petition, which he secretly  
delivers to PULCHERIA.*

*Pub.* 'Tis well: [*Exeunt*]

*Theo.* My dearest and my all-deserving sister  
As a petitioner kneel! It must not be.

Pray you, rise; although your suit were half my  
'Tis freely granted. [*empire,*]

*Pub.* Your alacrity

To give hath made a beggar; yet, before

My suit is by your sacred hand and seal  
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse  
The sum of my request. [*Presents the petition.*]

*Theo.* We will not wrong  
Your judgment in conceiving what 'tis fit  
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,  
As to proceed with caution; give me my signet:  
With confidence I sign it, and here vow  
By my father's soul, but with your free consent,  
It is irrevocable.

*Tim.* What if she now,  
Calling to memory how often we  
Have cross'd her government, in revenge hath made  
Petition for our heads?

*Grat.* They must even off then  
No ransome can redeem us.

*Theo.* Let those jewels  
So highly rated by the Persian merchants,  
Be bought, and, as a sacrifice from us,  
Presented to Eudocia, she being only  
Worthy to wear them. I am angry with  
The irresistible necessity  
Of my occasions and important cares,  
That so long keep me from her.

[*Exeunt THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS,  
and GRATIANUS.*]

*Pul.* Go to the empress,  
And tell her, on the sudden I am sick,  
And do desire the comfort of a visit,  
If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use  
Your humblest language— [*Exit Attendant*] but  
when once I have her

In my possession, I will rise and speak  
In a higher strain: say it raise storms, no matter;  
Fools judge by the event, my ends are honest. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

[*Enter THEODOSIUS, TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.*]

*Theo.* What is become of her? Can she, that  
carries

Such glorious excellence of light about her,  
Be any where conceal'd?

*Phil.* We have sought her lodgings,  
And all we can learn from the servants, is,  
She, by your majesty's sisters waited on,  
The attendance of her other officers,  
By her express command, denied—

*Theo.* Forbear  
Impertinent circumstances,—whither went she?  
speak.

*Phil.* As they guess, to the laurel grove.

*Theo.* So slightly guard!  
What an earthquake I feel in me! and, but that  
Religion assures the contrary,  
The poets' dreams of lustful fauns and satyrs  
Would make me fear I know not what.

[*Enter PAULINUS.*]

*Paul.* I have found her,  
An it please your majesty.

*Theo.* Yes, it doth please me;  
But why return'd without her?

*Paul.* As she made  
Her speediest approaches to your presence,  
A servant of the princess's, Pulcheria,  
Encounter'd her: what 'twas he whisper'd to her  
I am ignorant; but hearing it, she started,

And will'd me to excuse her absence from you  
The third part of an hour.

*Theo.* In this she takes  
So much of my life from me: yet, I'll bear it  
With what patience I may, since 'tis her pleasure.  
Go back, my good Paulinus, and entreat her  
Not to exceed a minute.

*Tim.* Here's strange fondness! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

[*Enter PULCHERIA and Servants.*]

*Pul.* You are certain she will come?

! *Serv.* She is already  
Enter'd your outward lodgings.

*Pul.* No train with her?

! *Serv.* Your excellency's sisters only.

*Pul.* 'Tis the better.

See the doors strongly guarded, and deny  
Access to all, but with our special license:  
Why dost thou stay? shew your obedience,  
Your wisdom now is useless. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

[*Enter EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.*]

*Flac.* She is sick, sure,  
Or, in fit reverence to your majesty,  
She had waited you at the door.

*Arcad.* 'Twould hardly be [*PULCHERIA walking by*]  
Excused, in civil manners, to her equal:  
But with more difficulty to you, that are  
So far above her.

*Eud.* Not in her opinion;  
She hath been too long accusom'd to command,  
To acknowledge a superior.

*Arcad.* There she walks.

*Flac.* If she be not sick of the sullens, I see not  
The least infirmity in her.

*Eud.* This is strange.

*Arcad.* Open your eyes; the empress.

*Pul.* Reach that chair:

Now, sitting thus at distance, I'll vouchsafe  
To look upon her.

*Arcad.* How, sister! pray you, awake;  
Are you in your wits?

*Flac.* Grant, heaven, your too much learning  
Does not conclude in madness!

*Eud.* You entreated  
A visit from me.

*Pul.* True, my servant used  
Such language; but now, as a mistress, I  
Command your service.

*Eud.* Service!

*Arcad.* She's stark mad, sure.

*Pul.* You'll find I can dispose of what's mine  
Without a guardian. [*own,*]

*Eud.* Follow me.—I will see you  
When your frantic fit is o'er.—I do begin  
To be of your belief.

*Pul.* It will deceive you.  
Thou shalt not stir from hence:—thus, as mine  
I seize upon thee. [*own,*]

*Flac.* Help, help! violence  
Offer'd to the empress' person!

*Pul.* 'Tis in vain:  
She was an empress once, but, by my gift;  
Which being abused, I do recall my grant.  
You are read in story; call to your remembrance  
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,  
Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.

*Eud.* A slave.

*Pul.* To me thou art so.

*Eud.* Wonder and amazement

Quite overwhelm me: how am I transform'd?

How have I lost my liberty? *[Knocking within.]*

*Pul.* Thou shalt know

Too soon, no doubt.

*Enter a Servant.*

Who's that, that with such rudeness  
Beats at the door?

*Serv.* The prince Paulinus, madam;  
Sent from the emperor, to attend upon  
The gracious empress.

*Arcad.* And who is your slave now?

*Flac.* Sister, repent in time, and beg a pardon  
For your presumption.

*Pul.* It is resolved:

From me return this answer to Paulinus,  
She shall not come; she's mine; the emperor hath  
No interest in her. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Eud.* Whatso'er I am,  
You take not from your power o'er me, to yield  
A reason for this usage.

*Pul.* Though my will is  
Sufficient, to add to thy affliction,  
Know, wretched thing, 'tis not thy fate, but folly,  
Hath made thee what thou art: 'tis some delight  
To urge my merits to one so ungrateful;  
Therefore with horror hear it. When thou wert  
Thrust, as a stranger, from thy father's house,  
Exposed to all calamities that want

Could throw upon thee, thine own brothers' scorn,  
And in thy hopes, as by the world, forsaken,  
My pity the last altar that was left thee,  
I heard thy Syren charms, with feeling heard them,  
And my compassion made mine eyes vie tears  
With thine, dissembling crocodile! and when  
Were emulous for thy imperial bed, *[queens]*  
The garments of thy sorrows cast aside,  
I put thee in a shape as would have forced  
Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.

Then, when I knew my brother's blood was warm'd  
With youthful fires, I brought thee to his presence;  
And how my deep designs, for thy good plotted,  
Succeeded to my wishes, is apparent,  
And needs no repetition.

*Eud.* I am conscious  
Of your so many and unequal'd favours;  
But find not how I may accuse myself  
For any facts committed, that, with justice,  
Can raise your anger to this height against me.

*Pul.* Pride and forgetfulness would not let  
thee see that,

Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes.  
What injury could be equal to thy late  
Contempt of my good counsel? When I urged  
The emperor's prodigal bounties, and entreated  
That you would use your power to give them limits,  
Or, at the least, a due consideration  
Of such as sued, and for what, ere he sign'd it;  
In opposition, you brought against me  
The obedience of a wife, that ladies were not,  
Being well accommodated by their lords,  
To question, but much less to cross, their pleasures;  
Nor would you, though the emperor were resolved  
To give away his sceptre, hinder it,  
Since 'twas done for your honour; covering, with  
False colours of humility, your ambition.

*Eud.* And is this my offence?

*Pul.* As wicked counsel

Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;  
Such as deny to follow what is good,  
In reason, are the first that must repent it.  
When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean  
time,

Thank your own wilful folly, that hath changed you  
From an empress to a bondwoman.

*Theo.* *[within.]* Force the doors;  
Kill those that dare resist.

*Enter THEODORUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS,  
and GRATIANUS.*

*Eud.* Dear sir, redeem me.

*Flac.* O suffer not, for your own honour's sake,  
The empress, you so late loved, to be made  
A prisoner in the court.

*Arcad.* Leap to his lips,  
You'll find them the best sanctuary.

*Flac.* And try then,  
What interest my reverend sister hath  
To force you from them.

*Theo.* What strange May-game's this?  
Though done in sport, how ill this levity  
Becomes your wisdom?

*Pul.* I am serious, sir,  
And have done nothing but what you in honour,  
And as you are yourself an emperor,  
Stand bound to justify.

*Theo.* Take heed; put not these  
Strange trials on my patience.

*Pul.* Do not you, sir,  
Deny your own act: As you are a man,  
And stand on your own bottom, 'twill appear  
A childish weakness to make void a grant  
Sign'd by your sacred hand and seal, and  
strengthen'd

With a religious oath, but with my license  
Never to be recall'd. For some few minutes  
Let reason rule your passion, and in this

*[Delivers the deed.]*

Be pleased to read my interest: you will find  
What you in me call violence, is justice, *[there]*  
And that I may make use of what's mine own,  
According to my will. 'Tis your own gift, sir;  
And what an emperor gives, should stand as firm  
As the celestial poles upon the shoulders  
Of Atlas, or his successor in that office,  
The great Alcides.

*Theo.* Miseries of more weight  
Than 'tis feigned they supported, fall upon me.  
What hath my rashness done! In this transaction,  
Drawn in express and formal terms, I have  
Given and consign'd into your hands, to use  
And observe as you please, my dear Eudocia!  
It is my deed, I do confess it is,  
And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd:  
But yet you may shew mercy—and you will,  
When you consider that there is no beauty  
So perfect in a creature, but is soil'd  
With some unbeseeming blemish. You have  
labour'd

To build me up a complete prince, 'tis granted;  
Yet, as I am a man, like other monarchs  
I have defects and frailties: my facility  
To send petitioners with pleased looks from me,  
Is all I can be charged with: and it will  
Become your wisdom, (since 'tis in your power.)  
In charity to provide I fall no further  
Or in my oath, or honour.

*Paul.* Royal sir,  
This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory  
At the length, you so conceive it: 'twas a weak-  
To measure, by your own integrity, [ness  
The purposes of others. I have shewn you,  
In a true mirror, what fruit grows upon  
The tree of hoodwink'd bounty, and what dangers  
Precipitation, in the managing  
Your great affairs, produceth.

*Theo.* I embrace it  
As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter  
Never to sign petitions at this rate.

*Paul.* For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd; on my  
knees  
I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.

[Tears the deed.

She is my second gift.

*Theo.* Which if I part from  
Till death divorce us—— [Kisses EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* So, sir!

*Theo.* Nay, sweet, chide not,  
I am punish'd in thy looks; defer the rest,  
Till we are more private.

*Paul.* I ask pardon too  
If, in my personated passion, I  
Appear'd too harsh and rough.

*Eud.* 'Twas gentle language,  
What I was then consider'd.

*Paul.* O, dear madam,  
It was decorum in the scene.

*Eud.* This trial,  
When I was Athenais, might have pass'd,  
But as I am the empress——

*Theo.* Nay, no anger,  
Since all good was intended.

[Exeunt THEODORUS, EUDOCIA, ANCADIA, and FLACILLA.

*Paul.* Building on  
That certain base, I fear not what can follow.

[Exit.

*Paul.* These are strange devices, Philanax.

*Phil.* True, my lord.  
May all turn to the best!

*Grat.* The emperor's looks  
Promised a calm.

*Chry.* But the vex'd empress' frowns  
Presaged a second storm.

*Paul.* I am sure I feel one  
In my leg already.

*Phil.* Your old friend, the gout?

*Paul.* My forced companion, Philanax.

*Chry.* To your rest.

*Paul.* Rest, and forbearing wine with a tempe-  
rate diet,  
Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of't,  
I have found my best physicians.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter EUDOCIA and CHRYSAPIUS.

*Eud.* Make me her property!

*Chry.* Your majesty  
Hath just cause of distaste: and your resentment  
Of the affront, in the point of honour, cannot  
But meet a fair construction.

*Eud.* I have only  
The title of an empress, but the power  
Is by her ravish'd from me: she surveys  
My actions as a governess, and calls  
My not observing all that she directs,  
Folly and disobedience.

*Chry.* Under correction,  
With grief I've long observed it; and, if you  
Stand pleas'd to sign my warrant, I'll deliver,  
In my unfeign'd zeal and desire to serve you,  
(Howe'er I run the hazard of my head for't,  
Should it arrive at the knowledge of the princess.)  
Not alone the reasons why things are thus carried,  
But give into your hands the power to clip  
The wings of her command.

*Eud.* Your service this way  
Cannot offend me.

*Chry.* Be you pleas'd to know, then,  
But still with pardon, if I am too bold  
Your too much sufferance imps the broken feathers  
Which carry her to this proud height, in which  
She with security soars, and still towers o'er you:  
But if you would employ the strengths you hold  
In the emperor's affections, and remember  
The orb you move in should admit no star else,  
You never would confess, the managing  
Of state affairs to her alone are proper,  
And you sit by, a looker on.

*Eud.* I would not,  
If it were possible I could attempt  
Her diminution, without a taint  
Of foul ingratitude in myself.

*Chry.* In this  
The sweetness of your temper does abuse you;  
And you call that a benefit to yourself,  
Which she, for her own ends, conferr'd upon you.  
'Tis yielded, she gave way to your advancement:  
But for what cause? that she might still continue  
Her absolute sway and swing o'er the whole state;  
And that she might to her admirers vaunt,  
The empress was her creature, and the giver  
To be preferr'd before the gift.

*Eud.* It may be.

*Chry.* Nay, 'tis most certain; whereas, would  
you please

In a true glass to look upon yourself,  
And view, without detraction, your own merits,  
Which all men wonder at, you would find that  
Without a second cause, appointed you [fate,  
To the supreme honour. For the princess,  
She hath reign'd long enough, and her remove  
Will make your entrance free to the possession  
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve  
To build upon her ruins, leave the engines  
That must be used to undermine her greatness,  
To my provision.

*Eud.* I thank your care:  
But a design of such weight must not be  
Rashly determin'd of; it will exact  
A long and serious consultation from me.  
In the mean time, Chrysapius, rest assur'd  
I live your thankful mistress.

[Exit.

*Chry.* Is this all?  
Will the physic that I minister'd work no further?

I have play'd the fool : and, leaving a calm port,  
Embark'd myself on a rough sea of danger.  
In her silence lies my safety, which how can I  
Hope from a woman ? but the die is thrown,  
And I must stand the hazard. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Space before the Palace.*

Enter THEODOBIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, GRATIANUS,  
and HUNSMEN.

*Theo.* Is Paulinus  
So tortured with his gout ?  
*Phil.* Most miserably.  
And it adds much to his affliction, that  
The pain denies him power to wait upon  
Your majesty.

*Theo.* I pity him—he is  
A wondrous honest man, and what he suffers,  
I know, will grieve my empress.

*Tim.* He, indeed, is  
Much bound to her gracious favour.

*Theo.* He deserves it ;  
She cannot find a subject upon whom  
She better may confer it.—Is the stag  
Safe lodged ?

*Grat.* Yes, sir, and the hounds and huntsmen  
ready.

*Phil.* He will make you royal sport. He is a deer  
Of ten, at the least.

Enter a Countryman with an apple.

*Grat.* Whither will this clown ?

*Tim.* Stand back.

*Countr.* I would see the emperor ; why should  
you courtiers

Scorn a poor countryman ! we sweat at the plough  
To vill your mouths, you and your curs might starve  
else :

We prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruit ;  
Yet still you're snarling at us.

*Theo.* What's the matter ?

*Countr.* I would look on thy sweet face.

*Tim.* Unmannerly swain !

*Countr.* Zwain ! though I am a zwain,, I have  
a heart yet,

As ready to do service for my leege,  
As any princox peacock of you all.  
Zookers ! had I one of you single, with this twig  
I would so veeze you.

*Tim.* Will your majesty  
Hear his rude language ?

*Theo.* Yes, and hold it as  
An ornament, not a blemish. O, Timantus,  
Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains  
With an open ear to hear petitions from us ; [not  
Easy access in us, his deputies,  
To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt  
Which we stand bound to pay.

*Countr.* By my granam's ghost  
'Tis a wholesome saying ! our vicar could not mend it  
in the pulpit on a Sunday.

*Theo.* What's thy suit, friend ?

*Countr.* Zute ! I would laugh at that. Let the  
court beg from thee,

What the poor country gives : I bring a present  
To thy good grace, which I can call mine own,  
And look not, like these gay volk, for a return  
Of what they venture. Have I giv'n't you ? ha !  
*Chry.* A perilous knave.

*Countr.* Zee here a dainty apple,  
[Presents the apple.  
Of mine own grafting ; sweet and zound, I assure  
thee.

*Theo.* It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.  
Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,  
So strangely guarded by the watchful dragon,  
As they required great Hercules to get them ;  
Or those with which Hippomenes deceived  
Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look  
On this, deserve no wonder. You behold  
The poor man and his present with contempt ;  
I to their value prize both : he that could  
So aid weak nature by his care and labour,  
As to compel a crab-tree stock to bear  
A precious fruit of this large size and beauty,  
Would by his industry change a petty village  
Into a populous city, and from that  
Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,  
For an encouragement to his future labours,  
Ten Attic talents.

*Countr.* I will weary heaven  
With my prayers for your majesty. [Exit.]

*Theo.* Philanax,  
From me present this rarity to the rarest  
And best of women : when I think upon  
The boundless happiness that from her flows to me.  
In my imagination I am rapt  
Beyond myself : but I forget our hunting.  
To the forest, for the exercise of my body ;  
But for my mind, 'tis wholly taken up  
In the contemplation of her matchless virtues. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.

*Eud.* You shall know there's a difference be-  
tween us.

*Pul.* There was, I am certain, not long since,  
when you

Kneel'd a petitioner to me ; then you were happy  
To be near my feet ; and do you hold it, now,  
As a disparagement, that I side you, lady ?

*Eud.* Since you respect me only as I was,  
What I am shall be remember'd.

*Pul.* Does the means  
I practis'd, to give good and saving counsels  
To the emperor, and your new-stamp'd majesty,  
Still stick in your stomach ?

*Eud.* 'Tis not yet digested,  
In troth it is not. Why, good governess,  
Though you are held for a grand madam, and your-  
The first that overprize it, I ne'er took [self  
Your words for Delphian oracles, nor your actions  
For such wonders as you make them :—there is one,  
When she shall see her time, as fit and able  
To be made partner of the emperor's cares,  
As your wise self, and may with justice challenge  
A nearer interest.—You have done your visit,  
So, when you please, you may leave me.

*Pul.* I'll not bandy  
Words with your mightiness, proud one ; only this,  
You carry too much sail for your small bark,  
And that, when you least think upon't, may sink  
you. [Exit.]

*Flac.* I am glad she's gone.

*Arcad.* I fear'd she would have read  
A tedious lecture to us.



*Enter PHILANAX with the apple.*

*Phil.* From the emperor.  
*This rare fruit to the rarest.*

*Eud.* How, my lord!

*Phil.* I use his language, madam; and that trust,  
Which he imposed on me, discharg'd, his pleasure  
Commands my present service. *[Exit.*

*Eud.* Have you seen  
So fair an apple?

*Flac.* Never.

*Arcad.* If the taste  
Answer the beauty.

*Eud.* Prettily begg'd:—you should have it,  
But that you eat too much cold fruit, and that  
Changes the fresh red in your cheeks to paleness.

*Enter a Servant.*

I have other dainties for you:—You come from  
Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble,  
And honest lord, my witness at the fount,  
In a word, the man to whose bless'd charity  
I owe my greatness? How is't with him?

*Serv.* Sprightly

In his mind; but, by the raging of his gout,  
In his body much distemper'd; that you pleased  
To inquire his health, took off much from his pain,  
His glad looks did confirm it.

*Eud.* Do his doctors  
Give him no hope?

*Serv.* Little; they rather fear,  
By his continual burning, that he stands  
In danger of a fever.

*Eud.* To him again,  
And tell him, that I heartily wish it lay  
In me to ease him; and from me deliver  
This choice fruit to him; you may say to that,  
I hope it will prove physical.

*Serv.* The good lord  
Will be o'erjoy'd with the favour.

*Eud.* He deserves more.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in PAULINUS' House.

PAULINUS discovered in a Chair, attended by a Surgeon.

*Surg.* I have done as much as art can do, to stop  
The violent course of your fit, and I hope you feel it:  
How does your honour?

*Paul.* At some ease, I thank you;  
I would you could assure continuance of it,  
For the moiety of my fortune.

*Surg.* If I could cure  
The gout, my lord, without the philosopher's stone  
I should soon purchase, it being a disease  
In poor men very rare, and in the rich  
The cure impossible. Your many bounties  
Bid me prepare you for a certain truth,  
And to flatter you were dishonest.

*Paul.* Your plain dealing  
Deserves a fee. Would there were many more such  
Of your profession! Happy are poor men!  
If sick with the excess of heat or cold,  
Caused by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,—  
They, when spare diet, or kind nature fail  
To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at  
Their rest in death: but, on the contrary,  
The great and noble are exposed as preys  
To the rapine of physicians; and they,  
In lingering out what is remediless,  
Aim at their profit, not the patient's health.

A thousand trials and experiments  
Have been put upon me, and I forced to pay dear  
For my vexation; but I am resolv'd  
(I thank your honest freedom) to be made  
A property no more for knaves to work on.—

*Enter CLAUON with a parchment roll.*

What have you there?

*Cle.* The triumphs of an artsman  
O'er all infirmities, made authentical  
With the names of princes, kings, and emperors,  
That were his patients.

*Paul.* Some empiric.

*Cle.* It may be so; but he swears, within three  
days

He'll grub up your gout by the roots, and make  
you able

To march ten leagues a day in complete armour.

*Paul.* Impossible.

*Cle.* Or, if you like not him—

*Surg.* Hear him, my lord, for your mirth; I will  
They shall not wrong you. *[take order*

*Paul.* Usher in your monster.

*Cle.* He is at hand.—March up: now speak for  
yourself.

*Enter Empiric.*

*Emp.* I come not, right honourable, to your  
presence, with any base and sordid end of reward;  
the immortality of my fame is the white I shoot  
at: the charge of my most curious and costly in-  
gredients frayed, amounting to some seventeen  
thousand crowns—a trifle in respect of health—  
writing your noble name in my catalogue, I shall  
acknowledge myself amply satisfied.

*Surg.* I believe so.

*Emp.* For your own sake, I most heartily wish  
that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and  
infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered  
by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later and more  
admired Paracelsus.

*Paul.* For your good wish, I thank you!

*Emp.* Take me with you, I beseech your good  
lordship—I urged it, that your joy, in being cer-  
tainly and suddenly freed from them, may be the  
greater, and my not-to-be-paralleled skill the  
more remarkable. The cure of the gout—a toy,  
without boast be it said, my cradle-practice: The  
cancer, the fistula, the dropsy, consumption of  
lungs and kidneys, hurts in the brain, heart, or  
liver, are things worthy my opposition; but in  
the recovery of my patients I ever overcome them.  
But to your gout—

*Paul.* Ay, marry, sir, that cured, I shall be apter  
To give credit to the rest.

*Emp.* Suppose it done, sir.

*Surg.* And the means you use, I beseech you?

*Emp.* I will do it in the plainest language, and  
discover my ingredients. First, my *bolens tere*  
*binthins* of Cypris, my manna, *ros camo*, coagulated  
with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly yolks of eggs, with  
a little cyath or quantity of my potable elixir,  
with some few scruples of *sassafras* and *guaiacum*,  
so taken every morning and evening, in the space  
of three days purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth  
the inward causes of the virulent tumor.

*Paul.* Why do you smile?

*Surg.* When he hath done I will resolve you.

*Emp.* For my exterior applications, I have these  
balsum-unguentulums, extracted from herbs, plants,  
roots, seeds, gums, and a million of other vegeta-

bles, the principal of which are, *UliSSIPONA*, or *serpentaria*, *sophia*, or *herba consolidarum*, *parthenium*, or *commanilla Romana*, *mumia transmarina*, mixed with my *plumbum philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum*, *cum ossa parvelli*, est *universale medicamentum in podagra*.

*Cle.* A conjuring balsamum!

*Emp.* This applied warm upon the pained place, with a feather of struthio-cameli, or a bird of paradise, which is everywhere to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant dolor.

*Surg.* An excellent receipt! but does your Know what 'tis good for? [lordship]

*Paul.* I would be instructed.

*Surg.* For the gonorrhoea, or, if you will hear it in a plainer phrase, the pox.

*Emp.* If it cure his lordship Of that by the way, I hope, sir, 'tis the better. My medicine serves for all things, and the pox, sir, Though falsely named the sciatica, or gout, Is the more catholic sickness.

*Paul.* Hence with the rascal! Yet hurt him not, he makes me smile, and that frees him from punishment. [They thrust him off.]

*Surg.* Such slaves as this Render our art contemptible.

*Enter Servant with the apple.*

*Serv.* My good lord.

*Paul.* So soon return'd!

*Serv.* And with this present from Your great and gracious mistress, with her wishes It may prove physical to you.

*Paul.* In my heart

I kneel, and thank her bounty. Dear friend Cleon, Give him the cupboard of plate in the next room, For a reward.—[*Exeunt Cleon and Servant.*]

Most glorious fruit! but made

More precious by her grace and love that sent it: To touch it only, coming from her hand, Makes me forget all pain. A diamond Of this large size, (though it would buy a kingdom,) Hewed from the rock, and laid down at my feet, Nay, though a monarch's gift, will hold no value, Compared with this—and yet ere I presume To taste it, though, sans question, it is Some heavenly restorative, I in duty Stand bound to weigh my own unworthiness. Ambrosia is food only for the gods, And not by human lips to be profaned. I may adore it as some holy relic Derived from thence, but impious to keep it In my possession; the emperor only Is worthy to enjoy it.—

*Re-enter Cleon.*

Go, good Cleon,

And (cease this admiration at this object,) From me present this to my royal master, I know it will amaze him; and excuse me That I am not myself the bearer of it. That I should be lame now, when with wings of I should fly to the service of this empress! [duty] Nay, no delays, good Cleon.

*Cle.* I am gone, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter THEODOSIUS, CHRYSAPIUS, TIMANTUS, and GRATIANUS.*

*Chry.* Are you not tired, sir?

*Theo.* Tired! I must not say so, However, though I rode hard. To a huntsman, His toil is his delight, and to complain Of weariness, would shew as poorly in him As if a general should grieve for a wound Received upon his forehead, or his breast, After a glorious victory. Lay by These accoutrements for the chase.

*Enter PULCHERIA.*

*Pul.* You are well return'd, sir From your princely exercise.

*Theo.* Sister, to you I owe the freedom, and the use of all The pleasures I enjoy: your care provides For my security, and the burthen, which I should alone sustain, you undergo, And, by your painful watchings, yield my sleeps Both sound and sure. How happy am I in Your knowledge of the art of government! And, credit me, I glory to behold you Dispose of great designs, as if you were A partner, and no subject of my empire.

*Pul.* My vigilance, since it hath well succeeded, I am confident you allow of—yet it is not Approved by all.

*Theo.* Who dares repine at that Which hath our suffrage?

*Pul.* One that too well knows The strength of her abilities can better My weak endeavours.

*Theo.* In this you reflect Upon my empress?

*Pul.* True: for, as she is The consort of your bed, 'tis fit she share in Your cares and absolute power.

*Theo.* You touch a string That sounds but harshly to me; and I must, In a brother's love advise you, that hereafter You would forbear to move it: since she is In her pure self a harmony of such sweetness, Composed of duty, chaste desires, her beauty (Though it might tempt a hermit from his beads) The least of her endowments. I am sorry Her holding the first place, since that the second Is proper to yourself, calls on your envy. She err! it is impossible in a thought: And much more speak or do what may offend me. In other things I would believe you, sister; But, though the tongues of saints and angels tax'd her

Of any imperfection, I should be Incredulous.

*Pul.* She is yet a woman, sir.

*Theo.* The abstract of what's excellent in the sex, But to their mulcts and frailties a mere stranger; I'll die in this belief.

*Enter Cleon, with the apple.*

*Cle.* Your humblest servant, The lord Paulinus, as a witness of His zeal and duty to your majesty, Presents you with this jewel.

*Theo.* Ha!

s

*Clé.* It is  
Preferr'd by him—

*Theo.* Above his honour?

*Clé.* No, sir;  
I would have said his patrimony.

*Theo.* 'Tis the same.

*Clé.* And he entreats, since lameness may excuse  
His not presenting it himself, from me  
(Though far unworthy to supply his place)  
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

*Theo.* Further off,  
You've told your tale. Stay you for a reward?  
Take that. [Strikes him.]

*Pul.* How's this?

*Chry.* I never saw him moved thus.

*Theo.* We must not part so, sir:—a guard upon  
him!

*Enter Guard.*

May I not vent my sorrows in the air,  
Without discovery? Forbear the room!

[Exeunt PUL. CHR. TIM. GRAT. and Guard with CLÉ.]  
Yet be within call—What an earthquake I feel in  
me!

And on the sudden my whole fabric totters.  
My blood within me turns, and through my veins,  
Parting with natural redness, I discern it  
Changed to a fatal yellow. What an army  
Of hellish furies, in the horrid shapes  
Of doubts and fears, charge on me! rise to my  
rescue,

Thou stout maintainer of a chaste wife's honour,  
The confidence of her virtues; be not shaken  
With the wind of vain surmises, much less suffer  
The devil Jealousy to whisper to me  
My curious observation of that  
I must no more remember. Will't not be?  
Thou uninvited guest, ill-manner'd monster,  
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to  
Give fuel to that fire I would put out?  
The goodness of my memory proves my mischief,  
And I would sell my empire, could it purchase  
The dull art of forgetfulness.—Who waits there?

*Re-enter TIMANTUS.*

*Tim.* Most sacred sir—

*Theo.* Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd,  
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,  
Without a word concerning this, command  
Eudocia to come to me. [Exit TIM.] Would I had  
Ne'er known her by that name, my mother's name,  
Or that, for her own sake, she had continued  
Poor Athenais still!—No intermission!  
Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I read,  
Writ in the table of my memory,  
To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus  
(Though ever thought a man averse to women)  
First gave her entertainment, made her way  
For audience to my sister?—then I did  
Myself observe how he was ravish'd with  
The gracious delivery of her story,  
Which was, I grant, the bait that first took me,  
too;—

She was his convert; what the rhetoric was  
He used, I know not; and, since she was mine,  
In private as in public what a mass  
Of grace and favour hath she heap'd upon him!  
And, but to-day, this fatal fruit—She's come.

*Re-enter TIMANTUS with EUDOCIA, FLACCILLA, and ARCADIA.*

Can she be guilty?

*Eud.* You seem troubled, sir;  
My innocence makes me bold to ask the cause,  
That I may ease you of it. No salute,  
After four long hours' absence!

*Theo.* Prithée, forgive me.— [Kisses her.]  
Methinks I find Paulinus on her lips,  
And the fresh nectar that I drew from thence  
Is on the sudden pall'd.—How have you spent  
Your hours since I last saw you?

*Eud.* In the converse  
Of your sweet sisters.

*Theo.* Did not Philanax.  
From me deliver you an apple?

*Eud.* Yes, sir;  
Heaven, how you frown! pray you, talk of some-  
thing else,  
Think not of such a trifle.

*Theo.* How, a trifle!  
Does any toy from me presented to you,  
Deserve to be so slighted? do you value  
What's sent, and not the sender? from a peasant  
It had deserved your thanks.

*Eud.* And meets from you, sir,  
All possible respect..

*Theo.* I prized it, lady,  
At a higher rate than you believe; and would not  
Have parted with it, but to one I did  
Prefer before myself.

*Eud.* It was, indeed,  
The fairest that I ever saw.

*Theo.* It was;  
And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia,  
Not visible to the eye.

*Eud.* It may be so, sir.

*Theo.* What did you with it?—tell me punc-  
tually;

I look for a strict account.

*Eud.* What shall I answer? [Aside.]

*Theo.* Do you stagger? Ha!

*Eud.* No, sir; I have eaten it.  
It had the pleasant't taste!—I wonder that  
You found it not in my breath.

*Theo.* I'faith, I did not,  
And it was wonderous strange.

*Eud.* Pray you, try again.

*Theo.* I find no scent of't here: you play with  
me;

You have it still?

*Eud.* By your sacred life and fortune,  
An oath I dare not break, I have eaten it.

*Theo.* Do you know how this oath binds?

*Eud.* Too well, to break it.

*Theo.* That ever man, to please his brutish sense,  
Should slave his understanding to his passions,  
And, taken with soon-fading white and red,  
Deliver up his credulous ears to hear  
The magic of a Syren; and from these  
Believe there ever was, is, or can be,  
More than a seeming honesty in bad woman!

*Eud.* This is strange language, sir.

*Theo.* Who waits? Come all.

*Re-enter PULCHERIA, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS,  
and Guard.*

Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex,  
I fear you are infected too.

*Pul.* What mean you?

*Theo.* To shew you a miracle, a prodigy  
Which Afric never equal'd:—Can you think  
This masterpiece of heav'n, this precious vellum,

Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,  
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,  
In capital letters, writ upon't?

*Pul.* Dear sir.

*Theo.* Nay, add to this, an impudence beyond  
All prostituted boldness. Art not dead yet?  
Will not the tempests in thy conscience rend thee  
As small as atoms, that there may no sign  
Be left thou ever wert so? wilt thou live  
Till thou art blasted with the dreadful lightning  
Of pregnant and unanswerable proofs  
Of thy adulterous twines? die yet, that I  
With my honour may conceal it.

*Eud.* Would long since

The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd me marble!  
Or, if I have offended—

*Theo.* If!—good angels!

But I am tame; look on this dumb accuser.

[*Showing the apple.*]

*Eud.* Oh, I am lost!

*Theo.* Did ever cormorant

Swallow his prey, and then digest it whole,  
As she hath done this apple? Philanax,  
As 'tis, from me presented it: the good lady  
Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,  
It came entire unto Paulinus' hands,  
And I from him received it, sent in scorn,  
Upon my life, to give me a close touch  
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing  
Left thee to fee him to give satisfaction  
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent  
As a dear favour from me? How have I sinn'd  
In my dotage on this creature! but to her,  
I have lived as I was born, a perfect virgin:  
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be  
True to her bed, but that I must feed him,  
To strengthen my abilities to cloy  
Her ravenous appetite, little suspecting  
She would desire a change.

*Eud.* I never did, sir.

*Theo.* Be dumb; I will not waste my breath in  
taxing

Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised thee  
Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke often:  
But for that ribald, who held in my empire  
The next place to myself, so bound unto me  
By all the ties of duty and allegiance,  
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is,  
In a wrong of such high consequence, to pull down

His lord's slow anger on him!—Philanax,  
He's troubled with the gout, let him be cured  
With a violent death, and in the other world  
Thank his physician.

*Phil.* His cause unheard, sir?

*Pul.* Take heed of rashness.

*Theo.* Is what I command  
To be disputed?

*Phil.* Your will shall be done, sir:

But that I am the instrument—

*Theo.* Do you murmur? [*Exit PHIL. with Guard.*]  
What could'st thou say, if that my license should  
Give liberty to thy tongue? [*EUDOCIA kneeling,*  
*points to THEODOSIUS' sword.*] thou  
wouldest die? I am not

So to be reconciled. See me no more:  
The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee,  
A long life be thy punishment! [*Exit.*]

*Flac.* O sweet lady,

How I could weep for her!

*Arcad.* Speak, dear madam, speak.

Your tongue, as you are a woman, while you live  
Should be ever moving, at the least, the last part  
That stirs about you.

*Pul.* Though I should, sad lady,  
In policy rejoice, you, as a rival  
Of my greatness, are removed, compassion,  
Since I believe you innocent, commands me  
To mourn your fortune; credit me, I will urge  
All arguments I can allege that may  
Appease the emperor's fury.

*Arcad.* I will grow too,

Upon my knees, unless he bid me rise,  
And swear he will forgive you.

*Flac.* And repent too:

All this pother for an apple!

[*Exit PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, and FLACCILLA.*]

*Chry.* Hope, dear madam,  
And yield not to despair; I am still your servant,  
And never will forsake you, though awhile  
You leave the court and city, and give way  
To the violent passions of the emperor.  
Repentance, in his want of you, will soon find  
him:

In the mean time, I'll dispose of you, and omit  
No opportunity that may invite him  
To see his error.

*Eud.* Oh!

[*Wringing her hands.*]

*Chry.* Forbear, for heaven's sake. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in PAULINUS' House.

*Enter PHILANAX, PAULINUS, Guard, and Executioners.*

*Paul.* This is most barbarous! how have you  
All feeling of humanity, as honour, [*lost*]  
In your consent alone to have me used thus?  
But to be, as you are, a looker on,  
Nay, more, a principal actor in't, (the softness  
Of your former life consider'd,) almost turns me  
Into a senseless statue.

*Phil.* Would, long since,  
Death, by some other means, had made you one,  
That you might be less sensible of what  
You have, or are to suffer!

*Paul.* Am to suffer!

Let such, whose happiness and heaven depend  
Upon their present being, fear to part with  
A fort they cannot long hold; mine to me is  
A charge that I am weary of, all defences  
By pain and sickness batter'd:—yet take heed,  
Take heed, lord Philanax, that, for private spleen,  
Or any false-conceived grudge against me,  
(Since in one thought of wrong to you I am  
Sincerely innocent,) you do not that  
My royal master must in justice punish,  
If you pass to your own heart thorough mine;  
The murder, as it will come out, discover'd.

*Phil.* I murder you, my lord! heaven witness  
for me,

With the restoring of your health, I wish you

Long life and happiness : for myself, I am  
Compell'd to put in execution that  
Which I would fly from ; 'tis the emperor,  
The high incensed emperor's will, commands  
What I must see perform'd.

*Paul.* The emperor !

Goodness and innocence guard me ! wheels nor  
racks

Can force into my memory the remembrance  
Of the least shadow of offence, with which  
I ever did provoke him. Though beloved,  
(And yet the people's love is short and fatal,)  
I never courted popular applause,  
Feasted the men of action, or labour'd  
By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,  
The tribunes, or centurions to a faction,  
Of which I would rise up the head against him.  
I hold no place of strength, fortress or castle,  
In my command, that can give sanctuary  
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.  
I have built no palaces to face the court,  
Nor do my followers' braveries shame his train ;  
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,  
My competent means of life deserve no envy ;  
In what, then, am I dangerous ?

*Phil.* His displeasure

Reflects on none of those particulars  
Which you have mention'd, though some jealous  
princes

In a subject cannot brook them.

*Paul.* None of these !

In what, then, am I worthy his suspicion ?  
But it may, nay it must be, some informer,  
To whom my innocence appear'd a crime,  
Hath poison'd his late good opinion of me.  
'Tis not to die, but, in the censure of  
So good a master, guilty, that afflicts me.

*Phil.* There is no remedy.

*Paul.* Nô !—I have a friend yet,  
To whom the state I stand in now deliver'd,  
(Could the strictness of your warrant give way to it,  
That, by fair intercession for me, would  
So far prevail, that, my defence unheard,  
I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer  
Without a fit distinction.

*Phil.* These false hopes,

My lord, abuse you. What man, when condemn'd,  
Did ever find a friend ? or who dares lend  
An eye of pity to that star-cross'd subject  
On whom his sovereign frowns ?

*Paul.* She that dares plead

For innocence without a fee, the empress,  
My great and gracious mistress.

*Phil.* There's your error.

Her many favours, which you hoped should make  
you

Prove your undoing. She, poor lady, is  
Banish'd for ever from the emperor's presence.  
And his confirm'd suspicion, to his wrong,  
That you have been over-familiar with her,  
Dooms you to death. I know you understand me.

*Paul.* Over-familiar !

*Phil.* In sharing with him  
Those sweet and secret pleasures of his bed,  
Which can admit no partner.

*Paul.* And is that

The crime for which I am to die ? of all  
My numerous sins, was there not one of weight  
Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not  
The colour of a guilt I never saw,

To paint my innocence in a deform'd  
And monstrous shape ? but that it were profane  
To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,  
I now should tax it. Had the stars that reign'd  
At my nativity such cursed influence,  
As not alone to make me miserable,  
But, in the neighbourhood of her goodness to me  
To force contagion upon a lady,  
Whose purer flames were not inferior  
To theirs when they shine brightest ! to die for  
her,

Compared with what she suffers, is a trife.  
By her example warn'd, let all great women  
Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such  
As truly serve them, since a retribution  
In lawful courtesies is now styl'd lust ;  
And to be thankful to a servant's merits  
Is grown a vice, no virtue.

*Phil.* These complaints

Are to no purpose : think on the long fight  
Your better part must make.

*Paul.* She is prepared :

Nor can the freeing of an innocent  
From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder her.  
—It shall out, 'tis resolved ; but to be whisper'd  
To you alone. What a solemn preparation  
Is made here to put forth an inch of taper,  
In itself almost extinguish'd ! mortal poison !  
The hangman's sword ! the halter !

*Phil.* 'Tis left to you

To make choice of which you please.

*Paul.* Any will serve

To take away my gout and life together.  
I would not have the emperor imitate  
Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy  
He shew'd to Seneca. When you have discharged  
What you are trusted with, and I have given you  
Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation,  
Of the empress' and my innocence ; when I am  
dead,

(Since 'tis my master's pleasure, and high treason  
In you not to obey it.) I conjure you,  
By the hopes you have of happiness hereafter,  
Since mine in this world are now parting from  
me,

That you would win the young man to repentance  
Of the wrong done to his chaste wife, Eudocia.  
And if perchance he shed a tear for what  
In his rashness he imposed on his true servant,  
So it cure him of future jealousy,  
'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find me  
When I am in my grave.—Now, when you please ;  
For I am ready.

*Phil.* His words work strangely on me,  
And I would do—but I know not what to think  
on't. [Exit.

#### SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, ARCADIA, TIMANTUS,  
GRATIANS, and CHRYSAPIUS.*

*Pul.* Still in his sullen mood ? no intermission  
Of his melancholy fit ?

*Tim.* It rather, madam,  
Increases, than grows less.

*Grat.* In the next room  
To his bedchamber we watch'd ; for he, by signs,  
Gave us to understand he would admit  
Nor company nor conference.

*Pul.* Did he take  
No rest, as you could guess?

*Chry.* Not any, madam.

Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning  
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil,  
And forced into a spacious cage, he walks  
About his chamber; we might hear him gnash  
His teeth in rage, which open'd, hollow groans  
And murmurs issued from his lips, like winds  
Imprison'd in the caverns of the earth  
Striving for liberty; and sometimes throwing  
His body on his bed, then on the ground,  
And with such violence, that we more than fear'd,  
And still do, if the tempest of his passions  
By your wisdom, be not laid, he will commit  
Some outrage on himself.

*Pul.* His better angel,  
I hope, will stay him from so foul a mischief;  
Nor shall my care be wanting.

*Tim.* Twice I heard him

Say, *False Eudocia, how much art thou  
Unworthy of these tears!* then sigh'd, and straight  
Roar'd out, *Paulinus! was his gouty age  
To be preferr'd before my strength and youth?*  
Then groan'd again, so many ways expressing  
The afflictions of a tortured soul, that we,  
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,  
Were sharers in his sufferings.

*Pul.* Though your sorrow  
Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from  
The burthen of his miseries: we must practise,  
With some fresh object, to divert his thoughts  
From that they are wholly fix'd on.

*Chry.* Could I gain  
The freedom of access, I would present him  
With this petition.—Will your highness please  
To look upon it: you will soon find there  
What my intents and hopes are.

*Enter THEODOSIUS.*

*Grat.* Ha! 'tis he.

*Pul.* Stand close,  
And give way to his passions; 'tis not safe  
To stop them in their violent course, before  
They have spent themselves.

*Theo.* I play the fool, and am  
Unequal to myself; delinquents are  
To suffer, not the innocent. I have done  
Nothing, which will not hold weight in the scale  
Of my impartial justice; neither feel I  
The worm of conscience upbraiding me  
For one black deed of tyranny; wherefore, then,  
Should I torment myself? Great Julius would  
not

Rest satisfied that his wife was free from fact,  
But, only for suspicion of a crime,  
Sued a divorce; nor was this Roman rigour  
Censured as cruel: and still the wise Italian,  
That knows the honour of his family  
Depends upon the purity of his bed,  
For a kiss, nay, wanton look, will plough up mischief,  
And sow the seeds of his revenge in blood.  
And shall I, to whose power the law's a servant,  
That stand accountable to none, for what  
My will calls an offence, being compell'd,  
And on such grounds, to raise an altar to  
My anger; though, I grant, it is cemented  
With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore,  
Repent the justice of my fury? No.  
I should not: yet still my excess of love,

Fed high in the remembrance of her choice  
And sweet embraces, would persuade me that  
Connivance or remission of her fault,  
Made warrantable by her true submission  
For her offence, might be excusable,  
Did not the cruelty of my wounded honour,  
With an open mouth, deny it.

*Pul.* I approve of  
Your good intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.—  
[*To CHRYSAPIUS.*

He now seems calm: let us, upon our knees,  
Encompass him.—Most royal sir—

[*They all kneel.*

*Flac.* Sweet brother—

*Aroad.* As you are our sovereign, by the ties  
of nature

You are bound to be a father in your care  
To us poor orphans.

*Tim.* Shew compassion, sir,  
Unto yourself.

*Grat.* The majesty of your fortune  
Should fly above the reach of grief.

*Chry.* And 'tis  
Impair'd, if you yield to it.

*Theo.* Wherefore pay you  
This adoration to a sinful creature?  
I am flesh and blood, as you are, sensible  
Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto  
The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest  
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes,  
By oil-tongued flattery imposed upon us,  
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,  
The deputy of heaven, and in that  
Omnipotent, with all false titles else,  
Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,  
And by the breath of sycophants applied,  
Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.  
We may give poor men riches, confer honours  
On undeservers, raise, or ruin such  
As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,  
Ambition would persuade us to forget  
That we are men: but He that sits above us,  
And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are  
But pageant properties, derides our weakness:  
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.  
Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids  
That bow unto my sceptre? or restore  
My mind to that tranquillity and peace  
It then enjoy'd?—Can I make Eudocia chaste,  
Or vile Paulinus honest?

*Pul.* If I might  
Without offence, deliver my opinion—

*Theo.* What would you say?

*Pul.* That, on my soul, the empress  
Is innocent.

*Chry.* The good Paulinus guiltless.

*Grat.* And this should yield you comfort.

*Theo.* In being guilty  
Of an offence far, far transcending that  
They stand condemn'd for! Call you this a comfort?  
Suppose it could be true,—a corsive rather,  
Not to eat out dead flesh, but putrify  
What yet is sound. Was murder ever held  
A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood  
Of innocence, a balm to take away  
Her festering anguish? As you do desire  
I should not do a justice on myself,  
Add to the proofs by which Paulinus fell,  
And not take from them; in your charity  
Sooner believe that they were false, than I

Unrighteous in my judgment? subjects' lives  
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied  
In sport away: all that I can endure  
For them, if they were guilty, is an atom  
To the mountain of affliction I pull'd on me,  
Should they prove innocent.

*Chry.* For your majesty's peace,  
I more than hope they were not: the false oath  
Ta'en by the empress, and for which she can  
Plead no excuse, convicted her, and yields  
A sure defence for your suspicion of her.  
And yet, to be resolved, since strong doubts are  
More grievous, for the most part, than to know  
A certain loss—

*Theo.* 'Tis true, Chrysapius,  
Were there a possible means.

*Chry.* 'Tis offer'd to you,  
If you please to embrace it. Some few minutes  
Make truce with passion, and but read, and follow  
What's there projected,—[*Delivers him a paper.*—  
you shall find a key

Will make your entrance easy, to discover  
Her secret thoughts; and then, as in your wisdom  
You shall think fit, you may determine of her;  
And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died  
A villain or a martyr.

*Theo.* It may do,  
Nay, sure it must; yet, howso'er it fall,  
I am most wretched. Which way in my wishes  
I should fashion the event, I'm so distracted  
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me;  
Though in my name all names are comprehended,  
I must have witnesses in what degree  
I have done wrong, or suffer'd.

*Pul.* Hope the best, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter EUDOCIA in sackcloth, her hair loose.*

[*Sings.*] Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,  
To stop a wretch's breath,  
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart  
A prey unto thy dart?  
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:  
Sorrow hath made me old,  
Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,  
Is, quiet in my grave.  
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;  
But to me thou art cruel,  
If thou end not my tedious misery;  
And I soon cease to be.  
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,  
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

Thus, like a dying swan, to a sad tune  
I sing my own dirge; would a requiem follow,  
Which in my penitence I despair not of,  
(This brittle glass of life already broken  
With misery,) the long and quiet sleep  
Of death would be most welcome!—Yet, before  
We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we  
Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us.  
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens  
dare not

Enter their profane temples; and for me  
To hope my passage to eternity  
Can be made easy, till I have shook off  
The burthen of my sins in free confession,  
Aided with sorrow and repentance for them,  
Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by

My royal ornaments, or putting on  
This garment of humility and contrition,  
The throwing dust and ashes on my head,  
Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make  
Atonement for my soul; that must be humbled,  
All outward signs of penitence else are useless.  
Chrysapius did assure me he would bring me  
A holy man, from whom (having discover'd  
My secret crying sins) I might receive  
Full absolution—and he keeps his word.

*Enter THEODOSIUS disguised as a Friar, with CHRYSAPIUS.*

Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knees  
I entertain you.

*Theo.* Noble sir, forbear

The place; the sacred office that I come for

[*Exit CHRYSAPIUS.*]

Commands all privacy. My penitent daughter,  
Be careful, as you wish remission from me,  
That, in confession of your sins, you hide not  
One crime, whose ponderous weight, when you  
would make

Your flights above the firmament, may sink you.  
A foolish modesty in concealing aught,  
Is now far worse than impudence to profess  
And justify your guilt, be therefore free;  
So may the gates of mercy open to you!

*Eud.* First then, I ask a pardon, for my being  
Ingrateful to heaven's bounty.

*Theo.* A good entrance.

*Eud.* Greatness comes from above, and I raised  
From a low condition, sinfully forgot [to it  
From whence it came; and, looking on myself  
In the false glass of flattery, I received it  
As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift  
Or favour from the emperor.

*Theo.* 'Twas not well.

*Eud.* Pride waited on unthankfulness; and no  
more

Remembering the compassion of the princess,  
And the means she used to make me what I was,  
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seeing  
Her greater light as it dimm'd mine, I practis'd  
To have it quite put out.

*Theo.* A great offence;

But, on repentance, not unpardonable.  
Forward.

*Eud.* O, father!—what I now must utter,  
I fear, in the delivery will destroy me,  
Before you have absolved me.

*Theo.* Heaven is gracious;

Out with it.

*Eud.* Heaven commands us to tell truth,  
Yet I, most sinful wretch, forswore myself.

*Theo.* On what occasion?

*Eud.* Quite forgetting that

An innocent truth can never stand in need  
Of a guilty lie, being on the sudden ask'd  
By the emperor, my husband, for an apple  
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it;  
When my grieved conscience too well knows I sent  
To comfort sick Paulinus, being a man [it  
I truly loved and favour'd.

*Theo.* A cold sweat,

Like the juice of hemlock, bathes me. [*Ande.*

*Eud.* And from this

A furious jealousy getting possession  
Of the good emperor's heart, in his rage he doom'd  
The innocent lord to die; my perjury  
The fatal cause of murder.

*Theo.* Take heed, daughter,  
You niggle not with your conscience, and religion,  
In styling him an innocent, from your fear  
And shame to accuse yourself. The emperor  
Had many spies upon you, saw such graces,  
Which virtue could not warrant, shower'd upon  
Glances in public, and more liberal favours [him ;  
In your private chamber-meetings, making way  
For foul adultery ; nor could he be  
But sensible of the compact pass'd between you,  
To the ruin of his honour.

*Eud.* Hear me, father ;  
I look'd for comfort, but, in this, you come  
To add to my afflictions.

*Theo.* Cause not you  
Your own damnation, in concealing that  
Which may, in your discovery, find forgiveness.  
Open your eyes ; set heaven or hell before you ;  
In the revealing of the truth, you shall  
Prepare a palace for your soul to dwell in,  
Stored with celestial blessings ; whereas, if  
You palliate your crime, and dare beyond  
Playing with lightning, in concealing it,  
Expect a dreadful dungeon fill'd with horror,  
And never-ending torments.

*Eud.* May they fall  
Eternally upon me, and increase,  
When that which we call Time hath lost its name !  
May lightning cleave the centre of the earth,  
And I sink quick, before you have absolved me,  
Into the bottomless abyss, if ever,  
In one unchaste desire, nay, in a thought,  
I wond'ring the honour of the emperor's bed !  
I do deserve, I grant, more than I suffer,  
In that my fervour and desire to please him,  
In my holy meditations press'd upon me,  
And would not be kept out ; now to dissemble,  
When I shall suddenly be insensible  
Of what the world speaks of me, were mere mad-  
ness :

And, though you are incredulous, I presume,  
If, as I kneel now, my eyes swell'n with tears,  
My hands heaved up thus, my stretch'd heart-  
To break asunder, my incensed lord [strings ready  
(His storm of jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,  
He would believe I lied not.

*Theo.* Rise, and see him. [*Discovers himself.*  
On his knees, with joy affirm it.

*Eud.* Can this be ?

*Theo.* My sisters, and the rest there !—All bear  
witness,

*Enter PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, CHRYSAPIUS,  
TIMANTUS, and PHILANAX.*

In freeing this incomparable lady  
From the suspicion of guilt, I do  
Accuse myself, and willingly submit  
To any penance she in justice shall  
Please to impose upon me.

*Eud.* Royal sir,  
Your ill opinion of me's soon forgiven.

*Phil.* But how you can make satisfaction  
The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in reason  
You must conclude impossible.

*Theo.* And in that  
I am most miserable ; the ocean  
Of joy, which, in your innocence, flow'd high to me,  
Ebb'd in the thought of my unjust command,  
By which he died. O, Philanax, (as thy name  
Interpreted speaks thee,) thou hast ever been

A lover of the king, and thy whole life  
Can witness thy obedience to my will,  
In putting that in execution which  
Was trusted to thee ; say but yet this once,  
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,  
And that Paulinus lives, and thy reward  
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,  
Shall centuple whatever yet thy duty  
Or merit challenged from me.

*Phil.* 'Tis too late, sir :

He's dead ; and, when you know he was unable  
To wrong you in the way that you suspected,  
You'll wish it had been otherwise.

*Theo.* Unable !

*Phil.* I am sure he was an eunuch, and might  
safely

Lie by a virgin's side ; at four years made one,  
Though to hold grace with ladies he conceal'd it.  
The circumstances, and the manner how,  
You may hear at better leisure.

*Theo.* How, an eunuch !

The more the proofs are that are brought to clear  
My best Eudocia, the more my sorrows. [*thee,*

*Eud.* That I am innocent ?

*Theo.* That I am guilty  
Of murder, my Eudocia. I will build  
A glorious monument to his memory ;  
And, for my punishment, live and die upon it,  
And never more converse with men.

*Enter PAULINUS.*

*Paul.* Live long, sir !

May I do so to serve you ! and, if that  
I live does not displease you, you owe for it  
To this good lord.

*Theo.* Myself, and all that's mine.

*Phil.* Your pardon is a payment.

*Theo.* I am rapt

With joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudocia,  
My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath  
I scent the natural sweetness. [*Kisses her.*

*Arcad.* Sacred sir,

I am happy to behold this, and presume,  
Now you are pleased, to move a suit, in which  
My sister is join'd with me.

*Theo.* Prithes speak it ;

For I have vow'd to hear before I grant ;—

I thank your good instructions. [*To PULCHERIA.*

*Arcad.* 'Tis but this, sir :

We have observed the falling out and in  
Between the husband and the wife shews rarely ;  
Their jars and reconcilements strangely take us.

*Flac.* Anger and jealousy that conclude in kisses,  
Is a sweet war, in sooth.

*Arcad.* We therefore, brother,  
Most humbly beg you would provide us husbands,  
That we may taste the pleasure of't.

*Flac.* And with speed, sir ;

For so your favour's doubled.

*Theo.* Take my word,

I will with all convenience ; and not blush  
Hereafter to be guided by your counsels :

I will deserve your pardon. Philanax  
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent bounties  
Fall on Chrysapius ; my grace on all.  
Let Cleon be deliver'd, and rewarded.

My grace on all, which as I lend to you,  
Return your vows to heaven, that it may please,  
As it is gracious, to quench in me

All future sparks of burning jealousy. [*Exeunt.*



## EPILOGUE.

*We have reason to be doubtful, whether he,  
On whom (forced to it from necessity)  
The maker did confer his emperor's part,  
Hath given you satisfaction, in his art  
Of action and delivery; 'tis sure truth,  
The burthen was too heavy for his youth  
To undergo:—but, in his will, we know,  
He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,  
With his, our service, if your favours deign  
To give him strength, hereafter to sustain  
A greater weight. It is your grace that can  
In your allowance of this, write him man  
Before his time; which, if you please to do,  
You make the player and the poet too.*

# THE FATAL DOWRY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROCHFORD, *Ex-Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon.*

CHARALOIS, *a noble Gentleman, Son to the deceased Marshal.*

ROMONT, *a brave Officer, Friend to CHARALOIS.*  
NOVALL, *Senior, Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon.*

NOVALL, *Junior, his Son, in Love with BRAUMELLE.*

DU CROY, *President of the Parliament of Dijon.*

CHARMI, *an Advocate.*

BRAUMONT, *Secretary to ROCHFORD.*

PONTALIEN, } *Friends of NOVALL, JUNIOR.*

MALOTIN, }

LELADAM, *a Parasite, dependent on NOVALL, Junior.*

AYMER, *a Singer and Keeper of a Music-House, also dependent on NOVALL, Junior.*

Advocates.

Three Creditors.

A Priest.

Tailor.

Barber.

Perfumer.

Page.

BRAUMELLE, *Daughter to ROCHFORD.*

FLORIMEL, } *Servants to BRAUMELLE; the latter*  
BELLAPERT, } *the secret Agent of NOVALL, Jun.*

Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler, Bailiffs, Servants.

## SCENE,—DIJON.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Street before the Court of Justice.*

*Enter CHARALOIS with a paper, ROMONT, and CHARMI.*

*Char.* Sir, I may move the court to serve your will;

But therein shall both wrong you and myself.

*Rom.* Why think you so, sir?

*Char.* 'Cause I am familiar

With what will be their answer: they will say,

'Tis against law; and argue me of ignorance, For offering them the motion.

*Rom.* You know not, sir,

How, in this cause, they may dispense with law; And therefore frame not you their answer for them, But do your parts.

*Char.* I love the cause so well, As I could run the hazard of a check for't.

*Rom.* From whom?

*Char.* From of the bench, that watch to give it, More than to do the office that they sit for:

But give me, sir, my fee.

*Rom.* Now you are noble. [*Gives him his purse.*]

*Char.* I shall deserve this better yet, in giving My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it, Than I shall do with pleading.

*Rom.* What may it be, sir?

*Char.* That it would please his lordship, as the presidents

And counsellors of court come by, to stand Here, and but shew himself, and to some one Or two, make his request:—there is a minute, When a man's presence speaks in his own cause, More than the tongues of twenty advocates.

*Rom.* I have urged that.

*Enter ROCHFORD and DU CROY.*

*Char.* Their lordships here are coming, I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court, And at your service. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Now, put on your spirits.

*Du Croy.* The ease that you prepare yourself, my lord,

In giving up the place you hold in court, Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state, And that no slight one.

*Roch.* Pray you, sir, no more.

*Rom.* Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means; their Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness, [*looks,* Invite you to demand their furtherance

To your good purpose:—this such a dullness, So foolish and untimely, as—

*Du Croy.* You know him?

*Roch.* I do; and much lament the sudden fall Of his brave house. It is young Charalois, Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits His fame and virtues only.

*Rom.* Ha! they name you.

*Du Croy.* His father died in prison two days since.

*Roch.* Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state; That such a master in the art of war, So noble, and so highly meriting From this forgetful country, should, for want Of means to satisfy his creditors The sums he took up for the general good, Meet with an end so infamous.

*Rom.* Dare you ever

Hope for like opportunity?

*Du Croy.* My good lord !

[*They salute him as they pass by.*]

*Roch.* My wish bring comfort to you !

*Du Croy.* The time calls us.

*Roch.* Good morrow, colonel !

[*Exeunt ROCHFORD and DU CROY.*]

*Rom.* This obstinate spleen,  
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well  
With your black suits ; but, grant me wit or judgment,

And, by the freedom of an honest man,  
And a true friend to boot, I swear 'tis shameful.  
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,  
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,  
No, though the ribands help, have power to work them

To what you would : for those that had no eyes  
To see the great acts of your father, will not,  
From any fashion sorrow can put on,  
Be taught to know their duties.

*Charal.* If they will not,  
They are too old to learn, and I too young  
To give them counsel ; since, if they partake  
The understanding and the hearts of men,  
They will prevent my words and tears : if not,  
What can persuasion, though made eloquent  
With grief, work upon such as have changed natures

With the most savage beast ? Blest, blest be ever  
The memory of that happy age, when justice  
Had no guards to keep off wrong'd innocence  
From flying to her succours, and, in that,  
Assurance of redress ! where now, Romont,  
The damn'd with more ease may ascend from hell,  
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there  
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand,  
As loud and fertile-headed ; and the client  
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,  
Must hope for no access : why should I, then,  
Attempt impossibilities ; you, friend, being  
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means  
To make my entrance that way ?

*Rom.* Would I were not !

But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,  
Of such necessity, not to be deferr'd,  
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never  
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor within  
The house where she was born, ever spake word  
Which was not usher'd with pure virgin blushes,  
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,  
And force corruption to give back the hire  
It took against her. Let examples move you.  
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,  
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,  
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,  
They would disdain for servants.

*Charal.* And to these  
Can I become a suitor ?

*Rom.* Without loss :

Would you consider, that, to gain their favours,  
Our chaste dames put off their modesties,  
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers  
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,  
And men religious part with fame and goodness.  
Be therefore won to use the means that may  
Advance your pious ends.

*Charal.* You shall o'ercome.

*Rom.* And you receive the glory. Pray you now practise.

*Charal.* 'Tis well.

*Enter NOVALL, senior, Advocates, LILADAM, and Three Creditors.*

[*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me !

*Rom.* You must have patience—  
Offer it again.

*Charal.* And be again contemn'd !

*Nov. sen.* I know what's to be done.

*1 Cred.* And, that your lordship

Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first  
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest  
To what we will add.

*Nov. sen.* One word more of this,  
I am your enemy. Am I a man

Your bribes can work on ? ha ?  
*Lilad.* Friends, you mistake [Aside to Cred.]

The way to win my lord ; he must not hear this,  
But I, as one in favour, in his sight  
May hearken to you for my profit.—Sir !  
Pray hear them.

*Nov. sen.* It is well.

*Lilad.* Observe-him now.

*Nov. sen.* Your cause being good, and your  
proceedings so,  
Without corruption I am your friend ;  
Speak your desires.

*2 Cred.* Oh, they are charitable ;  
The marshal stood engaged unto us three  
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death  
We are defeated of : for which great loss  
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh ;  
Nor is that cruelty.

*1 Cred.* I have a son

That talks of nothing but of guns and armour,  
And swears he'll be a soldier ; 'tis an humour  
I would divert him from ; and I am told,  
That if I minister to him, in his drink,  
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,  
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,  
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.

*Nov. sen.* You shew in it  
A father's care. I have a son myself,  
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful ;  
And, but I am assured he's not so given,  
He should take of it too.

*Charal.* Sir ! [Tenders his petition.]

*Nov. sen.* What are you ?

*Charal.* A gentleman.

*Nov. sen.* So are many that rake dunghills.

If you have any suit, move it in court :

I take no papers in corners. [Exit.]

*Rom.* Yes,

As the matter may be carried—and whereby—  
To manage the conveyance—Follow him.

*Lilad.* You are rude : I say he shall not pass.  
[*Exeunt CHARALOUS and Advocates.*]

*Rom.* You say so !

On what assurance ?

For the well cutting of his lordship's corns,  
Picking his toes, or any office else  
Nearer to baseness !

*Lilad.* Look upon me better ;  
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow ?  
Be well advised.

*Rom.* Out, rogue ! do not I know  
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid dung-  
hill

Of thy officious baseness ! wert thou worthy  
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,  
I would do more than this,—[Beats him.]—more,  
you court-spider !

*Lilad.* But that this man is lawless, he should  
That I am valiant. [find

1 *Cred.* If your ears are fast,  
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.  
2 *Cred.* These chastisements as useful are as  
To such as would grow rich. [frequent,

*Rom.* Are they so, rascals?  
I will befriend you, then. [Kicks them.

1 *Cred.* Bear witness, sirs!  
*Lilad.* Truth, I have borne my part already,  
friends:

In the court you shall have more. [Exit.

*Rom.* I know you for  
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs  
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:  
For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,  
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom  
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er pray,  
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,  
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;  
And then, the devil your father's call'd upon,  
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.  
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room  
Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on—  
Without a murmur, or I will undo you;  
For I will beat you honest.

1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid!  
We will bear this, rather than hazard that.  
[Several Creditors.

*Re-enter CHARALDIS.*

*Rom.* I am somewhat eased in this yet.  
*Char.* Only friend,  
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow  
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?  
Or teach their pride, from my humility,  
To think it has o'ercome? They are determined  
What they will do; and it may well become me,  
To rob them of the glory they expect  
From my submiss entreaties.

*Rom.* Think not so, sir:  
The difficulties that you encounter with  
Will crown the undertaking—heaven! you weep:  
And I could do so too, but that I know  
There's more expected from the son and friend  
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,  
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,  
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hang'd,  
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,  
Let us not do like women. To the court,  
And there speak like your birth: wake sleeping  
Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort [Justice,  
With what you are: I call you not to that  
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve  
Your thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely  
That sudden fire of anger shews in you!  
Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf  
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter* ROCHFORD, NOVALL senior, Presidents, CHARNI,  
DU CROY, BRAUMONT, Advocates, three Creditors, and  
Officers.

*Du Croy.* Your lordships seated, may this  
meeting prove  
Prosperous to us, and to the general good  
Of Burgundy!

*Nov. sen.* Speak to the point.

*Du Croy.* Which is  
With honour to dispose the place and power  
Of premier president, which this reverend man,  
Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,  
Is purposed to resign; a place, my lords,  
In which he hath with such integrity  
Perform'd the first and best parts of a judge,  
That, as his life transcends all fair examples  
Of such as were before him in Dijon,  
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,  
A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.

*Roch.* I may not sit to hear this.  
*Du Croy.* Let the love  
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,  
In this o'ercome your modesty.

*Roch.* My thanks  
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.  
The honourable trust that was imposed  
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me  
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;  
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of  
The little strength I had to govern well  
The province that I undertook, forsake it.

*Nov. sen.* That we could lend you of our years!  
*Du Croy.* Or strength!

*Nov. sen.* Or, as you are, persuade you to con-  
tinue  
The noble exercise of your knowing judgment!

*Roch.* That may not be; nor can your lordships'  
goodness,

Since your employments have conferr'd upon me  
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it:  
And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,  
In many, when all humours else are spent,  
Feeds no affection in them, but desire  
To add height to the mountain of their riches,  
In me it is not so. I rest content  
With the honours and estate I now possess:  
And, that I may have liberty to use  
What heaven, still blessing my poor industry,  
Hath made me master of, I pray the court  
To ease me of my burthen, that I may  
Employ the small remainder of my life  
In living well, and learning how to die so.

*Enter ROMONT and CHARALDIS.*

*Rom.* See, sir, our advocate.  
*Du Croy.* The court entreats  
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,  
Which you would have your successor, and, in me,  
All promise to confirm it.

*Roch.* I embrace it  
As an assurance of their favour to me,  
And name my lord Novall.

*Du Croy.* The court allows it.  
*Roch.* But there are suitors wait here, and their  
May be of more necessity to be heard; [causes  
I therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,  
And theirs have hearing.

*Du Croy.* If your lordship please [To *Nov. sen.*  
To take the place, we will proceed.

*Char.* The cause  
We come to offer to your lordships' censure,  
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not  
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour  
From your grave lordships, to determine of it;  
Since to the praise of your impartial justice  
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd men, dare not  
It will erect a trophy of your mercy, [scandal)  
Which married to that justice—

*Nov. sen.* Speak to the cause.

*Char.* I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marshal,

The father of this young lord here, my client,  
Hath done his country great and faithful service,  
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat  
What your grave lordships cannot but remember.  
He, in his life, became indebted to  
These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits,  
By giving them the attributes they now merit,)  
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,  
Of means to free himself from his engagements,  
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,  
Imprison'd at their suit; and, not long after,  
With loss of liberty, ended his life.  
And, though it be a maxim in our laws,  
All suits die with the person, these men's malice  
In death finds matter for their hate to work on;  
Denying him the decent rites of burial,  
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith  
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore  
please

Your lordships so to fashion your decree,  
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity  
May give allowance to.

*Nov. sen.* How long have you, sir,  
Practised in court?

*Char.* Some twenty years, my lord.

*Nov. sen.* By your gross ignorance, it should  
Not twenty days. [appear,

*Char.* I hope I have given no cause  
In this, my lord.

*Nov. sen.* How dare you move the court  
To the dispensing with an act, confirm'd  
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?  
Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes:  
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,  
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,  
Over the place you plead at.

*Char.* I foresaw this.

*Rom.* Why, does your lordship think the moving  
A cause more honest than this court had ever [of  
The honour to determine, can deserve  
A check like this?

*Nov. sen.* Strange boldness!

*Rom.* 'Tis fit freedom:

Or, do you conclude an advocate cannot hold  
His credit with the judge, unless he study  
His face more than the cause for which he pleads?  
*Char.* Forbear.

*Rom.* Or cannot you, that have the power  
To qualify the rigour of the laws  
When you are pleased, take a little from  
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted  
In favour of the greedy creditors,  
Against the o'erthrown debtor?

*Nov. sen.* Sirrah! you that prate  
Thus saucily, what are you?

*Rom.* Why, I'll tell thee,

Thou purple-colour'd man! I am one to whom  
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,  
A corrupt elder.

*Char.* Forbear.

*Rom.* The nose thou wear'st is my gift; and  
those eyes,

That meet no object so base as their master,  
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,  
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss,  
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better  
Than, in thy prayers, thou ever didst thy tongue.

*Nov. sen.* Shall such an insolence pass un-  
*Char.* Hear me. [punish'd:]

*Rom.* Yet I, that, in my service done my country,  
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,  
Confess myself unworthy to be valued  
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;  
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,  
Make choice of any one, and that the meanest,  
Perform'd against the subtle fox of France,  
The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,  
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,  
Though put in act, that ever gownman practised.

*Nov. sen.* Away with him to prison.

*Rom.* If that curses,

Urged justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell  
On those that did deserve them, let not mine  
Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant  
Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,  
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with  
And for denying of a little earth [them.  
To cover what remains of our great soldier,  
May all your wives prove whores, your factors  
thieves,

And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you!  
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,  
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner  
Of so much dung as will conceal a dog,  
Or, what is worse, thyself in! And thy years,  
To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;  
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,  
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,  
Which men and all the elements keep from thee!  
—I have begun well; imitate, exceed.

[Aside to CHARALDIS.]

*Roch.* Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy  
deed. [Exit Officers with ROMONT.]

*Du Croy.* Remember what we are.

*Charal.* Thus low my duty

Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,  
In the few words with which I am to trouble  
Your lordship's ears, the temper that you wish me;  
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts as loud,  
And with a liberty beyond Romont;  
But that I know, for me, that am made up  
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,  
Would seem to most rather a willingness  
To quit the burthen of a hopeless life,  
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.  
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise  
To your severity, and commend the justice  
That will not, for the many services  
That any man hath done the commonwealth,  
Wink at his least of ills. What though my father  
Writ man before he was so, and confirm'd it,  
By numbering that day no part of his life,  
In which he did not service to his country;  
Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws  
And ceremonious form in your decrees!  
Or else, because he did as much as man,  
In those three memorable overthrows  
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,  
The warlike Charaldis, (with whose misfortunes  
I bear his name,) lost treasure, men, and life,  
To be excused from payment of those sums  
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal  
To serve his country forced him to take up!

*Nov. sen.* The precedent were ill.

*Charal.* And yet, my lord, this much,  
I know, you'll grant; after those great defeitures,  
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

*Re-enter Officers.*

Courage and hope in all men but himself,  
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,  
To yield unto an honourable peace;  
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,  
To end his own, that was sure proof against  
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,  
In a most loathsome prison.  
*Du Croy.* 'Twas his fault  
To be so prodigal.

*Nov. sen.* He had from the state  
Sufficient entertainment for the army.

*Charal.* Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,  
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,  
Are thrifty in the charges of the war—  
But your wills be obey'd. To these I turn,  
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know  
They're only good men that pay what they owe.

*2 Cred.* And so they are.

*1 Cred.* It is the city doctrine:  
We stand bound to maintain it.

*Charal.* Be constant in it;  
And since you are as merciless in your natures,  
As base and mercenary in your means  
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge  
The court to take away one scruple from  
The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought  
In you, to mend your disposition with.  
I know there is no music to your ears  
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison;  
And that the tears of widows, and the cries  
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.  
That to be in your danger, with more care  
Should be avoided than infectious air,  
The loath'd embraces of diseased women,  
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—  
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust  
Shall want a place in that fair monument,  
In which our noble ancestors lie intomb'd,  
Before the court I offer up myself  
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons  
That have worn out his life; in my best strength  
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,  
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,  
So he may be released.

*1 Cred.* What mean you, sir?

*2 Advoc.* Only your fee again: there's so much  
said

Already in this cause, and said so well,  
That, should I only offer to speak in it,  
I should be or not heard, or laugh'd at for it.

*1 Cred.* 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave  
Though he said nothing. [back,

*Roch.* Be advised, young lord,  
And well considerate; you throw away  
Your liberty and joys of life together:  
Your bounty is employ'd upon a subject  
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man  
Never abused his goodness. The great virtues  
Of your dead father vindicate themselves  
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,  
Though it contain his body.

*Nov. sen.* Let him alone:  
If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them;  
Provided these consent.

*Charal.* I hope they are not  
So ignorant in any way of profit,  
As to neglect a possibility  
To get their own, by seeking it from that

Which can return them nothing but ill fame,  
And curses, for their barbarous cruelties.

*3 Cred.* What think you of the offer?

*2 Cred.* Very well.

*1 Cred.* Accept it by all means. Let's shut  
him up:

He is well shaped, and has a villainous tongue,  
And, should he study that way of revenge,  
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,  
We have no wives, nor never shall get daughters,  
That will hold out against him.

*Du Croy.* What's your answer?

*2 Cred.* Speak you for all.

*1 Cred.* Why, let our executions  
That lie upon the father, be returned  
Upon the son, and we release the body.

*Nov. sen.* The court must grant you that.

*Charal.* I thank your lordships.  
They have in it confirm'd on me such glory  
As no time can take from me: I am ready,  
Come, lead me where you please. Captivity,  
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

[*Exeunt CHARALOTS, CHARM, Officers, and Creditors.*]

*Nov. sen.* Strange rashness!

*Roch.* A brave resolution rather,  
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,  
It is not now to be disputed; therefore  
To my own cause. Already I have found  
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,  
And that should teach my modesty to end here,  
And press your loves no further.

*Du Croy.* There is nothing  
The court can grant, but with assurance you  
May ask it, and obtain it.

*Roch.* You encourage  
A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit  
Your favours should be lost: besides, 't'as been  
A custom many years, at the surrendering  
The place I now give up, to grant the president  
One boon, that parted with it: and, to confirm  
Your grace towards me, against all such as may  
Detract my actions and life hereafter,  
I now prefer it to you.

*Du Croy.* Speak it freely.

*Roch.* I then desire the liberty of Romont,  
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong  
Was equal to the injury that was done  
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,  
And now sign his enlargement.

*Nov. sen.* Pray you demand  
The moiety of my estate, or any thing  
Within my power, but this.

*Roch.* Am I denied then

My first and last request?

*Du Croy.* It must not be.

*2 Pre.* I have a voice to give in it.

*3 Pre.* And I.

And if persuasion will not work him to it,  
We will make known our power.

*Nov. sen.* You are too violent;  
You shall have my consent: but would you had  
Made trial of my love in any thing  
But this, you should have found then—but it skills  
You have what you desire. [not:

*Roch.* I thank your lordships.

*Du Croy.* The court is up. Make way.

[*Exeunt all but ROCHEFORT and BEAUMONT.*]

*Roch.* I follow you.

Beaumont!

*Beau.* My lord.

*Roch.* You are a scholar, Beaumont ;  
And can search deeper into the intents of men,  
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd  
The piety and brave behaviour of  
Young Charalois, to you ?

*Beau.* It is my wonder,  
Since I want language to express it fully :  
And sure the colonel—

*Roch.* Fie ! he was faulty.  
What present money have I ?

*Beau.* There's no want  
Of any sum a private man has use for.

*Roch.* 'Tis well :  
I am strangely taken with this Charalois.  
Methinks, from his example the whole age  
Should learn to be good, and continue so.  
Virtue works strangely with us ; and his good-  
ness

Rising above his fortune, seems to me,  
Prince-like, to will, not ask, a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Prison.*

*Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, and BEAUMONT.*

*Mal.* 'Tis strange.

*Beau.* Methinks so.

*Pont.* In a man but young,  
Yet old in judgment ; theoretic and practic  
In all humanity, and, to increase the wonder,  
Religious, yet a soldier ; that he should  
Yield his free-living youth a captive for  
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,  
And rather choose to want life's necessities,  
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should  
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

*Mal.* Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,  
To let strong nature have the better hand,  
In such a case, of all affected reason.  
What years sit on this Charalois ?

*Beau.* Twenty-eight :  
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,  
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,  
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,  
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,  
And never less than 's son ; the old man's virtues  
So recent in him, as the world may swear,  
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

*Pont.* But wherefore lets he such a barbarous  
law,  
And men more barbarous to execute it,  
Prevail on his soft disposition,  
That he had rather die alive for debt  
Of the old man, in prison, than they should  
Rob him of sepulture ; considering  
These monies borrow'd bought the lender's peace,  
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused  
In any impious or licentious path ?

*Beau.* True ! for my part, were it my father's  
trunk,  
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should  
gore it,

Or cast it to their curs, than they less curriah,  
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,  
Being in my free-will, as in his, to shun it.

*Pont.* Alas ! he knows himself in poverty lost :  
For, in this partial avaricious age,  
What price bears honour ? virtue ? long ago,  
It was but praised, and frozen ; but now-a-days,  
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise :  
The very praise now freezeth too ; for nature  
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,  
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.

*Mal.* This morning is the funeral ?

*Pont.* Certainly,  
And from this prison,—'twas the son's request.

That his dear father might interment have,  
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave !

*Beau.* They come :—observe their order.

*Solemn music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, &c. and very good order. ROMONT and CHARALOIS, followed by the Gaolers and Officers, with Creditors, meet it.*

*Charal.* How like a silent stream shaded with  
And gliding softly, with our windy sighs, [night,  
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity !  
Tears, sighs, and blacks filling the simile ;  
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove  
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe

[*To the Bearers, who set down the Coffin.*  
To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth !  
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,  
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death !  
Here stands thy poor exécuter, thy son,  
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death ;  
Who gladiolier puts on this captivity,  
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.  
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,  
These only have good memories ; for they  
Remember best forget not gratitude.  
I thank you for this last and friendly love.

[*To the Soldiers.*  
And though this country, like a viperous mother,  
Not only hath eat up ungratefully  
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,  
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,  
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,  
Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath ;  
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,  
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

*Pont.* Sir.  
*Charal.* Peace ! O, peace ! this scene is wholly  
mine.

What ! weep ye, soldiers ? blanch not.—Romont  
weeps !—

Ha ! let me see !—my miracle is eased,  
The gaolers and the creditors do weep ;  
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves !  
Be these thy body's balm ! these and thy virtue  
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,  
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,  
Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,  
The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd  
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,  
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,  
Though rapt in lead, spice, scarcloth, and perfume !

1 *Cred.* Sir.

*Charal.* What ? away, for shame ! you, profane  
rogues,

Must not be mingled with these holy relics ;  
This is a sacrifice :—our shower shall crown  
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,  
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory ;  
Your tears would spring but weeds.

1 *Cred.* Would they so !  
We'll keep them to stop bottles then.

*Rom.* No, keep them  
For your own sins, you rogues, till you repent ;  
You'll die else, and be damn'd.

2 *Cred.* Damn'd !—ha ! ha ! ha !

*Rom.* Laugh ye ?

3 *Cred.* Yes, faith, sir ; we would be very glad  
To please you either way.

1 *Cred.* You are ne'er content,  
Crying nor laughing.

*Rom.* Both with a birth, ye rogues ?

2 *Cred.* Our wives, sir, taught us.

*Rom.* Look, look, you slaves ! your thankless  
cruely,

And savage manners of unkind Dijon,  
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.

1 *Cred.* 'Slid, sir ! what would you ? you're so  
choleric !

2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, i'faith ?—let him  
alone.

They have little else to live on. We've not had  
A penny of him, have we ?

3 *Cred.* 'Slight ! would you have our hearts ?

1 *Cred.* We have nothing but his body here in  
For all our money. [durance,

*Priest.* On.

*Charal.* One moment more,  
But to bestow a few poor legacies,  
All I have left in my dead father's rights,  
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,  
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.  
Lieutenant, thou this scarf ; and may it tie  
Thy valour and thy honesty together !  
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,  
Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,  
Divide this purse of gold ; this other, strew  
Among the poor ; 'tis all I have. Romont—  
Wear thou this medal of himself—that, like  
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,  
Even in the wildest wilderness of war,  
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired them-  
selves :

Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.

For me, my portion provide in heaven—

My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,

Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,

Trod under foot, that might have been a column

Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.

This would I wear as my inheritance—

And what hope can arise to me from it,

When I and it are both here prisoners !

Only may this, if ever we be free,

Keep, or redeem, me from all infamy.

A DIBGE TO SOLEMN MUSIC.

1 *Cred.* No further ; look to them at your own  
peril.

2 *Cred.* No, as they please : their master's a  
good man.—

I would they were at the Bermudas !

*Gaol.* You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the creditors

Exact the strictness.

*Rom.* Out, you wolvisb mongrels !

Whose brains should be knock'd out, like dogs in  
Lest your infection poison a whole town. [July,

*Charal.* They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills  
performe,

Turn now to charity : they would not have us

Walk too far mourning ; usurer's relief

Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in ROCHFORD'S House.

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, and BELLAPERT.

*Beaumel.* I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do  
women marry ?

*Flor.* Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with  
their husbands.

*Bell.* You are a fool. She lies, madam ; women  
marry husbands, to lie with other men.

*Flor.* 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make.  
By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you,  
if you take delight in her license.

*Beaumel.* 'Tis true, Florimel ; and thou wilt  
make me too good for a young lady. What an  
electuary found my father out for his daughter,  
when he compounded you two my women ! for  
thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply,  
for a waiting-gentlewoman—

*Flor.* And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

*Bell.* Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom  
nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou  
or thy hood ? You think, because you served my  
lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a  
pip out, you know—

*Flor.* Well, said, whirlingig.

*Bell.* You are deceived ; I want a peg in the  
middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to  
be mother of the maids here, and mortify them  
with proverbs ; go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and  
weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none ; say  
your prayers twice a day, and as I take it, you  
have performed your function.

*Flor.* I may be even with you.

*Bell.* Hark ! the court's broke up. Go, help  
my old lord out of his caroch, and scratch his head  
till dinner time.

*Flor.* Well.

[Exit.

*Bell.* Fie, madam, how you walk ! By my maid-  
enhead, you look seven years older than you did  
this morning. Why, there can be nothing under  
the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

*Beaumel.* Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet  
To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause  
That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

*Bell.* Uda-light ! enjoy your wishes : whilst I  
One way or other you shall crown your will. [live,  
Would you have him your husband that you love,  
And can it not be ? he is your servant, though,  
And may perform the office of a husband.

*Beaumel.* But there is honour, wench.

*Bell.* Such a disease

There is indeed, for which ere I would die—

*Beaumel.* Prithee, distinguish me a maid and  
wife.

*Bell.* 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's  
children, t'other must bear no man's.

*Beaumel.* What is a husband ?

*Bell.* Physic, that, tumbling in your belly, will  
make you sick in the stomach. The only distinc-  
tion betwix a husband and a servant is, the first  
will lie with you when he pleases ; the last shall lie



with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love after?

*Beumel.* I would meet love and marriage both at once.

*Bell.* Why then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemn'd: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you, you would have further off, is he you love, the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

*Beumel.* Humph!

*Bell.* Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder; now and then under your arm; but seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

*Enter NOVALL JUNIOR, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, and AYMER.*

*Nov. jun.* Best day to nature's curiosity, Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France! Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks, Whose breath is perfume to our continent!—See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.

*Bell.* O, divine lord!

*Nov. jun.* No autumn nore no age ever approach This heavenly piece; which nature having wrought, She lost her needle, and did then despair Ever to work so lively and so fair!

*Lilad.* Uds-light! my lord, one of the purls of your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.

*Nov. jun.* How! I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

*Bell.* Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed that could deny thee anything.

*Beumel.* Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but That flames too much already. [blow the fire, [LILADAM and AYMER trim NOVALL, while BELLAFERT dresses her lady.

*Aym.* By gad, my lord, you have the divinest tailor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

*Pont.* This is a three-legg'd lord; there's a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus! See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and straight vaults to her cheeks again!

*Malot.* What are these?

*Pont.* One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a music-house. The other is his dressing-block, upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, and all night in—

*Malot.* A bawdyhouse.

*Pont.* If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they flatter to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

*Malot.* Good sir, tell me one thing.

*Pont.* What's that?

*Malot.* Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

*Pont.* Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

*Nov. jun.* Mistress, you hear the news? your father has resign'd his presidentship to my lord my father.

*Mal.* And lord Charalois Undone for ever.

*Pont.* Troth, 'tis pity, sir.

A braver hope of so assured a father, Did never comfort France.

*Lilad.* A good dumb mourner.

*Aym.* A silent black.

*Nov. jun.* Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!

As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers, To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfth-tide.

*Lilad.* His colonel looks finely like a drover—

*Nov. jun.* That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

*Aym.* What, he that wears a clout about his neck,

His cuff's in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

*Nov. jun.* Now, out upon him!

*Beumel.* Servant, tie my hand.

[*Nov. jun. kisses her hand.*

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

*Nov. jun.* I thus recant; [*Kisses her.*] yet now your hand looks white,

Because your lips robb'd it of such a right.

Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song Devoted to my mistress.

MUSIC,—AND A SONG BY AYMER.

*Enter ROCHEFORT and BRAUMONT.*

*Beau.* Romont will come, sir, straight.

*Roch.* 'Tis well.

*Beumel.* My father!

*Nov. jun.* My honourable lord.

*Roch.* My lord Novall, this is a virtue in you; So early up and ready before noon,

That are the map of dressing through all France!

*Nov. jun.* I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.

*Roch.* 'Tis well and courtly:—you must give me leave,—

I have some private conference with my daughter; Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.

*Lilad.* We'll wait on you.

*Nov. jun.* Good morn unto your lordship! Remember, what you have vow'd—

[*Aside to BEAUMELLE.*

*Beumel.* Perform I must.

[*Exeunt all but ROCHEFORT and BRAUMELLE.*

*Roch.* Why, how now, Beaumelle? thou look'st not well.

Thou art sad of late;—come, cheer thee, I have found

A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits:

A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,

Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.

Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!

My business fills my little time so full,

I cannot stand to talk; I know thy duty

Is handmaid to my will, especially

When it presents nothing but good and fit.

*Beumel.* Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,

Fate hath wrong'd love, and will destroy me too.

[*Aside, and exit.*

*Enter ROMONT and GAOLER.*

*Rom.* Sent you for me, sir?

*Roch.* Yes.

*Rom.* Your lordship's pleasure?

*Roch.* Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcom—  
Upon my word.—Sit down, good colonel. [ing,  
[Exit Gaoler.

Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,  
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,  
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;  
To pity, and to counsel you submit  
With expedition to the great Novall:  
Recant your stern contempt, and slight neglect  
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,  
Or you will undergo a heavy censure  
In public, very shortly.

*Rom.* Reverend sir,  
I have observed you, and do know you well;  
And am now more afraid you know not me,  
By wishing my submission to Novall,  
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths  
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,  
Could it determine me torments and shame.  
Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!—  
'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,  
Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,  
And bears as rich carapions. I know  
This elephant carries on his back not only  
Towers, castles, but the ponderous: epublic,  
And never stoops for't; with his strong-breath'd  
Snuffs others' titles, lordships, offices, [trunk,  
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:  
What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;  
And therefore ask this camel, if these blessings  
(For so they would be understood by a man)  
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,  
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,  
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor,  
In a just business? nay, does he not cross  
Every deserved soldier and scholar,  
As if, when nature made him, she had made  
The general antipathy of all virtue?  
How savagely and blasphemously he spake  
Touching the general, the brave general dead!  
I must weep when I think on't.

*Roch.* Sir.

*Rom.* My lord,  
I am not stubborn; I can melt, you see,  
And prize a virtue better than my life:  
For though I be not learn'd, I ever loved  
That holy mother of all issues good,  
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file  
To polish roughest customs; and, in you,  
She has her right: see! I am calm as sleep.  
But when I think of the gross injuries,  
The godless wrong done to my general dead,  
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;  
A soulless dromedary!

*Roch.* Oh! be temperate.  
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain:  
Each man's opinion freely is his own  
Concerning any thing, or any body;  
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

*Re-enter BRAUMONT.*

*Beau.* These men, sir, wait without; my lord is  
come too.

*Roch.* Pay them those sums upon the table;  
take  
Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness.

Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in,  
And stand but by to see this money paid;  
It does concern you and your friend; it was  
The better cause you were sent for, though said  
otherwise.

The deed shall make this my request more plain.

*Rom.* I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though  
ignorant  
To what it tends. [Exit ROMONT and BRAUMONT.

*Enter CHARALOU.*

*Roch.* Worthiest sir,  
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!  
You have outwrest a woman, noble Charalou.  
No man but has or must bury a father.

*Charal.* Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,  
In the grave with him. I did never think  
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,  
And see no reason why the vicious,  
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,  
Should die alike.

*Roch.* They do not.

*Charal.* In the manner  
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,  
And therein differ not:—but I have done.  
I spied the lively picture of my father,  
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water  
Into mine eyes: See,—foolish that I am,  
To let it do so!

*Roch.* Sweet and gentle nature!  
How silken is this well, comparatively  
To other men! [Aside.] I have a suit to you, sir.

*Charal.* Take it, 'tis granted.

*Roch.* What?

*Charal.* Nothing, my lord.

*Roch.* Nothing is quickly granted.

*Charal.* Faith, my lord,

That nothing granted is even all I have,  
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.

*Roch.* Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant  
You something, anything.

*Charal.* Nay, surely, I that can  
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.  
No man will grant me anything I sue for,  
But begging nothing, every man will give it.

*Roch.* Sir!

The love I bore your father, and the worth  
I see in you, so much resembling his,  
Made me thus send for you:—and tender here,

[Draws a curtain, and discovers a table with money  
and jewels upon it.

Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,  
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.  
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins  
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,  
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;  
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.—  
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,  
Or send your servants: nor, sir, shall you use,  
In aught of this, a poor man's fee, or bribe  
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's  
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.

*Charal.* How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to

*Roch.* Mock! thunder strike me then! [mock!

*Charal.* You do amaze me:

But you shall wonder too. I will not take  
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I  
Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am  
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope  
Of ever raising any. All my begging,  
Is Romont's liberty.

*Re-enter ROMONT and BRAUMONT, with Creditors.*

*Roch.* Here is your friend,  
Enfranchis'd ere you spake. I give him to you;  
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,  
As free a man as he. Your father's debts  
Are taken off.

*Charal.* How!

*Rom.* Sir, it is most true;

I am the witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his lordship! I did think  
him wiser.

3 *Cred.* He a statesman! he an ass. Pay other  
men's debts!

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.

*Rom.* One more such

Would save the rest of pleaders.

*Charal.* Honour'd Rochfort—

Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,  
That offer thanks in words, for such great deeds.

*Roch.* Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit  
to you, [Exit BRAUMONT.

Would you requite me.

*Rom.* With his life, I assure you.

*Roch.* Nay, would you make me now your  
debtor, sir—

*Re-enter BRAUMONT with BEAUMELLE.*

This is my only child: what she appears,  
Your lordship well may see: her education  
Follows not any; for her mind, I know it  
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope  
It will continue so. If now her birth  
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take  
This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife,  
Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so;  
Requite me thus, and make me happier,  
In joining my poor empty name to yours,  
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.

*Charal.* Is this the payment, sir, that you ex-  
Why, you precipitate me more in debt, [pect!  
That nothing but my life can ever pay.  
This beauty being your daughter, in which yours  
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,  
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:  
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me  
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,  
That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

*Rom.* Sure, I sleep not.

*Roch.* Your sentence—life or death.

*Charal.* Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?

*Beaumelle.* Yes, my lord.

*Enter NOVALL JUNIOR, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LALADAM,  
and AYMER. They all salute.*

*Charal.* You need not question me if I can you:  
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,  
And Rochfort is your father.

*Nov. jun.* What's this change? [Aside.

*Roch.* You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

*Rom.* What make  
These dogs in doublets here?

*Beau.* A visitation, sir.

*Charal.* Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my  
Thus seal it in the sight of heaven and men! [faith,  
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,  
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall  
And let these tears, an emblem of our loves, [loose.  
Like crystal rivers individually  
Flow into one another, make one source,  
Which never man distinguish, less divide!  
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,  
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate!  
And, though with little wooing I have won,  
My future life shall be a wooing time,  
And every day new as the bridal one.  
Oh, sir! I groan under your courtesies,  
More than my father's bones under his wrongs:  
You, Curtius like, have thrown into the gulf  
Of this his country's foul ingratitude,  
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.

*Roch.* No more, my glory! come, let's in, and  
This celebration. [hasten

*Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau.* All fair bliss upon it!

[Exit ROCHFORT, CHARALOIS, ROMONT, BRAUMONT,  
and MALOTIN.

*Nov. jun.* [As BEAUMELLE is going out.] Mis-  
tress!

*Beaumel.* Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!  
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—  
You will undo me, if you speak again. [Exit.

*Lilad. Aym.* Here will be sport for you! this  
works. [Exit.

*Nov. jun.* Peace! peace!

*Pont.* One word, my lord Novall.

*Nov. jun.* What, thou wouldst money?—there!

*Pont.* No, I will none; I'll not be bought a  
A pander, or a parasite, for all [slave,  
Your father's worth. Though you have saved my  
life,

Rescued me often from my wants, I must not  
Wink at your follies: that will ruin you.  
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—  
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,  
Now you do see her made another man's,  
And such a man's, so good, so popular!  
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.  
The benefits you have done me are not lost,  
Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my heart;  
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way,  
Than to defend your vices, or to soothe them.

*Nov. jun.* Ha, ha! what are my courses unto  
Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that [thee?—  
That shall concern thyself. [Exit.

*Pont.* No more but scorn!

Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will:  
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [Exit.

[Here a passage over the stage, while the act is playing for  
the marriage of CHARALOIS with BEAUMELLE, &c.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in CHARALOIS' House.

*Enter NOVALL JUNIOR, and BELLAPERT.*

*Nov. jun.* Fly not to these excuses; thou hast  
been

False in thy promise—and, when I have said  
Ungrateful, all is spoken.

*Bell.* Good my lord,

But hear me only.

*Nov. jun.* To what purpose, trifer?

Can anything that thou canst say make void  
The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream,  
Which Charalois, oh Venus! hath enjoy'd?

*Bell.* I yet could say that you receive advantage  
In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me;  
That you were never in the way, till now,  
With safety to arrive at your desires;  
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended  
By danger or repentance.

*Nov. jun.* That I could  
But apprehend one reason how this might be!  
Hope would not then forsake me.

*Bell.* The enjoying  
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,  
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,  
Confirm that I am faithful.

*Nov. jun.* Give some relish  
How this may appear possible.

*Bell.* I will,  
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.  
You say my lady's married,—I confess it;  
That Charalois hath enjoy'd her;—'tis most true:  
That, with her, he's already master of  
The best part of my old lord's state—still better.  
But, that the first or last should be your hinderance,  
I utterly deny; for, but observe me;  
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,  
What courtesy could she, with her honour, give,  
Or you receive with safety!—take me with you:  
When I say courtesy, do not think I mean  
A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter,  
An hour of private conference; those are trifles.  
In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters,  
point at

The sport direct, where not alone the lover  
Brings his artillery, but uses it;  
Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy  
Do you expect, and sudden.

*Nov. jun.* But he tasted  
The first sweets, Bellapert.

*Bell.* He wrong'd you shrewdly!  
He toil'd to climb up to the phoenix' nest,  
And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.  
I do not know, you that are perfect critics  
In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—

*Nov. jun.* But for her marriage!

*Bell.* 'Tis a fair protection  
'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.  
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study  
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad  
That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,  
To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale;  
This only—is not the contentment more,  
To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival?  
More I could say—but briefly, she doats on you;  
If it prove otherwise, spare not; poison me,  
With the next gold you give me.

*Enter BEAUMELLE.*

*Beaumel.* How's this, servant!  
Courting my woman?

*Bell.* As an entrance to  
The favour of the mistress. You are together;  
And I am perfect in my cue. [*Going.*]

*Beaumel.* Stay, Bellapert.

*Bell.* In this I must not, with your leave, obey  
you.

Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without,  
And stay my counsel and direction for  
Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,

Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious,  
Continue idle; this choice lord will find  
So fit employment for you! [*Exit.*]

*Beaumel.* I shall grow angry.

*Nov. jun.* Not so; you have a jewel in her,  
madam.

*Re-enter BELLAPERT.*

*Bell.* I had forgot to tell your ladyship  
The closet is private, and your couch [there] ready;  
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,  
But say so, and 'tis done. [*Exit.*]

*Beaumel.* You come to chide me, servant, and  
bring with you

Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,  
My father found too much obedience in me,  
By being won too soon; yet, if you please  
But to remember all my hopes and fortunes  
Had reference to his liking, you will grant,  
That though I did not well towards you, I yet  
Did wisely for myself.

*Nov. jun.* With too much fervour  
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,  
To esteem that an injury to me,  
Which was to you convenient:—that is past  
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,  
In recompense of all my dutious service,  
(Provided that your will answer your power,)  
Become my creditress.

*Beaumel.* I understand you;  
And for assurance the request you make  
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit;  
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,  
My passions are much fitter to desire,  
Than to be sued to. [*They court.*]

*Enter ROMONT and FLORNEEL behind.*

*Flor.* Sir, it is not envy  
At the start my fellow has got of me in  
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive  
Of this discovery; but the due payment  
Of what I owe her honour.

*Rom.* So I conceive it.

*Flor.* I have observed too much, nor shall my  
silence

Prevent the remedy:—Yonder they are;  
I dare not be seen with you. You may do  
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,  
The office of a faithful and tried friend  
To my young-lord. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* This is no vision: ha!

*Nov. jun.* With the next opportunity?

*Beaumel.* By this kiss,  
And this, and this.

*Nov. jun.* That you would ever swear thus!

*Rom.* [*comes forward.*] If I seem rude, your  
pardon, lady; yours

I do not ask: come; do not dare to shew me  
A face of anger, or the least dislike;  
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,  
I shall grow rough else.

*Nov. jun.* What have I done, sir,  
To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you?

*Rom.* Done, popinjay! why, dost thou think,  
that, if

I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,  
Thou shouldst outlive it?

*Beaumel.* This is something more  
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.

*Nov. jun.* Your presence and the place make  
Upon my patience. [*him presume*]

*Rom.* As if thou e'er wert angry  
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred  
Can bring more to the making up of a man,  
Than can be hoped from thee: thou art his creature;  
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,  
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten. I'll not change  
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring  
Some testimony, under good men's hands,  
Thou art a Christian: I suspect thee strongly,  
And will be satisfied; till which time, keep from  
The entertainment of your visitation, [me.—  
Has made what I intended one, a business.

*Nov. jun.* So! we shall meet.—Madam.

*Rom.* Use that leg again  
And I'll cut off the other.

*Nov. jun.* Very good. [Exit.

*Rom.* What a perfume the muscat leaves behind  
Do you admit him for a property, [him!  
To save you charges, lady?

*Beaumont.* 'Tis not useless,  
Now you are to succeed him.

*Rom.* So I respect you,  
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of  
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,  
That I choose rather not to understand  
Your nasty scoff, than—

*Beaumont.* What, you will not beat me  
If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant  
Spare neither man nor woman!

*Rom.* My intents,  
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay  
To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it  
To spend on such as know how to admire  
Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speaks to you,  
As true a friend and servant to your honour,  
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,  
As ever man did goodness:—but then, lady,  
You must endeavour not alone to BE,  
But to APPEAR, worthy such love and service.

*Beaumont.* To what tends this?

*Rom.* Why, to this purpose, lady.  
I do desire you should prove such a wife  
To Charalois (and such a one he merits)  
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at;  
Not only innocent from crime, but free  
From all taint and suspicion.

*Beaumont.* They are base  
That judge me otherwise.

*Rom.* But yet be careful:  
Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not  
To wound the fame of princes, if it find  
But any blemish in their lives to work on.  
But I'll be plainer with you: had the people  
Been learn'd to speak but what even now I saw,  
Their malice out of that would raise an engine  
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,  
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,  
You used familiarity beyond  
A modest entertainment: you embraced him  
With too much ardour for a stranger, and  
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.  
But learn you to forget him, as I will  
Your boundties to him; you will find it safer  
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.

*Beaumont.* This pretty rag about your neck shews  
well,  
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you  
As terrible as thrifty.

*Rom.* Madam!

*Beaumont.* Yes:

And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,  
Will outlast twenty scarfs.

*Rom.* What mean you, lady?

*Beaumont.* And [then] all else about you cap-a-  
So uniform in spite of handsomeness, [pic.  
Shews such a bold contempt of comeliness,  
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer  
Grew mad with love of you.

*Rom.* Is my free counsel  
Answer'd with this ridiculous scorn?

*Beaumont.* These objects  
Stole very much of my attention from me;  
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,  
Deliver'd gravely, but to little purpose,  
That almost would have made me swear some curate  
Had stolen into the person of Romont,  
And, in the praise of goodwife honesty,  
Had read an homily.

*Rom.* By this hand—

*Beaumont.* And sword;  
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—  
You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.  
Do you come from the camp, which affords only  
The conversation of cast suburb whores,  
To set down, to a lady of my rank,  
Limits of entertainment?

*Rom.* Sure a legion  
Has possess'd this woman!

*Beaumont.* One stamp more would do well: yet  
I desire not

You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.  
You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean  
linen;

Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,  
That though a thousand watches were set on me,  
And you the master-spy, I yet would use  
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,  
Feast, kias, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours;  
Yet such as live upon my means shall know  
They must not murmur at it. If my lord  
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you  
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:  
You have something to inform him. [Exit.

*Rom.* And I will;  
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heavens,  
But, hearing, pardon me!—if these fruits grow  
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,  
As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich,  
Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,  
And I will rather choose a spittle sinner  
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,  
And take it for a blessing, rather than  
Be fetter'd to the hellish slavery  
Of such an impudence.

*Enter BEAUMONT with writings.*

*Beau.* Colonel, good fortune  
To meet you thus! You look sad; but I'll tell you  
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy  
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride!

*Rom.* A happy man, indeed!—pray you, in what?

*Beau.* I dare swear, you would think so good a  
A dowry sufficient. [lady

*Rom.* No doubt. But, on.

*Beau.* So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed,  
All that is excellent!

*Rom.* Women have no cunning  
To gull the world! [Aside

*Beau.* Yet, to all these, my lord,  
Her father, gives the full addition of

All he does now possess in Burgundy :  
These writings, to confirm it, are new seal'd,  
And I most fortunate to present him with them ;  
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me ?

*Rom.* You'll find him breaking a young horse.

*Bess.* I thank you. [Exit.]  
*Rom.* I must do something worthy Charalois'  
friendship.

If she were well inclined, to keep her so  
Deserv'd not thanks ; and yet, to stay a woman  
Spurr'd headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,  
Is harder than to prop a falling tower  
With a deceiving reed.

*Enter ROCQUEFORT, speaking to a Servant within.*

*Roch.* Some one seek for me  
As soon as he returns.

*Rom.* Her father ? ha !—  
How if I break this to him ? sure it cannot  
Meet with an ill construction ; his wisdom,  
Made powerful by the authority of a father,  
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.  
It shall be so.—My lord !

*Roch.* Your friend, Romont.

Would you aught with me ?

*Rom.* I stand so engaged  
To your so many favours, that I hold it  
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,  
Though with some imputation to myself,  
All doubts that may concern you.

*Roch.* The performance

Will make this protestation worth my thanks.

*Rom.* Then, with your patience, lend me your  
attention :

For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,  
You will with too much grief receive.

*Enter BRAUMELLE and BELLAPERT, behind.*

*Beaumel.* See, wench !

Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now  
Preferring his complaint ; but be thou perfect,  
And we will fit him.

*Bell.* Fear not me ; pox on him !  
A captain turn informer against kissing !  
Would he were hang'd up in his rusty armour !—  
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots  
Of such a mouldy murrion on itself,  
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a  
call,

With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us !

*Roch.* This is my daughter ! do not wrong her.

*Bell.* Now

Begin : the game's afoot, and we in distance.

*Beaumel.* [comes forward.] 'Tis thy fault,  
foolish girl ! pin on my veil,

I will not wear those jewels. Am I not  
Already match'd beyond my hopes ? yet still  
You prune and set me forth, as if I were  
Again to please a suitor.

*Bell.* 'Tis the course  
That our great ladies take.

*Beaumel.* A weak excuse !  
I hope that are better seen in what concerns  
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.  
You wait well ! in your absence my lord's friend,  
The understanding, grave, and wise Romont—

*Roch.* Must I be still her sport ?

*Beaumel.* Reproved me for it ;  
And he has travell'd to bring home a judgment  
Not to be contradicted. You will say

My father, that owes more to years than he,  
Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,  
And I must use them : true ; but not to offend,  
Or render me suspected.

*Roch.* Does your fine story  
Begin from this ?

*Beaumel.* I thought a parting kiss  
From young Novall would have displeas'd no  
Than heretofore it hath done ; but I find [more  
I must restrain such favours now ; look, therefore,  
As you are careful to continue mine,  
That I no more be visited. I'll endure  
The strictest course of life that jealousy  
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour  
Shall call my fame in question.

*Rom.* Ten dissemblers  
Are in this subtle devil ! You believe this ?

*Roch.* So far, that if you trouble me again  
With a report like this, I shall not only  
Judge you malicious in your disposition,  
But study to repent what I have done  
To such a nature.

*Rom.* Why, 'tis exceeding well.

*Roch.* And for you, daughter, off with this, off  
with it !

I have that confidence in your goodness, I,  
That I will not consent to have you live  
Like to a recluse in a cloister : Go,  
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry ;  
Use all fit liberty.

*Bell.* Blessing upon you !  
If this new preacher with the sword and feather  
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,  
We should have a fine world. [Exit.]

*Roch.* Sir, if you please  
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,  
The house is at your service ; but, if not,  
Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence  
Will not be much lamented. [Exit.]

*Rom.* If this be  
The recompense of striving to preserve  
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly  
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,  
Good lady looseness ! your whole sex is like you,  
And that man's mad that seeks to better any :  
What new change have you next ?

*Beaumel.* Oh, fear not you, sir ;  
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will  
Convert your heresy.

*Rom.* What heresy ? speak.

*Beaumel.* Of keeping a lady that is married,  
From entertaining servants—

*Enter NOVALL JUN., MALOTIN, LILADAN, AYMER and  
PONTALIER.*

—O, you are welcome !  
Use any means to vex him,  
And then with welcome follow me.

[Aside to them, and exit.]

*Nov. jun.* You are tired  
With your grave exhortations, colonel !  
*Lilad.* How is it ? faith, your lordship may do  
well

To help him to some church preferment : 'tis  
The fashion now for men of all conditions,  
However they have lived, to end that way.

*Aym.* That face would do well in a surplice.

*Rom.* Rogues,

Be silent—or—

*Pont.* 'Sdeath ! will you suffer this ?

*Rom.* And you, the master-rogue, the coward  
I shall be with you suddenly. [rascal,

*Nov. jun.* Pontalier,  
If I should strike him, I know I should kill him;  
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for  
He's good for nothing else.

*Lilad.* His back  
Appears to me, as it would tire a beadle;  
And then he has a knotted brow, would bruise  
A courtlike hand to touch it.

*Aym.* He looks like  
A currier when his hides grow dear.

*Pont.* Take heed  
He curry not some of you.

*Nov. jun.* Gads me! he's angry.  
*Rom.* I break no jests; but I can break my  
About your pates. [sword

*Enter CHARALOIS and BRAUMONT.*

*Lilad.* Here's more.  
*Aym.* Come, let's begone:  
We are beleaguer'd.

*Nov. jun.* Look, they bring up their troops.  
*Pont.* Will you sit down

With this disgrace? you are abused most grossly.  
*Lilad.* I grant you, sir, we are; and you would  
Stay, and be more abused. [have us

*Nov. jun.* My lord, I'm sorry  
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.  
[*Exeunt all but CHARALOIS and ROMONT.*

*Charal.* Prithee, Romont, what caused this  
*Rom.* Nothing; [uproar?  
They laugh'd, and used their scurvy wits upon me.

*Charal.* Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I  
wonder

That you, which are an honest man and worthy,  
Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs,  
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st  
His conference and his scorn reflect on thee:  
For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,  
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.  
Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such  
As are obnoxious to those foolish things  
As they can gibe at.

*Rom.* Well, sir.  
*Charal.* Thou art known  
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,  
Which is as fearing to do injury,  
As tender to endure it; not a brabber,  
A swearer—

*Rom.* Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?  
If I be known none such, how vainly you  
Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,  
And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor  
Fits not so old a soldier as I am:  
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf  
I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die  
Than open the great cause a syllable further.

*Charal.* In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois  
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give  
The least occasion to the loosest tongue  
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly  
Protected his own honour, as it should  
Need a defence from any but himself?  
They are fools that judge me by my outward  
seeming.

Why should my gentleness beget abuse?  
The lion is not angry that does sleep,  
Nor every man a coward that can weep.  
For God's sake, speak the cause.

*Rom.* Not for the world.  
Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,  
Beyond the cure of physic; drink your blood,  
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,  
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,  
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,  
Would I had perish'd in the prison's jaws,  
From whence I was redeem'd!—'twill wear you old  
Before you have experience in that art  
That causes your affliction.

*Charal.* Thou dost strike  
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,  
And shrink'st my liver like the calcature.  
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like  
A man I may encounter and subdue it.  
It shall not have one such effect in me,  
As thou denoucest: with a soldier's arm,  
If it be strength, I'll meet it; if a fault  
Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off  
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.  
Speak, though it make me monstrous.

*Rom.* I will die first.  
Farewell; continue merry, and high heaven  
Keep your wife chaste!

*Charal.* Hum! Stay, and take this wolf  
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or  
For ever lose me.

*Rom.* Lose not, sir, yourself,  
And I will venture:—so, the door is fast.  
[*Locks the door.*

Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,  
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength  
That can belong to man; sift passion  
From every vein, and whatsoever ensues,  
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of  
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin:  
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know  
This secret that I burn with?

*Charal.* Devil on't,  
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish  
My wife's continuance of chastity.

*Rom.* There was no hurt in that.  
*Charal.* Why, do you know  
A likelihood, or possibility,  
Unto the contrary?

*Rom.* I know it not, but doubt it; these the  
grounds:

The servant of your wife now, young Novall,  
The son unto your father's enemy,  
(Which aggravates presumption the more.)  
I have been warn'd of, touching her:—nay, seen  
them,

Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,  
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant  
To pose arithmetic; or whose eyes would  
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.  
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms  
Glew'd, as if love had lock'd them; their words  
flow

And melt each other's, like two circling flames,  
Where chastity, like a phoenix, mought, burn'd,  
But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir.—  
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull phlegm  
As if you had no drop of choler mix'd  
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,  
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?

*Charal.* You did not see him on my couch  
within,

Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?  
*Rom.* No.

*Charal.* Ha! ha!

*Rom.* Laugh you! even so did your wife,  
And her indulgent father.

*Charal.* They were wise:  
Wouldst have me be a fool?

*Rom.* No, but a man.

*Charal.* There is no dram of manhood to suspect,  
On such thin airy circumstance as this;  
Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale  
The hideous monster which you so conceal'd?  
Away, thou curious impertinent,  
And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys!  
Go thou seditious sower of debate,  
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts  
He holds not worth enough to countervail  
The virtue and the beauty of his wife!  
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,  
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,  
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,  
Thus do I put thee off! and, confident  
In mine own innocence and desert,  
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,  
To put Novall in balance against me;  
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.  
Hence, busybody! thou'rt no friend to me,  
That must be kept to a wife's injury.

*Rom.* Is't possible?—farewell, fine honest man!  
Sweet temper'd lord, adieu! What apoplexy  
Hath knit sense up? is this Romont's reward?  
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,  
With what a healthful hope I did administer  
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!  
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would  
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,  
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.  
Would I had seen thee grav'd with thy great sire,  
Ere liv'd to have men's marginal fingers point  
At Charalois, as a lamented story!  
An emperor put away his wife for touching  
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,

And keep her, I think—Phoh! I am a fire,  
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.  
Bleed—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,  
If you will be a cuckold? here, I shew  
A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,  
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,  
I cannot help it.

*Charal.* Didst thou never see me  
Angry, Romont?

*Rom.* Yes, and pursue a foe  
Like lightning.

*Charal.* Prithee, see me so no more:  
I can be so again. Put up thy sword,  
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

*Rom.* Come, fright your foes with this, sir! I'm  
your friend,  
And dare stand by you thus.

*Charal.* Thou art not my friend,  
Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy  
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,  
Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury  
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all  
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.  
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.  
Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more:  
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.  
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,  
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,  
That open'd mine to me? yes! if I do,  
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!  
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. *[Exit.]*

*Rom.* A dull Dutch rather: fall and cool, my  
blood!  
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,  
That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,  
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!  
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!  
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.  
Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage,  
And note my friendship to an after-age. *[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in NOVALL'S House.

NOVALL junior discovered seated before a looking-glass,  
with a Barber and Perfumer dressing his hair, while  
a Tailor adjusts a new suit which he wears. LILADAM,  
AYMER, and a Page attending

*Nov. jun.* Mend this a little: pox! thou hast  
burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O lard! he has made  
me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-  
headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder,  
powder!

*Perf.* Oh, sweet lord!

*Page.* That's his perfumer.

*Tail.* Oh, dear lord!

*Page.* That's his tailor.

*Nov. jun.* Monsieur Liladam, Aymmer, how allow  
you the model of these clothes?

*Aym.* Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord!  
assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.

*Page.* Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a  
perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three  
to three; as little wit in the one, as honesty in the  
other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn  
to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my

father's tenants; here I hear nothing all day, but  
—Upon my soul, as I am a gentleman, and an  
honest man! *[Aside.]*

*Aym.* I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs  
be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude,  
latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of  
your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as  
directly as if truth were a tailor.

*Page.* That were a miracle. *[Aside.]*

*Lilad.* With a hair's-breadth's error, there's a  
shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille  
in puncto.

*Aym.* You are right, monsieur; his vestaments  
sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought  
them on the same loom as nature framed his lord-  
ship; as if your tailor were deep read in astrology,  
and had taken measure of your honourable body  
with a Jacob's staff, an ephemerides.

*Tail.* I am bound t'ye, gentlemen.

*Page.* You are deceived; they'll be bound to  
you: you must remember to trust them none. *[Aside.]*

*Nov. jun.* Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat  
artificer, give the devil his due.



*Page.* Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still. [*Aside.*]

*Nov. jun.* I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite, punctual, queen of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: is't not true, Liladam?

*Lilad.* True, my lord! as if any thing your lordship could say could be otherwise than true.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accoutred? or a hopeful chevalier unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habilitment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.

*Page.* An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify! [*Aside.*]

*Aym.* By the Lord, sweet lord, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

*Page.* O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of the whole kingdom. [*Aside.*]

*Nov. jun.* Pox o' this glass! it flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

*Page.* O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;

They are the greater flatterers, I assure you. [*Aside.*]

*Aym.* Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it by,

Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus-like, should'st doat Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world Of nature's copy, that she works form by.

*Lilad.* Oh that I were the infanta queen of Europe!

Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

*Nov. jun.* I marry! I were there a queen o' the world, not I.

Wedlock! no; padlock, horselock:—I wear spurs [*He capers.*]

To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer, Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows, I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch, Feed in my neighbour's pastures, pick my choice Of all their fair-maned mares: but married once, A man is staked or poun'd, and cannot graze Beyond his own hedge.

*Enter PONTALIER and MALOTIN.*

*Pont.* I have waited, sir, Three hours to speak wi'ye, and not take it well Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance Attendance.

*Lilad.* Magpies! what d'ye take me for?

*Pont.* A long thing with a most unpromising face.

*Aym.* I'll never ask him what he takes me for.

*Malot.* Do not, sir, For he'll go near to tell you.

*Pont.* Art not thou A barber-surgeon?

*Barb.* Yes, sirrah; why?

*Pont.* My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

*Lilad.* *Aym.* Hum—

*Pont.* I prithee cure him of them.

*Nov. jun.* Fish! no more,

Thy gall sure's overflown; these are my council, And we were now in serious discourse.

*Pont.* Of perfume and apparel! Can you rise, And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?

*Nov. jun.* Thou'ldst have me be a dog: up, stretch, and shake,

And ready for all day.

*Pont.* Sir, would you be

More curious in preserving of your honour trim,

It were more manly. I am come to wake

Your reputation from this lethargy

You let it sleep in; to persuade, impertune,

Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account

This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong

Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon you,

And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.

'Tis all the town talks; and, believe it, sir,

If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,

Utterly lost; you will be scorn'd and baffled

By every lacquey: season now your youth

With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour

Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb

Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life,

Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine;

I borrow'd it of you, and now will pay it:

I tender you the service of my sword,

To bear your challenge; if you'll write, your fate

I'll make mine own; whate'er betide you, I,

That have lived by you, by your side will die.

*Nov. jun.* Ha! ha! wouldst have me challenge poor Romont?—

Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare

Do not mistake me, coz, I am very valiant; [not:

But valour shall not make me such an ass.

What use is there of valour now-a-days?

'Tis sure or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.

Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade:

Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont!

Na; I'll not fight, under a lord.

*Pont.* Farewell, sir!

I pity you.

Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves,

For no companions fit but fools and knaves.

Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt PONTALIER and MALOTIN.*]

*Enter ROMONT.*

*Lilad.* 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant!

*Aym.* He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.

*Page.* Colbrand, d'ye call him? he'll make some Smoke, I believe. [of you

*Rom.* By your leave, sirs!

*Aym.* Are you a consort?

*Rom.* Do you take me for

A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you. [*Kicks them.*]

*Page.* It seems he knows you one, he bums-fiddles you so.

*Lilad.* Was there ever so base a fellow?

*Aym.* A rascal.

*Lilad.* A most uncivil groom.

*Aym.* Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! a pox o' your manners!

*Lilad.* Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.

*Page.* 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him though they be kick'd, they talk so.

*Lilad.* Let's leave the mad ape. [Going.]

*Nov. jun.* Gentlemen!

*Lilad.* Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

*Nov. jun.* Hark you!

*Aym.* We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!

*Page.* I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.

*Exeunt all but NOVALL JUN. and ROMONT.*

*Nov. jun.* What mean you, sir? My people!

*Rom.* Your boy's gone, [Locks the door.]

And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,

But privacy. Call up your blood again:—

Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir;

And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,

Tell me how far the passages have gone

'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.

Tell me the truth, and by my hope of heaven,

It never shall go further.

*Nov. jun.* Tell you! why, sir, are you my confessor?

*Rom.* I will be your confounder, if you do not. [Draws a pocket bag.]

Stir not, nor spend your voice.

*Nov. jun.* What will you do?

*Rom.* Nothing, but line your brain-pan, sir, with lead,

If you not satisfy me suddenly:

I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

*Nov. jun.* Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to heaven and you,

She's yet untouch'd, more than her face and hands.

I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,

On my solicitous wooing, she consented,

Where time and place met opportunity,

To grant me all requests.

*Rom.* But may I build

On this assurance?

*Nov. jun.* As upon your faith.

*Rom.* Write this, sir; nay, you must.

*Nov. jun.* Pox of this gun!

*Rom.* Withal, sir, you must swear, and put your oath

Under your hand, (shake not,) ne'er to frequent

This lady's company, nor ever send

Token, or message, or letter, to incline

This, too much prone already, yielding lady.

*Nov. jun.* 'Tis done, sir.

*Rom.* Let me see this first is right: [Reading.]

And here you wish a sudden death may light

Upon your body, and hell take your soul,

If ever more you see her, but by chance;

Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your hand.

*Nov. jun.* My hand to this!

*Rom.* Your heart else, I assure you.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, there 'tis.

*Rom.* So I keep this last article

Of your faith given, and, stead of threatenings, sir,

The service of my sword and life is yours.

But not a word of it:—'tis fairies' treasure,

Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's ruin.

Use your youth better, and this excellent form

Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So, good morrow  
To your lordship! [Exit.]

*Nov. jun.* Good devil to your roguiship! No man's safe—

I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber,  
Against such roaring rogues.

*Enter BELLAPERT, hastily.*

*Bell.* My lord, away!

The caroch stays: now have your wish, and judge  
If I have been forgetful.

*Nov. jun.* Hah!

*Bell.* Do you stand

Humming and hahing now? [Exit.]

*Nov. jun.* Sweet wench, I come.

Hence, fear!

I swore—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep  
That I did mean to break, and 'tis quit.

No pain is due to lovers' perjury:

If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—An outer Room in AYMER'S House.

*Enter CHARALOUS and BRAUMONT.*

*Beau.* I grieve for the distaste, though I have manners

Not to enquire the cause, fallen out between  
Your lordship and Romont.

*Charal.* I love a friend,

So long as he continues in the bounds

Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps

Too far on what is proper to myself,

And puts the habit of a governor on,

I must and will preserve my liberty.

But speak of something else, this is a theme

I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer,

Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in

The chiefest parts of music, you bestow

Such praises on?

*Beau.* He is a gentleman

(For so his quality speaks him) well received

Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds

His main dependence from the young lord Novall.

Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,

As all musicians have, and more of him

I dare not author: but, when you have heard him,

I may presume your lordship so will like him,

That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.

*Charal.* I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,

Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion

Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical

But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,

Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, and trum-

Nor, on the other side, in favour of it, [pets:]

Affirm the world was made by musical discord;

Or that the happiness of our life consists

In a well-varied note upon the lute:

I love it to the worth of't, and no further.—

But let us see this wonder.

*Beau.* He prevents

My calling of him.

*Enter AYMER, speaking to one within.*

*Aym.* Let the coach be brought

To the back gate, and serve the banquet up.—

My good lord Charalois! I think my house

Much honour'd in your presence.

*Charal.* To have means

To know you better, sir, has brought me hither  
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome  
In making me a witness to your skill,  
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

*Aym.* Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted

With your intent, my lord, you should have found  
Better provided: now, such as it is, [me  
Pray you grace with your acceptance.

*Beau.* You are modest.

*Aym.* Begin the last new air.

[To the Musicians within.

*Charal.* Shall we not see them?

*Aym.* This little distance from the instruments,  
Will to your ears convey the harmony.  
With more delight.

*Charal.* I'll not contend.

*Aym.* You are tedious. [To the Musicians.

By this mean; shall I with one banquet please  
Two companies, those within and these gulls here.

MUSIC, AND A SONG.

*Beauemel.* [Within.] Ha! ha! ha!

*Charal.* How's this! it is my lady's laugh, most  
certain.

When I first pleased her, in this merry language  
She gave me thanks. [Aside.

*Beau.* How like you this?

*Charal.* 'Tis rare—

Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,  
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly  
To write myself in the black list of those

I have declaim'd against, and to Romont. [Aside.

*Aym.* I would he were well off!—Perhaps  
your lordship

Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,  
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;  
'Tis call'd the *Happy Husband*.

*Charal.* Pray you, sing it.

SONG BY AYMER.

*Beauemel.* [within.] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!

*Charal.* Do I hear this,  
And yet stand doubtful? [Rushes into the house.

*Aym.* Stay him—I am undone,  
And they discover'd.

*Beau.* What's the matter?

*Aym.* Ah!

That women, when they're well pleased, cannot  
But must laugh out. [hold;

*Re-enter CHARALOIS, with his sword drawn, pursuing  
NOVALL JUNIOR, BEAUMELLE, and BELLAPERT.*

*Nov. jun.* Help! save me! murder! murder!

*Beauemel.* Undone, undone, for ever!

*Charal.* Oh, my heart!

Hold yet a little—do not hope to 'scape  
By flight, it is impossible. Though I might  
On all advantage take thy life, and justly;  
This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was  
But to a noble purpose, shall not now [drawn  
Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it  
To right mine honour, not for a revenge  
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off  
Thy family, with all that are allied  
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of  
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!

*Nov. jun.* I dare not:  
I have already done you too much wrong,  
To fight in such a cause.

*Charal.* Why, darest thou neither  
Be honest coward, nor yet valiant knave,  
In such a cause! come, do not shame thyself:  
Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to them—  
Could never heat, are yet in the defence [selves  
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:  
You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,  
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel, to  
Venture your body.

*Beau.* No, he fears his clothes,  
More than his flesh.

*Charal.* Keep from me! guard thy life,  
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt  
Die like a sheep.

*Nov. jun.* Since there's no remedy,  
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!

[They fight; NOVALL falls.

*Charal.* How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown!

Lend me your hand:  
Bear this to the caroch—come, you have taught me  
To say, you must and shall?

[Exit BEAUMONT and BELLAPERT, with the Body of  
NOVALL; followed by BEAUMELLE.

I wrong you not,  
You are but to keep him company you love.—

*Re-enter BEAUMONT.*

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care  
All you can apprehend within the house  
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

*Beau.* No, sir.

*Charal.* My griefs are now thus to be born;  
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.

[Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter ROMONT and PONTALIER.*

*Pont.* I was bound to seek you, sir.

*Rom.* And, had you found me  
In any place but in the street, I should  
Have done,—not talk'd to you. Are you, the cap-  
The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen [tain,  
Do, in the field, such service as then made you  
Their envy that commanded, here, at home,  
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,  
And, it may be, the pander?

*Pont.* Without this,  
I come to call you to account for what  
Is past already. I, by your example  
Of thankfulness to the dead general,

By whom you were raised, have practised to be so  
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;  
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offer'd,  
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes  
I will make good on you, or any man  
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me  
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt  
You will except against me. You shall meet  
With a fair enemy: you understand  
The right I look for, and must have?

*Rom.* I do;

And with the next day's sun you shall hear from  
me. [Exit.

### SCENE IV.—A Room in CHARALOIS' House.

*Enter CHARALOIS with a casket, BEAUMELLE, and  
BEAUMONT.*

*Charal.* Pray bear this to my father, at his leisure  
He may peruse it: but with your best language

Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn  
Not to reveal what I have done.

*Beau.* Nor will I—but—

*Charal.* Doubt me not; by heaven, I will do  
nothing

But what may stand with honour. Pray you,  
leave me

[*Exit BRAUMONT.*]

To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise;  
[*BRAUMELLE kneels.*]

I am not worth the looking on, but only  
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,  
Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused  
Were too much cruelty.

[*it,*]

*Beau.* I dare not move you  
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far  
Beyond qualification or excuse;  
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you  
To think of mercy; only I presume  
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon  
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears  
Are the true children of my grief, and not  
A woman's cunning.

*Charal.* Can you, *Beaumelle*,  
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,  
Though I were all credulity, hope again  
To get belief? No, no: if you look on me  
With pity, or dare practise any means  
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause  
To all the world to think what I must do  
Was call'd upon by you, use other ways:  
Deny what I have seen, or justify

What you have done; and, as you desperately  
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,  
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,  
And multiply the sin with impudence,  
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,  
That you have done but what is warranted  
By great examples, in all places where  
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,  
Or want of me in merit; tell me how

Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty,  
Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are:  
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,  
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin  
As boldly as securely: that poor men  
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,  
One day their husbands, but observers ever.

That when, by this proud usage, you have blown  
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,  
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done  
In heat of blood, and after die myself,  
To witness my repentance.

*Beau.* O my fate!

That never would consent that I should see  
How worthy you were both of love and duty,  
Before I lost you; and my misery made  
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!  
While I was good, I was a part of you,  
And of two, by the virtuous harmony  
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wan-  
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust, [der'd  
What was inseparable is by me divided.—  
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,  
And from your memory wash the remembrance  
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,  
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,  
And study to forget.

*Charal.* O *Beaumelle*,  
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!  
But you had been too great a blessing, if

You had continued chaste: see, how you force me  
To this, because mine honour will not yield  
That I again should love you.

*Beau.* In this life

It is not fit you should: yet you shall find,  
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,  
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,  
That are canonized worthy of our sex,  
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;  
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,  
Ambitious of no honour after life,  
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

*Charal.* How pity steals upon me! should I  
hear her

[*Knocking within.*]

But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go  
in.

[*Exit BRAUMELLE.*]

That to be merciful should be a sin!

*Enter ROCHFORD.*

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,  
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes,  
As you love justice, once more put them on.  
There is a cause to be determined of,  
That does require such an integrity  
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to  
The trial of your constancy and goodness:  
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed  
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole  
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;  
I will be for you presently.

[*Exit.*]

*Roch.* Angels guard me!

To what strange tragedy does this induction  
Serve for a prologue?

*Re-enter CHARALON, BRAUMELLE, and BRAUMONT, with  
SERVANTS bearing the body of NOVALL, JUNIOR.*

*Charal.* So, set it down before  
The judgment-seat—[*Execunt Servants.*]—and  
stand you at the bar: [To *BRAUMELLE.*]

For me, I am the accuser.

*Roch.* *Novall* slain!

And *Beaumelle*, my daughter, in the place  
Of one to be arraign'd!

*Charal.* O, are you touch'd!

I find that I must take another course.  
Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes;  
[*He binds his eyes.*]

For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet  
An object that may sway her equal doom  
From what it should be aim'd at.—Good, my lord,  
A day of hearing.

*Roch.* It is granted, speak—

You shall have justice.

*Charal.* I then here accuse,

Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,  
For whom I owed so much to you; your daughter,  
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth  
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,  
Truth witness with me, in the place of service  
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,  
To be a false adulteress.

*Roch.* With whom?

*Charal.* With this *Novall* here dead.

*Roch.* Be well advised;

And ere you say *adulteress* again,  
Her fame depending on it, be most sure  
That she is one.

*Charal.* I took them in the act:

I know no proof beyond it.

*Roch.* O my heart!

*Charal.* A judge should feel no passions.

*Roch.* Yet remember

He is a man, and cannot put off nature.

What answer makes the prisoner?

*Beaumel.* I confess

The fact I am charged with, and yield myself  
Most miserably guilty.

*Roch.* Heaven take mercy

Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—  
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her,

[*CHARALDIS UNBINDS HIS EYES.*]

And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.

Since that the politic law provides that servants,

To whose care we commit our goods, shall die

If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,

To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up

All he received from his brave ancestors,

Or he could leave to his posterity,

His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety

All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,

Which thy - - - lust, a thief, hath now stolen

And therefore— [from him;

*Charal.* Stay, just judge:—may not what's lost

By her one fault, (for I am charitable,

And charge her not with many,) be forgotten

In her fair life hereafter?

*Roch.* Never, sir.

The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed,

Repentant tears can never expiate;

And be assured,—to pardon such a sin,

Is an offence as great as to commit it.

*Charal.* I may not then forgive her?

*Roch.* Nor she hope it.

Nor can she wish to live: no sun shall rise,

But, ere it set, shall shew her ugly lust

In a new shape, and every one more horrid.

Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble  
fervour,

She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,

And all suits which her penitence can proffer,

As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out

Of all the courts of mercy.

*Charal.* Let her die, then! [*He stabs her.*]

Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her,

Nor she accuse her father, as a judge

Partial against her.

*Beaumel.* I approve his sentence,

And kiss the executioner. My lust

Is now run from me in that blood in which

It was begot and nourish'd. [*Dies.*]

*Roch.* Is she dead, then?

*Charal.* Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it

I think it be. [not?]

*Roch.* And you have kill'd her?

*Charal.* True,

And did it by your doom.

*Roch.* But I pronounced it

As a judge only, and a friend to justice;

And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,

Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off

The love and soft affection of a father.

I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe

Of red-died cruelty; but in return,

You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.

I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but

You closed your eyes against me as a father.

O Beaumelle! my daughter!

*Charal.* This is madness.

*Roch.* Keep from me!—Could not one good  
thought rise up,

To tell you that she was my age's comfort,

Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,

And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?

Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,

To urge my many merits, which I may

Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,

Flint-hearted Charalois!

*Charal.* Nature does prevail

Above your virtue.

*Roch.* No; it gives me eyes

To pierce the heart of your design against me:

I find it now, it was my state was aim'd at.

A nobler match was sought for, and the hours

I lived grew tedious to you: my compassion

Tow'rds you hath render'd me most miserable,

And foolish charity undone myself.

But there's a heaven above, from whose just  
wreak

No mists of policy can hide offenders.

*Nov. sen.* [*Within.*] Force open the doors!

*Enter NOVALL Senlor, with Officers.*

O monster! cannibal!

Lay hold on him. My son, my son!—O Rochfort,

'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf,

To worry all our comforts:—but this is

No time to quarrel; now give your assistance

For the revenge—

*Roch.* Call it a fitter name,

Justice for innocent blood.

*Charal.* Though all conspire

Against that life which I am weary of,

A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,

To shew, in spite of malices and their laws,

His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter Tailor, and two Bailiffs with LILADAM.*

*Lilad.* Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and  
untimely,

To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before

He has worn them out: besides, you said you ask'd

My name in your lord's bond but for form only,

And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think

The taking measure of a customer

By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait

Never so patiently, will prove a fashion  
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man  
Would follow willingly.

*Tail.* There I believe you.

But, sir, I must have present monies, or

Assurance to secure me when I shall;

Or I will see to your coming forth.

*Lilad.* Plague on't!

You have provided for my entrance in;

That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.

What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace

In the arrest, but more in giving cause  
To all the street to think I cannot stand  
Without these two supporters for my arms.  
Pray you, let them loose me: for their satisfaction,  
I will not run away.

*Tail.* For theirs, you will not;  
But for your own, you would. Look to him,  
fellows.

*Lilad.* Why, do you call them fellows? do not  
wrong

Your reputation so. As you are merely  
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,  
You are a companion at a ten-crown supper,  
For cloth of bodkin, and may, with one lark,  
Eat up three manchets, and no man observe you,  
Or call your trade in question for't. But, when  
You study your debt-book, and hold correspon-  
dence

With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,  
The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,  
In the expression of a knave and thief,  
To be synonyma. Look, therefore, to it,  
And let us part in peace; I would be loth  
You should undo yourself.

*Enter NOVALL Senior, and PONTALIER.*

*Tail.* To let you go,  
Were the next way. But see! here's your old lord;  
Let him but give his word I shall be paid,  
And you are free.

*Lilad.* 'Slid! I will put him to't.  
I can be but denied: or—what say you?  
His lordship owing me three times your debt,  
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me  
Go run before, to see the action enter'd:—  
'Twould be a witty jest!

*Tail.* I must have earnest:  
I cannot pay my debts so.

*Pont.* Can your lordship  
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,  
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?

*Nov. sen.* I know not  
One reason why you should not do like others:  
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,  
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,  
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign  
Of sorrow for him.

*Pont.* All his bounties yet,  
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'tis true,  
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from;  
And, though none sooth'd them less than I, (for  
To say that I foresaw the dangers that [now,  
Would rise from cherishing them, were but un-  
timely.)

I yet could wish the justice that you seek for,  
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,  
And not the uncertain issue of the laws.  
It has robb'd me of a noble testimony  
Of what I durst do for him:—but, however,  
My forfeit life redeem'd by him, though dead,  
Shall do him service.

*Nov. sen.* As far as my grief  
Will give me leave, I thank you.

*Lilad.* O, my lord!

Oh my good lord! deliver me from these Furies.  
*Pont.* Arrested! this is one of them, whose base  
And abject flattery help'd to dig his grave:  
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.  
Go to the basket, and repent.

*Nov. sen.* Away!

I only know thee now to hate thee deadly:  
I will do nothing for thee.

*Lilad.* Nor you, captain?

*Pont.* No; to your trade again; put off this case;  
It may be, the discovering what you were,  
When your unfortunate master took you up,  
May move compassion in your creditor.  
Confess the truth.

*[Exit NOVALL Senior, and PONTALIER.*

*Lilad.* And now I think on't better,  
I will. Brother, your hand; your hand, sweet  
brother;

I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,  
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,  
Against my will have waked me. This rich sword,  
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;  
These hangers, from my vails and fees in hell;  
And where as now this beaver sits, full often  
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,  
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat,  
Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been seen:  
Our breakfasts, famous for the butter'd loaves,  
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;  
And therefore use a conscience, though it be  
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,  
To me, that, as I have been, will again  
Be of the brotherhood.

*I Bail.* I know him now;  
He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.

*Lilad.* And from thence brought by my young  
lord, now dead,

Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour,  
Have been received here for a complete monsieur:  
Nor wonder at it; for but tithes our gallants,  
Even those of the first rank, and you will find  
In every ten, one, peradventure two,  
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,  
The pantofle or pressing-iron:—but hereafter  
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up  
My suits again, there cannot be much loss;  
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one  
Addition more you know of, and what wants,  
I will work out.

*Tail.* Then here our quarrel ends:  
The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends.

*[Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter ROMONT and BRAUMONT.*

*Rom.* You have them ready?

*Beau.* Yes, and they will speak  
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think fit  
To have them call'd upon.

*Rom.* 'Tis well; and something  
I can add to their evidence, to prove  
This brave revenge, which they would have call'd  
A noble justice. [murder,

*Beau.* In this you express  
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made  
A faithful friend. [up)

*Rom.* That friendship's raised on sand,  
Which every sudden gust of discontent,  
Or flowing of our passions, can change,  
As if it ne'er had been:—but do you know  
Who are to sit on him?

*Beau.* Monsieur Du Croy,  
Assisted by Charmil.

*Rom.* The advocate

That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,  
And was check'd for it by Novall ?

*Beau.* The same.

*Rom.* How fortunes that ?

*Beau.* Why, sir, my lord Novall,  
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge ;  
Nor would-grieved Rochfort but lord Charalois,  
However he might wrong him by his power,  
Should have an equal hearing.

*Rom.* By my hopes  
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament  
That reverend old man's fortune.

*Beau.* Had you seen him,  
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,  
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him  
That never brake his word, enraged again  
So far as to make war upon those hairs,  
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume  
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,  
As something sacred ;—and then curse his daughter,  
But with more frequent violence himself,  
As if he had been guilty of her fault,  
By being incredulous of your report,  
You would not only judge him worthy pity,  
But suffer with him :—but here comes the prisoner ;

*Enter Officers with CHARALOIS.*

I dare not stay to do my duty to him ;  
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me  
To do him service, keeps you company. [Exit.]

*Rom.* It is not doubted.

*Charal.* Why, yet as I came hither,  
The people, apt to mock calamity,  
And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me,  
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.  
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,  
In wreek of that disgrace, they yet forbear  
To shake their heads, or to revile me for  
A murderer ; they rather all put on,  
As for great losses the old Romans used,  
A general face of sorrow, waited on  
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence :  
And no eye but was readier with a tear  
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could  
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.  
Why should I, then, though, for unusual wrongs,  
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,  
Condemn myself, as over-partial  
In my own cause ?—Romont !

*Rom.* Best friend, well met !

By my heart's love to you, and join to that,  
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,  
I look upon you now with more true joy,  
Than when I saw you married.

*Charal.* You have reason  
To give you warrant for't : my falling off  
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered

Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you  
To think your meeting me, going to my death,  
A fit encounter for that hate which justly  
I have deserved from you.

*Rom.* Shall I still, then,  
Speak truth, and be ill understood ?

*Charal.* You are not.

I am conscious I have wrong'd you ; and allow  
me,

Only a moral man ;—to look on you,  
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,  
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,

Than any death the judges can pronounce,  
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.

*Rom.* Passion transports you.

*Charal.* For what I have done  
To my false lady, or Novall, I can  
Give some apparent cause ; but touching you,  
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing  
But, I am sorry for't ; a poor satisfaction !  
And yet, mistake me not ; for it is more  
Than I will speak, to have my pardon sign'd  
For all I stand accused of.

*Rom.* You much weaken  
The strength of your good cause, should you but  
A man for doing well could entertain [think,  
A pardon, were it offer'd : you have given  
To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes,  
To see and overtake impieties,  
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received  
Indulgence or protection.

*Charal.* Think you so ?

*Rom.* Upon my soul ! nor should the blood you  
challenged,

And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple  
In your soft conscience, than if your sword  
Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear,  
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.  
To injure innocence is more than murder :  
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then  
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men  
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever  
Perform an act so worthy the applause  
Of a full theatre of perfect men,  
As he hath done in this. The glory got  
By overthrowing outward enemies,  
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,  
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own :  
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,  
Our passions bred within us, and of those  
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,  
Our reason suffering us to like no longer  
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,  
That's a true victory ! which, were great men  
Ambitious to achieve, by your example  
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,  
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery  
Out of their families, and make lust appear  
As loathsome to us in the first consent,  
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.

*Charal.* You have confirm'd me. Who would  
love a woman,

That might enjoy in such a man a friend !  
You have made me know the justice of my cause,  
And mark'd me out the way how to defend it.

*Rom.* Continue to that resolution constant,  
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,  
Come off with honour—here they come.

*Charal.* I am ready.

*Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORD, NOVALL SENIOR,  
PONTALLIER, and BEAUMONT.*

*Nov. sen.* See, equal judges, with what confidence  
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would  
Outface the court and justice !

*Roch.* But look on him,  
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,  
Though guilt hath died him black, something good  
in him,

That may perhaps work with a wiser man  
Than I have been, again to set him free,  
And give him all he has.

*Charm.* This is not well.  
I would you had lived so, my lord, that I  
Might rather have continued your poor servant,  
Than sit here as your judge.

*Du Croy.* I am sorry for you.

*Roch.* In no act of my life I have deserved  
This injury from the court, that any here,  
Should thus uncivily usurp on what  
Is proper to me only.

*Du Croy.* What distaste  
Receives my lord?

*Roch.* You say you are sorry for him ;  
A grief in which I must not have a partner.  
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised  
The building of my life, for seventy years,  
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices  
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,  
Could never undermine, and no way left  
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,  
Virtue, that was my patroness, betray'd me.  
For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,  
It lent him such a powerful majesty  
To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely  
I gave myself up, with my liberty,  
To be at his disposing. Had his person,  
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,  
Or any other seeming good, that yet  
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on  
me,

I might have borne it better : but, when goodness  
And piety itself in her best figure  
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,  
Though I forget to suffer like a man,  
Or rather act a woman?

*Beau.* Good, my lord !—

*Nov. sen.* You hinder our proceeding.

*Char.* And forget

The parts of an accuser.

*Beau.* Pray you, remember

To use the temper which to me you promised.

*Roch.* Angels themselves must break, Beaumont,  
that promise

Beyond the strength and patience of angels.  
But I have done :—My good lord, pardon me,  
A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,  
A miserable father ; yet be careful  
That your compassion of my age, nor his,  
Move you to any thing that may disbecome  
The place on which you sit.

*Char.* Read the indictment.

*Charal.* It shall be needless ; I myself, my lords,  
Will be my own accuser, and confess  
All they can charge me with, nor will I spare  
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance,  
They seek to load me with ; only I pray,  
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,  
I may

Not be denied it for myself, when I  
Shall urge by what unanswerable reasons  
I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,  
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

*Roch.* The motion's honest.

*Char.* And 'tis freely granted.

*Charal.* Then I confess, my lords, that I stood  
bound,

When, with my friends, even hope itself had left  
To this man's charity, for my liberty ; [me,  
Nor did his bounty end there, but began :  
For, after my enlargement, cherishing  
The good he did, he made me master of

His only daughter, and his whole estate.  
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge :  
Could any one, fee'd by you, press this further ?—  
But yet consider, my most honour'd lords,  
If to receive a favour make a servant,  
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker  
To the imperious will of him that gives,  
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,  
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.  
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince,  
To pour down riches with a liberal hand  
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him  
To play the soothing parasite to his vices ?  
Or any man, because he saved my hand,  
Presume my head and heart are at his service ?  
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom  
(When my captivity was honourable)  
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,  
Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious  
tongues ?—

Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,  
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought  
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others  
My body and her dower ; my forehead then  
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude :  
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning  
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her  
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,  
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,  
What should I do ? Let any free-born spirit  
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,  
Choice form, with the whole world given for a  
dowry,

Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,  
As with a willing neck to undergo  
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.

*Char.* What proof have you she did play false,  
besides

Your oath ?

*Charal.* Her own confession to her father :

I ask him for a witness.

*Roch.* 'Tis most true.

I would not willingly blend my last words  
With an untruth.

*Charal.* And then to clear myself,  
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,  
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle  
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold  
Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose posses-  
Brought with it ruin to himself and army : [sion  
Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent  
All grants and writings back which made it mine,  
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,  
As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me.

*Beau.* They are here to be seen.

*Char.* Open the casket.

—Peruse that deed of gift.

[To Du Croy

*Rom.* Half of the danger

Already is discharged ; the other part  
As bravely ; and you are not only free,  
But crown'd with praise for ever !

*Du Croy.* 'Tis apparent.

*Char.* Your state, my lord, again is yours.

*Roch.* Not mine ;

I am not of the world. If it can prosper,  
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine  
Why it should be so fatal,) do you bestow it  
On pious uses : I'll go seek a grave.  
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon  
I ask ; and, as you grant it me, may heaven,



Your conscience, and these judges, free you from  
What you are charged with! So, farewell for  
ever!— [Exit.]

*Nov. sen.* I'll be mine own guide. Passion nor  
Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son, [example  
A son, grave judges; I require his blood  
From his accursed homicide.

*Char.* What reply you,  
In your defence for this?

*Charal.* I but attended  
Your lordship's pleasure.—For the fact, as of  
The former, I confess it; but with what  
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,  
To my few words there are some other proofs,  
To witness this for truth. When I was married,  
For there I must begin, the slain Novall  
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,  
A most devoted servant; but yet aimed at  
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,  
His heart being never warm'd by lawful fires,  
As mine was, lords: and though, on these pre-  
sumptions,

Join'd to the hate between his house and mine,  
I might, with opportunity and ease,  
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;  
But still he had the freedom as before,  
When all was mine: and, told that he abused it  
With some unseemly license, by my friend,  
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit  
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,  
As one uncourtly, and malicious to him.  
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,  
He did continue in his first pursuit,  
Hotter than ever, and at length obtain'd it;  
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,  
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,  
I dare not say.

*Nov. sen.* If all may be believed  
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish  
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?  
No, my grave lords; in his impunity,  
But give example unto jealous men  
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never  
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

*Char.* You must find other proofs, to strengthen  
these

But mere presumptions.

*Du Croy.* Or we shall hardly  
Allow your innocence.

*Charal.* All your attempts  
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,  
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,  
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury  
But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,  
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve  
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.  
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,  
How'er condemn, affright an honest man.

*Rom.* May it please the court, I may be heard?

*Nov. sen.* You come not  
To rail again? but do—you shall not find  
Another Rochfort.

*Rom.* In Novall I cannot;  
But I come furnished with what will stop

The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life  
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this charac-  
*Nov. sen.* Yes, 'tis my son's. [ter?]

*Rom.* May it please your lordships, read it:  
And you shall find there, with what vehemency  
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he got  
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;  
How after, he abjured her company,  
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—  
Like a damn'd villain, as soon as recorded,  
He brake that oath:—to make this manifest,  
Produce his bawds and hers.

*Enter Officers with ATYNER, FLORINDEL, and BELLAPREY.*

*Char.* Have they ta'en their oaths?

*Rom.* They have, and, rather than endure the  
rack,

Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act;  
What would you more? only this matron made  
A free discovery to a good end;  
And therefore I sue to the court, she may not  
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.

*Pont.* I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,  
And I shall do— [Aside.]

*Char.* 'Tis evident.

*Nov. sen.* That I  
Till now was never wretched: here's no place  
To curse him or my stars. [Exit.]

*Char.* Lord Charalois,  
The injuries you have sustain'd appear  
So worthy of the mercy of the court,  
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond  
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

*Pont.* But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus. [Stabs him.]

*Charal:* I am slain.

*Nov. sen.* Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!  
Thy challenge now I answer. So I die with him. [Stabs FORTALIER.]

*Char.* A guard! disarm him.

*Rom.* I yield up my sword  
Unforced—Oh, Charalois!

*Charal.* For shame, Romont,  
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived,  
Still constant and unmoved: what's fall'n upon me,  
Is by heaven's will, because I made myself  
A judge in my own cause, without their warrant;  
But He that lets me know thus much in death,  
With all good men—forgive me! [Dies.]

*Pont.* I receive

The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue,  
Has made me worthy, worthy of. [Dies.]

*Char.* We are taught  
By this sad precedent, how just soever  
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,  
We are yet to leave them to their will and power  
That, to that purpose, have authority.

For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,  
You may plead what you did was in revenge  
Of the dishonour done unto the court,  
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,  
We banish you the state: for these, they shall,  
As they are found guilty or innocent,  
Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [Exeunt.]

A DIRGE. *See p. 271.*

Fie! cease to wonder,  
 Though you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute,  
 Move trees and rocks,  
 Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;  
 Weak foolish singer, here is one  
 Would have transform'd thyself to stone.

A SONG BY AYMER. *See p. 282.*

## A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN.

*Man.* Set, Phoebus, set; a fairer sun doth rise  
 From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes  
 Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;  
 Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,  
 The more I strive, the more still I am took.

*Woman.* Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend  
 To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,  
 Come, strangle breath.

*Man.* What note so sweet as this,  
 That calls the spirits to a further bliss?

*Woman.* Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.

*Man.* Let's die; I languish, I consume.

CITIZENS' SONG OF THE COURTIER. *See p. 282.*

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,  
 From this lesson learn to thrive;  
 If thou match a lady, that passes thee in birth and state,  
 Let her curious garments be  
 Twice above thine own degree;  
 This will draw great eyes upon her,  
 Get her servants, and thee honour.

COURTIER'S SONG OF THE CITIZENS. *See p. 282.*

Poor citizen, if thou wilt be  
 A happy husband, learn of me  
 To set thy wife first in thy shop;  
 A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man up.  
 What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,  
 A woman still is current ware;  
 Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;  
 But, whilst thou art at t'other end,  
 What'er thou seeest, or what dost hear,  
 Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;  
 And after supper, for her sake,  
 When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake:  
 What though the gallants call thee Mome!  
 Yet with thy lantern light her home;  
 Then look into the town, and tell  
 If no such tradesmen there do well.

# A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
**ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,**  
 MASTER-FALCONER OF ENGLAND.

**MY GOOD LORD,**—Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdain'd to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some labour'd work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**LORD LOVELL,**  
**SIR GILES OVERREACH,** a cruel Extortioner.  
**FRANK WELLBORN,** a Prodigal.  
**TOM ALLWORTH,** a young Gentleman, Page to  
 Lord Lovell.  
**GREEDY,** a hungry Justice of Peace.  
**MARRALL,** a Term-Driver; a creature of Sir  
 GILES OVERREACH.  
**ORDER,** Steward  
**AMELE,** Usher  
**FURNACE,** Cook  
**WATCHALL,** Porter

} to Lady ALLWORTH.

**WILDO,** a Parson.  
**TAPWELL,** an Aitchouse-Keeper.  
 Creditors, Servants, &c.

**LADY ALLWORTH,** a rich Widow.  
**MARGARET,** OVERREACH'S Daughter.  
**FROTH,** TAPWELL'S Wife.

Chambermaid.  
 Waiting Woman.

SCENE,—THE COUNTRY NEAR NOTTINGHAM.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Before TAPWELL'S House.

*Enter WELLBORN in tattered apparel, TAPWELL, and  
 FROTH.*

**Well.** No house? nor no tobacco?

**Tap.** Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can  
 Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

**Froth.** Not the dropping of the tap for your  
 morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

**Well.** Verity, you brache!

The devil turn'd precisian; Rogue, what am I?

**Tap.** Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-  
 glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,  
 And take the name yourself.

**Well.** How, dog!

**Tap.** Even so, sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance  
 Your Plymouth cloak, you shall be soon instructed  
 There dwells, and within call, if it please your  
 A potent monarch, call'd the constable, [worship,  
 That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;  
 Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,  
 Such as with great dexterity will hale  
 Your tatter'd, lousy—

**Well.** Rascal! slave!

**Froth.** No rage, sir.

**Tap.** At his own peril: Do not put yourself  
 In too much heat, there being no water near  
 To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other liquor,  
 As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,  
 You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

*Well.* Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

*Tap.* I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell Does keep no other register.

*Well.* Am not I he

Whose riots fed and clothed thee?

Wert thou not born on my father's land, and proud A drudge in his house? [to be

*Tap.* What I was, sir, it skills not:

What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell, Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,

I'll briefly tell you story. Your dead father, My quondam master, was a man of worship, Old sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quondam stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*; [rum; Bore the whole away of the shire, kept a great house,

Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying, And the twelve hundred a year coming to you, Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—  
*Well.* Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

*Froth.* Very hardly;

You cannot out of your way.

*Tap.* But to my story:

You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant, And I your under butler; note the change now: You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds, With choice of running horses: mistresses Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot, As their embraces made your lordships melt; Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing, (Resolving not to lose a drop of them,) On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, For a while supplied your looseness. and then left you.

*Well.* Some curate hath penn'd this invective, And you have studied it. [mongrel,

*Tap.* I have not done yet;

Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token, You grew the common borrower; no man escaped Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches In your gallantry.

*Well.* I shall switch your brains out.

*Tap.* Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage; Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here, Gave entertainment—

*Well.* Yes, to whores and canters, Clubs by night.

*Tap.* True, but they brought in profit, And had a gift to pay for what they called for; And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income

I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time May rise to be overseer of the poor; Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn, I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter, And you shall thank my worship.

*Well.* Thus, you dog-bolt,

And thus— [Beats and kicks him.

*Tap.* [To his wife.] Cry out for help!

*Well.* Stir, and thou diest:

Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I [you, Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,

And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

*Tap.* I must, sir:

For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all, On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound Ne'er to remember who their best guests were, If they grew poor like you.

*Well.* They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich. Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!— But since you are grown forgetful, I will help Your memory, and tread you into mortar; Not leave one bone unbroken. [Beats him again.  
*Tap.* Oh!

*Froth.* Ask mercy.

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Well.* 'Twill not be granted.

*All.* Hold, for my sake hold.

Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.

*Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre;

But let them vanish, creeping on their knees, And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

*Froth.* This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib Though you are beaten lame for't. [tongue,

*Tap.* Patience, Froth;

There's law to cure our bruises.

[They crawl off on their hands and knees.

*Well.* Sent to your mother?

*All.* My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!

She's such a mourner for my father's death, And, in her love to him, so favours me, That I cannot pay too much observance to her: There are few such stepdames.

*Well.* 'Tis a noble widow, And keeps her reputation pure, and clear From the least taint of infamy; her life, With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue To envy or detraction. Prithce tell me, Has she no suitors?

*All.* Even the best of the shire, Frank, My lord, excepted; such as sue, and send, And send, and sue again, but to no purpose; Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence. Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride, That I dare undertake you shall meet from her A liberal entertainment: I can give you A catalogue of her suitors' names.

*Well.* Forbear it,

While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it. Thy father was my friend; and that affection I bore to him, in right descends to thee; Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth, Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee; If I with any danger can prevent it.

*All.* I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what

Do I run the hazard?

*Well.* Art thou not in love?

Put it not off with wonder.

*All.* In love, at my years!

*Well.* You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;

And, with my finger, can point out the north star  
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;  
And, to confirm this true, what think you of  
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir  
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start,  
To hear her only named? blush at your want  
Of wit, and reason.

*All.* You are too bitter, sir.

*Well.* Wounds of this nature are not to be cured  
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:  
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,  
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,  
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear  
'Twill be concluded for impossible,  
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,  
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,  
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;  
Court-waiters not exempted.

*All.* This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,  
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever  
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,  
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,  
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer  
There's such disparity in their conditions,  
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,  
And the base churl her father.

*Well.* Grant this true,  
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope  
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father  
Ruin'd thy state?

*All.* And your's too.

*Well.* I confess it.  
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,  
That, where impossibilities are apparent,  
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.  
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)  
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great  
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,  
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his  
own too,—

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,  
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,  
And prosper in it.

*All.* You have well advised me.  
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious  
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:  
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

*Well.* No matter, no matter.

*All.* Yes, 'tis much material:  
You know my fortune, and my means; yet some-  
thing

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

*Well.* How's this?

*All.* Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,  
To put you in better fashion.

*Well.* Money from thee!  
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives  
At the devotion of a stepmother,  
And the uncertain favour of a lord!  
I'll eat my arms first. Howsœ'er blind Fortune  
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;  
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,  
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,  
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;  
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:  
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,  
Without the assistance of another's brain,

In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,  
Die thus, and be forgotten.

*All.* A strange humour!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S  
House.*

*Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.*

*Ord.* Set all things right, or, as my name is  
Order,

And by this staff of office, that commands you,  
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,  
Whoever misses in his function,  
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his break-  
And privilege in the wine-cellar. [fast,

*Amb.* You are merry,  
Good master steward.

*Furn.* Let him; I'll be angry.

*Amb.* Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve  
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allow'd,  
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

*Furn.* You think you have spoke wisely, good-  
My lady's go-before! [man Amble,

*Ord.* Nay, nay, no wrangling.

*Furn.* Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!  
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;  
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers  
I will be angry.

*Amb.* There was no hurt meant.

*Furn.* I am friends with thee; and yet I will be  
*Ord.* With whom? [angry.

*Furn.* No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,  
I am angry with my lady.

*Walch.* Heaven forbid, man!

*Ord.* What cause has she given thee?

*Furn.* Cause enough, master steward.  
I was entertained by her to please her palate,  
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.  
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,  
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting  
And raise fortifications in the pastry, [sauces,  
Such as might serve for models in the Low Coun-  
Which, if they had been practis'd at Breda, [tries,  
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er  
took it—

*Amb.* But you had wanted matter there to work on.

*Furn.* Matter! with six eggs, and a strike o'  
rye meal,

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.  
*Ord.* But what's this to your pet against my  
lady?

*Furn.* What's this? marry this; when I am  
three-parts roasted,

And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,  
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,  
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

*Ord.* But your art is seen in the dining-room.

*Furn.* By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come  
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies  
That do devour her, I am out of charity  
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire,  
That's stolen into commission.

*Ord.* Justice Greedy?

*Furn.* The same, the same: meat's cast away  
upon him,

It never thrives; he holds this paradox,  
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well

His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,  
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.

[Knocking within.

Watch. One knocks.

[Exit.

Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL with ALLWORTH.

Amb. Welcome, sir.

Furn. Your hand;

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Ord. His father's picture in little.

Furn. We are all your servants.

Amb. In you he lives.

All. At once, my thanks to all;

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, and Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

L. All. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

[Exeunt Waiting-woman and Chambermaid.

Furn. You air and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?  
To what use serve I?

L. All. Prithce, be not angry;

I shall ere long: i' the mean time, there is gold  
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows cool.

L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morn-  
I am visited by any, entertain them [ing,  
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,  
I am indispos'd.

Ord. I shall, madam.

L. All. Do, and leave me.

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

[Exeunt ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.

All. I shall gladly grow here,  
To wait on your commands.

L. All. So soon turn'd courtier!

All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is  
Purchased on your part. [duty

L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;

I'll not contend in words. How is it with  
Your noble master?

All. Ever like himself;

No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:  
He did command me, pardon my presumption,  
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss  
Your ladyship's fair hands.

L. All. I am honour'd in

His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose  
For the Low Countries?

All. Constantly, good madam;

But he will in person first present his services.

L. All. And how approve you of his course?  
you are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any  
Inscription, vicious or honourable.

I will not force your will, but leave you free  
To your own election.

All. Any form, you please,

I will put on; but, might I make my choice,  
With humble emulation I would follow  
The path my lord marks to me.

L. All. 'Tis well answer'd,

And I commend your spirit: you had a father,  
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours  
Before the will of heaven took him from me,  
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties

Of perfect love between us, to my charge:  
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear,  
With such respect as if he lived in me.  
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not  
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,  
Provided you deserve it.

All. I have found you,  
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;  
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,  
Will labour that you never may repent  
Your bounties shower'd upon me.

L. All. I much hope it.  
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son  
Follow the war, tell him it is a school,  
Where all the principles tending to honour  
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such  
As repair thither, as a place in which  
They do presume they may with license practise  
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit  
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly  
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,  
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;  
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;  
To bear with patience the winter's cold,  
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,  
When plenty of provision fails, with hung'r;  
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,  
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*

All. There's no syllable  
You speak, but is to me an oracle,  
Which but to doubt were impious.

L. All. To conclude:

Beware ill company, for often men  
Are like to those with whom they do converse;  
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Well-  
born:

Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;  
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,  
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.  
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was  
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived  
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,  
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall  
have gold

To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,  
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Hall in the same.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE,  
WATCHALL, and MARRALL.

Greedy. Not to be seen!

Over. Still cloister'd up! Her reason,  
I hope, assures her, though she make herself  
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,  
'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,

Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,  
And not dispute: howe'er, you are nobly wel-  
come;

And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,  
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe  
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself  
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Ord. Yes, master Greedy.

*Amb.* How his mouth runs o'er!

*Furn.* I'll make it run, and run. Save your good-worship.

*Greedy.* Honest master cook, thy hand; again; how I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

*Furn.* If you have a mind to feed, there is a Of beef, well season'd. [chime

*Greedy.* Good!

*Furn.* A pheasant, larded.

*Greedy.* That I might now give thanks for't!

*Furn.* Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest of The fattest stag I ever cook'd. [Sherwood,

*Greedy.* A stag, man!

*Furn.* A stag, sir; part of it prepared for din- And baked in puff-paste. [ner,

*Greedy.* Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,

A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And red deer too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

*Furn.* How the lean skeleton's rapt!

*Over.* You know we cannot.

*Mar.* Your worships are to sit on a commission, Add if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

*Greedy.* Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such a dinner,

We may put off a commission: you shall find it *Henrici decimo quarto.*

*Over.* Fie, master Greedy!

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner? No more, for shame! we must forget the belly, When we think of profit.

*Greedy.* Well, you shall o'er-rule me; I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, master-cook, Send but a corner of that immortal pasty, And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy, Send you—a brace of three-pences.

*Furn.* Will you be so prodigal?

*Enter WELLBORN.*

*Over.* Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?

*Well.* You know me.

*Over.* I did once, but now I will not; Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar! If ever thou presume to own me more, I'll have thee caged, and whipp'd.

*Greedy.* I'll grant the warrant.

Think of pie-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt OVERRRACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.*

*Watch.* Will you out, sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in.

*Ord.* This is rudeness,

And saucy impudence.

*Amb.* Cannot you stay

To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the basket,

But you must press into the hall?

*Furn.* Prithce, vanish

Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;

My scullion shall come to thee.

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Well.* This is rare:

Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!

*All.* We must be strangers;

Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

[*Exit.*

*Well.* Better and better. He contemns me too!

*Enter Waiting-woman and Chambermaid.*

*Woman.* Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's *Cham.* A creature [this? Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake, Or I shall swoon.

*Woman.* I begin to faint already.

[*Exeunt Waiting-woman and Chambermaid.*

*Watch.* Will you know your way?

*Amb.* Or shall we teach it you,

By the head and shoulders?

*Well.* No; I will not stir;

Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves, Created only to make legs, and cringe;

To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher; That have not souls only to hope a blessing

Beyond black jacks or flagons; you, that were born Only to consume meat and drink, and batten

Upon reversions!—who advances? who

Shews me the way?

*Ord.* My lady!

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Cham.* Here's the monster.

*Woman.* Sweet madam, keep your glove to your *Cham.* Or let me [nose.

Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;

You wrong yourself else.

*Well.* Madam, my designs

Bear me to you.

*L. All.* To me!

*Well.* And though I have met with

But ragged entertainment from your rooms here, I hope from you to receive that noble usage

As may become the true friend of your husband,

And then I shall forget these.

*L. All.* I am amazed

To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,

Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,

That I, who to the best men of this country

Denied my presence, since my husband's death,

Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?

Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,

And know, and keep the distance that's between us;

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,

I shall take order you no more shall be

An eyesore to me.

*Well.* Scorn me not, good lady;

But, as in form you are angelical,

Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe

At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant

The blood that runs in this arm is as noble

As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's ob-

servance,

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;

Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.

You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;

Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more

Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn

For your late noble husband.

*Ord.* How she starts!

*Furn.* And hardly can keep finger from the eye,

To hear him named.

*L. All.* Have you aught else to say?

*Well.* That husband, madam, was once in his fortune

Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels

Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought

A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.  
 'Twas I that gave him fashion ; mine the sword,  
 That did on all occasions second his ;  
 I brought him on and off with honour, lady ;  
 And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,  
 And, in his own hopes, not to be buoy'd up,  
 I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,  
 And set him upright.

*Furn.* Are not we base rogues,  
 That could forget this ?

*Well.* I confess, you made him  
 Master of your estate ; nor could your friends,  
 Though he brought no wealth with him, blame  
 you for it ;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind  
 Made up of all parts, either great or noble ;  
 So winning a behaviour, not to be  
 Resisted, madam.

*L. All.* 'Tis most true, he had.

*Well.* For his sake, then, in that I was his  
 friend,

*L. All.* For what's past excuse me,

I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman  
 A hundred pounds.

*Well.* No, madam, on no terms :  
 I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,  
 But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.  
 Only one suit I make, which you deny not  
 To strangers ; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*]

*L. All.* Fie ! nothing else ?

*Well.* Nothing, unless you please to charge  
 your servants,

To throw away a little respect upon me.

*L. All.* What you demand is yours.

*Well.* I thank you, lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit  
 Is yet in supposition : [*Aside.*]—I have said all ;  
 When you please, you may retire. [*Exit Lady*  
 ALLWORTH.]—Nay, all's forgotten ;  
 [*To the Servants*]

And, for a lucky omen to my project,  
 Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

*Ord.* Agreed, agreed.

*Furn.* Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in OVERREACH'S House.

*Enter OVERREACH and MARRALL.*

*Over.* He's gone, I warrant thee ; this commis-  
 sion crush'd him.

*Marr.* Your worships have the way on't, and  
 ne'er miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air : and yet,  
 The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,  
 For your advantage, the certificate,  
 Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,  
 With your good favour, to the utter ruin  
 Of the poor farmer.

*Over.* 'Twas for these good ends  
 I made him a justice : he that bribes his belly,  
 Is certain to command his soul.

*Marr.* I wonder,  
 Still with your license, why, your worship having  
 The power to put this thin-gut in commission,  
 You are not in't yourself ?

*Over.* Thou art a fool ;  
 In being out of office I am out of danger ;  
 Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,  
 I might or out of wilfulness, or error,  
 Run myself finely into a premonire,  
 And so become a prey to the informer.  
 No, I'll have none of't ; 'tis enough I keep  
 Greedy at my devotion : so he serve  
 My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not ;  
 Friendship is but a word.

*Mar.* You are all wisdom.

*Over.* I would be worldly wise ; for the other  
 wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well govern'd life,  
 And to do right to others, as ourselves,  
 I value not an atom.

*Mar.* What course take you,  
 With your good patience, to hedge in the manor  
 Of your neighbour, master Frugal ? as 'tis said  
 He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange ;  
 And his land, lying in the midst of your many  
 lordships,  
 Is a foul blemish.

*Over.* I have thought on't, Marrall,  
 And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,  
 And I the only purchaser.

*Marr.* 'Tis most fit, sir.

*Over.* I'll therefore buy some cottage near his  
 manor,  
 Which done, I'll make my men break ope his  
 fences,

Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night  
 Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs :  
 These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,  
 Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.  
 When I have harried him thus two or three year,  
 Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite  
 Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

*Mar.* The best I ever heard ! I could adore you.

*Over.* Then, with the favour of my man of law,  
 I will pretend some title : want will force him  
 To put it to arbitrement ; then, if he sell  
 For half the value, he shall have ready money,  
 And I possess his land.

*Mar.* 'Tis above wonder !  
 Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not  
 These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

*Over.* Well thought on.  
 This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me  
 With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold,  
 Nor hunger, kill him ?

*Mar.* I know not what to think on't.  
 I have used all means ; and the last night I caused  
 His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors ;  
 And have been since with all your friends and  
 tenants,

And on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,  
 Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him  
 from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir  
*Over.* That was something, Marrall ; but thou  
 And suddenly, Marrall. [*Must go further,*  
*Mar.* Where, and when you please, sir.

*Over.* I would have thee seek him out, and, if  
 thou canst,



Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg ;  
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost.  
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.  
Do anything to work him to despair ;  
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

*Mar.* I will do my best, sir.

*Over.* I am now on my main work with the lord Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,  
The minion of the people's love. I hear  
He's come into the country, and my aims are  
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,  
And then invite him to my house.

*Mar.* I have you :

This points at my young mistress.

*Over.* She must part with  
That humble title, and write honourable,  
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable  
daughter ;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.  
I'll have her well attended ; there are ladies  
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,  
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.  
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,  
To have their issue whom I have undone  
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

*Mar.* 'Tis fit state, sir.

*Over.* And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid  
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,  
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.  
'Tis a rich man's pride ! there having ever been  
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,  
Between us and true gentry.

*Enter WELLBORN.*

*Mar.* See, who's here, sir.

*Over.* Hence, monster ! prodigy !

*Well.* Sir, your wife's nephew ;  
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

*Over.* Avoid my sight ! thy breath's infectious,  
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.— [rogue !  
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work  
him. *[Aside, and exit.*

*Mar.* I warrant you, sir.

*Well.* By this light, I think he's mad.

*Mar.* Mad ! had you ta'en compassion on your-  
You long since had been mad. *[self,*

*Well.* You have ta'en a course  
Between you and my venerable uncle,  
To make me so.

*Mar.* The more pale-spirited you,  
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—

*Well.* By what ?

*Mar.* By my religion.

*Well.* Thy religion !

The devil's creed :—but what would you have done ?

*Mar.* Had there been but one tree in all the  
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter, [shire.  
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,  
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.  
I am zealous in your cause ; pray you hang yourself,  
And presently, as you love your credit.

*Well.* I thank you.

*Mar.* Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or  
lice devour you ?—

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,  
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,  
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,  
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,  
And so dispatch the business ?

*Well.* Here's variety,  
I must confess ; but I'll accept of none  
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

*Mar.* Why, have you hope ever to eat again,  
Or drink ? or be the master of three-farthings ?  
If you like not hanging, drown yourself ; take  
For your reputation. *[some course*

*Well.* 'Twill not do, dear tempter,  
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.  
I am as far as thou art from despair ;  
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,  
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

*Mar.* Ha ! ha ! these castles you build in the air,  
Will not persuade me or to give, or lend,  
A token to you.

*Well.* I'll be more kind to thee :  
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

*Mar.* With you !

*Well.* Nay more, dine gratis.

*Mar.* Under what hedge, I pray you ? or at  
whose cost ?  
Are they padders, or abram-men that are your  
consorts ?

*Well.* Thou art incredulous : but thou shalt dine,  
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady ;  
With me, and with a lady.

*Mar.* Lady ! what lady ?

With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies ?  
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

*Well.* With the lady Allworth, knave.

*Mar.* Nay, now there's hope  
Thy brain is crack'd.

*Well.* Mark there, with what respect  
I am entertain'd.

*Mar.* With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.  
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter ?

*Well.* 'Tis not far off, go with me ; trust thine  
own eyes.

*Mar.* Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,  
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a  
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,  
I will endure thy company.

*Well.* Come along then. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S  
House.

*Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, Chambermaid,  
ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, and WATCHALL.*

*Woman.* Could you not command your leisure  
one hour longer ?

*Cham.* Or half an hour ?

*All.* I have told you what my haste is :  
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,  
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,  
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,  
I should neglect my lord.

*Woman.* Pray you do me the favour  
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket ;  
They are of mine own preserving.

*Cham.* And this marmalade ;

'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

*Woman.* And, at parting,  
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

*Cham.* You are still before me. I move the same  
suit, sir. *[ALLWORTH kisses them severally.*

*Furn.* How greedy these chamberers are of a  
I think the tits will ravish him. *[beardless chin !*

*All.* My service  
To both.

*Woman.* Ours waits on you.

*Cham.* And shall do ever.

*Ord.* You are my lady's charge, be therefore  
That you sustain your parts. [careful]

*Woman.* We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Waiting-woman and Chambermaid.]

*Furn.* Here, drink it off; the ingredients are  
And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd [cordial,  
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence  
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,  
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,  
Coral and ambergris: were you two years older,  
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,  
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait  
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's  
long;

You may ride on the strength of this till to-  
morrow morning.

*All.* Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much  
grieve

To part from such true friends; and yet find com-  
fort.

My attendance on my honourable lord,  
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,  
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within.* *Exit* WATCHALL.]

*Mar.* [within.] Dar'at thou venture further?

*Well.* [within.] Yes, yes, and knock again.

*Ord.* 'Tis he; disperse!

*Amb.* Perform it bravely.

*Furn.* I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but* ALLWORTH.]

*Re-enter* WATCHALL, ceremoniously introducing WELLBORN  
and MARRALL.

*Watch.* Beast that I was, to make you stay!  
You were long since expected. [most welcome;

*Well.* Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

*Watch.* For your sake, I will, sir.

*Mar.* For his sake!

*Well.* Mum; this is nothing.

*Mar.* More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in my  
primer.

*All.* When I have given you reasons for my late  
harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,  
Though now I part abruptly, in my service  
I will deserve it.

*Mar.* Service! with a vengeance!

*Well.* I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

*All.* All joy stay with you!

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* AMBLE.

*Amb.* You are happily encounter'd; I yet never  
Presented one so welcome as, I know,

You will be to my lady.

*Mar.* This is some vision;

Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;  
It cannot be a truth.

*Well.* Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,  
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

*Re-enter* FURNACE.

*Furn.* I am glad you are come; until I know  
your pleasure.

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

*Mar.* His pleasure! is it possible?

*Well.* What's thy will?

*Furn.* Marry, sir, I have some growse, and  
turkey chicken,  
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask  
you

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,

That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

*Mar.* The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for  
his palate!

That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-  
month,

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on  
Sundays. [*Aide.*]

*Well.* That way I like them best.

*Furn.* It shall be done, sir.

*Well.* What think you of the hedge we shall dine  
Shall we feed grates? [*under ?*]

*Mar.* I know not what to think;

Pray you make me not mad.

*Re-enter* ORDER.

*Ord.* This place becomes you not;

Pray you walk, sir, to the dining room.

*Well.* I am well here,

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

*Mar.* Well here, say you?

'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought  
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

*Re-enter* Waiting-woman and Chambermaid.]

*Woman.* O! sir, you are wish'd for.

*Cham.* My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

*Woman.* And the first command she gave, after  
she rose,

Was, (her devotions done,) to give her notice  
When you approach'd here.

*Cham.* Which is done, on my virtue.

*Mar.* I shall be converted; I begin to grow

Into a new belief, which saints, nor angels,

Could have won me to have faith in.

*Woman.* Sir, my lady!

*Enter* Lady ALLWORTH.

*L. All.* I come to meet you, and languish'd till  
I saw you.

This first kiss is for form; I allow a second

To such a friend. [*Kisses* WELLBORN.]

*Mar.* To such a friend! heaven bless me!

*Well.* I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you  
please

To grace this gentleman with a salute—

*Mar.* Salute me at his bidding!

*Well.* I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

*L. All.* Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute* MARRALL, who retires

*Well.* Run backward from a lady! and such a  
lady!

*Mar.* To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour  
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*]

*L. All.* Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:

You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

*Mar.* Your ladyship's table! I am not good  
To sit at your steward's board. [*enough*]

*L. All.* You are too modest:

I will not be denied.

*Re-enter* FURNACE.

*Furn.* Will you still be babbling

Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick  
My art-ne'er thought on! [still;

*L. All.* Your arm, master Wellborn:—

*Mar.* I was ne'er so graced. [To MARRALL.

[*Exit* WELLBORN, LADY ALLWORTH, AMBLE, MAR-

RALL, Waiting-woman, and Chambermaid.

*Ord.* So! we have play'd our parts, and are  
come off well;

But if I know the mystery, why my lady  
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn  
Desired it, may I perish!

*Furn.* Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,  
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!  
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,  
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants  
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met  
A match to sir Giles Overreach.

*Watch.* What will you take

To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

*Fur.* Just as much

As my throat is worth, for that would be the price  
To have a usurer that starves himself, [on't.  
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years  
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hang-

man,

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:  
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,  
Who must at his command do any outrage;  
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;  
Yet he to admiration still increases  
In wealth, and lordships.

*Ord.* He frights men out of their estates,  
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill  
men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.  
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never  
Lodged so unluckily.

*Re-enter AMBLE laughing.*

*Amb.* Ha! ha! I shall burst.

*Ord.* Contain thyself, man.

*Furn.* Or make us partakers  
Of your sudden mirth.

*Amb.* Ha! ha! my lady has got  
Such a guest at her table!—this terrin-driver, Mar-  
This snip of an attorney— [rall,

*Furn.* What of him, man?

*Amb.* The knave thinks still he's at the cook's  
shop in Ram Alley,  
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;  
And feeds so slovenly!

*Furn.* Is this all?

*Amb.* My lady  
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please master  
Wellborn;

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish  
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd  
And pledges her in white broth! [capon,

*Furn.* Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.  
*Amb.* And when I brought him wine,  
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,  
Most humbly thanks my worship.

*Ord.* Risen already!

*Amb.* I shall be chid.

*Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and MARRALL.*

*Furn.* My lady frowns.

*L. All.* You wait well! [To AMBLE.  
Let me have no more of this; I observed you  
jeering:

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy  
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,  
When I am present, is not your companion.

*Ord.* Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

*Furn.* This refreshing  
Follows your flux of laughter.

*L. All.* [To WELLBORN.] You are master  
Of your own will. I know so much of manners.  
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,  
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house  
That is your own.

*Well.* Mark that. [Aside to MARRALL.

*Mar.* With reverence, sir,  
An it like your worship.

*Well.* Trouble yourself no further,  
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,  
However in my language I am sparing.  
Come, master Marrall.

*Mar.* I attend your worship.

[*Exit* WELLBORN and MARRALL.  
*L. All.* I see in your looks you are sorry, and  
you know me

An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.  
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give  
Further directions. [you

*Ord.* What you please.

*Furn.* We are ready. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Country near Lady ALL-*  
*WORTH'S House.*

*Enter WELLBORN, and MARRALL bare-headed.*

*Well.* I think I am in a good way.

*Mar.* Good! sir; the best way,  
The certain best way.

*Well.* There are casualties  
That men are subject to.

*Mar.* You are above them;  
And as you are already worshipful,  
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,  
And be, right worshipful.

*Well.* Prithee do not flout me:  
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,  
You keep your hat off?

*Mar.* Ease! an it like your worship!  
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,  
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,  
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd  
When your worship's present.

*Well.* Is not this a true rogue,  
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,  
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [Aside.

*Mar.* I know your worship's wise, and needs no  
counsel:

Yet if, in my desire to do you service,  
I humbly offer my advice, (but still  
Under correction,) I hope I shall not  
Incur your high displeasure.

*Well.* No; speak freely.

*Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple  
judgment,

(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you  
A better habit, for this cannot be  
But much distasteful to the noble lady,  
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,  
To me, and I am but a swine to her,

Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,  
You savour'd not of amber.

*Well.* I do now then!

*Mar.* This your baton hath got a touch of  
it—— [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*]

Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty  
pounds here,

Which, out of my true love, I'll presently  
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to  
A riding suit. [*buy you*]

*Well.* But where's the horse?

*Mar.* My gelding

Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,  
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble  
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord  
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,  
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd  
Knave's-acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

*Well.* I thank thy love, but must make no use  
What's twenty pounds? [*of it;*]

*Mar.* 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

*Well.* Dost thou think, though I want clothes,  
I could not have them,

For one word to my lady?

*Mar.* As I know not that!

*Well.* Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so  
leave thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be  
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,  
(There being no woman, but is sometimes fro-  
ward.)

To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced  
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on,  
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.  
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,  
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,  
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* I thank your worship.

How was I cozen'd in the calculation  
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,  
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;  
For that is our profession! Well, well, master  
Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be  
cheated:

Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd  
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.  
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*]

*Enter OVERREACH, speaking to a Servant within.*

*Over.* Sirrah, take my horse.

I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,  
And exercise will keep me from being purse-  
y. Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps  
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do  
Some outrage on himself and now he feels  
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,  
So it be done. Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* How succeed we  
In our plot on Wellborn?

*Mar.* Never better, sir.

*Over.* Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

*Mar.* No, sir, he lives;

Lives once more to be made a prey to you,  
A greater prey than ever.

*Over.* Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

*Mar.* A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

*Over.* With him! what lady?

*Mar.* The rich lady Allworth.

*Over.* Thou dost! how dar'st thou speak this?

*Mar.* I speak truth,

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,

I thank his worship.

*Over.* His worship!

*Mar.* As I live, sir,

I dined with him, at the great lady's table,  
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd  
him,

And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;

But I was not so audacious as some youths are,

That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,

And sad after performance.

*Over.* Why, thou rascal!

To tell me these impossibilities.

Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!——

Impudent varlet, have not I myself,

To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,

In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?

And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-  
born,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with  
her!——

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,

This most incredible lie would call up one,

On thy buttermilk cheeks.

*Mar.* Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

*Over.* You shall feel me, if you give not over,  
sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd  
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids  
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond  
these

Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you

From my employments.

*Mar.* Will you credit this yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd  
Wellborn——

I would give a crown now I durst say his wor-  
ship—— [*Aside.*]

My nag, and twenty pounds.

*Over.* Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*]

Was this the way to work him to despair,

Or rather to cross me?

*Mar.* Will your worship kill me?

*Over.* No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of

*Mar.* He's gone. [*you.*]

*Over.* I have done then: now, forgetting

Your late imaginary feast and lady,

Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.

Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;

And bid my daughter's women trim her up,

Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll  
thank them:

There's a piece for my late blows.

*Mar.* I must yet suffer:

But there may be a time——

*Over.* Do you grumble?

*Mar.* No, sir.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country near OVERREACH'S House.*

*Enter Lord Lovell Allworth, and Servants.*

*Lov.* Walk the horses down the hill : something in private

I must impart to Allworth. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*All.* O, my lord,

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,  
Although I could put off the use of sleep,  
And ever wait on your commands to serve them ;  
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,  
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,  
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer ;  
But still the retribution will fall short  
Of your bounties shower'd upon me ?

*Lov.* Loving youth ;

Till what I purpose be put into act,  
Do not o'erprize it ; since you have trusted me  
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,  
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd  
Treachery shall never open. I have found you  
(For so much to your face I must profess,  
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush  
for't)

More zealous in your love and service to me,  
Than I have been in my rewards.

*All.* Still great ones,

Above my merit.

*Lov.* Such your gratitude calls them :  
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper  
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine  
They part from the respect due to their honours,  
If they use not all such as follow them,  
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.  
I am not so condition'd : I can make  
A fitting difference between my footboy,  
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.

*All.* 'Tis thankfully acknowledged ; you have been

More like a father to me than a master :

Pray you, pardon the comparison.

*Lov.* I allow it ;

And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,  
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,  
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,  
I can command my passions.

*All.* 'Tis a conquest

Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—  
Oh !

*Lov.* Why do you sigh ? can you be doubtful of me ?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,  
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,  
I will not be more true to mine own honour,  
Than to my Allworth !

*All.* As you are the brave lord Lovell,  
Your bare word only given is an assurance  
Of more validity and weight to me,  
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,  
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers  
practise :

Yet being a man, (for, sure, to style you more  
Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forced,  
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,  
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

*Lov.* So young, and jealous !

*All.* Were you to encounter with a single foe,  
The victory were certain ; but to stand  
The charge of two such potent enemies,  
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,  
And those too seconded with power, is odds  
Too great for Hercules.

*Lov.* Speak your doubts and fears.  
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language  
That I may understand them.

*All.* What's your will,  
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided  
They may advantage you,) must be obey'd.  
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,  
The cannon of her more than earthly form,  
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,  
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,  
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses  
Could batter none, but that which guards your  
sight.

But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue  
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds  
Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if [he]  
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,  
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful  
Between your reason and rebellious passions.  
Add this too ; when you feel her touch, and breath  
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er  
Arabia, creating gums and spices ;  
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,  
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,  
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,  
And knowing manners, to give entertainment ;—  
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
To follow such a Venus.

*Lov.* Love hath made you  
Poetical, Allworth.

*All.* Grant all these beat off,  
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,  
Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in  
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,  
To make her more remarkable, as would tire  
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.  
O my good lord ! these powerful aids, which would  
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,  
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,  
That in herself is all perfection,) must  
Prevail for her : I here release your trust ;  
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,  
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon

*Lov.* Why, shall I swear ? [*her.*]

*All.* O, by no means, my lord ;  
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,  
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,  
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing  
Divers great men are rivals for.

*Lov.* Suspend  
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it  
To Overreach's house ?

*All.* At the most, some half hour's riding ;  
You'll soon be there.

*Lov.* And you the sooner freed  
From your jealous fears.

*All.* O that I durst but hope it ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in OVERREACH'S House.**Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.*

*Over.* Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack  
Of curious viands. [with the weight

*Greedy.* *Store indeed's no sore, sir.*

*Over.* That proverb fits your stomach, master  
Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,  
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter  
That it is made of; let my choicest linen  
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,  
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,  
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

*Marg.* 'Twill be very chargeable.

*Over.* Avaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,  
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daugh-  
ter. [Exit MARRALL.

And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,  
And plenty of them—

*Greedy.* As I do, indeed, sir,  
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

*Over.* I do confer that providence, with my  
power

Of absolute command to have abundance,  
To your best care.

*Greedy.* I'll punctually discharge it,  
And give the best directions. Now am I,  
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,  
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked,  
For which I will eat often; and give thanks  
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's  
pure justice. [Exit.

*Over.* It must be so:—should the foolish girl  
prove modest,

She may spoil all: she had it not from me,  
But from her mother; I was ever forward,  
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

*Enter MARGARET.*

Alone—and let your women wait without.

*Marg.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Over.* Ha! this is a neat dressing!  
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!  
The gown affects me not, it should have been  
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;  
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.  
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,  
The face observed, descends unto the foot,  
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,  
Invites as much as perfect white and red,  
Though without art. How like you your new  
The lady Downfallen? [woman,

*Marg.* Well, for a companion;  
Not as a servant.

*Over.* Is she humble, Meg,  
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her fortune.

*Over.* Pity her! trample on her.  
I took her up in an old tamin gown,  
(Even starv'd for want of twopenny chops,) to  
serve thee,

And if I understand she but repines  
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,  
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged  
him,

Into the counter, and there let them howl together.

*Marg.* You know your own ways; but for me  
I blush

When I command her, that was once attended  
With persons not inferior to myself,  
In birth.

*Over.* In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,  
The blest child of my industry and wealth?  
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,  
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways  
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!  
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself  
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;  
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,  
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,  
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

*Marg.* I will not, sir; mould me which way  
you please.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Over.* How! interrupted!

*Greedy.* 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn  
From my experience: there's a fawn brought in,  
sir,

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it  
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;  
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling  
'Tis not worth three-pence.

*Over.* Would it were whole in thy belly,  
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave  
*Greedy.* Without order for the dumpling? [me.

*Over.* Let it be dumpled  
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald  
In his own chaldron. [him

*Greedy.* I had lost my stomach  
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks  
for't. [Exit.

*Over.* But to our business, Meg; you have  
heard who dines here?

*Marg.* I have, sir.

*Over.* 'Tis an honourable man;  
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment  
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,  
A bold and understanding one: and to be  
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,  
Is granted unto few but such as rise up  
The kingdom's glory.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Greedy.* I'll resign my office,  
If I be not better obey'd.

*Over.* Slight, art thou frantic?

*Greedy.* Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and  
stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,  
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.  
There are a dozen of woodcocks—

*Over.* Make thyself  
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

*Greedy.* I am contented,  
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found  
out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish them  
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,  
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Wood-  
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused, [cock;  
I'll give up my commission.

*Over.* [aloud.] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!  
I have given the word, pray you now remove  
yourself

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

*Greedy.* I will, and meditate what to eat at  
dinner. [Exit

*Over.* And as I said, Meg, when this gull dis-  
This honourable lord, this colonel, [tarb'd us,  
I would have thy husband.

*Marg.* There's too much disparity  
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

*Over.* I more than hope, and doubt not to effect  
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth [it,  
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.  
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe  
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier, [me;  
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when  
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:  
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match  
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.

*Marg.* You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance  
Confines a virgin? [that

*Over.* Virgin me no virgins!  
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.  
I will have you private—start not—I say, private:  
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,  
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though  
he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;  
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

*Marg.* I have heard this is the strumpet's  
Which I must never learn. [fashion. sir.

*Over.* Learn anything,  
And from any creature that may make thee great;  
From the devil himself.

*Marg.* This is but devilish doctrine! [*Aside.*

*Over.* Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he  
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool, [offer  
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,  
Sit down on't, and invite him.

*Marg.* In your house,  
Your own house, sir! for heaven's sake, what are  
Or what shall I be, sir? [you, then?

*Over.* Stand not on form;  
Words are no substances.

*Marg.* Though you could dispense  
With your own honour, cast aside religion,  
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me,  
In worldly policy, this is not the way  
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may  
My maiden honour so soon yielded up, [do.  
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him  
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight  
Whene'er tempted by others: so, in judgment,  
When to his lust I have given up my honour,  
He must and will forsake me.

*Over.* How! forsake thee!  
Do I wear a sword for fashion, or is this arm  
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man  
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,  
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground  
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?  
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares  
not.

Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,  
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,  
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,  
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,  
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,  
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render  
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,  
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!  
I have said it.

*Re-enter MARRALL.*

*Mar.* Sir, the man of honour's come,  
Newly alighted.

*Over.* In, without reply;  
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[*Exit MARGARET*  
Is the loud music I gave order for  
Ready to receive him?

*Mar.* 'Tis sir.  
*Over.* Let them sound.  
A princely welcome. [*Exit MARRALL.*] Rough-  
ness awhile leave me;  
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,  
Must make way for me.

*Loud music.* Enter Lord Lovell, GREEDY, ALLWORTH,  
and MARRALL.

*Lov.* Sir, you meet your trouble.  
*Over.* What you are pleased to style so, is an  
Above my worth and fortunes. [honour  
*All.* Strange! so humble. [*Aside.*  
*Over.* A justice of peace, my lord.  
[*Presents GREEDY to him.*

*Lov.* Your hand, good sir.  
*Greedy.* This is a lord, and some think this a  
favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumping.  
[*Aside.*

*Over.* Room for my lord.  
*Lov.* I miss, sir, your fair daughter  
To crown my welcome.

*Over.* May it please my lord  
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly  
She shall attend my lord.

*Lov.* You'll be obeyed, sir.  
[*Exeunt all but OVERREACH.*

*Over.* 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for  
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.— [her!

*Re-enter MARGARET.*

How! tears in your eyes!  
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.  
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness  
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis  
For me to say, My honourable daughter;  
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;  
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,  
But be instructed, or expect—he comes.

*Re-enter Lord Lovell, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, and  
MARRALL.*

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.  
[*Lord Lovell salutes MARGARET.*

*Lov.* As I live, a rare one.  
*All.* He's ta'en already: I am lost. [*Aside.*

*Over.* That kiss  
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.  
[*Exeunt all but OVER, LOV, and MARR.*

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,  
I hope, will teach her boldness.

*Lov.* I am happy  
In such a scholar: but—  
*Over.* I am past learning,  
And therefore leave you to yourselves:—remem-  
ber. [*Aside to MARGARET, and LOV.*

*Lov.* You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous.  
To have you change the barren name of virgin  
Into a hopeful wife.

*Marg.* His haste, my lord,  
Holds no power o'er my will.

*Lov.* But o'er your duty.  
*Marg.* Which, forced too much, may break.

*Lov.* Bend rather, sweetest:  
Think of your years.

*Marg.* Too few to match with yours ;  
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.

*Lov.* Do you think I am old ?

*Marg.* I am sure I am too young.

*Lov.* I can advance you.

*Marg.* To a hill of sorrow ;

Where every hour I may expect to fall,  
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,  
I of a low descent, however rich ;  
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.  
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that  
I dare not trust these walls.

*Lov.* Pray you, trust my ear then.

*Re-enter OVERREACH behind, listening.*

*Over.* Close at it ! whispering ! this is excellent !  
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Re-enter GREEDY behind.*

*Greedy.* Sir Giles, sir Giles !

*Over.* The great fiend stop that clapper !

*Greedy.* It must ring out, sir, when my belly  
rings noon.

The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd

*Over.* I shall powder you. [powder.]

*Greedy.* Beat me to dust, I care not ;

In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

*Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the  
shambles ! [Strikes him.]

*Greedy.* How ! strike a justice of peace ! 'tis  
petty treason,

*Edward's quintio :* but that you are my friend,  
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.

*Over.* Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall com-  
mit you

Where you shall not dine to-day : disturb my lord,  
When he is in discourse !

*Greedy.* Is't a time to talk

When we should be munching ?

*Lov.* Hah ! I heard some noise.

*Over.* Mum, villain, vanish ! shall we break a  
bargain

Almost made up ? [Thrusts GREEDY off.]

*Lov.* Lady, I understand you,

And rest most happy in your choice, believe it ;

I'll be a careful pilot to direct

Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

*Marg.* So shall your honour save two lives, and  
Your slaves for ever. [bind us]

*Lov.* I am in the act rewarded,

Since it is good ; howe'er, you must put on

An amorous carriage towards me, to delude

Your subtle father.

*Marg.* I am prone to that.

*Lov.* Now break we off our conference.—Sir  
Giles !

Where is Sir Giles ? [OVERREACH comes forward.]

*Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, and GREEDY.*

*Over.* My noble lord ; and how

Does your lordship find her ?

*Lov.* Apt, sir Giles, and coming ;

And I like her the better.

*Over.* So do I too.

*Lov.* Yet should we take forts at the first assault,

'Twere poor in the defendant ; I must confirm her

With a love-letter or two, which I must have

Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

*Over.* With all my soul :—a towardly gentleman !  
Your hand, good master Allworth ; know my house  
is ever open to you.

*All.* 'Twas shut till now.

[Aside.]

*Over.* Well done, well done, my honourable  
daughter !

Thou'rt so already : know this gentle youth,  
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

*Marg.* I shall, with my best care.

[Noise within, as of a coach.]

*Over.* A coach !

*Greedy.* More stops

Before we go to dinner ! O my guts !

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.*

*L. All.* If I find welcome,  
You share in it ; if not, I'll back again,  
Now I know your ends ; for I come arm'd for all  
Can be objected.

*Lov.* How ! the lady Allworth !

*Over.* And thus attended !

[LOVELL salutes Lady ALLWORTH, Lady ALLWORTH  
salutes MARGARET.]

*Mar.* No, I am a doll !

*The spirit of lies hath enter'd me !*

*Over.* Peace, Patch ;

'Tis more than wonder ! an astonishment

That does possess me wholly !

*Lov.* Noble lady,

This is a favour, to prevent my visit.

The service of my life can never equal.

*L. All.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and much  
hoped

You would have made my poor house your first inn :

And therefore doubting that you might forget me,

Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,

In this unequal'd beauty, for your stay ;

And fearing to trust any but myself

With the relation of my service to you,

I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,

And took the air in person to invite you.

*Lov.* Your bounties are so great, they rob me,  
Of words, to give you thanks. [madam.]

*L. All.* Good Sir Giles Overreach. [Salutes him.]

—How dost thou, Marrall ? liked you my meat  
You'll dine no more with me ? [so ill.]

*Greedy.* I will, when you please,

As it like your ladyship.

*L. All.* When you please, master Greedy ;

If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.

And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge

This gentleman, howe'er his outside's coarse,

[Presents WELLBORN.]

His inward linings are as fine and fair

As any man's ; wonder not I speak at large :

And howsoe'er his humour carries him

To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,

For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,

He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself

With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles

If I am welcome, bid him so.

[Overreach,

*Over.* My nephew !

He has been too long a stranger : faith you have,

Pray let it be mended.

[LOVELL confers aside with WELLBORN.]

*Mar.* Why, sir, what do you mean ?

This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,

That should hang or drown himself ; no man of

Much less your nephew. [worship,

*Over.* Well, sirrah, we shall reckon

For this hereafter.

*Mar.* I'll not lose my jeer,

Though I be beaten dead for't.

*Well.* Let my silence plead



In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure  
Offer itself to hear a full relation  
Of my poor fortunes.

*Low.* I would hear, and help them.

*Over.* Your dinner waits you.

*Low.* Pray you lead, we follow.

*L. All.* Nay, you are my guest; come, dear  
master Wellborn. *[Exeunt all but GREEDY.]*

*Greedy.* Dear Master Wellborn! So she said:  
heaven! heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate  
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants  
To have him committed, from all prisons in the  
shire,

To Nottingham gaol; and now, Dear master  
Wellborn!

And, My good nephew!—but I play the fool  
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

*Re-enter MARRALL.*

Are they set, Marrall?

*Mar.* Long since; pray you a word, sir.

*Greedy.* No wording now.

*Mar.* In troth, I must; my master,  
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with  
you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in  
Than he expected, especially his nephew,  
The table being full too, you would excuse him,  
And sup with him on the cold meat.

*Greedy.* How! no dinner,

After all my care?

*Mar.* 'Tis but a penance for  
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

*Greedy.* That was

But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission,  
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

*Mar.* No bug words, sir;  
Should his worship hear you—

*Greedy.* Lose my dumping too,  
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!

*Mar.* Come, have patience.

If you will dispense a little with your worship,  
And sit with the waiting-women, you'll have  
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too. *[dumping,]*

*Greedy.* This revives me:  
I will gorge there sufficiently.

*Mar.* This is the way, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—Another Room in OVERREACH'S House.

*Enter OVERREACH, as from dinner.*

*Over.* She's caught! O women!—she neglects  
my lord,

And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!  
The garments of her widowhood laid by,  
She now appears as glorious as the spring.  
Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,  
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,  
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.  
She leaves my meat, to feed upon his looks;  
And if in our discourse he be but named,  
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I  
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,  
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

*Enter MARRALL.*

*Mar.* Sir, the whole board is troubled at your  
rising.

*Over.* No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,  
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew  
To speak with me in private.

*Mar.* Who! the rogue

The lady scorn'd to look on?

*Over.* You are a wag.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.*

*Mar.* See, sir, she's come, and cannot be with-  
out him.

*L. All.* With your favour, sir, after a plenteous  
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two, *[dinner,*  
In your rare garden.

*Over.* There's an arbour too,

If your ladyship please to use it.

*L. All.* Come, master Wellborn.

*[Exeunt Lady ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.]*

*Over.* Grosser and grosser! now I believe the  
poet

Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote

Pasiphæ was enamour'd of a bull:

This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My good lord,

*Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.

*Low.* There needs none, sir Giles,

I may ere long say Father, when it pleases

My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

*Over.* She shall seal to it, my lord, and make  
me happy.

*Re-enter WELLBORN and Lady ALLWORTH.*

*Marg.* My lady is return'd.

*L. All.* Provide my coach,

I'll instantly away; my thanks, sir Giles,

For my entertainment.

*Over.* 'Tis your nobleness

To think it such.

*L. All.* I must do you a further wrong,

In taking away your honourable guest.

*Low.* I wait on you, madam; farewell, good sir  
Giles.

*L. All.* Good mistress Margaret! nay, come,  
master Wellborn,

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

*Over.* Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;

Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my  
coach,

And, after some small conference between us,

Soon overtake your ladyship.

*L. All.* Stay not long, sir.

*Low.* This parting kiss: *[Kisses MARGARET.]*  
you shall every day hear from me,

By my faithful page.

*All.* 'Tis a service I am proud of.

*[Exeunt Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, and  
MARRALL.]*

*Over.* Daughter, to your chamber.—*[Exit MAR-  
GARET.]*—You may wonder, nephew,

After so long an enmity between us,

I should desire your friendship.

*Well.* So I do, sir;

'Tis strange to me.

*Over.* But I'll make it no wonder;

And what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand

To lift them up, but rather set our feet

Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;

As, I must yield, with you I practised it:

But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you ; this rich lady  
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you ;  
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

*Well.* No such thing :

Compassion rather, sir.

*Over.* Well, in a word,

Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen  
No more in this base shape ; nor shall she say,  
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

*Well.* He'll run into the noose, and save my  
labour. *[Aside.]*

*Over.* You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far  
hence,

In pawn ; I will redeem them ; and that no clamour  
May taint your credit for your petty debts,

You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off  
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

*Well.* This done, sir, out of love, and no end  
*Over.* As it is, nephew. *[else—*

*Well.* Binds me still your servant.

*Over.* No compliments, you are staid for : as  
you have supp'd

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, fo  
To-morrow I will visit you. *[my nephew*

*Well.* Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes ! how much they do belie you  
That say you are hard-hearted !

*Over.* My deeds, nephew,  
Shall speak my love ; what men report I weigh  
not. *[Exeunt]*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S House.

*Enter* Lord LovELL and ALLWORTH.

*Lov.* 'Tis well ; give me my cloak ; I now dis-  
charge you

From further service ; mind your own affairs,  
I hope they will prove successful.

*All.* What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.  
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,  
How much I stand engaged, for I want language  
To speak my debt ; yet if a tear or two  
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply  
My tongue's defects, I could—

*Lov.* Nay, do not melt :

This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.

*Over.* *[within.]* Is my lord stirring ?

*Lov.* 'Tis he ! oh, here's your letter : let him in.

*Enter* OVERREACH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

*Over.* A good day to my lord !

*Lov.* You are an early riser,  
Sir Giles.

*Over.* And reason, to attend your lordship.

*Lov.* And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon !

*Greedy.* In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,  
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach  
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's  
I have a serious question to demand *[favour,*  
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.

*Lov.* Pray you use your pleasure.

*Greedy.* How far, sir Giles, and pray you an-  
Upon your credit, hold you it to be *[swer me*  
From your manor-house, to this of my lady All-

*Over.* Why, some four mile. *[worth's ?]*

*Greedy.* How ! four mile, good sir Giles—

Upon your reputation, think better ;  
For if you do abate but one half quarter  
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong  
That can be in the world ; for four miles riding,  
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite  
As I feel gnawing on me.

*Mar.* Whether you ride,

Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,  
An it please your worship.

*Over.* How now, sirrah ? prating

Before my lord ! no difference ! Go to my nephew,  
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship  
To fit on his rich suit.

*Mar.* I may fit you too.

Toss'd like a dog still ! *[Aside, and exit]*

*Lov.* I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

*Over.* 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's  
already :—

Sweet master Allworth, take my ring ; 'twill carry  
you

To her presence, I dare warrant you ; and there  
plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.  
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,  
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,  
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,  
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

*Greedy.* Take my advice, young gentleman, get  
your breakfast ;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting : I'll eat with you,  
And eat to purpose.

*Over.* Some Fury's in that gut :

Hungry again ! did you not devour, this morning,  
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester  
oysters ?

*Greedy.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour my  
stomach,

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,  
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flush-  
Alone, while I am here. *[ing,*

*Lov.* Haste your return.

*All.* I will not fail, my lord.

*Greedy.* Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer.

*[Exeunt GREEDY and ALLWORTH.]*

*Over.* To my wish ; we are private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion, that were poor and trivial :

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,  
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,  
With her, my lord, comes to you ; nor shall you  
One motive, to induce you to believe *[have*  
I live too long, since every year I'll add  
Something unto the heap, which shall be your's too.

*Lov.* You are a right kind father.

*Over.* You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat ?

It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change,

To entertain your friends in a summer progress ?  
What thinks my noble lord ?

*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air,  
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it,  
Worthy the large revenue.

*Over.* She the mistress!

It may be so for a time; but let my lord  
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,  
I say, ere long 'tis his.

*Lov.* Impossible.

*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,  
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone  
The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-  
born's,

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)  
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's  
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,  
And useful for your lordship, and once more  
I say aloud, they are your's.

*Lov.* I dare not own

What's by her dotage and cruel means extorted;  
My fame and credit are more dear to me,  
Than so to expose them to be censured by  
The public voice.

*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard.  
Your reputation shall stand as fair,  
In all good men's opinions, as now;  
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,  
Cast any foul aspersion upon your's.

For, though I do condemn report myself,  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,  
Nor your unquestioned integrity,  
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot  
That may take from your innocence and candour.

All my ambition is to have my daughter  
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:  
And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.  
As for possessions, and annual rents,  
Equivalent to maintain you in the port  
Your noble birth, and present state requires,  
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,  
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin  
The country to supply your riotous waste,  
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

*Lov.* Are you not frighted with the imprecations  
And curses of whole families, made wretched  
By your sinister practices?

*Over.* Yes, as rocks are,  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,  
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her  
I am of a solid temper, and, like these, [brightness.  
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,  
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,  
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.  
Now, for these other piddling complaints  
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me  
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder  
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser  
Of what was common, to my private use;  
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,  
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,  
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,  
Or the least sting of conscience.

*Lov.* I admire  
The toughness of your nature.

*Over.* 'Tis for you,  
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;  
Nay more, if you will have my character  
In little, I enjoy more true delight,  
In my arrival to my wealth these dark  
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure  
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.  
My haste commands me hence; in one word, there-  
Is it a match? [fore,

*Lov.* I hope, that is past doubt now.

*Over.* Then rest secure; not the hate of all  
mankind here,  
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your advancement  
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.  
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;  
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,  
You may make choice of what belief you please,  
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.  
[Exit.

*Lov.* He's gone—I wonder how the earth can  
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier, [bear  
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,  
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over  
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he  
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)  
Is no more shaken than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, and AMBLA.*

*L. All.* Save you, my lord!  
Disturb I not your privacy?

*Lov.* No, good madam;  
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner  
Since this bold bad man, sir Giles Overreach,  
Made such a plain discovery of himself,  
And read this morning such a devilish matins,  
That I should think it a sin next to his  
But to repeat it.

*L. All.* I ne'er press'd, my lord,  
On others privacies; yet, against my will,  
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery  
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made  
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker  
Of his tempting offers.

*Lov.* Please you to command  
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear  
Your wiser counsel.

*L. All.* 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,  
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,  
But be within call; yet not so near to force me  
To whisper my intents.

*Ambl.* We are taught better  
By you, good madam.

*Woman.* And well know our distance.

*L. All.* Do so, and talk not; 'twill become you  
breeding. [Exit AMBLA and Woman

Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,  
As to an honour'd friend—

*Lov.* You lessen else  
Your favour to me.

*L. All.* I dare then say thus;  
As you are noble (howe'er common men  
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end  
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree  
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged  
More to prefer their honours, than to increase  
The state left to them by their ancestors,  
To study large additions to their fortunes,

And quite neglect their births:—though I must grant,  
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,  
But a bad master.

*Lov.* Madam, 'tis confess'd;  
But what infer you from it?

*L. All.* This, my lord;  
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,  
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,  
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,  
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour  
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,  
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,  
(How'er intended to make good the bank.)  
Rendering the water, that was pure before,  
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow  
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,  
A maid well qualified, and the richest match  
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,  
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths  
That never will forget who was her father;  
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,

(How wrong from both needs now no repetition.)  
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship  
To join your families, than her form and virtues:  
You may conceive the rest.

*Lov.* I do, sweet madam,  
And long since have considered it. I know,  
The sum of all that makes a just man happy  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:  
And there, well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.  
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,  
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—  
But I come nearer.

*L. All.* Pray you do, my lord.

*Lov.* Were Overreach's states thrice centupled,  
his daughter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,  
How'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,  
I would not so adulterate my blood  
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue  
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,  
And the other London blue. In my own tomb  
I will inter my name first.

*L. All.* I am glad to hear this.— [*Aside.*]  
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?  
Dissimulation but ties false knots  
On that straight line, by which you, hitherto,  
Have measured all your actions.

*Lov.* I make answer,  
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,  
That, since your husband's death, have lived a  
strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself  
To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,  
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours  
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,  
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?

*L. All.* I am innocent here; and, on my life, I  
My ends are good. [*swear*]

*Lov.* On my soul, so are mine  
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:  
And since this friendly privacy does serve  
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves,  
To search each other further, you having shewn  
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;

Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,  
An afternoon's discourse.

*L. All.* So I shall hear you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before TAPWELL'S House.*

*Enter TAPWELL and FROTH.*

*Tap.* Undone, undone! this was your counsel,  
Froth.

*Froth.* Mine! I defy thee: did not master  
Marrell

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us,  
On pain of sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,  
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

*Tap.* 'Tis true;

But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got  
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly.  
At his commandment, to do any thing;  
Woe, woe to us!

*Froth.* He may prove merciful.

*Tap.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.  
Though he knew all the passages of our house,  
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,  
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would be-  
lieve him,

And then his information could not hurt us;  
But now he is right worshipful again,  
Who dares not doubt his testimony? methinks,  
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,  
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out  
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,  
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R  
Printed upon it.

*Froth.* Would that were the worst!  
That were but nine days wonder: as for credit,  
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money  
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

*Tap.* He has summon'd all his creditors by the  
drum,

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers  
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW  
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely [WAY  
He shall be chronicled for it!

*Froth.* He deserves it  
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his  
worship

Comes this way, to my lady's?

[*A cry within: Brave master Wellborn.*]

*Tap.* Yes;—I hear him.

*Froth.* Be ready with your petition, and present  
To his good grace. [*it*]

*Enter WELLBORN in a rich habit, followed by MARRALL,  
GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, and Creditors; TAPWELL  
kneeling, delivers his petition.*

*Well.* How's this! petition'd too?—

But note what miracles the payment of  
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes  
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,  
I think, prince Wellborn.

*Mar.* When your worship's married,  
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.

*Well.* Then look thou for advancement.

*Mar.* To be known

Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

*Well.* And thou shalt hit it.

*Mar.* Pray you, sir, dispatch  
These needy followers, and for my admittance,  
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,

Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something  
You shall give thanks for.

*Well.* Fear me not sir Giles.

*Greedy.* Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,

Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

*Tap.* And shall do every Christmas, let your  
But stand my friend now. [worship]

*Greedy.* How! with master Wellborn?

I can do anything with him on such terms.—

See you this honest couple, they are good souls

As ever drew out fossot; have they not

A pair of honest faces?

*Well.* I o'erheard you,

And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd in  
them;

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,

This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,

For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd  
me,

And therefore speak not for them: by your place

You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:

—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,

And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen

Worth all his poultry.

*Greedy.* I am changed on the sudden

In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.

And, now I view him better, did you e'er see

One look so like an archknave? his very counte-  
nance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,

Would hang him, though he were innocent.

*Tap.* *Froth.* Worshipful sir.

*Greedy.* No, though the great Turk came, in-  
stead of turkies,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,

That hath destroyed many of the king's liege  
people,

Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's  
stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,

Or any esculent, as the learned call it,

For their emolument, but sheer drink only.

For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;

For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,

Command the constable to pull down thy sign,

And do it before I eat.

*Froth.* No mercy?

*Greedy.* Vanish!

If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me!

*Tap.* Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exit GREEDY, TAPWELL, and FROTH.*]

*Well.* Speak; what are you?

1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,

That might have thrived, but that your worship  
broke me

With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,

And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,

When you lodged upon the Bankside.

*Well.* I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to  
arrest you;

And therefore, sir—

*Well.* Thou art an honest fellow,

I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.—

What are you?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.

I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,

Which was all my stock, but you failing in pay-  
ment,

I was removed from the shopboard, and confined  
Under a stall.

*Well.* See him paid; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

*Well.* Such tailors need not;

If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,

They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,  
[To 3 Creditor.]

Thou wert my surgeon; you must tell no tales;

Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

*Ord.* A royal gentleman!

*Furn.* Royal as an emperor!

He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew  
To choose a man.

*Well.* See all men else discharg'd;

And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,

A little bounty will not misbecome me;

There's something, honest cook, for thy good  
breakfasts;

And this, for your respect; [To ORDER.] take't,

And I able to spare it. [Tis good gold,

*Ord.* You are too munificent.

*Furn.* He was ever so.

*Well.* Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!

*Mar.* At four o'clock the rest know where to  
meet me.

[*Exit ORDER, FURNACE, and Creditors.*]

*Well.* Now, master Marrall, what's the weighty  
You promised to impart? [secret]

*Mar.* Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance,

This only, in a word; I know sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds, which you must not  
consent to.

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,

Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt

Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;

I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)

When you were defeated of it.

*Well.* That's forgiven.

*Mar.* I shall deserve it: then urge him to  
produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,

Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver

To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,

And present monies: I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize

To your full content, and your uncle's much vexa-

Hang up Jack Marrall. [tion.

*Well.* I rely upon thee. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in OVERREACH'S  
House.

*Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*

*All.* Whether to yield the first praise to my  
lord's

Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweet-  
ness,

That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on

Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,

I yet rest doubtful.

*Marg.* Give it to lord Lovell;

For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.

I make but payment of a debt to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,  
Are faithful witnessess.

*All.* 'Tis true, my dearest :  
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones  
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths  
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness ;  
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,  
To the amazement of the world,—that hold out  
Against the stern authority of a father,  
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you ;  
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,  
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right  
You yet are pleased to do me.

*Marg.* Yet, and ever,  
To me what's title, when content is wanting ?  
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,  
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,  
In being dispossest'd of what it longs for,  
Beyond the Indian mines ? or the smooth brow  
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will ;  
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted  
By my obedience, and he see me great,  
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power  
To make her own election !

*All.* But the dangers  
That follow the repulse—  
*Marg.* To me they are nothing :  
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.  
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me ;  
A tear or two, by you dropt on my herse,  
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life  
So far as but to say, that I die yours ;  
I then shall rest in peace : or should he prove  
So cruel, as one death would not suffice  
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments,  
In mind and body, I must waste to air,  
In poverty join'd with banishment ; so you share  
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,  
So high I prize you, I could undergo them  
With such a patience as should look down  
With scorn on his worst malice.

*All.* Heaven avert  
Such trials of your true affection to me !  
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,  
Shew so much rigour : but since we must run  
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best  
To steer between them.

*Marg.* Your lord's ours, and sure ;  
And though but a young actor, second me  
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

*Enter OVERRACH behind.*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my All-  
worth. [*Seeing her father.*]

*All.* To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.  
*Marg.* I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title ;  
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,  
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.  
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,  
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,  
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone  
Till death unloose it, is a confidence  
In his lordship will deceive him.

*All.* I hope better,  
Good lady.

*Marg.* Hope, sir, what you please : for me  
I must take a safe and secure course ; I have  
A father, and without his full consent,  
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,  
I can grant nothing.

*Over.* I like this obedience : [*Comes forward.*]  
But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be  
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,  
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant  
To your good lord ; he has a jewel of you.  
How ! frowning, Meg ? are these looks, to receive  
A messenger from my lord ? what's this ? give me  
it.

*Marg.* A piece of arrogant paper, like the in-  
scriptions.

*Over.* [*Reads.*] *Fair mistress, from your ser-  
vant learn, all joys*

*That we can hope for, if deserr'd, prove toys ;  
Therefore, this instant, and in private, meet  
A husband, that will gladly at your feet  
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you  
With all content, the church being paid her due.*  
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper ? fool !  
Will you still be one ? in the name of madness,  
what

Could his good honour write more to content you ?  
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,  
That are already offer'd ; marriage first,  
And lawful pleasure after : what would you more ?

*Marg.* Why, sir, I would be married like your  
daughter ;

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,  
Without all ceremony, no friends invited  
To honour the solemnity.

*All.* An 't please your honour,  
For so before to-morrow I must style you,  
My lord desires this privacy, in respect  
His honourable kinsmen are far off,  
And his desires to have it done, brook not  
So long delay as to expect their coming ;  
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,  
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,  
To have his marriage at court celebrated,  
When he has brought your honour up to London.

*Over.* He tells you true ; 'tis the fashion, on my  
knowledge :

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,  
Must put it off, forsooth ! and lose a night,  
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.  
Tempt me no further, if you do, this good

[*Points to his sword.*]

Shall prick you to him.

*Marg.* I could be contented,  
Were you but by, to do a father's part,  
And give me in the church.

*Over.* So my lord have you,  
What do I care who gives you ? since my lord  
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.  
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord  
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse  
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense ; to-  
morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums : in the mean time,  
Use my ring to my chaplain ; he is benefited  
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo :  
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

*Marg.* With your favour, sir, what warrant is  
your ring ?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,  
Without your knowledge ; and then to be refused,  
Were such a stain upon me !—if you pleased, sir,  
Your presence would do better.

*Over.* Still perverse !

I say again, I will not cross my lord ;  
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there !

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*]

All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only write, Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.

'Tis done; away!—[*MARGARET kneels.*] My blessing, girl? thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, begone:—good master Allworth, This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*]

Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure: Methinks I hear already knights and ladies Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with Your honourable daughter? has her honour Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please To accept this monkey, dog, or parqueto, (This is state in ladies,) or my eldest son To be her page, and wait upon her trencher? My ends, my ends are compass'd—then for Wellborn And the lands; were he once married to the widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself, I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S House.

*Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Amble.*

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense, A little, with my gravity, to advance, In personating some few favours to him, The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn. Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer In some few men's opinions for't, the action; For he that ventured all for my dear husband, Might justly claim an obligation from me, To pay him such a courtesy; which had I Coily, or over-curiously denied, It might have argued me of little love To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, Madam, For the poor gentleman, hath found good success; For, as I understand, his debts are paid, And he once more furnish'd for fair employment: But all the arts that I have used to raise The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth, Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well: For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant Than their years can promise; and for their desires, On my knowledge, they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear The building, though well grounded: to deceive Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox In his proceedings, were a work beyond The strongest undertakers; not the trial Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam: Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means; And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven, Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,

That ne'er consider from whom they receive it, Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it. Which is the reason, that the politic And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth, Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to express it, Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself

Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! What think you of the motion?

L. All. Troth, my lord, My own unworthiness may answer for me; For had you, when that I was in my prime, My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me With this great favour; looking on my lowness Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth, I could not but have thought it, as a blessing Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest, And undervalue that which is above My title, or whatever I call mine. I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry A widow might disparage me; but being A true-born Englishman, I cannot find How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more, That which you think a blemish, is to me The fairest lustre. You already, madam, Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish A husband that deserves you; which confirms me, That, if I am not wanting in my care To do you service, you'll be still the same That you were to your Allworth: in a word, Our years, our states, our births are not unequal, You being descended nobly, and allied so; If then you may be won to make me happy, But join your lips to mine, and that shall be A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good, Should I refuse it; [*Kisses him.*] yet, my lord, receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness, Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord, To her that cannot doubt.—

*Enter Wellborn, handsomely apparelled.*

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am Your creature, madam, and will never hold My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;

You could not make choice of a better shape To dress your mind in.

*L. All.* For me, I am happy  
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late  
Sir Giles, your uncle?

*Well.* I heard of him, madam,  
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange  
passions

About his daughter: this last night he look'd for  
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,  
And she not yet appearing, his wise head  
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

*Lov.* It may be,  
Sweetheart, my project took,

*L. All.* I strongly hope.  
*Over.* [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou  
huge lump of nothing,  
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

*Well.* May it please your lordship,  
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw  
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,  
You may, perhaps, have sport.

*Lov.* You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*]

*Enter OVERRACK, with distracted looks, driving in  
MARRALL before him, with a box.*

*Over.* I shall sol fa you, rogue!

*Mar.* Sir, for what cause  
Do you use me thus?

*Over.* Cause, slave! why, I am angry,  
And thou a subject only fit for beating,  
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;  
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,  
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,  
I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Mar.* I may yet cry quittance,  
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*]

*Over.* Lady, by your leave, did you see my  
daughter, lady?

And the lord, her husband? are they in your  
house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;  
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,  
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make  
courtesies

When she nods on you; which you must receive  
As a special favour.

*L. All.* When I know, sir Giles,  
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;  
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,  
I give you to understand, I neither know  
Nor care where her honour is.

*Over.* When you once see her  
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,  
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

*Well.* Sir.

*Over.* No more!

*Well.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Over.* Have your redeem'd rage  
Made you thus insolent?

*Well.* Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,  
At the best, more than myself?

*Over.* His fortune swells him:

'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*]

*L. All.* This is excellent!

*Over.* Sir, in calm language, though I seldom  
use it,

I am familiar with the cause that makes you  
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz  
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen  
marriage.

In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been  
I name no parties. [*cozen'd;*]

*Well.* Well, sir, and what follows?

*Over.* Marry, this; since you are peremptory.  
Remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you  
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,  
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,  
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you  
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol: you  
And therefore do not trifle. [*know me,*]

*Well.* Can you be  
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in  
The way to rise? was this the courtesy  
You did me in *pure love, and no ends else?*

*Over.* End me no ends! engage the whole estate,  
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have  
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,  
And revel in bawdy taverns.

*Well.* And beg after;

Mean you not so?

*Over.* My thoughts are mine, and free.

Shall I have security?

*Well.* No, indeed you shall not,  
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;  
Your great looks fright not me.

*Over.* But my deeds shall

Outbraved! [*Both draw.*]

*L. All.* Help, murder! murder!

*Enter Servants.*

*Well.* Let him come on,  
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,  
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him;  
The right that I bring with me will defend me,  
And punish his extortion.

*Over.* That I had thee  
But single in the field!

*L. All.* You may; but make not  
My house your quarrelling scene.

*Over.* Were't in a church,  
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

*Mar.* Now put him to  
The shewing of the deed. [*Aside to WELLBORN.*]

*Well.* This rage is vain, sir;  
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands  
Upon the least incitement; and whereas [*full,*]  
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,  
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)  
Either restore my land, or I'll recover  
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,  
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

*Over.* I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not  
purchase

The land left by thy father, that rich land,  
That had continued in Wellborn's name  
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,  
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, enclosed,  
The deed that does confirm it mine?

*Mar.* Now, now!

*Well.* I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd over  
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two  
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,  
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease  
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,  
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,  
Must of necessity follow.

*L. All.* In my judgment,  
He does advise you well.

*Over.* Good! good! conspire



With your new husband, lady ; second him  
In his dishonest practices ; but when  
This manor is extended to my use,  
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

*L. All.* Never : do not hope it.

*Well.* Let despair first seize me.

*Over.* Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make  
these give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out  
The precious evidence ; if thou canst forswear  
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

*[Opens the box, and displays the bond.]*

Thy ears to the pillory, see ! here's that will make  
My interest clear—ha !

*L. All.* A fair skin of parchment.

*Well.* Indented, I confess, and labels too ;  
But neither wax nor words. How ! thunderstruck ?  
Not a syllable to insult with ? My wise uncle,  
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes  
Your interest clear ?

*Over.* I am o'erwhelmed with wonder !

What prodigy is this ? what subtle devil  
Hath razed out the inscription ? the wax  
Turn'd into dust !—the rest of my deeds whole,  
As when they were deliver'd, and this only  
Made nothing ! do you deal with witches, rascal ?  
There is a statute for you, which will bring  
Your neck in an hempen circle ; yes, there is ;  
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know  
This juggling shall not save you.

*Well.* To save thee,  
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

*Over.* Marrall !

*Mar.* Sir.

*Over.* Though the witnesses are dead, your tes-  
timony

Help with an oath or two : and for thy master,  
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,  
I know thou wilt swear any thing, to dash  
This cunning sleight : besides, I know thou art  
A public notary, and such stand in law  
For a dozen witnesses : the deed being drawn too  
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd  
When thou wert present, will make good my title.  
Will thou not swear this ? *[Aside to MARRALL.]*

*Mar.* I ! no, I assure you :

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours ;  
I know no deeds.

*Over.* Wilt thou betray me ?

*Mar.* Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,  
To his no little torment.

*Over.* Mine own varlet  
Rebel against me !

*Mar.* Yes, and uncase you too.

The idiot, the Patch, the slave, the booby,  
The property fit only to be beaten

For your morning exercise, your football, or  
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge ;

Can now anatomize you, and lay open  
All your black plots, and level with the earth  
Your hill of pride : and, with these gabions guarded,  
Unload my great artillery, and shake,  
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

*L. All.* How he foams at the mouth with rage !

*Well.* To him again.

*Over.* O that I had thee in my gripe, I would  
Joint after joint ! *[tear thee]*

*Mar.* I know you are a tearer.

But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then

Come nearer to you ; when I have discover'd,  
And made it good before the judge, what ways,  
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with  
An army of whole families, who yet alive,  
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able  
To take in Duukirk.

*Well.* All will come out.

*L. All.* The better.

*Over.* But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,  
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,  
These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix  
here,

Although they made my body but one wound,  
But I would reach thee.

*Lov.* Heaven's hand is in this ;

One bandog worry the other ! *[Aside.]*

*Over.* I play the fool,

And make my anger but ridiculous :

There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,  
When you shall feel what I dare do.

*Well.* I think so :

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour

To be honest, and repent.

*Over.* They are words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

*Enter GREEDY and PARSON WILDO.*

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms  
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome !  
There's comfort in thy looks ; is the deed done ?  
Is my daughter married ? say but so, my chaplain,  
And I am tame.

*Willdo.* Married ! yes, I assure you.

*Over.* Then vanish all sad thoughts ! there's more  
gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd  
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

*Greedy.* Here will be feasting ! at least for a  
month,

I am provided : empty guts, croak no more,  
You shall be stuff'd like bagpipes, not with wind,  
But bearing dishes.

*Over.* Instantly be here ? *[Whispering to WILDO.]*  
To my wish ! to my wish ! Now you that plot  
against me,

And hope to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,  
Think on't and tremble :—*[Loud music]*—they  
come ! I hear the music.

A lane there for my lord !

*Well.* This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

*Over.* Make way there for my lord !

*Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*

*Marg.* Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing,  
with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.

As ever you could make use of your reason,  
*[Kneeling.]*

Grow not in passion ; since you may as well  
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot  
Which is too strongly fasten'd : not to dwell  
Too long on words, this is my husband.

*Over.* How !

*All.* So I assure you ; all the rights of marriage,  
With every circumstance, are past. Alas ! sir,  
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,  
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it ;  
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,  
Your dutiful daughter.

*Over.* Devil! are they married?

*Willdo.* Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

*Over.* Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak Or thou art dead. [quickly,

*Willdo.* They are married.

*Over.* Thou hadst better Have made a contract with the king of fiends, Than these:—my brain turns!

*Willdo.* Why this rage to me? Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words? Marry her to this gentleman.

*Over.* It cannot— Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not; That I, that, in all passages I touch'd At worldly profit, have not left a print Where I have trod, for the most curious search To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children, Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours Defeated, and made void.

*Well.* As it appears, You are so, my grave uncle.

*Over.* Village nurses Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste A syllable, but thus I take the life Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[Attempts to kill MARGARET.

*Loc.* [coming forward.] Hold, for your own sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you, Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here, Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter? Consider; at the best you are but a man, And cannot so create your aims, but that They may be cross'd.

*Over.* Lord! thus I spit at thee, And at thy counsel; and again desire thee, And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour Dares shew itself, where multitude and example Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change Six words in private.

*Loc.* I am ready.

*L. All.* Stay, sir, Contest with one distracted!

*Well.* You'll grow like him, Should you answer his vain challenge.

*Over.* Are you pale? Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds, I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.— Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil, My fury cannot reach the coward hunters, And only spends itself, I'll quit the place: Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants, And friends to second me; and if I make not This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs, What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave One throat uncut,—if it be possible, Hell, add to my afflictions!

[Exit.

*Mar.* Is't not brave sport?

*Greedy.* Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach; I do not like the sauce.

*All.* Nay, weep not, dearest, Though it express your pity; what's decreed Above, we cannot alter.

*L. All.* His threats move me No scruple, madam.

*Mar.* Was it not a rare trick, An it please your worship, to make the deed no- I can do twenty neater, if you please [thing?

To purchase and grow rich; for I will be Such a solicitor and steward for you, As never worshipful had.

*Well.* I do believe thee; But first discover the quaint means you used To raze out the conveyance?

*Mar.* They are mysteries Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals Incorporated in the ink and wax.— Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement

To this conundrum. If it please your worship To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me To urge you, or to drown or hang yourself; I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

*Well.* You are a rascal! he that dares be false To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true To any other. Look not for reward Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity, If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order Your practice shall be silenced.

*Greedy.* I'll commit him, If you will have me, sir.

*Well.* That were to little purpose; His conscience be his prison. Not a word, But instantly be gone.

*Ord.* Take this kick with you.

*Amb.* And this.

*Furn.* If that I had my cleaver here, I would divide your knave's head.

*Mar.* This is the haven False servants still arrive at.

[Exit.

Re-enter OVERREACH.

*L. All.* Come again!

*Loc.* Fear not, I am your guard.

*Well.* His looks are ghastly.

*Willdo.* Some little time I have spent, under your favours, In physical studies, and if my judgment err not, He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him, And look to yourselves.

*Over.* Why, is not the whole world Included in myself? to what use then Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them? No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his sword sheathed.

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble: Some undone widow sits upon mine arm, And takes away the use o' t; and my sword, Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears, Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me

Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate, I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed spirits, Thus would I fly among you.

[Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground

*Well.* There's no help ;  
Disarm him first, then bind him.

*Greedy.* Take a mittimus,  
And carry him to Bedlam.

*Lov.* How he foams !

*Well.* And bites the earth !

*Willdo.* Carry him to some dark room,  
There try what art can do for his recovery.

*Marg.* O my dear father !

*[They force OVERREACH off.]*

*All.* You must be patient, mistress.

*Lov.* Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,  
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take  
comfort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians  
In his distractions : and for your land, master  
Wellborn,

Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire  
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir  
Of sir Giles Overreach : for me, here's the anchor  
That I must fix on.

*All.* What you shall determine,  
My lord, I will allow of.

*Well.* 'Tis the language  
That I speak too ; but there is something else  
Beside the repossession of my land,  
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.  
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose course ; and until I redeem it  
Some noble way, I am but half made up.  
It is a time of action ; if your lordship  
Will please to confer a company upon me,  
In your command, I doubt not, in my service  
To my king, and country, but I shall do something  
That may make me right again.

*Lov.* Your suit is granted,  
And you loved for the motion.

*Well.* *[coming forward.]* *Nothing wants then  
But your allowance—and in that our all  
Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,  
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,  
Without your manumission ; which if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due  
To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may,)  
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play :  
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might  
To teach us action, and him how to write.*

*[Exeunt.]*

# THE CITY MADAM.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS  
LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

HONOURED LADY,—In that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises, it is commendation enough to call it *Massimo's*; if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

Madam, Your most humble servant, ANDREW PENNYCUCKER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LACY.  
SIR JOHN FRUGAL, a Merchant.  
SIR MAURICE LACY, Son to Lord LACY.  
MR. PLENTY, a Country Gentleman.  
LUKE FRUGAL, Brother to Sir JOHN.  
GOLDWIRE, Senior, } Two Gentlemen.  
TRADEWELL, Senior, }  
GOLDWIRE, Junior, } their Sons, Apprentices  
TRADEWELL, Junior, } to Sir JOHN FRUGAL.  
STARGAZER, an Astrologer.  
HOYST, a decayed Gentleman.  
FORTUNE, } decayed Merchants.  
PENURY, }  
HOLDFAST, Steward to Sir JOHN FRUGAL.

RAMBLE, } Two Hectors.  
SCUFFLE, }  
DING'EM, a Pimp.  
GETTALL, a Bar-Keeper.  
PAGE, Sheriff, Marshall, Serjeants.

LADY FRUGAL.  
ANNE, } her Daughters.  
MARY, }  
MILISCENT, her Woman.  
SHAVE'EM, a Courtizan.  
SECRET, a Bawd.

Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians,  
Porters, Servants.

SCENE,—LONDON.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S House.

Enter GOLDWIRE Junior and TRADEWELL Junior.

Gold. The ship is safe in the Pool then?

Trade. And makes good,  
In her rich freight, the name she bears, *The Speedwell*;

My master will find it: for, on my certain knowledge,

For every hundred that he ventured in her,  
She bath return'd him five.

Gold. And it comes timely;  
For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor  
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters  
Are ripe for marriage.

Trade. Who? Nan and Mall?  
Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some  
Or 'tis more punishable in our house [addition,  
Than scandalum magnatum.

Trade. 'Tis great pity  
Such a gentleman as my master (for that title  
His being a citizen cannot take from him)  
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,  
And keep his name alive.

Gold. The want of one,  
Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-  
mother,

With hopes above their birth and scale: their  
dreams are  
Of being made countesses; and they take state,  
As they were such already. When you went

To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion  
Of a merchant's house in our family ; but since  
My master, to gain precedence for my mistress,  
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,  
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,  
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones :  
There are few great ladies going to a mask  
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.

*Trade.* 'Tis strange, my master, in his wisdom,  
Give the reins to such exorbitance. [can

*Gold.* He must,  
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home :  
I grant his state will bear it ; yet he's censured  
For his indulgence, and, for sir John Frugal,  
By some styled sir John Prodgal.

*Trade.* Is his brother,  
Master Luke Frugal, living ?

*Gold.* Yes ; the more  
His misery, poor man !

*Trade.* Still in the counter ?

*Gold.* In a worse place. He was redeem'd from  
the hole,

To live, in our house, in hell ; since, his base usage  
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady  
Admits him to her table ; marry, ever  
Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject  
Of her contempt and scorn ; and dinner ended,  
His courteous nieces find employment for him  
Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman,  
And not an uncle.

*Trade.* I wonder, being a scholar  
Well read, and travell'd, the world yielding means  
For men of such desert, he should endure it.

*Gold.* He does, with a strange patience ; and to  
The servants, so familiar, nay humble ! [us,

*Enter STARGASE, Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MIL-  
LICENT, in several affected postures, with looking-glasses  
at their girdles.*

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these  
Like a citizen's wife and daughters ?

*Trade.* In their habits  
They appear other things : but what are the motives  
Of this strange preparation ?

*Gold.* The young wagtails  
Expect their suitors : the first, the son and heir  
Of the lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,  
As his daughter does his honour ; the second, Mr.

Plenty,  
A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come  
To a great estate ; and so all aids of art  
In them's excusable.

*L. Frug.* You have done your parts here :  
To your study ; and be curious in the search  
Of the nativities. [Exit STARGASE.

*Trade.* Methinks the mother,  
As if she could renew her youth, in care,  
Nay curiosity, to appear lovely,  
Comes not behind her daughters.

*Gold.* Keeps the first place ;  
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they  
That say she can write thirty, more offend her,  
Than if they tax'd her honesty : t'other day,  
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,  
But one she never saw, being brought before her,  
For saying only, *Good young mistress, help me  
To the speech of your lady-mother, so far pleased  
That he got his lease renew'd for't.* [her,

*Trade.* How she bristles !  
Prithce, observe her.

*Mill.* As I hope to see  
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before  
you

When you are a countess, as you may be one  
When my master dies, or leaves trading ; and I,  
continuing

Your principal woman, take the upper hand  
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must  
By the place you give me ; you look now as young  
As when you were married.

*L. Frug.* I think I bear my years well.

*Mill.* Why should you talk of years ? Time hath  
not plough'd

One furrow in your face : and were you not known  
The mother of my young ladies, you might pass  
For a virgin of fifteen.

*Trade.* Here's no gross flattery !  
Will she swallow this ?

*Gold.* You see she does, and glibly.

*Mill.* You never can be old ; wear but a mask  
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young  
In your other parts. What a waist is here ! O  
Venus !

That I had been born a king ! and here a hand  
To be kiss'd ever :—pardon my boldness, madam.  
Then, for a leg and foot, you will be courted  
When a great grandmother.

*L. Frug.* These, indeed, wench, are not  
So subject to decayings as the face ;  
Their comeliness lasts longer.

*Mill.* Ever, ever !

Such a rare featured and proportion'd madam,  
London could never boast of.

*L. Frug.* Where are my shoes ?

*Mill.* Those that your ladyship gave order,  
Be made of the Spanish perfum'd skins ? [should  
*L. Frug.* The same.

*Mill.* I sent the prison-bird this morning for  
But he neglects his duty. [them ;

*Anne.* He is grown  
Exceeding careless.

*Mary.* And begins to murmur  
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,  
He is, forsooth, our uncle !

*L. Frug.* He is your slave,  
And as such use him.

*Anne.* Willingly ; but he's grown  
Rebellious, madam.

*Gold.* Nay, like hen, like chicken.

*L. Frug.* I'll humble him.

*Enter LUKE, with shoes, garters, fans and roses.*

*Gold.* Here he comes, sweating all over :  
He shews like a walking frippery.

*L. Frug.* Very good, sir :  
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no  
sooner,

With humble diligence, to do what my daughters  
And woman did command you ?

*Luke.* Drunk, an't please you !

*L. Frug.* Drunk, I said, sirrah ! dar'st thou, in  
a look,

Repine or grumble ? Thou unthankful wretch,  
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,  
(Thy patrimony spent,) ragged, and lousy,  
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat,  
Were your festival exceedings ! and is this  
So soon forgotten ?

*Luke.* I confess I am,  
Your creature, madam.

*L. Frug.* And good reason why  
You should continue so.

*Anne.* Who did new clothe you ?

*Mary.* Admitted you to the dining-room ?

*Mill.* Allow'd you

A fresh bed in the garret ?

*L. Frug.* Or from whom.

Received you spending money ?

*Luka.* I owe all this

To your goodness, madam ; for it you have my  
prayers,

The beggar's satisfaction : all my studies  
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty  
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.  
And if in my long stay I have offended,  
I ask your pardon ; though you may consider,  
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,  
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,  
I could not come much sooner. [ater,

*Gold.* Here was a walk

To breathe a footman !

*Anne.* 'Tis a curious fan.

*Mary.* These roses will shew rare : would 'twere  
That the garters might be seen too ! [in fashion

*Mill.* Many ladies

That know they have good legs, wish the same  
Men that way have the advantage. [with you ;

*Luke.* I was with

The lady, and delivered her the satin  
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat ;  
This night she vows she'll pay you.

[Aside to GOLDWIRE.

*Gold.* How I am bound

To your favour, master Luke !

*Mill.* As I live, you will

Perfume all rooms you walk in.

*L. Frug.* Get your fur,

You shall pull them on within.

[Exit LUKE.

*Gold.* That servile office

Her pride imposes on him.

*Sir John.* [within.] Goldwire ! Tradewell !

*Trade.* My master calls.—We come, sir.

[Exit GOLDWIRE and TRADEWELL.

*Enter HOLDFAST, and Porters with Baskets, &c.*

*L. Frug.* What have you brought there ?

*Hold.* The cream o' the market ;

Provision enough to serve a garrison.

I weep to think on't : when my master got  
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,

And necks of beef on Sundays.—

But now I fear it will be spent in poultry ;

Butcher's-meat will not go down.

*L. Frug.* Why, you rascal, is it

At your expense? what cooks have you provided ?

*Hold.* The best of the city : 'they've wrought  
at my lord mayor's.

*Anne.* Fie on them ! they smell of Fleet-lane,  
and Pie-corner.

*Mary.* And think the happiness of man's life  
In a mighty shoulder of mutton. [consists

*L. Frug.* I'll have none

Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,

But Frenchmen and Italians ; they wear satin,

And dish no meat but in silver.

*Hold.* You may want, though,

A dish or two when the service ends.

*L. Frug.* Leave prating ;

I'll have my will : do you as I command you.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Street before FRUGAL's House.*

*Enter Sir MAURICE LACY and Page.*

*Sir Maur.* You were with Plenty ?

*Page.* Yes, sir.

*Sir Maur.* And what answer

Return'd the clown ?

*Page.* Clown, sir ! he is transform'd,  
And grown a gallant of the last edition ;  
More rich than gaudy in his habit ; yet  
The freedom and the bluntness of his language  
Continues with him. When I told him that  
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace  
And safety of his life, he should forbear  
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,  
Of his two daughters, had made choice of her  
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,  
He smiled in scorn.

*Sir Maur.* In scorn !

*Page.* His words confirm'd it ;

They were few, but to this purpose : *Tell your  
master,*

*Though his lordship in reversion were now his,  
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,  
And will not yield, in the way of affection,  
Precedence to him : I will visit them,  
Though he sale porter to deny me entrance :  
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.  
Deliver thou this : then gave me a piece,  
To help my memory, and so we parted.*

*Sir Maur.* Where got he this spirit ?

*Page.* At the academy of valour,  
Newly erected for the institution  
Of elder brothers ; where they are taught the ways,  
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,  
How to decline a challenge. He himself  
Can best resolve you.

*Enter PLENTY and three Servants.*

*Sir Maur.* You, sir !

*Plenty.* What with me, sir ?

How big you look ! I will not loose a hat

To a hair's breadth : move your beaver, I'll move  
mine ;

Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs  
As near my right hand, and will as soon out ;  
though I keep not

A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—  
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew  
A foolish valour in the streets, to make  
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs, 'tis scurvy,  
And the women will laugh at us.

*Sir Maur.* You presume

On the protection of your hands.

*Plenty.* I scorn it :

Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,  
Nor make it my religion to follow  
The gallant's fashion, to have my family  
Consisting in a footman and a page,  
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,  
And clothe them too, my gay sir.

*Sir Maur.* What a fine man

Hath your tailor made you !

*Plenty.* 'Tis quite contrary,

I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for  
As soon as put on ; a sin your man of title  
Is seldom guilty of ; but Heaven forgive it !  
I have other faults, too, very incident  
To a plain gentleman : I eat my venison

With my neighbours in the country, and present  
not  
My pheasants, partridges, and growse to the usurer ;  
Nor ever yet paid brokerage to his scrivener.  
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her  
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me  
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.  
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen  
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.  
I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too  
As are not encumber'd ; no annuity  
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,  
An it please your future honour, and why, there-  
You should forbid my being suitor with you, [fore,  
My dullness apprehends not.

*Page.* This is bitter. [*Aside.*

*Sir Maur.* I have heard you, sir, and in my  
patience shewn  
Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,  
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.  
This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher,  
And his son a grazier ; thy sire, constable  
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill  
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,  
You and your thrashers.

*Plenty.* Stir not, on your lives.  
This for the grazier—this for the butcher.

*Sir Maur.* So, sir ! [*They fight.*

*Page.* I'll not stand idle ; draw ! [*to the Servants.*]  
my little rapier,  
Against your bumb blades ! I'll one by one dis-  
patch you,  
Then house this instrument of death and horror.

*Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, LUKE, GOLDWIRE, Junior, and TRADEWELL, Junior.*

*Sir John.* Beat down their weapons. My gate  
What insolence is this ? [*ruffian's hall !*

*Luke.* Noble sir Maurice,  
Worshipful master Plenty—

*Sir John.* I blush for you.  
Men of your quality expose your fame  
To every vulgar censure ! this at midnight,  
After a drunken supper in a tavern,  
(No civil man abroad to censure it,)  
Had shewn poor in you ; but in the day, and view  
Of all that pass by, monstrous !

*Plenty.* Very well, sir ;  
You look'd for this defence.

*Sir Maur.* 'Tis thy protection ;  
But it will deceive thee.

*Sir John.* Hold, if you proceed thus,  
I must make use of the next justice' power,  
And leave persuasion ; and in plain terms tell you,

*Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MULLISCENT.*

Neither your birth, sir Maurice, nor your wealth,  
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn  
To be spectators of it ! can you imagine  
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,  
To be the argument of your swords ! i' th' street  
Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way [*too ?*]  
To any private conference, shake hands  
In sign of peace : he that draws back, parts with  
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] This is as  
it should be.

Make your approaches, and if their affection  
Can sympathise with yours, they shall not come  
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear  
What you reply within.

*Sir Maur.* May I have the honour  
To support you, lady ? [*To ANNE.*  
*Plenty.* I know not what's supporting,  
But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.  
[*To MARY.*  
[*Exeunt all but LUKE.*

*Enter HOYST, PENNY, and FORTUNE.*

*Luke.* You are come with all advantage. I will  
To the speech of my brother. [*help you*  
*For.* Have you moved him for us ?  
*Luke.* With the best of my endeavours, and I  
You'll find him tractable. [*hope*  
*Pen.* Heaven grant he prove so !  
*Hoyst.* Howe'er, I'll speak my mind.

*Enter Lord LACY.*

*Luke.* Do so, master Hoyst.  
Go in : I'll pay my duty to this lord,  
And then I am wholly yours.

[*Exeunt HOYST, PENNY, and FORTUNE.*

Heaven bless your honour !  
*L. Lacy.* Your hand, master Luke : the world's  
much changed with you  
Within these few months ; then you were the gallant :  
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,  
Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke  
Was not a principal gamester, and companion  
For the nobility.

*Luke.* I have paid dear  
For those follies, my good lord ; and 'tis but justice  
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not  
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,  
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.  
Your honour, in your charity, may do well  
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses,  
Too late repented.

*L. Lacy.* I nor do, nor will ;  
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand  
To raise your fortunes : how deals your brother  
with you ?

*Luke.* Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness  
I am a free man, all my debts discharged ; [for't.  
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,  
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,  
Time to ask heaven remission for what's past ;  
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,  
My present poverty's a blessing to me ;  
And though I have been long, I dare not say  
I ever lived till now.

*L. Lacy.* You bear it well ;  
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth  
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me  
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,  
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not  
Whose ruins he builds upon.

*Luke.* In that, report  
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,  
And would increase his heap, and will not lose  
What the law gives him : such as are worldly wise  
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet.  
But if your honour please to know his temper,  
You are come opportunely. I can bring you  
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage  
Towards some poor men, whose making, or un-  
Depends upon his pleasure. [*doing.*

*L. Lacy.* To my wish :  
I know no object that could more content me.  
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Counting-room in FRUGAL'S House.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, HOYST, FORTUNE, PENURY, and GOLDWINS, JUNIOR.*

*Sir John.* What would you have me do? reach me a chair.

When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel;  
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.

*Hoyst.* Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,

For as I am a gentleman——

*Re-enter LUKE, behind, with Lord LACY, whom he places near the door.*

*Luke.* There you may hear all.

*Hoyst.* I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value:

Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,  
And a livery punk or so, and trade not with  
The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound  
for me;

'Tis a hard case; you must give me longer day,  
Or I shall grow very angry.

*Sir John.* Fret, and spare not.

I know no obligation lies upon me  
With my money to feed drones. But to the pur-  
How much owes Penury? [pose,

*Gold.* Two hundred pounds:  
His bond three times since forfeited.

*Sir John.* Is it sued?

*Gold.* Yes, sir, and execution out against him.

*Sir John.* For body and goods?

*Gold.* For both, sir.

*Sir John.* See it served.

*Pen.* I am undone; my wife and family  
Must starve for want of bread.

*Sir John.* More infidel thou,  
In not providing better to support them.

What's Fortune's debt?

*Gold.* A thousand, sir.

*Sir John.* An estate

For a good man! You were the glorious trader,  
Embraced all bargains: the main venturer  
In every ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife  
As a lady; she had her caroch, her choice  
Of summer-houses, built with other men's monies  
Ta'en up at interest, the certain road  
To Ludgate in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me,  
How were my thousand pounds employ'd?

*For.* Insult not

On my calamity; though, being a debtor,  
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.  
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;  
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,  
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots  
In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,  
Have brought me to this low ebb.

*Sir John.* Suppose this true,  
What is't to me! I must and will have my money,  
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have  
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.

*For.* 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to  
shun it.

*Luke.* [comes forward.] Not, as a brother, sir,  
but with such duty,

As I should use unto my father, since  
Your charity is my parent, give me leave  
To speak my thoughts.

*Sir John.* What would you say?

*Luke.* No word, sir,  
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish  
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,  
I glory in the bravery of your mind,  
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches  
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing  
Derived from heaven, and by your industry  
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,  
You have many equals: such a man's possessions  
Extend as far as yours; a second hath  
His bags as full; a third in credit fits  
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction  
And noble difference by which you are  
Divided from them, is, that you are styl'd,  
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;  
And that you feel compassion in your bowels  
Of others miseries, (I have found it, sir,  
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are  
As rigid and inexorable. [curs'd

*Sir John.* I delight not  
To hear this spoke to my face.

*Luke.* That shall not grieve you.  
Your affability, and mildness, clothed  
In the garments of your [thankful] debtors' breath,  
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,  
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act  
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such  
As are born only for themselves, and live so,  
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,  
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds  
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others  
Brought under their subjection.

*L. Lacy.* A rare fellow!  
I am strangely taken with him.

*Luke.* Can you think, sir,  
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,  
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,  
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced  
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate,  
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?

*Hoyst.* If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will  
If he be not converted. [damn him,

*Luke.* You are too violent.——  
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,  
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,  
Will raise your reputation with good men?  
But you may urge, (pray you pardon me, my zeal  
Makes me thus bold and vehement,) in this  
You satisfy your anger, and revenge  
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not  
Repair your loss, and there was never yet  
But shame and scandal in a victory,  
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.  
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever  
Contemn'd, though offered; entertain'd by none  
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers  
To moral honesty, and never yet  
Acquainted with religion.

*L. Lacy.* Our divines  
Cannot speak more effectually.

*Sir John.* Shall I be  
Talk'd out of my money?

*Luke.* No, sir, but entreated  
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve  
What you possess entire.

*Sir John.* How, my good brother?

*Luke.* By making these your beadmen. When  
they eat,  
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your  
mercy;



When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell

The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from

Tempests, and pirates; keep your warehouses From fire, or quench them with their tears.

*Sir John.* No more.

*Luke.* Write you a good man in the people's hearts, Follow you everywhere.

*Sir John.* If this could be—

*Luke.* It must, or our devotions are but words. I see a gentle promise in your eyes, Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich, In being the instrument.

*Sir John.* You shall prevail; Give them longer day: but, do you hear, no talk of't.

Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange, I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity, Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time,

But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar; Drink a health, and thank your orator.

*Pen.* On our knees, sir.

*For.* Honest master Luke!

*Hayst.* I bless the counter, where You learn'd this rhetoric.

*Luke.* No more of that, friends.

[*EXECUT LUKES, HOVES, FORTUNE, and PENURY. Lord LACY comes forward.*]

*Sir John.* My honourable lord.

*L. Lacy.* I have seen and heard all.

Excuse my manners, and wish heartily You were all of a piece. Your charity to your debtors,

I do commend; but where you should express Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you, You shew yourself an atheist.

*Sir John.* Make me know

My error, and for what I am thus censured,

And I will purge myself, or else confess A guilty cause.

*L. Lacy.* It is your harsh demeanour To your poor brother.

*Sir John.* Is that all?

*L. Lacy.* 'Tis more

Than can admit defence. You keep him as A parasite to your table, subject to The scorn of your proud wife; an underling To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible Of his brother's miseries?

*Sir John.* Pray you, take me with you; And let me yield my reasons why I am No opener-handed to him. I was born His elder brother, yet my father's fondness To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright: He had a fair estate, which his loose riots Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on him, And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken, And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.

*L. Lacy.* You could not do less.

*Sir John.* Was I bound to it, my lord?

What I possess I may, with justice, call The harvest of my industry. Would you have me, Neglecting mine own family, to give up My estate to his disposal?

*L. Lacy.* I would have you, What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother; A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul, Religious, good, and honest.

*Sir John.* Outward gloss Often deceives, may it not prove so in him! And yet my long acquaintance with his nature Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make A breach between us: let us in to dinner, And what trust, or employment you think fit, Shall be conferr'd upon him: if he prove True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

*L. Lacy.* If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment. [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S House.

*Enter LUKES, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE JUNIOR, and TRADEWELL JUNIOR.*

*Hold.* The like was never seen.

*Luke.* Why in this rage, man?

*Hold.* Men may talk of country-christmasses, and court-gluttony, Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,

Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the carcasses

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts Were fasts, compared with the city's.

*Trade.* What dear dainty Was it, thou murmur'st at?

*Hold.* Did you not observe it?

There were three sucking pigs serv'd up in a dish, Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed, A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine, That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,

Besides the puddings in their bellies, made Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that dress'd it

Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.

*Gold.* Yet all this

Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.

*Hold.* I am rather

Starr'd to look on't. But here's the mischief—The dishes were raised one upon another, [though As woodmongers do billets, for the first, The second, and third course, and most of the shops

Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd, To furnish out a banquet; yet my lady Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out, There was nothing worth the eating.

*Gold.* You must have patience, This is not done often.

*Hold.* 'Tis not fit it should;

Three such dinners more would break an alderman, And make him give up his cloak: I am resolv'd To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accounts. And since my master longs to be undone,

The great fiend be his steward : I will pray,  
And bless myself from him ! [Exit.]

*Gold.* The wretch shews in this  
An honest care.

*Luke.* Out on him ! with the fortune  
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However  
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,  
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now  
Busy on all hands ; one side eager for  
Large portions, the other arguing strictly  
For jointures and security ; but this  
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.  
How dull you look ! in the meantime, how intend  
To spend the hours ? [you]

*Gold.* We well know how we would,  
But dare not serve our wills.

*Trade.* Being prentices,  
We are bound to attendance.

*Luke.* Have you almost served out  
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience  
By starts to use your liberty ! Hast thou traded

[TO TRADESWELL.]

In the other world, exposed unto all dangers,  
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take  
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure ?  
Or wilt thou ; [to GOLD.] being keeper of the cash,  
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles ?  
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tinc-  
Of gentry in you ? you are no mechanics, [ture  
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys  
His every-day takings : you have in your keeping  
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,  
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man  
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing  
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,  
Blush at your poverty of spirit ; you,  
The brave sparks of the city !

*Gold.* Master Luke,  
I wonder you should urge this, having felt  
What misery follows riot.

*Trade.* And the penance  
You endured for't in the counter.

*Luke.* You are fools,  
The case is not the same ; I spent mine own  
money,  
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon  
wasted ;

But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,  
If cautious, may make bold with your master's.  
As, for example, when his ships come home,  
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,  
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty ;  
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,  
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,  
A piece of each deducted from the gross  
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

*Trade.* Ay, but our father's bonds, that lie in  
For our honesties, must pay for't. [pawp]

*Luke.* A mere bugbear,  
Invented to fright children ! As I live,  
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,  
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know  
What ravishing lechery it is to enter  
An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimm'd like a gallant,  
For which, in trunks conceal'd, be ever furnish'd ;  
The reverence, respect, the crouches, criages,  
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd  
pockets,

Commands from the attendants, and poor por-  
*Trade.* O rare ! [ters—

*Luke.* Then sitting at the table with  
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear  
Occurs from all corners of the world,  
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,  
And freely censure them ; the city wits  
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them ;  
Judgment having nought to do there.

*Trade.* Admirable !

*Luke.* My lord no sooner shall rise out of his  
chair,

The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,  
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,  
For in play you are all fellows ; have your knife  
As soon in the pheasant ; drink your health as  
freely,

And, striking in a lucky hand or two,  
Buy out your time.

*Trade.* This may be ; but suppose  
We should be known ?

*Luke.* Have money and good clothes,  
And you may pass invisible. Or, if  
You love a madam-punk, and your wide nostril  
Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,  
Wrought and perfumed—

*Gold.* There, there, master Luke,  
There lies my road of happiness !

*Luke.* Enjoy it.

And pleasures stolen, being sweetest, apprehend  
The raptures of being hurried in a coach  
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.

*Gold.* 'Tis enchanting.

I have proved it.

*Luke.* Hast thou ?

*Gold.* Yes, in all these places  
I have had my several pagans billeted  
For my own tooth, and after ten-pound suppers  
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night  
*Theshaking of the sheets*, which I have danced  
Again and again with my cockatrice :—master  
Luke,

You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn  
brothers ;

And therefore I'll be open. I am out now  
Six hundred in the cash, yet if on a sudden  
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick  
How to evade it, and make up the sum.

*Trade.* Is't possible ?

*Luke.* You can instruct your tutor.  
How, how, good Tom ?

*Gold.* Why, look you ; We cash-keepers  
Hold correspondence, supply one another  
On all occasions : I can borrow for a week  
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,  
A third lays down the rest ; and, when they want,  
As my master's monies come in I do repay it :  
*Ka me, ka shee !*

*Luke.* An excellent knot ! 'tis pity  
It e'er should be unloosed : for me it shall not.  
You are shewn the way, friend Tradewell, you  
may make use on't,

Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company  
With the cater, Holdfast.

*Trade.* No, I am converted.

A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,  
And then, a crash at the ordinary !

*Gold.* I am for

The lady you saw this morning, who indeed is  
My proper recreation.

*Luke.* Go to, Tom ;  
What did you make me ?

*Gold.* I'll do as much for you,  
Employ me when you please.

*Luke.* If you are enquired for,  
I will excuse you both.

*Trade.* Kind master Luke!

*Gold.* We'll break my master to make you.

You know—

*Luke.* I cannot love money. Go, boys!

[*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE and TRADEWELL.

When time serves,

It shall appear I have another end in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* SIR JOHN FRUGAL, LORD LACY, SIR MAURICE LACY,  
PLENTY, LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MILLISCENT.

*Sir John.* Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll  
make their portions,

And after my decease it shall be double,  
Provided you assure them, for their jointures,  
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail  
A thousand more upon the heirs male  
Begotten on their bodies.

*L. Lacy.* Sir, you bind us  
To very strict conditions.

*Plenty.* You, my lord,  
May do as you please: but to me it seems  
strange,

We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,  
Before our hearts are settled.

*L. Frug.* You say right:  
There are counsels of more moment and impor-  
On the making up of marriages, to be [*tance,*]  
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,  
In which a mother's care must be exacted;  
And I, by special privilege, may challenge  
A casting voice.

*L. Lacy.* How's this?

*L. Frug.* Even so, my lord;  
In these affairs I govern.

*L. Lacy.* Give you way to't?

*Sir John.* I must, my lord.

*L. Frug.* 'Tis fit he should, and shall.  
You may consult of something else, this province  
Is wholly mine.

*Sir Maur.* By the city custom, madam?

*L. Frug.* Yes, my young sir; and both must  
Will hold it by my copy. [*look my daughters*]

*Plenty.* Brave, i'faith!

*Sir John.* Give her leave to talk, we have the  
power to do;

And now touching the business we last talk'd of,  
In private, if you please.

*L. Lacy.* 'Tis well remember'd:  
You shall take your own way, madam.

[*Exeunt* LORD LACY and SIR JOHN FRUGAL.

*Sir Maur.* What strange lecture  
Will she read unto us?

*L. Frug.* Such as wisdom warrants  
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready  
With his several schemes?

*Mill.* Yes, madam, and attends  
Your pleasure.

*Sir Maur.* Stargaze! lady: what is he?

*L. Frug.* Call him in.—[*Exit* MILLISCENT.]—  
You shall first know him, then admire  
him

For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.  
He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician,

And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels  
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,  
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;  
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,  
And as the stars move, with that due proportion  
He walks before me: but an absolute master  
In the calculation of nativities;  
Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd,  
Judicial astrology.

*Plenty.* Stargaze! sure  
I have a penny almanack about me  
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,  
In his name publish'd.

*L. Frug.* Keep it as a jewel.  
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly  
Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve  
For any latitude in Christendom,  
As well as our own climate.

*Re-enter* MILLISCENT, followed by STARGAZE with two  
schemes.

*Sir Maur.* I believe so.

*Plenty.* Must we couple by the almanack?

*L. Frug.* Be silent;  
And ere we do articulate, much more  
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us  
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise  
Happy success in marriage.

*Star.* In omni

*Parte, et toto.*

*Plenty.* Good learn'd sir, in English;  
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,  
Make us so in our own language.

*Star.* You are pleasant:  
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

*L. Frug.* Pray you observe him.

*Star.* Venus, in the west angle, the house of  
marriage the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in  
conjunction of Luna; and Mars Almathes, or  
lord of the horoscope.

*Plenty.* Hey-day!

*L. Frug.* The angels' language! I am ravish'd;  
forward.

*Star.* Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or  
geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she  
in her exaltation, and he in his triplicite trine,  
and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen,  
excellent, prosperous, and happy.

*L. Frug.* Kneel, and give thanks.

[*The Women kneel.*]

*Sir Maur.* For what we understand not?

*Plenty.* And have as little faith in?

*L. Frug.* Be incredulous;  
To me, 'tis oracle.

*Star.* Now for the sovereignty of my future  
ladies, your daughters, after they are married.

*Plenty.* Wearing the breeches, you mean?

*L. Frug.* Touch that point home:  
It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,  
Of main consideration.

*Star.* This is infallible: Saturn out of all digni-  
ties in his detriment and fall, combust: and Venus  
in the south angle elevated above him, lady of  
both their nativities, in her essential and acciden-  
tal dignities; occidental from the sun, oriental  
from the angle of the east, in casini of the sun, in  
her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of in-  
fortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a  
constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he de-  
jected: the disposers of marriage in the radix of  
the native in feminine figures, argue, foretel, and

declare, rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women.

*L. Frug.* Is't possible!

*Star.* 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroastes the first and greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

*L. Frug.* Are you yet satisfied?

*Plenty.* In what?

*L. Frug.* That you are bound to obey your wives; it being so Determined by the stars, against whose influence There is no opposition.

*Plenty.* Since I must

Be married by the almanack, as I may be, 'Twere requisite the services and duties Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife, Were set down in the calendar.

*Sir Maur.* With the date Of my apprenticeship.

*L. Frug.* Make your demands; I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you With over-hard conditions.

*Sir Maur.* Mine hath the van; I stand your charge, sweet.

*Star.* Silence.

*Anne.* I require first, And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands, In civil manners you must grant, my will In all things whatsoever, and that will To be obey'd, not argued.

*L. Frug.* And good reason.

*Plenty.* A gentle *imprimis!*

*Sir Maur.* This in gross contains all: But your special items, lady.

*Anne.* When I am one, And you are honour'd to be styled my husband, To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher, My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms, Postillion, and footmen.

*Sir Maur.* Is there ought else To be demanded?

*Anne.* Yes, sir, mine own doctor, French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters, And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:

A friend at court to place me at a masque; The private box ta'en up at a new play, For me and my retinue; a fresh habit, Of a fashion never seen before, to draw The gallant's eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me; Some decayed lady for my parasite, To flatter me, and rail at other madams; And there ends my ambition.

*Sir Maur.* Your desires Are modest, I confess!

*Anne.* These toys subscribed to, And you continuing an obedient husband, Upon all fit occasions you shall find me A most indulgent wife.

*L. Frug.* You have said; give place, And hear your younger sister.

*Plenty.* If she speak Her language, may the great fiend, booted and spurr'd,

With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says, Ride headlong down her throat!

*Sir Maur.* Curse not the judge, Before you hear the sentence.

*Mary.* In some part My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures, But I am for the country's; and must say, Under correction, in her demands She was too modest.

*Sir Maur.* How like you this exordium?

*Plenty.* Too modest, with a mischief!

*Mary.* Yes, too modest:

I know my value, and prize it to the worth,

My youth, my beauty—

*Plenty.* How your glass deceives you!

*Mary.* The greatness of the portion I bring with me, And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

*Sir Maur.* She bears up close.

*Mary.* And can you, in your wisdom, Or rustical simplicity, imagine You have met some innocent country girl, that never

Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew more

Than the price of corn in the market; or at what rate

Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy, And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?

That could give directions at what time of the moon To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas, Or when to raise up goslings?

*Plenty.* These are arts

Would not misbecome you, though you should put Obedience and duty.

*Mary.* Yes, and patience,

To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers; Then make provision for your slavering hounds, When you come drunk from an alehouse, after hunting

With your clowns and comrades, as if all were yours,

You the lord paramount, and I the drudge;

The case, sir, must be otherwise.

*Plenty.* How, I beseech you?

*Mary.* Marry, thus: I will not, like my sister, challenge

What's useful or superfluous from my husband, That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me What I think fit; I'll have the state convey'd Into my hands, and he put to his pension, Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;— I will receive your rents.

*Plenty.* You shall be hang'd first.

*Mary.* Make sale or purchase: nay I'll have my neighbours

Instructed, when a passenger shall ask, Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to answer,

The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?

The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose The lady Plenty's. [oxen?

*Plenty.* A plentiful pox upon you!

*Mary.* And when I have children, if it be enquired

By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still echo,

My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on.

*Plenty.* In their begetting: I think so.

*Mary.* Since you'll marry

In the city for our wealth, in justice, we Must have the country's sovereignty.

*Plenty.* And we nothing.

*Mary.* A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,

With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these too, As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure, I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir, Now if you like me, so.

*L. Frug.* At my entreaty, The articles shall be easier.

*Plenty.* Shall they, if faith? Like bitch, like whelps.

*Sir Maur.* Use fair words.

*Plenty.* I cannot; I have read of a house of pride, and now I have A whirlwind overturn it! [found one:]

*Sir Maur.* On these terms, Will your minxship be a lady?

*Plenty.* A lady in a morris: I'll wed a pedlar's punk first—

*Sir Maur.* Tinker's trull, A beggar without a smock,

*Plenty.* Let monsieur almanack, Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff, Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.

*Sir Maur.* The general pimp to a brothel.

*Plenty.* Though that now All the loose desires of man were raked up in me, And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench them,

I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder, On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace

*Anne.* Wooing do you call this! [thee.]

*Mary.* A bear-baiting rather.

*Plenty.* Were you worried, you deserve it, and I shall live to see it. [I hope]

*Sir Maur.* I'll not rail, nor curse you: Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great portions

Add much unto your handsomeness; but as You would command your husbands, you are beg- Deform'd and ugly. [gars,]

*L. Frug.* Hear me.

*Plenty.* Not a word more.

[*Exeunt* SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY.]

*Anne.* I ever thought it would come to this.

*Mary.* We may

Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us To articulate thus with our suitors.

[*Both speak weeping.*]

*Star.* Now the cloud breaks, And the storm will fall on me. [*Aside.*]

*L. Frug.* You rascal! juggler!

[*She breaks STARBUZZ's head, and beats him.*]

*Star.* Dear madam.

*L. Frug.* Hold you intelligence with the stars, And thus deceive me!

*Star.* My art cannot err; If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own I did foresee this broken head, and beating; [star] And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it, It could not be avoided.

*L. Frug.* Did you?

*Star.* Madam.

Have patience but a week, and if you find not All my predictions true, touching your daughters, And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one, Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the planets

Appointed for their husbands; there will come Gallants of another metal.

*Mill.* Once more trust him.

*Anne. Mary.* Do, lady-mother.

*L. Frug.* I am vex'd, look to it; Turn o'er your books; if once again you fool me, You shall graze elsewhere: come, girls.

*Star.* I am glad I scaped thus.

[*Aside. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

[*Enter* LORD LACY and SIR JOHN FRUGAL.]

*L. Lacy.* The plot shews very likely.

*Sir John.* I repose

My principal trust in your lordship; 'twill prepare The physic I intend to minister To my wife and daughters.

*L. Lacy.* I will do my parts, To set it off to the life.

[*Enter* SIR MAURICE LACY, and PLENTY.]

*Sir John.* It may produce

A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors;

When we understand how they relish my wife's The rest is feasible. [humours,]

*L. Lacy.* Their looks are cloudy.

*Sir John.* How sits the wind? are you ready to launch forth

Into this sea of marriage?

*Plenty.* Call it rather, A whirlpool of afflictions.

*Sir Maur.* If you please

To enjoin me to it, I will undertake To find the north passage to the Indies sooner, Than plough with your proud heifer.

*Plenty.* I will make

A voyage to hell first.—

*Sir John.* How, sir!

*Plenty.* And court Proserpine, In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter, Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I Take you, Mary, for my wife. [Jeffrey]

*L. Lacy.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sir Maur.* The matter is, the mother (with your pardon,

I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable, Proud, insolent lady.

*Plenty.* And the daughters worse. The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked, But they were so in her belly.

*Sir Maur.* I must tell you, With reverence to your wealth, I do begin To think you of the same leaven.

*Plenty.* Take my counsel; 'Tis safer for your credit to profess Yourself a cuckold, and upon record, Than say they are your daughters.

*Sir John.* You go too far, sir.

*Sir Maur.* They have so articulated with us!

*Plenty.* And will not take us For their husbands, but their slaves; and so afore- They do profess they'll use us. [hand]

*Sir John.* Leave this heat: Though they are mine, I must tell you, the per- verseness

Of their manners (which they did not take from me, But from their mother) qualified, they deserve Your equals.

*Sir Maur.* True; but what's bred in the bone,  
Admits no hope of cure.  
*Plenty.* Though saints and angels  
Were their physicians.  
*Sir John.* You conclude too fast.  
*Plenty.* God be wi' you! I'll travel three years,  
This shame that lives upon me. [but I'll bury  
*Sir Maur.* With your license,  
I'll keep him company.  
*L. Lacy.* Who shall furnish you  
For your expenses.  
*Plenty.* He shall not need your help,  
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,  
And will live and die so.

*Sir Maur.* Ere we go, I'll pay  
My duty as a son.  
*Plenty.* And till then leave you.  
[*Exeunt* SIR MAURICE LACY and *PLENTY.*  
*L. Lacy.* They are strangely moved.  
*Sir John.* What's wealth, accompanied  
With disobedience in a wife and children?  
My heart will break.  
*L. Lacy.* Be comforted, and hope better:  
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse  
May yield us new inventions.  
*Sir John.* You are noble,  
And shall in all things, as you please, command  
me. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in SECRET'S House.

*Enter SHAVE'EN and SECRET.*

*Secret.* Dead doings, daughter.  
*Shave.* Doings! sufferings, mother:  
[For poor] men have forgot what doing is;  
And such as have to pay for what they do,  
Are impotent, or eunuchs.  
*Secret.* You have a friend yet,  
And a striker too, I take it.  
*Shave.* Goldwire is so, and comes  
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me  
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one  
friend?  
I would have a hundred;—for every hour, and use,  
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one:  
Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,  
And not a single lambkin. I am starv'd,  
Starv'd in my pleasures; I know not what a  
coach is,  
To hurry me to the Burse, or Old Exchange:  
The neathouse for musk-melons, and the gardens,  
Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me,  
In the other world.  
*Secret.* There are other places, lady,  
Where you might find customers.  
*Shave.* You would have me foot it  
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon  
In expectation of nuts and pippins; [there  
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman  
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,  
Or a pint of drum-wine for me.  
*Secret.* You are so impatient!  
But I can tell you news will comfort you,  
And the whole sisterhood.  
*Shave.* What's that?  
*Secret.* I am told  
Two ambassadors are come over: a French mon-  
And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi, [sieur,  
A hot-rein'd marmoset. Their followers,  
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,  
Will make a full term with us.  
*Shave.* They indeed are  
Our certain and best customers:—[knocking with-  
in.]—Who knocks there?  
*Ramb.* [Within.] Open the door.  
*Secret.* What are you?  
*Ramb.* [Within.] Ramble.  
*Scuff.* [Within.] Scuffle.  
*Ramb.* [Within.] Your constant visitors.

*Shave.* Let them not in;  
I know them, swaggering, suburban roarers,  
Sixpenny truckers.  
*Ramb.* [Within.] Down go all your windows,  
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.  
*Scuff.* [Within.] Force the doors!  
*Secret.* They are outlaws, mistress Shave'en,  
and there is  
No remedy against them. What should you fear?  
They are but men; lying at your close ward,  
You have foil'd their betters.  
*Shave.* Out, you bawd! you care not  
Upon what desperate service you employ me,  
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.  
*Secret.* Sweet lady-bird,  
Sing in a milder key.  
*Exit, and re-enters with RAMBLE and SCUFFLE.*  
*Scuff.* Are you grown proud?  
*Ramb.* I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden  
And would come to a sailor's whistle. [alleys,  
*Secret.* Good sir Ramble,  
Use her not roughly; she is very tender.  
*Ramb.* Rank and rotten, is she not?  
[SHAVE'EN draws her knife.  
*Shave.* Your spittle rogueships  
[RAMBLE draws his sword.  
Shall not make me so.  
*Secret.* As you are a man, squire Scuffle,  
Step in between them: a weapon of that length  
Was never drawn in my house.  
*Shave.* Let him come on.  
I'll scour it in your guts, you dog!  
*Ramb.* You brache!  
Are you turn'd mankind? you forgot I gave you,  
When we last join'd issue, twenty pound—  
*Shave.* O'er night,  
And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then  
A novice, but I know to make my game now.  
Fetch the constable.  
*Enter GOLDWIRE, Junior, disguised like a Justice of Peace,  
DINO'EM like a Constable, and Musicians like Watchmen.*  
*Secret.* Ah me! here's one unsent for,  
And a justice of peace, too.  
*Shave.* I'll hang you both, you rascals!  
I can but ride:—you for the purse you cut  
In Paul's at a sermon; I have smok'd you, ha!  
And you for the bacon you took on the highway,  
From the poor market woman, as she rode  
From Rumford.

*Ramb.* Mistress Shave'em.  
*Scuff.* Mistress Secret,  
 On our knees we beg your pardon.  
*Ramb.* Set a ransom on us.  
*Secret.* We cannot stand trifling: if you mean  
 Shut them out at the back-door. [to save them,  
*Shave.* First, for punishment,  
 They shall leave their cloaks behind them; and in  
 I am their sovereign, and they my vassals, [sign  
 For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish!  
 [EXEUNT RAMBLE and SCUFFLE.  
*Gold.* My brave virago! The coast's clear;  
 strike up.  
 [GOLDWIRE and the rest discover themselves.  
*Shave.* My Goldwire made a justice!  
*Secret.* And your scout  
 Turn'd constable, and the musicians watchmen!  
*Gold.* We come not to fright you, but to make  
 you merry:  
 A light *lavoita*. [They dance.  
*Shave.* I am tired; no more.  
 This was your device?  
*Ding.* Wholly his own; he is  
 No pig-sconce, mistress.  
*Secret.* He has an excellent headpiece.  
*Gold.* Fie! no, not I; your jeering gallants say,  
 We citizens have no wit.  
*Ding.* He dies that says so:  
 This was a masterpiece.  
*Gold.* A trifling stratagem,  
 Not worth the talking of.  
*Shave.* I must kiss thee for it,  
 Again, and again. [They kiss.  
*Ding.* Make much of her. Did you know  
 What suitors she had since she saw you—  
*Gold.* I'the way of marriage?  
*Ding.* Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other  
 thing too;  
 The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd  
 Five pound a week. [her  
*Secret.* And a cashier'd captain, half  
 Of his entertainment.  
*Ding.* And a new-made courtier,  
 The next suit he could beg.  
*Gold.* And did my sweet one  
 Refuse all this, for me?  
*Shave.* Weep not for joy:  
 'Tis true. Let others talk of lords and commanders,  
 And country heirs for their servants; but give me  
 My gallant prentice! he parts with his money  
 So civilly, and demurely, keeps no account  
 Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd.—  
 I know thou hast brought money to make up  
 My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.  
*Gold.* I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for  
 nothing.  
*Shave.* Let the chamber be perfum'd; and get  
 you, sirrah, [To DING'EM.  
 His cap and pantofles ready.  
*Gold.* There's for thee,  
 And thee: that for a banquet.  
*Secret.* And a caudle  
 Again you rise.  
*Gold.* There. [Gives them money.  
*Shave.* Usher us up in state.  
*Gold.* You will be constant?  
*Shave.* Thou art the whole world to me.  
 [EXEUNT: GOLD and SHAVE, embracing, music play-  
 ing before them.

SCENE II.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S  
 House.

Enter LUKE.

*Anne.* [within.] Where is this uncle?  
*L. Frug.* [within.] Call this beadsman-brother;  
 He hath forgot attendance.  
*Mary.* [within.] Seek him out;  
 Idleness spoils him.  
*Luke.* I deserve much more  
 Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but  
 justice  
 That I should live the family's drudge, design'd  
 To all the sordid offices their pride  
 Imposes on me; since, if now I sat  
 A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude  
 I am not worth their pity. Such as want  
 Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,  
 May merit man's compassion; but I,  
 That knew profuseness of expense the parent  
 Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,  
 To riot out mine own, to live upon  
 The alms of others, steering on a rock  
 I might have shunn'd! O Heaven! it is not fit  
 I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, STARGAZE, and  
 MILLISCENT.

*L. Frug.* What are you devising, sir?  
*Anne.* My uncle is much given  
 To his devotion.  
*Mary.* And takes time to mumble  
 A paternoster to himself.  
*L. Frug.* Know you where  
 Your brother is? it better would become you  
 (Your means of life depending wholly on him)  
 To give your attendance.  
*Luke.* In my will I do:  
 But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy,  
 I have not seen him.  
*L. Frug.* And why went not you  
 By his stirrup? How do you look! were his eyes  
 You'd be glad of such employment. [closed,  
*Luke.* 'Twas his pleasure  
 I should wait your commands, and those I am ever  
 Most ready to receive.  
*L. Frug.* I know you can speak well;  
 But say, and do.

Enter LORD LACY.

*Luke.* Here comes my lord.  
*L. Frug.* Further off:  
 You are no companion for him, and his business  
 Aims not at you, as I take it.  
*Luke.* Can I live  
 In this base condition! [He stands aside.  
*L. Frug.* I hope, my lord,  
 You had brought master Frugal with you; for I  
 An account of him from you. [must ask  
*L. Lacy.* I can give it, lady;  
 But with the best discretion of a woman,  
 And a strong fortified patience, I desire you  
 To give it hearing.  
*Luke.* My heart beats.  
*L. Frug.* My lord, you much amaze me.  
*L. Lacy.* I shall astonish you. The noble mer-  
 Who, living, was, for his integrity [chant,  
 And upright dealing, (a rare miracle  
 In a rich citizen,) London's best honour;  
 Is—I am loth to speak it.

*Luke.* Wonderous strange!  
*L. Frug.* I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?

*L. Lacy.* Your supposition's true, your hopes He's dead. [are false;]

*L. Frug.* Ah me!

*Anne.* My father!

*Mary.* My kind father!

*Luke.* Now they insult not.

*L. Lacy.* Pray hear me out.  
 He's dead; dead to the world and you, and, now, Lives only to himself.

*Luke.* What riddle's this?

*L. Frug.* Act not the torturer in my afflictions; But make me understand the sum of all That I must undergo.

*L. Lacy.* In few words take it:

He is retired into a monastery,  
 Where he resolves to end his days.

*Luke.* More strange.

*L. Lacy.* I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind

Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,  
 And ere long will be at Lovain.

*L. Frug.* Could I guess

What were the motives that induced him to it,  
 'Twere some allay to my sorrows.

*L. Lacy.* I'll instruct you,  
 And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride

Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience  
 Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from you:

At home the harshness of his entertainment,  
 You willfully forgetting that your all  
 Was borrow'd from him; and to hear abroad  
 The imputations dispers'd upon you,  
 And justly too, I fear, that drew him to  
 This strict retirement: and, thus much said for him,  
 I am myself to accuse you.

*L. Frug.* I confess

A guilty cause to him; but, in a thought,  
 My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.

*L. Lacy.* In fact, you have.

The insolent disgrace you put upon  
 My only son, and Plenty, men that loved  
 Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off  
 The scandal, put a resolution in them  
 For three years travel.

*L. Frug.* I am much grieved for it.

*L. Lacy.* One thing I had forgot; your rigour to  
 His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,  
 Or sorceries, made him a co-agent with you,  
 Wrought not the least impression.

*Luke.* Hum! this sounds well.

*L. Frug.* 'Tis now past help: after these storms,  
 A little calm, if you please. [my lord,

*L. Lacy.* If what I have told you,  
 Shew'd like a storm, what now I must deliver,  
 Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,  
 In lands and leases, debts and present monies,  
 With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,  
 With the best advice which he could get for gold  
 From his learned counsel, by this formal will  
 Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[Giving the will to  
*LUKE, who comes forward.*—] With it take  
 The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left  
 Which you can call your own. [you,

*L. Frug.* Undone for ever!

*Anne. Mary.* What will become of us?

*Luke.* Hum!

[Aside.

*L. Lacy.* The scene is changed,  
 And he that was your slave, by Fate appointed  
 [Lady FRUGAL, MARY, and ANNE kneel.

Your governor; you kneel to me in vain,  
 I cannot help you; I discharge the trust  
 Imposed upon me. This humility,  
 From him may gain remission, and, perhaps,  
 Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

*L. Frug.* Am I come to this?

*L. Lacy.* Enjoy your own, good sir,  
 But use it with due reverence. I once heard you  
 Speak most divinely in the opposition  
 Of a revengeful humour; to these shew it,  
 And such who then depended on the mercy  
 Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,  
 And make good the opinion I held of you,  
 Of which I am most confident.

*Luke.* I pray you rise,

[Raises them.

And rise with this assurance, I am still,  
 As I was of late, your creature; and if raised  
 In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,  
 My will is still the same. O my good lord!  
 This heap of wealth which you possess me of,  
 Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,  
 And to the messenger might with justice challenge  
 A kind of adoration, is to me  
 A curse I cannot thank you for; and, much less,  
 Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind  
 My brother's vows must purchase. I have made  
 A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys  
 My peace and poverty, the trouble of  
 His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen  
 Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

*L. Lacy.* Honest soul,

With what feeling he receives it!

*L. Frug.* You shall have

My best assistance, if you please to use it,  
 To help you to support it.

*Luke.* By no means;

The weight shall rather sink me, than you part  
 With one short minute from those lawful pleasures  
 Which you were born to, in your care to aid me:  
 You shall have all abundance. In my nature,  
 I was ever liberal; my lord, you know it;  
 Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see  
 Before my face the jubilee of joy,  
 When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,  
 His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,  
 With pæans to my praise will celebrate!  
 For they well know 'tis far from me to take  
 The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,  
 The interest never paid after three years,  
 When I demand my principal: and his servants,  
 Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,  
 By him exacted, now, when they are mine,  
 Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;  
 Being certain of the mildness of my temper,  
 Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,  
 Hath not the power to alter.

*L. Lacy.* Yet take heed, sir,  
 You ruin not, with too much lenity,  
 What his fit severity raised.

*L. Frug.* And we fall from  
 That height we have maintain'd.

*Luke.* I'll build it higher,  
 To admiration higher. With disdain  
 I look upon these habits, no way suiting  
 The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen  
 Bless'd with abundance.



*L. Lacy.* There, sir, I join with you ;  
A fit decorum must be kept, the court  
Distinguish'd from the city.

*Luke.* With your favour,  
I know what you would say ; but give me leave  
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,  
Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.  
Since all the titles, honours, long descents,  
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason  
May challenge their prerogatives : and it shall be  
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,  
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory  
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens  
To be their handmaids. And when you appear,  
Like Juno, in full majesty, and my nieces,  
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else  
Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardrobes richer  
Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy  
Of our western world upon you ; only hold me  
Your vigilant Hermes with aerial wings,  
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,)  
Prest to fetch in all rarities may delight you,  
And I am made immortal.

*L. Lacy.* A strange frenzy ? [Aside.]

*Luke.* Off with these rags, and then to bed ;  
there dream  
Of future greatness, which, when you awake,  
I'll make a certain truth : but I must be  
A doer, not a promiser. The performance  
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you.  
[Exit.]

*L. Lacy.* Are we all turn'd statues ? have his  
strange words charm'd us ?

What muse you on, lady ?

*L. Frug.* Do not trouble me.

*L. Lacy.* Sleep you too, young ones ?

*Anne.* Swift-wing'd time till now  
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night !

*Mary.* Nay, morning rather.

*L. Lacy.* Can you ground your faith  
On such impossibilities ? have you so soon  
Forgot your good husband ?

*L. Frug.* He was a vanity  
I must no more remember.

*L. Lacy.* Excellent !

You, your kind father ?  
*Anne.* Such an uncle never  
Was read of in story !

*L. Lacy.* Not one word in answer  
Of my demands ?

*Mary.* You are but a lord ; and know,  
My thoughts soar higher.

*L. Lacy.* Admirable ! I'll leave you  
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this,  
It will exceed belief ; but he must know it.

[Aside and exit.]

*Star.* Now I may boldly speak. May it please  
you, madam,  
To look upon your vassal ; I foresaw this,  
The stars assured it.

*L. Frug.* I begin to feel  
Myself another woman.

*Star.* Now you shall find  
All my predictions true, and nobler matches  
Prepared for my young ladies.

*Mill.* Princely husbands.

*Anne.* I'll go no less.

*Mary.* Not a word more ;  
Provide my night-rail.

*Mill.* What shall we be to-morrow ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter LUKE.*

*Luke.* 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,  
A real truth ; nor dream : I did not slumber,  
And could wake ever with a brooding eye  
To gaze upon't ! it did endure the touch ;  
I saw and felt it ! Yet what I beheld  
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,  
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er.)  
I faintly could give credit to my senses.  
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key.*—]  
that without a charm

Didst make my entrance easy, to possess  
What wise men wish and toil for ! Hermes' moly,  
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,  
Imagined only by the alchemist,  
Compared with these are shadows,—thou the sub-  
And guardian of felicity ! No marvel, [stance,  
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,  
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress  
To be hugg'd ever ! In by- corners of  
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up  
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,  
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold  
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.  
There needs no artificial light ; the splendour  
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness  
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd :  
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made  
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd  
Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot forth  
A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,  
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place  
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,  
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not  
But look on with contempt. And yet I found,  
What weak credulity could have no faith in,  
A treasure far exceeding these : here lay  
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,  
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;  
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,  
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in  
The unthrift's power : there being scarce one shire  
In Wales or England, where my monies are not  
Lent out at usury, the certain hook  
To draw in more. I am sublimed ! gross earth  
Supports me not ; I walk on air !—Who's there ?

*Enter* LORD LACY, with SIR JOHN FRUGAL, SIR MACREE  
LACY, and PLENTY, painted and disguised as Indians.

Thieves ! raise the street ! thieves !

*L. Lacy.* What strange passion's this !

Have you your eyes ? do you know me ?

*Luke.* You, my lord,

I do : but this retinue, in these shapes too,  
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure  
That I should wait upon you, give me leave  
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,  
Things as they now are with me well consider'd,  
I do not like such visitants.

*L. Lacy.* Yesterday,  
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,  
You could have sung secure before a thief ;  
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicious.  
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good  
But let not this exalt you, [brother ;

*Luke.* A good brother !

Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,  
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,

Which your lordship may conceive great, no way  
The general opinion : alas ! [answers  
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

*L. Lacy.* A poor man, say you ?

*Luke.* Poor, compared with what  
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,  
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,  
But empty bags, I find : yet I will be  
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters ;  
And, to the utmost of my power, obey  
His will in all things.

*L. Lacy.* I'll not argue with you  
Of his estate, but bind you to performance  
Of his last request, which is, for testimony  
Of his religious charity, that you would  
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from  
Virginia, into your house ; and labour,  
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,  
Assisted by the aids of our divines,  
To make them Christians.

*Luke.* Call you this, my lord,  
Religious charity ; to send infidels,  
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread  
Should feed his family ? I neither can,  
Nor will consent to't.

*L. Lacy.* Do not slight it ; 'tis  
With him a business of such consequence,  
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,  
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming  
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er  
To see it himself accomplish'd.

*Luke.* Heaven forbid  
I should divert him from his holy purpose,  
To worldly cares again ! I rather will  
Sustain the burthen, and, with the converted,  
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove  
The greater feeders.

*Sir John.* Oh, ha, enewah *Chrish* bully *leika*.  
*Plenty.* *Enaula*.

*Sir Maur.* *Harrico botikia bonnery*.

*Luke.* Ha ! in this heathen language,  
How is it possible our doctors should  
Hold conference with them, or I use the means  
For their conversion ?

*L. Lacy.* That shall be no hindrance  
To your good purposes : they have lived long  
In the English colony, and speak our language  
As their own dialect ; the business does concern  
you :

Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,  
As in your poverty you were, a pious  
And honest man. [Exit.

*Luke.* That is interpreted,  
A slave and beggar.

*Sir John.* You conceive it right ;  
There being no religion, nor virtue,  
But in abundance, and no vice but want.  
All deities serve Plutus.

*Luke.* Oracle !

*Sir John.* Temples raised to ourselves in the  
increase

Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man ;  
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,  
Of which we have no sense but in belief,  
A superstitious fool.

*Luke.* True worldly wisdom !

*Sir John.* All knowledge else is folly.

*Sir Maur.* Now we are yours,  
Be confident your better angel is  
Enter'd your house.

*Plenty.* There being nothing in  
The compass of your wishes, but shall end  
In their fruition to the full.

*Sir John.* As yet,  
You do not know us ; but when you understand  
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were  
That brought us hither, you will entertain us  
With more respect.

*Luke.* There's something whispers to me  
These are no common men. [Aside.]—My house  
is yours,

Enjoy it freely : only grant me this,  
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard  
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter :  
You are learned Europeans, and we worse  
Than ignorant Americans.

*Sir John.* You shall find it. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in FRUGAL'S HOUSE.

Enter DING'EM, GETTALL, and HOLDFAST.

*Ding.* Not speak with him ! with fear survey  
Thou figure of famine ! [me better,

*Gett.* Coming, as we do,  
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now,  
The brave spark Tradewell—

*Ding.* And the man of men  
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire !

Enter LUKE.

*Hold.* I know them for his prentices, without  
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.

*Ding.* Not yours, you rascal !

*Hold.* No, don pimp ; you may seek them  
In Bridewell, or the hole, here are none of your  
comrogues.

*Luke.* One of them looks as he would cut my  
Your business, friends ? [throat :

*Hold.* I'll fetch a constable ;  
Let him answer him in the stocks.

*Ding.* Stir, an thou dar'st :  
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks ! they  
are fleabittings

I am familiar with. [Draws.

*Luke.* Pray you put up :  
And, sirrah, hold your peace. [To HOLDFAST.

*Ding.* Thy word's a law,  
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.  
Thou man of muck and money, for as such  
I now salute thee, the suburban gamesters  
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am, in person,  
Sent to congratulate.

*Gett.* The news hath reach'd  
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are  
Ambitious to shake the golden golls  
Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Trade-  
Your fine facetious factor. [well,

*Ding.* I from Goldwire :

He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,  
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee;  
For, I must whisper in thine ear, thou art  
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee,  
To quit old scores.

*Gett.* Blind chance hath frown'd upon  
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without  
Hope of recovery, so you supply him  
With a good round sum. In my house, I can  
There's half a million stirring. [assure you,

*Luke.* What hath he lost?

*Gett.* Three hundred.

*Luke.* A trifle.

*Gett.* Make it up a thousand,  
And I will fit him with such tools as shall  
Bring in a myriad.

*Luke.* They know me well,  
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:  
What's mine, is theirs. They are my friends, not  
servants,

But in their care to enrich me; and these courses,  
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

*Gett.* Gettall.

I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,  
My box my poor revenue.

*Luke.* Your name suits well  
With your profession. Bid him bear up; he shall  
Sit long on Penniless-Bench. [not

*Gett.* There spake an angel!

*Luke.* You know mistress Shave'em?

*Gett.* The pontifical punk?

*Luke.* The same. Let him meet me there some  
two hours hence:  
And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him,  
Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your mistress  
Appear in her best trim.

*Ding.* She will make thee young,  
Old Æson: she is ever furnish'd with  
Medea's drugs, restoratives. I fly  
To keep them sober till thy worship come;  
They will be drunk with joy else.

*Gett.* I'll run with you.

[*Exit DING'EM and GETTALL.*]

*Hold.* You will not do as you say, I hope?

*Luke.* Enquire not;

I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]  
—To the door. [*Exit HOLDFAST.*]

New visitants!

*Re-enter HOLDFAST.*

What are they?

*Hold.* A whole batch, sir,  
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,  
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.

*Luke.* They come to gratulate  
The fortune fallen upon me.

*Hold.* Rather, sir,  
Like the others, to prey on you.

*Luke.* I am simple; they  
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.

*Hold.* All will come to ruin! I see beggary  
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—  
[*Speaking to those without.*]

But use a conscience, and do not work upon  
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;  
'Twill shew like charity in you.

*Enter FORTUNE, PENURY, and HOYST.*

*Luke.* Welcome, friends:  
I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad  
You have changed your creditor.

*Pen.* I weep for joy,  
To look upon his worship's face.

*For.* His worship's!

I see lord mayor written on his forehead;  
The cap of maintenance, and city sword,  
Born up in state before him.

*Hoyst.* Hospitals,  
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.

*Pen.* The city poet on the pageant day  
Preferring him before Gresham.

*Hoyst.* All the conduits  
Spouting canary sack.

*For.* Not a prisoner left,  
Under ten pounds.

*Pen.* We, his poor beadsmen, feasting  
Our neighbours on his bounty.

*Luke.* May I make good  
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour,  
To the utmost of my power!

*Hold.* Yes, for one year,  
And break the next.

*Luke.* You are ever prating, sirrah.  
Your present business, friends?

*For.* Were your brother present,  
Mine had been of some consequence; but now  
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,  
And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

*Luke.* 'Tis very probable.

*For.* The kind forbearance  
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be  
prais'd for't!

Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,  
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes  
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.

*Luke.* Where are they?

*For.* Near Gravesend.

*Luke.* I am truly glad of it.

*For.* I find your worship's charity, and dare  
swear so,

Now may I have your licence, as I know  
With willingness I shall, to make the best  
Of the commodities, though you have execution,  
And after judgment, against all that's mine,  
As my poor body, I shall be enabled  
To make payment of my debts to all the world,  
And leave myself a competence.

*Luke.* You much wrong me,  
If you only doubt it. Yours, master Hoyst?

*Hoyst.* 'Tis the surrendering back the mort-  
gage of

My lands, and on good terms, but three days  
patience;

By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,  
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,  
In my riots, to the merchant; for I am  
Resolv'd to leave off play, and turn good husband.

*Luke.* A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.  
Yours, Penury?

*Pen.* My state stands as it did, sir:  
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.  
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,  
I can buy a commodity of a sailor,  
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;  
And the parcels I am to deal for.

[*Gives him a paper.*]

*Luke.* You are all so reasonable  
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.  
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,  
You shall be amply satisfied.

*Pen.* Heaven preserve you!

*For.* Happy were London, if, within her walls,  
She had many such rich men!

*Luke.* No more; now leave me:  
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt FORTUNE,  
HOYST, and PENURY.*—Be careful,  
Holdfast;

I have much to do.

*Hold.* And I something to say,  
Would you give me hearing.

*Luke.* At my better leisure.  
Till my return look well upon the Indians;  
In the mean time, do you as this directs you.

[*Gives him a paper. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in SHAVE'EM'S House.*

*Enter GOLDWIRE, JUNIOR, TRADEWELL, JUNIOR,  
SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GITTALL, and DING'EM.*

*Gold.* All that is mine is theirs. Those were  
*Ding.* I am authentic. [his words?]

*Trade.* And that I should not  
*Sit long on Penniless-Bench?*

*Gitt.* But suddenly start up  
A gamester at the height, and cry *At all!*

*Shave.* And did he seem to have an inclination  
To toy with me?

*Ding.* He wish'd you would put on  
Your best habiliments, for he resolved  
To make a jovial day on't.

*Gold.* Hug him close, wench,  
And thou mayst eat gold and amber. I well  
know him

For a most insatiate drabber: he hath given,  
Before he spent his own estate, which was  
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of,  
A hundred pound a leap.

*Shave.* Hell take my doctor!  
He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;  
These ceruses are common.

*Secret.* 'Troth, sweet lady,  
The colours are well laid on.

*Gold.* And thick enough;  
I find that on my lips.

*Shave.* Do you so, Jack Sauce!  
I'll keep them further off.

*Gold.* But be assured first  
Of a new maintainer, ere you cashier the old one.  
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt  
Be my revenue; the whole college study  
The reparation of thy ruin'd face;  
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed  
Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel [coachman];  
To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange  
Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget  
There e'er was a St. Martin's: thy procurer  
Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend veil  
Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the  
door,

And let loud music, when this monarch enters,  
Proclaim his entertainment.

*Ding.* That's my office.  
[*Flourish of cornets within.*]

The consort's ready.

*Enter LUKE.*

*Trade.* And the god of pleasure,  
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.

*Gold.* Set your face in order,  
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,  
And to acknowledge you my royal master?

*Trade.* Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,  
Rusty for want of use, appear again!

*Gitt.* Make my ordinary flourish!

*Shave.* Welcome, sir,

To your own palace! [The music plays.]

*Gold.* Kiss your Cleopatra,  
And shew yourself, in your magnificent bounties,  
A second Antony!

*Ding.* All the nine worthies!

*Secret.* Variety of pleasures wait upon you,  
And a strong back!

*Luke.* Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.  
I am astonish'd! all this preparation  
For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought  
To feed my appetite?

*All.* We are all your creatures,

*Luke.* A house well furnish'd!

*Gold.* At your own cost, sir,

Glad I the instrument. I prophesied  
You should possess what now you do, and there-  
fore

Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag  
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was  
Derived from your brother's cash: the lease of the  
house,

And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.

*Shave.* But now you are master both of it and  
I hope you'll build elsewhere. [me,

*Luke.* And see you placed,  
Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Trade-  
well,

I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become  
What is your loss? speak truth. [you.

*Trade.* Three hundred, sir.

*Gitt.* But, on a new supply, he shall recover  
The sum told twenty times o'er.

*Shave.* There's a banquet,  
And after that a soft couch, that attends you.

*Luke.* I couple not in the daylight. Expecta-  
tion

Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!  
Your music's harsh, discharge it; I have provided  
A better consort, and you shall frolic it  
In another place. [The music ceases.]

*Gold.* But have you brought gold, and store, sir.

*Trade.* I long to Ware the caster!

*Gold.* I to appear

In a fresh habit.

*Shave.* My mercer and my silkman  
Waited me, two hours since.

*Luke.* I am no porter,

To carry so much gold as will supply  
Your vast desires, but I have ta'en order for you;

*Enter Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers.*

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here  
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have  
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.

*Sher.* Seize them all.

*Shave.* The city marshal!

*Gold.* And the sheriff! I know him.

*Secret.* We are betray'd.

*Ding.* Undone.

*Gitt.* Dear master Luke.

*Gold.* You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion  
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,  
*Shew yourselves city sparks, and hang up money!*

*Luke.* True; when it was my brother's, I con-  
temn'd it;

But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd.

*Trade.* Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt us to mischief,

And then discover it?

*Luke.* Argue that hereafter;  
In the mean time, master Goldwire, you that made  
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at  
livery

In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in  
London;

Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,  
*Ka me, ka thee!* and knew, in your accompts,  
To cheat my brother; if you can, evade me.  
If there be law in London, your father's bonds  
Shall answer for what you are out.

*Gold.* You often told us  
It was a bugbear.

*Luke.* Such a one as shall fright them  
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction  
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,  
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,  
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;  
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble  
Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown,  
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,  
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft  
hands,

When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd  
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their pow-  
And bitter almonds. [ders

*Shave. Secret. Ding.* Will you shew no mercy?  
*Luke.* I am inexorable.

*Gett.* I'll make bold  
To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.

*Luke.* We must not part so, gentle master  
Gettall.

Your box, your certain income, must pay back  
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.  
There's half a million stirring in your house,  
This a poor trifle.—Master shrieve and master  
marshal,

On your perils, do your offices.

*Gold.* Dost thou cry now [To TRADEWELL.  
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer  
Like a boman, and now, in my misery,  
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee  
Thou wert my pander.

*Luke.* Shall I hear this from  
My prentice?

*Mar.* Stop his mouth.

*Sher.* Away with them.

[*Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers, with GOLD.*

TRADE, SHAVE, SECRET, GETT, and DING.

*Luke.* A prosperous omen in my entrance to  
My alter'd nature! these house-thieves removed,  
And what was lost, beyond my hopes, recover'd,  
Will add unto my heap; increase of wealth  
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine  
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon  
Having in his conceit subdued one world,  
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:  
In my way, he shall be my great example.  
And when my private house, in cramm'd abund-  
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor, [ance,  
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy  
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is  
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.  
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!  
To me you are words only, and no more;  
All human happiness consists in store. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter Serjeants with FORTUNE, HOYT, and PENNY.*

*For.* At master Luke's suit! the action twenty  
thousand!

1 *Serj.* With two or three executions, which  
shall griad you

To powder, when we have you in the counter.

*For.* Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good  
gentleman,

Will weep when he hears how we are used.

1 *Serj.* Yes, millstones.

*Pen.* He promised to lend me ten pound for a  
He will not do it this way. [bargain,

2 *Serj.* I have warrant

For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,

And there being little to be got by you,

In charity, as I am an officer,

I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,

And for mine own security.

3 *Serj.* You are a gallant,

And I'll do you a courtesy, provided

That you have money: for a piece an hour,

I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.

2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the  
other counter,

And search if there be sought else out against him.

3 *Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors: he's

And as we are city pirates by our oaths, [a prize,

We must make the best on't.

*Hoyt.* Do your worst, I care not.

I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab

In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever [there

intended to be honest.

*Enter LUKE.*

3 *Serj.* Here he comes

You had best tell so.

*For.* Worshipful sir,

You come in time to free us from these bandogs.

I know you gave no way to't.

*Pen.* Or if you did,

'Twas but to try our patience.

*Hoyt.* I must tell you

I do not like such trials.

*Luke.* Are you serjeants,

Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,

Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter

Is a safer place to parley in.

*For.* Are you in earnest?

*Luke.* Yes, faith; I will be satisfied to a token,

Or, build upon't, you rot there.

*For.* Can a gentleman

Of your soft and silken temper, speak such lan-

*Pen.* So honest, so religious? [guage?

*Hoyt.* That preach'd

So much of charity for us to your brother?

*Luke.* Yes, when I was in poverty it shew'd well;

But I inherit with his state, his mind,

And rougher nature. I grant then, I talk'd,

For some ends to myself conceal'd, of pity,

The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings:

But what I thought you all shall feel, and with

rigour;

*Kind master Luke says it.* Who pays for your

Do you wait gratis? [attendance?

*For.* Hear us speak.

*Luke.* While I,

Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,

Though you spake with the tongues of angels to  
I am not to be alter'd. [me,

*For.* Let me make the best  
Of my ships, and their freight.

*Pen.* Lend me the ten pounds you promised.

*Hoy.* A day or two's patience to redeem my  
And you shall be satisfied. [mortgage,

*For.* To the utmost farthing.

*Luke.* I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I  
will not

Torture you with false hopes, but make you know  
What you shall trust to.—Your ships to my use  
Are seized on.—I have got into my hands  
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one  
For such a petty sum.—I will likewise take  
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit  
Of your several bonds; the use and principal  
Shall not serve.—Think of the basket, wretches,  
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

*For.* Broker!

*Hoy.* Jew!

*For.* Imposter!

*Hoy.* Cut-throat!

*For.* Hypocrite!

*Luke.* Do, rail on;

Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not  
me.

*Pen.* On my knees I beg compassion. My wife  
Shall hourly pray for your worship. [and children  
*For.* Mine betake thee  
To the devil, thy tutor.

*Pen.* Look upon my tears.

*Hoyst.* My rage.

*For.* My wrongs.

*Luke.* They are all alike to me;

Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.

Do your duties, serjeants; I am elsewhere look'd  
for. [Exit.

3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor!

2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.

*Pen.* See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's

*Hoyst.* Buried alive! [marble.

*For.* There's no means to avoid it. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S  
House.

Enter HOLDFAST, STARGASE, and MILLISCENT.

*Star.* Not wait upon my lady?

*Hold.* Nor come at her;

You find it not in your almanack.

*Mill.* Nor I have license

To bring her breakfast?

*Hold.* My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted

And, after a carnival, Lent ever follows. [long,

*Mill.* Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll  
repent this;

I must know what gown she'll wear.

*Hold.* You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her  
daughters

Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all

Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid  
in their chamber,

If they please to put them on, and without help  
too,

Or they may walk naked. You look, master Star-  
gase,

As you had seen a strange comet, and had now  
foretold,

The end of the world, and on what day; and you,  
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,  
And eaten up your apricots.

*L. Frug.* [within.] Stargase! Milliscent!

*Mill.* My lady's voice.

*Hold.* Stir not, you are confined here.

Your ladyship may approach them, if you please;  
But they are bound in this circle. [Aloud.

*L. Frug.* [within.] Mine own bees  
Rebel against me! When my kind brother knows  
I will be so revenged! [this,

*Hold.* The world's well alter'd,

He's your kind brother now; but yesterday  
Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY, in coarse habits,  
weeping.

*Mill.* What witch hath transform'd you?

*Star.* Is this the glorious shape your cheating  
Promised you should appear in? [brother

*Mill.* My young ladies

In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear them off;  
Rather shew all than be seen thus.

*Hold.* 'Tis more comely,  
I wis, than their other whim-whams.

*Mill.* A French hood too,  
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would shew  
better.

*L. Frug.* We are fool'd indeed! by whose com-  
mand are we used thus?

Enter LUKE.

*Hold.* Here he comes can best resolve you.

*L. Frug.* O, good brother!

Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?

Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno

E'er feast in such a shape?

*Anne.* You talk'd of Hebe,

Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they  
Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandler's  
Bleaching linen in Moorfields. [daughters

*Mary.* Or Exchange benches,  
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday,  
At Pimlico, or Islington.

*Luke.* Save you, sister!

I now dare style you so: you were before  
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear  
Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces  
Such things as were born and bred there. Why  
should you ape

The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,  
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant  
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:  
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

*L. Frug.* Is this spoken  
In scorn?

*Luke.* Fie! no; with judgment. I make good  
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,  
In your own natural shapes; and stand resolved  
You shall continue so.

*L. Frug.* It is confess'd, sir.

*Luke.* Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can  
bear it.

*L. Frug.* That, if you please, forgotten, we  
acknowledge

We have deserv'd ill from you; yet despair not,  
Though we are at your disposal, you'll maintain us  
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

*Luke.* 'Tis my purpose.

*L. Frug.* And not make us ridiculous.

*Luke.* Admired rather,

As fair examples for our proud city dames,  
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;  
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have  
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,  
And rise up a new satirist: but here gently,  
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend  
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up  
This decency and neatness, with the advantage  
You shall receive by't.

*L. Frug.* We are bound to hear you.

*Luke.* With a soul inclined to learn. Your father  
was  
An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,  
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your  
pride  
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,  
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you  
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a  
knight,

And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore  
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,  
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes  
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,  
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far  
You were privileged, and no man envied it;  
It being for the city's honour that  
There should be a distinction between  
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.

*Mill.* Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some  
other text;  
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes  
Your auditory weep.

*Luke.* Peace, chattering magpie!  
I'll treat of you anon:—but when the height  
And dignity of London's blessings grew  
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress  
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means  
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indul-  
gence,

Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you  
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;  
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis  
follow'd!

No English workman then could please your fancy,  
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;  
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd  
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess  
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew  
The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher  
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,  
To walk before you—

*L. Frug.* Pray you, end.

*Hold.* Proceed, sir;

I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,  
You touch them so to the quick.

*Luke.* Then, as I said,  
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,  
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art  
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,  
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets  
That did adorn your neck, of equal value:  
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;  
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey  
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd,  
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece  
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;

Rich pantofles in ostentation shewn,  
And roses worth a family: you were served in  
plate,

Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going  
To church, not for devotion, but to shew  
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars  
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry [cried,  
Paid to a painted room.

*Hold.* Nay, you have reason  
To blubber, all of you.

*Luke.* And when you lay  
In childbed, at the christening of this mixr,  
I well remember it, as you had been  
An absolute princess, since they have no more,  
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,  
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,  
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet  
Of the rich Tyrian die; a canopy  
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,  
Like Pompey's Julia.

*L. Frug.* No more, I pray you.

*Luke.* Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off  
Whatever is exorbitant in you,  
Or in [your] daughters, and reduce you to  
Your natural forms and habits: not in revenge  
Of your base usage of me, but to fright  
Others by your example: 'tis decreed  
You shall serve one another, for I will  
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors  
With these useless drones!

*Hold.* Will you pack?

*Mill.* Not till I have  
My trunks along with me.

*Luke.* Not a rag; you came  
Hither without a box.

*Star.* You'll shew to me,  
I hope, sir, more compassion.

*Hold.* Troth I'll be

Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed  
An almanack, for this year, at his own charge;  
Let him have the impression with him, to set up  
with.

*Luke.* For once I'll be entreated; let it be  
Thrown to him out of the window.

*Star.* O cursed stars

That reign'd at my nativity! how have you cheated  
Your poor observer!

*Anne.* Must we part in tears?

*Mary.* Farewell, good Milliscent!

*L. Frug.* I am sick, and meet with  
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn!  
How justly am I punish'd!

*Mary.* Now we suffer

For our stubbornness and disobedience  
To our good father.

*Anne.* And the base conditions  
We imposed upon our suitors.

*Luke.* Get you in,  
And caterwaul in a corner.

*L. Frug.* There's no contending.

[*LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY, go off at one door,  
STARBUCK and MILLISCENT at the other.*]

*Luke.* How

Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast?

*Hold.* Well in some parts;  
But it relishes, I know not how, a little  
Of too much tyranny.

*Luke.* Thou art a fool:

He's cruel to himself, that dares not be  
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S House.*

Enter LUKE, SIR JOHN FRUGAL, SIR MAURICE, LACY, and PLENTY.

*Luke.* You care not then, as it seems, to be To our religion? [converted

*Sir John.* We know no such word, Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear, Not love.

*Luke.* I am glad that charge is saved.

*Sir John.* We put That trick upon your brother, to have means To come to the city. Now, to you, we'll discover The close design that brought us, with assurance, If you lend your aids to furnish us with that Which in the colony was not to be purchased, No merchant ever made such a return For his most precious venture, as you shall Receive from us: far, far above your hopes, Or fancy, to imagine.

*Luke.* It must be Some strange commodity, and of a dear value, (Such an opinion is planted in me You will deal fairly,) that I would not hazard: Give me the name of it.

*Sir Maur.* I fear you will make Some scruple in your conscience, to grant it.

*Luke.* Conscience! no, no; so it may be done with safety, And without danger of the law.

*Plenty.* For that, You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish, But add unto your heap such an increase, As what you now possess shall appear an atom, To the mountain it brings with it.

*Luke.* Do not rack me With expectation.

*Sir John.* Thus then in a word: The devil—why start you at his name? if you Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours, You must make haste to be familiar with him.— This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,) Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded, With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom, I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath, Against the next great sacrifice, at which We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him, Two Christian virgins, that, with their pure blood, Might die his horrid altars; and a third, In his hate to such embraces as are lawful, Married, and with your ceremonious rites, As an oblation unto Hecate,

And wanton Lust, her favourite.  
*Luke.* A devilish custom! And yet why should it startle me?—There are Enough of the sex fit for this use; but virgins, And such a matron as you speak of, hardly To be wrought to it.

*Plenty.* A mine of gold, for a fee, Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.

*Sir Maur.* Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,

Whose want of dower, though well born, makes Of their own country? [them weary

*Sir John.* Such as had rather be

Miserable in another world, than where They have surfeited in felicity?

*Luke.* Give me leave— [Walks aside  
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron! And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister, Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd For this employment? they are burthensome to me, And eat too much; and if they stay in London, They will find friends that, to my loss, will force To composition: 'twere a masterpiece, [me If this could be effected. They were ever Ambitious of title: should I urge, Matching with these they shall live Indian queens, It may do much: but what shall I feel here, Knowing to what they are design'd? they absent, The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.— [Returns.

I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service, In mine own family, and my blood too.

*Sir John.* Make this good, and your house shall The gold we'll send you. [not contain

*Luke.* You have seen my sister, And my two nieces?

*Sir John.* Yes, sir.

*Luke.* These persuaded How happily they shall live, and in what pomp, When they are in your kingdoms, for you must Work them a belief that you are kings—

*Plenty.* We are so.

*Luke.* I'll put it in practice instantly. Study you For moving language. Sister! nieces!

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

How! Still mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds

That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe My personated reprehension, though It shew'd like a rough anger, could be serious? Forget the fright I put you in: my end, In humbling you, was to set off the height Of honour, principal honour, which my studies, When you least expect it, shall confer upon you! Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to Yourselves, nor let the strangeness of the means, With the shadow of some danger, render you Incredulous.

*L. Frug.* Our usage hath been such, As we can faintly hope that your intents And language are the same.

*Luke.* I'll change those hopes To certainties.

*Sir John.* With what art he winds about them! [Aside.

*Luke.* What will you say, or what thanks shall I look for,

If now I raise you to such eminence, as The wife and daughters of a citizen Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant, Have written ladies of honour, and some few Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise You can in England hope for. What think you, If I should mark you out a way to live Queens in another climate?

*Anne.* We desire A competence.



*Mary.* And prefer our country's smoke  
Before outlandish fire.

*L. Frug.* But should we listen  
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in  
The power of man to make it good.

*Luke.* I'll do it:  
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;  
It is but to Virginia.

*L. Frug.* How! Virginia!  
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech  
What creatures are shipp'd thither. [you,

*Anne.* Condemn'd wretches,  
Forfeited to the law.

*Mary.* Strumpets and bawds,  
For the abomination of their life,  
Spew'd out of their own country.

*Luke.* Your false fears  
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed  
Are sent as slaves to labour there; but you,  
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,  
With reverence observe them; they are kings of  
Such spacious territories and dominions,  
As our Great Britain measured will appear  
A garden to it.

*Sir Maur.* You shall be adored there  
As goddesses.

*Sir John.* Your litters made of gold,  
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear  
The burthen on their shoulders.

*Plenty.* Pomp, and ease,  
With delicates that Europe never knew,  
Like pages shall wait on you.

*Luke.* If you have minds  
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,  
With outstretch'd arms, and willing hands, em-  
brace it.

But this refused, imagine what can make you  
Most miserable here; and rest assured,  
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,  
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,  
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.

[*Exeunt all but Sir JOHN FRUGAL and LUKE.*

*Sir John.* Be not moved, sir;  
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,  
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth  
Would not misbecome us.

*Luke.* You say well: and now  
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,  
Which with solemnity I would observe,  
But that it would ask cost.

*Sir John.* That shall not grieve you.  
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,  
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,  
Did never equal; and such ravishing music  
As the Italian princes seldom heard  
At their greatest entertainments. Name your  
*Luke.* I must have none. [guests.

*Sir John.* Not the city senate?  
*Luke.* No;  
Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me  
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter  
Of too much hospitality; a virtue  
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit  
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others  
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd  
With the thought of what I am, and what they  
I have mark'd out to misery. [suffer

*Sir John.* You shall:  
And something I will add you yet conceive not,  
Nor will I be slow-paced.

*Luke.* I have one business,  
And, that dispatch'd, I am free.

*Sir John.* About it, sir,  
Leave the rest to me.

*Luke.* Till now I ne'er loved magic. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Lord LACY, GOLDWIRE, Senior, and TRADEWELL, Senior.*

*L. Lacy.* Believe me, gentlemen, I never was  
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised  
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape  
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn  
This devil a saint. M. Goldwire, and M. Trade-  
What do you mean to do? Put on. [well,

*Gold.* With your lordship's favour.

*L. Lacy.* I'll have it so.

*Trade.* Your will, my lord, excuses  
The rudeness of our manners.

*L. Lacy.* You have received  
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?

*Trade.* They are our only sons.

*Gold.* And as we are fathers,  
Remembering the errors of our youth,  
We would pardon slips in them.

*Trade.* And pay for them  
In a moderate way.

*Gold.* In which we hope your lordship  
Will be our mediator.

*L. Lacy.* All my power

[*Enter LUKE, richly dressed.*

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well  
met,

And to my wish,—and wonderous brave! your  
Speaks you a merchant royal. [habit

*Luke.* What I wear  
I take not upon trust.

*L. Lacy.* Your betters may,  
And blush not for't.

*Luke.* If you have nought else with me  
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

*L. Lacy.* You are very peremptory; pray you  
I once held you [stay:  
An upright honest man.

*Luke.* I am honestier now  
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars  
for't,

Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion  
Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,  
To the point; I have other business than to talk  
Of honesty, and opinions.

*L. Lacy.* Yet you may  
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit  
The other from good men, in a case that now  
Is offer'd to you.

*Luke.* What is it? I am troubled.

*L. Lacy.* Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of  
Your brother's prentices.

*Luke.* Mine, my lord, I take it.

*L. Lacy.* Goldwire, and Tradewell.

*Luke.* They are welcome, if  
They come prepared to satisfy the damage  
I have sustain'd by their sons.

*Gold.* We are, so you please  
To use a conscience.

*Trade.* Which we hope you will do,  
For your own worship's sake.

*Luke.* Conscience, my friends,  
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I  
part

With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly  
In my reputation; for it would convince me  
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me  
To do myself such prejudice.

*L. Lucy.* No moderation?

*Luke.* They cannot look for't, and preserve in  
me

A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie  
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,  
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,  
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds,  
look

To have our business done at home, they are  
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,  
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,  
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds,  
look to't.

A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly  
Repair my losses.

*L. Lucy.* Thou dar'st not shew thyself  
Such a devil!

*Luke.* Good words.

*L. Lucy.* Such a cut-throat! I have heard of  
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;  
You shall find you are not lawless, and that you  
Cannot justify your villainies. [monies]

*Luke.* I endure this.  
And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,  
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to  
wonder

Your wisdom should have leisure to consider  
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage  
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself  
So much in my danger.

*L. Lucy.* In thy danger?

*Luke.* Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,  
Pawn'd, my good lord; *Lacy* manor, and that  
manor

From which you have the title of a lord,  
An it please your good lordship! You are a  
nobleman;

Pray you pay in my monies: the interest  
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.  
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lord-  
I grant your person to be privileged [ship,  
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature  
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will  
serve

An extent on lords or lowns' land. Pay it in:  
I would be loth your name should sink, or that  
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,  
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are  
angry

From my good counsel: look you to your bonds;  
had I known  
Of your coming, believe't, I would have had ser-  
jeants ready.

Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near,  
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,  
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:  
I know you'll drink a health to me. [Exit.

*L. Lucy.* To thy damnation.

Was there ever such a villain! heaven forgive me  
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves  
Gold. We are undone. [it.

*Trade.* Our families quite ruin'd.

*L. Lucy.* Take courage, gentlemen; comfort  
may appear,  
And punishment overtake him, when he least ex-  
pects it. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL and HOLDFAST.*

*Sir John.* Be silent, on your life.

*Hold.* I am o'erjoy'd.

*Sir John.* Are the pictures placed as I directed?

*Hold.* Yes, sir.

*Sir John.* And the musicians ready?

*Hold.* All is done

As you commanded.

*Sir John.* [goes to the door.] Make haste; and  
be careful;

You know your cue, and postures?

*Plenty.* [within.] We are perfect.

*Sir John.* 'Tis well. The rest are come, too?

*Hold.* And disposed of

To your own wish.

*Enter Servants with a rich banquet.*

*Sir John.* Set forth the table: so!

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,  
His chair in state: he shall feast like a prince.

*Hold.* And rise like a Dutch hangman.

*Enter LUKE.*

*Sir John.* Not a word more.—

How like you the preparation? Fill your room,  
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider  
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,  
In his full height of glory.

*Luke.* I can brook

No rival in this happiness. How sweetly  
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate?  
Some wine. Jove's nectar! Brightness to the star  
That govern'd at my birth! shoot down thy in-  
And with a perpetuity of being [fluence,  
Continue this felicity, not gain'd

By vows to saints above, and much less purchased  
By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me  
As a reward to piety, and religion,  
Or service to my country: I owe all  
This to dissimulation, and the shape

I wore of goodness. Let my brother number  
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms  
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,  
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,  
To soar above the firmament. I am well;  
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,  
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,  
And prosecuted with the fatal curses  
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else  
Such as malign my state can load me with,  
I will not envy it. You promised music.

*Sir John.* And you shall hear the strength and  
power of it,

The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,  
And, in those ravishing strains, with which he  
Charon and Cerberus to give him way, [moved  
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.  
—Appear! swifter than thought! [Aloud.

*Musica.* *Enter at one door, Cerberus, at the other*  
Charon, Orpheus, and Chorus.

*Luke.* 'Tis wonderous strange!

[They represent the story of Orpheus, with dance and  
gesture.

*Sir John.* Does not the object and the accent take you?

*Luke.* A pretty fable. [*Exeunt Orpheus and the rest.*] But that music should

Alter, in fiends, their nature is to me Impossible; since, in myself, I find, What I have once decreed shall know no change.

*Sir John.* You are constant to your purposes; That I could stagger you. [yet I think

*Luke.* How?

*Sir John.* Should I present Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer By your fit severity, I presume the sight Would move you to compassion.

*Luke.* Not a mote.

The music that your Orpheus made was harsh, To the delight I should receive in hearing Their cries and groans: if it be in your power, I would now see them.

*Sir John.* Spirits, in their shapes, Shall shew them as they are: but if it should move you?—

*Luke.* If it do, may I ne'er find pity!

*Sir John.* Be your own judge.—  
Appear! as I commanded.

*Sad Music.* Enter GOLDWIRE, JUNIOR, and TRADEWELL, JUNIOR, as from prison; FORTUNE, HOYST, and PENURY; Serjeants with TRADEWELL, SENIOR, and GOLDWIRE, SENIOR;—these followed by SHAVE'EM in a blue gown, SECRET and DING'EM; they all kneel to LUKE, lifting up their hands. STARGAZER is seen, with a pack of almanacks, and MILLISCENT.

*Luke.* Ha, ha, ha!

This move me to compassion, or raise One sign of seeming pity in my face! You are deceived: it rather renders me More flinty, and obdurate. A south wind Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain That slides down gently from his flaggy wings, O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans, Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory That they are wretched, and by me made so; It sets my happiness off:—I could not triumph If these were not my captives.—Ha! my carriers, As it appears, have seized on these old foxes, As I gave order; new addition to My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—They now grow tedious,

Let them be removed. [*Exeunt GOLD. and the rest.*  
Some other object, if

Your art can shew it.

*Sir John.* You shall perceive 'tis boundless. Yet one thing real, if you please?

*Luke.* What is it?

*Sir John.* Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly, Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave Of their late suitors' statues.

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

*Luke.* There they hang: In things indifferent, I am tractable.

*Sir John.* There pay your vows, you have liberty.

*Anne.* O sweet figure [*Kneels.*  
Of my abused Lacy! when removed Into another world, I'll daily pay A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance; And with a shower of tears strive to wash off The stain of that contempt my foolish pride

And insolence threw upon thee.

*Mary.* I had been

Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance; But far unworthy of it, now I fall Thus prostrate to thy statue. [*Kneels.*

*L. Frug.* My kind husband, [*Kneels*  
(Bless'd in my misery,) from the monastery To which my disobedience confined thee, With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder, Look on my penitence. O, that I could Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed, With what humility would I observe My long-neglected duty!

*Sir John.* Does not this move you?

*Luke.* Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow My absent brother. If, by your magic art, You can give life to these, or bring him hither To witness her repentance, I may have, Perchance, some feeling of it.

*Sir John.* For your sport, You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but A superficies; colours, and no substance. Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement, I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice, To make the great work perfect.

[Burns incense, and makes mystical gesticulations.

SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY give signs of animation.

*Luke.* Prodigious!

*Sir John.* Nay, they have life, and motion. Descend!

[SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY descend and come forward.

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off, Against your will you shall know him.

[Discovers himself.]

Enter LORD LACY, with GOLDWIRE SENIOR and JUNIOR, TRADEWELL SENIOR and JUNIOR, the Debtors, &c. &c. as before.

*Luke.* I am lost.

Guilt strikes me dumb.

*Sir John.* You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

*L. Lacy.* I have, and am ravish'd with it.

*Sir John.* What think you now Of this clear soul? this honest, pious man? Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship A further trial of him? 'Tis not in [*have*  
A wolf to change his nature.

*L. Lacy.* I long since Confess'd my error.

*Sir John.* Look up; I forgive you, And seal your pardons thus.

[Raises and embraces LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

*L. Frug.* I am too full

Of joy, to speak it.

*Anne.* I am another creature; Not what I was.

*Mary.* I vow to shew myself, When I am married, an humble wife, Not a commanding mistress.

*Plenty.* On those terms,

I gladly thus embrace you. [*To MARY.*

*Sir Maur.* Welcome to My bosom: as the one half of myself, I'll love and cherish you. [*To ANNE.*

*Gold. jun.* Mercy!

*Trade. jun. and the rest.* Good air, mercy!

*Sir John.* This day is sacred to it. All shall As far as lawful pity can give way to't, [find me, Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss

Unto myself.—My kind and honest brother,  
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?  
What a golden dream you have had, in the possession

Of my estate!—but here's a revocation  
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!  
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,  
Transcending all example!—but I shall be  
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—  
What wilt thou do? turn hypocrite again,  
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?  
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign  
Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to  
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase: this  
key, too,  
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some  
desart,

Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice  
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for  
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.

*Luke.* I care not where I go: what's done,  
with words

Cannot be undone.

[*Exit.*

*L. Frug.* Yet sir, shew some mercy;  
Because his cruelty to me and mine,  
Did good upon us.

*Sir John.* Of that at better leisure,  
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good  
Your promised reformation, and instruct  
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to  
move

In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,  
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,  
A distance 'twixt the city and the court. [*Exeunt.*

# THE GUARDIAN

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALFONSO, *King of Naples.*  
DUKE MONTFERRER, *General of Milan.*  
SEVERINO, *a banished Nobleman.*  
MONTECLARO, *his Brother-in-Law, (supposed dead, disguised under the name of LAVAL.*  
DURAZZO, *the GUARDIAN.*  
CALORO, *his Nephew and Ward, in love with CALISTA.*  
ADORIO, *a young Libertine.*  
CAMILLO, }  
LENTULO, } *Neapolitan Gentlemen.*  
DONATO, }

CARO, *Cook to ADORIO.*  
CLAUDIO, *a confidential Servant to SEVERINO.*  
Captain.  
Banditti.  
Servants.

ISLANTE, *Wife to SEVERINO.*  
CALISTA, *her Daughter, in Love with ADORIO.*  
MISTILLA, *CALISTA'S Maid.*  
CALIPSO, *the Confidant of ISLANTE.*

Singers, Countrymen.

SCENE,—PARTLY AT NAPLES, AND PARTLY IN THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

## PROLOGUE.

*After twice putting forth to sea, his fame  
Shipwreck'd in either, and his once-known name  
In two years silence buried, perhaps lost  
In the general opinion; at our cost  
(A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made  
For good success in his uncertain trade)  
Our author weighs up anchors, and once more  
Forsaking the security of the shore,  
Resolves to prove his fortune: what 'twill be,  
Is not in him, or us, to prophesie;  
You only, can assure us: yet he pray'd  
This little, in his absence, might be said,  
Designing me his orator. He submits  
To the grave censure of those abler wits  
His weakness; nor dares he profess that when  
The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them agen.*

*(Strange self-love in a writer!) He would know  
His errors as you find them, and bestow  
His future studies to reform from this,  
What in another might be judged amiss.  
And yet despair not, gentlemen; though he fear  
His strengths to please, we hope that you shall  
Some things so writ, as you may truly say (hear  
He hath not quite forgot to make a play,  
As 'tis with malice rumour'd: his intents  
Are fair; and though he want the compliments  
Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage,  
Before their works are brought upon the stage,  
Their parasites to proclaim them: this last birth,  
Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,  
As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast  
Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—NAPLES. A Grove.

Enter DURAZZO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, and two Servants.

*Dur.* Tell me of his expenses! Which of you  
Stands bound for a gazet? he spends his own;  
And you impertinent fools or knaves, (make choice  
Of either title, which your signiorships please,  
To meddle in't.

*Camil.* Your age gives privilege  
To this harsh language.

*Dur.* My age! do not use  
That word again; if you do, I shall grow young,

And swinge you soundly: I would have you know  
Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry  
An almanack in my bones to pre-declare  
What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel  
In adoration, at the spring and fall,  
Before my doctor, for a dose or two  
Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,  
You are familiar with.

*Camil.* This is from the purpose.

*Dur.* I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you  
When I have done, nor run away so nimbly  
Out of the field: but bring me to a fence-school,  
And crack a blade or two for exercise.

Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,  
Following my hounds or hawks, (and, by your  
leave,

At a gamesome mistress,) and you shall confess  
I am in the May of my abilities,  
And you in your December.

*Lent.* We are glad you bear  
Your years so well.

*Dur.* My years! no more of years;  
If you do, at your peril.

*Camil.* We desire not  
To prove your valour.

*Dur.* 'Tis your safest course.

*Camil.* But as friends to your fame and reputa-  
tion,

Come to instruct you, your too much indulgence  
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro,  
Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you  
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.

*Dur.* Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me,  
That understand myself and them, they are  
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have  
me

Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep  
A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe  
In canvass or coarse cotton; while I fell [him  
His woods, grant leases, which he must make  
good

When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry  
With a cast whore and three bastards; let him know  
No more than how to cipher well, or do  
His tricks by the square root; grant him no plea-  
sure

But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse  
With none but clowns and coblers: as the Turk  
Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons, [says,  
Light on such heathenish guardians!

*Don.* You do worse

To the ruin of his state, under your favour,  
In feeding his loose riots.

*Dur.* Riots! what riots?

He wears rich clothes, I do so; keeps horses,  
games, and wenches;

'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:  
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable  
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else  
That you can charge him with?

*Camil.* With what we grieve for,  
And you will not approve.

*Dur.* Out with it, man.

*Camil.* His rash endeavour, without your con-  
To match himself into a family [sent,  
Not gracious with the times.

*Dur.* 'Tis still the better;

By this means he shall scape court visitants,  
And not be eaten out of house and home  
In a summer progress: but does he mean to marry?

*Camil.* Yes, sir, to marry.

*Dur.* In a beardless chin

'Tis ten times worse than wenching. Family!  
*Camil.* Signor Severino's. [whose family?

*Dur.* How! not he that kill'd

The brother of his wife, as it is rumour'd,  
Then fled upon it; since proscribed, and chosen  
Captain of the Banditti; the king's pardon  
On no suit to be granted?

*Lent.* The same, sir.

*Dur.* This touches near: how is his love re-  
turn'd

By the saint he worships?

*Don.* She affects him not,  
But dotes upon another.

*Dur.* Worse and worse.

*Camil.* You know him, young Adorio.

*Dur.* A brave gentleman!

What proof of this?

*Lent.* I dogg'd him to the church;  
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,  
But to make his approaches to his mistress,  
Is often seen.

*Camil.* And would you stand conceal'd  
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,  
The matins ended, as she returns home,  
You may observe the passages.

*Dur.* I thank you;  
This torrent must be stop't.

*Don.* They come.

*Camil.* Stand close. [They stand aside.

Enter ADORIO, CALISTA, MISTILLA, and CALDORO muffled.

*Calis.* I know I wrong my modesty.

*Ador.* And wrong me,

In being so importunate for that  
I neither can nor must grant.

*Calis.* A hard sentence!

And to increase my misery, by you,  
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,  
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,  
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,  
A sullied reputation; were deform'd,  
As it may be I am, though many affirm  
I am something more than handsome—

*Dur.* I dare swear it.

*Calis.* Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred  
coarsely,

You might, with some pretence of reason, slight  
What you should sue for.

*Dur.* Were he not an eunuch,

He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.  
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:  
Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids  
At barley-break in my breeches.

*Calis.* Hear me, sir;

Though you continue, nay increase your scorn,  
Only vouchsafe to let me understand  
What my defects are; of which once convinced,  
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,  
And spare your further trouble.

*Ador.* I will tell you,

And bluntly, as my usual manner is.

Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,  
But love the sex,—for my ends, take me with you;

If in my thought I found one taint or blemish  
In the whole fabric of your outward features,  
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin  
Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you;

Your father Severino's dire disaster  
In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,  
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,

A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours  
The Italian princes might contend as rivals;

Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you,  
(A noted libertine I profess myself),

In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,  
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,  
If justly you consider it, that I cannot  
As you desire, affect you.

*Calis.* Make me know it,  
I'll soon reform it.

*Ador.* Would you'd keep your word!

*Calis.* Put me to the test.

*Ador.* I will. You are too honest,  
And, like your mother, too strict and religious,  
And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break,  
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with  
My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck  
Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,  
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,  
For one commodity, before I prove it?  
Venus forbid on both sides! let crook'd hams,  
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks,  
Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me  
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it,  
And we'll meet merrily.

*Calis.* 'Tis strange such a man  
Can use such language.

*Ador.* In my tongue my heart  
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,  
Or private mistress, is court rhetoric;  
A wife, mere rustic solecism: so good morrow!

[*ADORO offers to go, CALDONO comes forward and stops him.*

*Camil.* How like you this?

*Dur.* A well-bred gentleman!  
I am thinking now if ever in the dark,  
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have  
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years  
I was much of his religion.

*Camil.* Out upon you!

*Don.* The colt's tooth still in your mouth!

*Dur.* What means this whispering?

*Ador.* You may perceive I seek not to displant  
you,

Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,  
'Tis needless compliment.

*Cald.* There are some natures  
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not  
Received in corners; holding it an impairing  
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.  
I am made of other clay, and therefore must  
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you  
To lend a patient ear, while I profess  
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,  
How much I am your servant.

*Ador.* My designs  
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense  
With so much time.

*Camil.* Pray you now observe your nephew.

*Dur.* How he looks! like a school-boy that had  
And went to be breech'd. [play'd the truant,

*Cald.* Madam!

*Calis.* A new affliction!  
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,  
It being not to be granted.

*Mirt.* Hear him, madam;  
His sorrow is not personated; he deserves  
Your pity, not contempt.

*Dur.* He has made the maid his;  
And, as the master of the *Art of Love*  
Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage  
To the mistress' favour.

*Cald.* I come not to urge  
My merit to deserve you, since you are,  
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value:  
Much less to argue you of want of judgment  
For following one that with wing'd feet flies from  
you,

While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal,  
In vain pursue you; bringing those flames with  
me,

Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other  
I never shall approach you,) which Adorio,  
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,  
With atheistical impudence contemns;  
And in his loose attempt to undermine  
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin  
All holy altars by clear minds erected  
To virgin honour.

*Dur.* My nephew is an ass;  
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,  
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her  
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the  
Of the delight to meet in the old dance, [purpose,  
Between a pair of sheets; my grandam call'd it,  
The Peopling of the World.

*Calis.* How, gentle sir!  
To vindicate my honour! that is needless;  
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice  
Can throw upon it.

*Cald.* Your sweet patience, lady,  
And more than dove-like innocence, render you  
Insensible of an injury, for which  
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo  
The scorn of being refused? I must confess  
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced  
Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been  
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet  
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,  
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill  
No more shall make way for my good intents,  
Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need  
The aids of vice.

*Ador.* You take that license, sir,  
Which yet I never granted.

*Cald.* I'll force more;  
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,  
As I will make apparent, but to do  
A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong  
And irrecoverable loss. To thee I turn,  
Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grown  
Defensible, the last descent to hell,  
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,  
And on her fame, (if it were possible,  
Fairer than she is,) and if base desires,  
And beastly appetite, will give thee leave,  
Consider how she sought thee, how this lady,  
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashion'd  
In an inimitable mould, (which Nature broke,  
The great work perfected,) to be made a slave  
To thy libidinous twines, and, when commanded,  
To be used as physic after drunken surfeits!  
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now  
I heard with horror, shewed thee blasphemy,  
And as such I will punish it.

[*Strikes ADORIO, the rest rush forward; they all draw.*

*Calis.* Murder!

*Mirt.* Help!

*Dur.* After a whining prologue, who would  
have look'd for

Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear  
nothing:

Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir?  
(And yet I love thee too) if you take the wench  
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled, [now,  
Thou wert beaten to it.

*Ador.* You think you have shewn  
A memorable masterpiece of valour  
In doing this in public, and it may  
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:  
Wear it without my envy; but expect,

For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you  
To a strict account. [Exit.]

*Dur.* Hook on, follow him, harpies!  
You may feed upon this business for a month,  
If you manage it handsomely:

[*Exeunt CAMILLO, LESTULO, and DONATO.*]

When two heirs quarrel,  
The swordmen of the city shortly after  
Appear in push, for their grave consultations  
In taking up the difference; some, I know,  
Make a set living on't. Nay, let him go,  
Thou art master of the field; enjoy thy fortune  
With moderation: for a flying foe,  
Discreet and provident conquerors build up  
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy! if I were  
In thy shirt, how I could nick it!

*Cald.* You stand, madam,  
As you were rooted, and I more than fear  
My passion hath offended: I perceive  
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness  
To usurp their room: yet you may please to  
ascribe it

To my excess of love, and boundless ardour  
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.  
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured  
To me you are lost for ever: for suppose  
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life  
Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn,  
So with a tear or two you would remember  
I was your martyr, and died in your service.

*Cal.* Alas, you weep! and in my just compassion  
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble,  
Should I not keep you company: you have sought  
My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd,  
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,  
For my ingratitude, it is no better,  
To your deservings: yet such is my fate,  
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro!  
In our misplaced affection I prove  
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid  
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.  
If it be possible, learn to forget,  
(And yet that punishment is too light,) to hate,  
A thankless virgin: practise it; and may  
Your due consideration that I am so,  
In your imagination, disperse  
Loathsome deformity upon this face  
That hath bewitch'd you! more I cannot say,  
But that I truly pity you, and wish you  
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,  
I ever will remember.

[*Exeunt CALISTA and MIRTILLA.*]

*Dur.* 'Tis a sweet rogue.

Why, how now! thunderstruck?

*Cald.* I am not so happy:

Oh that I were but master of myself!

You soon should see me nothing.

*Dur.* What would you do?

*Cald.* With one stab give a fatal period  
To my woes and life together.

*Dur.* For a woman!

Better the kind were lost, and generation  
Maintain'd a new way.

*Cald.* Pray you, sir, forbear

This profane language.

*Dur.* Pray you, be you a man,

And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,  
As I live it shall; this is no hectic fever,  
But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,  
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe

To my directions. First, you must change  
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,  
And my potions will not work here; I must have  
To my country villa: rise before the sun, {you  
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,  
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;  
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial  
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations  
Of a hundred crowns a quart.

*Cald.* You talk of nothing.

*Dur.* This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen  
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;  
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:—  
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,  
You shall hear such music from their tunable  
mouths,

That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,  
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony: from the  
groves

And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,  
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes  
Repeating it.

*Cald.* What's this to me?

*Dur.* It shall be,

And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,  
For we will have variety of delights,  
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise  
But we'll be ready for't: if a hare, my greyhounds  
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a spar-  
hawk

Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,  
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under  
Our horses bellies; a hearn put from her siege,  
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount  
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar  
Above the middle region of the air:  
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,  
Eyeing the prey at first, appear as if  
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings  
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions  
Cleaving the purer element, make in,  
And by turns bind with her; the frighted fowl,  
Lying at her defence upon her back,  
With her dreadful beak a while defers her death,  
But by degrees forced down, we part the fray,  
And feast upon her.

*Cald.* This cannot be, I grant,  
But pretty pastime.

*Dur.* Pretty pastime, nephew!

'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,  
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,  
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,  
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,  
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,  
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced  
To cancelier; then, with such speed as if  
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes  
The trembling bird, who even in death appears  
Proud to be made his quarry.

*Cald.* Yet all this

Is nothing to Calista.

*Dur.* Thou shalt find

Twenty Calistas there; for every night,  
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,  
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,  
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,  
At midnight shall contend to do thee service.  
I have bred them up to't; should their fathers  
murmur,

Their leases are void, for that is a main point



In my indentures ; and when we make our progress,  
There is no entertainment perfect, if  
This last dish be not offer'd.

*Cald.* You make me smile.

*Dur.* I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses,  
knaves !

'Tis but six short hours riding : yet ere night  
Thou shalt be an alter'd man.

*Cald.* I wish I may, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in SEVERINO'S House.*

*Enter IOLANTE, CALISTA, CALIPSO, and MIRTILLA.*

*Iol.* I had spies upon you, minion ; the relation  
Of your behaviour was at home before you :  
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,  
With noted libertines ! her fame and favours  
The quarrel of their swords !

*Calis.* 'Twas not in me  
To help it, madam.

*Iol.* No ! how have I lived ?

My neighbour knows my manners have been such,  
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,  
In no particular action of my life  
I can be justly censured.

*Calip.* Censured, madam !  
What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit  
A competent judge on you ?

*Calis.* Yet black detraction  
Will find faults where they are not.

*Calip.* Her foul mouth  
Is stopp'd, you being the object : give me leave  
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction ;  
And if my young lady and her woman hear  
With reverence, they may be edified.

You are my gracious patroness and supportress,  
And I your poor observer, nay, your creature,  
Fed by your bounties ; and but that I know  
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,  
And with an emphasis, you are the lady  
Admired and envied at, far, far above  
All imitation of the best of women  
That are or ever shall be. This is truth :  
I dare not be obsequious ; and 'twould ill  
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd  
From your oraculous ladyship, to act  
The part of a she-parasite.

*Iol.* If you do,

I never shall acknowledge you.

*Calis.* Admirable !

This is no flattery ! [*Aside to Mirt.*]

*Mirt.* Do not interrupt her :  
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,  
That she may peradventure forget us,  
To feed on her own praises.

*Iol.* I am not  
So far in debt to age, but if I would  
Listen to men's bewitching sorceries,  
I could be courted.

*Calip.* Rest secure of that.  
All the braveries of the city run mad for you,  
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.

*Iol.* I keep no manking servant in my house,  
In fear my chastity may be suspected :  
How is that voiced in Naples ?

*Calip.* With loud applause,  
I assure your honour.

*Iol.* It confirms I can  
Command my sensual appetites.

*Calip.* As vassals to

Your more than masculine reason, that commands  
them :

Your palace stiled a nunnery of pureness,  
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,  
Your clear soul standing centinel.

*Mirt.* Well said, Echo !

[*Aside.*]

*Iol.* Yet I have tasted those delights, which  
women

So greedily long for, know their titillations ;  
And when, with danger of his head, thy father  
Comes to give comfort to my widow'd sheets,  
As soon as his desires are satisfied,  
I can with ease forget them.

*Calip.* Observe that,  
It being indeed remarkable : 'tis nothing  
For a simple maid, that never had her hand  
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it ;  
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there  
And felt the sweetness of't— [often,

*Mirt.* How her mouth runs o'er  
With rank imagination !

[*Aside.*]

*Calip.* If such can,  
As urged before, the kickshaw being offer'd,  
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,  
They may be sainted.

*Iol.* I'll lose no more breath  
In fruitless reprehension ; look to it :  
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,  
As of my body.

*Calip.* Seek no other precedent :  
In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*,  
The *Palmerins*, and that true Spanish story,  
*The Mirror of Knighthood*, which I have read  
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't, [often,  
My lady has no parallel.

*Iol.* Do not provoke me :  
If, from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,  
Write letter, or receive one ; or presume  
To look upon a man, though from a window,  
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner ;  
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,  
Expect the usage of a Fury from me,  
Not an indulgent mother.—Come, Calipso.

*Calip.* Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,  
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady  
And her woman shall obey them.

[*Exeunt IOLANTE and CALIPSO*]

*Mirt.* You shall fry first  
For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give fire  
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes  
tobacco !

Note the injustice, madam ; they would have us,  
Being young and hungry, keep perpetual Lent,  
And the whole year to them a carnival.  
*Easy injunctions*, with a mischief to you !  
Suffer this and suffer all.

*Calis.* Not stir abroad !  
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us

*Mirt.* Insufferable.

*Calis.* Nor write, nor yet receive  
An amorous letter !

*Mirt.* Not to be endured.

*Calis.* Nor look upon a man out of a window !

*Mirt.* Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny,  
To a lady of your blood.

*Calis.* She is my mother,  
And how should I decline it ?

*Mirt.* Run away from't ;  
Take any course.

*Calis.* But without means, Mirtilla,  
How shall we live?

*Mirt.* What a question's that! as if  
A buxom lady could want maintenance  
In any place in the world, where there are men,  
Wine, meat, or money stirring.

*Calis.* Be you more modest,  
Or seek some other mistress: rather than  
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught  
That may take from my honour, I'll endure  
More than my mother can impose upon me.

*Mirt.* I grant your honour is a specious dress-  
But without conversation of men, [ing,

A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you  
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me  
(And he, you know, is held a learned clerk)  
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,  
Wise children may evade them. She may as well  
Command when you are hungry, not to eat,  
Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,  
Compared with the not seeing of a man,  
As I persuade no further; but to you  
There is no such necessity; you have means  
To shun your mother's rigour.

*Calis.* Lawful means?

*Mirt.* Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not urge  
Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;  
Make trial of Adorio.

*Calis.* And give up  
My honour to his lust!

*Mirt.* There's no such thing  
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him  
What slavish hours you spend under your mo-  
ther;

That you desire not present marriage from him,  
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you  
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter  
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,  
In which the rape of Proserpine, in little,  
Is to the life express'd: I'll be the messenger  
With any hazard, and at my return,  
Yield you a good account of't.

*Calis.* 'Tis a business  
To be consider'd of.

*Mirt.* Consideration,  
When the converse of your lover is in question,  
Is of no moment: if she would allow you  
A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,  
A songster in the afternoon, a servant  
To air you in the evening; give you leave  
To see the theatre twice a week, to mark  
How the old actors decay; the young sprout up.  
(A fitting observation,) you might bear it;  
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,  
Abominable!

*Calis.* Do not my blushes speak  
How willingly I would assent?

*Mirt.* Sweet lady,  
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.

[Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Street near SEVERINO'S House.*

*Enter IOLANTE and CALIPSO.*

*Iol.* And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such  
gallants?

*Calip.* Gallant and active; their free breeding  
The Spanish and Italian preciseness [knows not  
Practised among us; what we call immodest,  
With them is styled bold courtship; they dare fight  
Under a velvet ensign, at fourteen.

*Iol.* A petticoat, you mean?

*Calip.* You are in the right;  
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,  
They are not to be beaten off.

*Iol.* You are merry, neighbour.

*Calip.* I fool to make you so: pray you observe  
them,  
They are the forward'st monsieurs; born phy-  
sicians

For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss:  
I owe my life to one of them. When I was  
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,  
And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips  
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,  
And cured me in an instant; Venus be praised for't!

*Enter ALPHONSO, MONTPENSIER, LAVAL, Captain, and  
Attendants.*

*Iol.* They come, leave prating.

*Calip.* I am dumb, an't like your honour.

*Alph.* We will not break the league confirm'd  
between us

And your great master: the passage of his army  
Through all our territories lies open to him;

Only we grieve that your design for Rome  
Commands such haste, as it denies us means  
To entertain you as your worth deserves,  
And we would gladly tender.

*Mont.* Royal Alphonso,  
The king my master, your confederate,  
Will pay the debt he owes, in fact, which I  
Want words t'express. I must remove to-night;  
And yet, that your intended favours may not  
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,  
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,  
Without repentance. I forbear to give  
Your majesty his character; in France  
He was a precedent for arts and arms,  
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples  
Worthy the imitation.

[Introduces LAVAL to the King.

*Calip.* Is he not, madam, [rare!  
A monsieur in print! what a garb was there! O  
Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of  
A main assurance that he is within [them!  
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever  
Make their conjectures.

*Iol.* Peace, I have observed him  
From head to foot.

*Calip.* Eye him again, all over.

*Lav.* It cannot, royal sir, but argue me  
Of much presumption, if not impudence,  
To be a suitor to your majesty,  
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,  
By some employment prosperously achieved.  
But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France  
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine,  
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness),

With such humility as well becomes  
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon  
From your magnificence. [*He delivers a petition.*]

*Calip.* With what punctual form  
He does deliver it!

*Iñl.* I have eyes: no more.

*Alph.* For Severino's pardon!—you must excuse  
I dare not pardon murder. [*me,*]

*Lav.* His fact, sir,  
Ever submitting to your abler judgment,  
Merits a fairer name: he was provoked,  
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,  
By Montecarlo's rashness; who repining  
That Severino, without his consent,  
Had married Iólante, his sole sister,  
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years,)  
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,  
First challeng'd him, and, that declined, he gave  
A blow in public. [*him*]

*Mont.* Not to be endured,  
But by a slave.

*Lav.* This, great sir, justly weigh'd,  
You may a little, if you please, take from  
The rigour of your justice, and express  
An act of mercy.

*Iñl.* I can hear no more.  
This opens an old wound, and makes a new one.  
Would it were cicatrized! wait me.

*Calip.* As your shadow.

[*Exit IÓLANTE and CALIPSO.*]

*Alph.* We grant you these are glorious pre-  
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour, [*tences,*  
Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence  
Of reputation, now made a bawd  
To murder; every trifle falsely styled  
An injury, and not to be determined  
But by a bloody duel: though this vice  
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains,  
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,  
England, can dearly witness with the loss  
Of more brave spirits, than would have stood the  
Of the Turk's army,) while Alphonso lives [*shock*  
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further  
In this; in what else suiting you to ask,  
And me to give, expect a gracious answer:  
However, welcome to our court. Lord General,  
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you  
To your good fortune.

*Mont.* Your grace overwhelms me. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in SEVERINO'S House.

*Enter CALIPSO and IÓLANTE.*

*Calip.* You are bound to favour him: mark you  
For my lord's pardon. [*how he pleaded*]

*Iñl.* That's indeed a tie;  
But I have a stronger on me.

*Calip.* Say you love  
His person, be not ashamed of't; he's a man,  
For whose embraces, though Endymion  
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,  
And exchange kisses with him.

*Iñl.* Do not fan  
A fire that burns already too hot in me;  
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,  
Never to be recovered.

*Calip.* What a coil's here  
For loving a man! It is no Africk wonder:  
If, like Pasiphaë, you doted on a bull,

Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have  
A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.  
A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,  
When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not  
blamed for't;

And many more besides of higher calling,  
Though I forbear to name them. You have a hus-  
But, as the case stands with my lord, he is [*band;*  
A kind of no husband; and your ladyship  
As free as a widow can be. I confess,  
If ladies should seek change, that have their hus-  
bands

At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,  
(The surest bond of concord,) 'twere a fault,  
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that  
Do lie alone so often—body of me!

I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath.

*Iñl.* I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want  
all

As means to quench the spurious fire that burns  
here.

*Calip.* Want means, while I, your creature,  
Be so unthankful. [*live! I dare not*]

*Iñl.* Wilt thou undertake it?  
And, as an earnest of much more to come,  
Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of  
crowns.—

How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour! [*Aside.*]

*Calip.* I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill  
become

My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty;  
Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this  
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him.  
He shall be yours; that's poor, he is already  
At your devotion. I will not boast  
My faculties this way, but suppose he were  
Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,  
And your desires more hot than Cytheres's,  
Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd  
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters:  
I have said it.

*Iñl.* Go, and prosper; and imagine  
A salary beyond thy hopes.

*Calip.* Sleep you  
Secure on either ear; the burthen's yours  
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.—A Room in ADORIO'S House.

*Enter ADORIO, CAMELLO, LENTULO, and DONATO.*

*Don.* Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you  
Too fairly with him, if you take that way [*deal*  
To right yourself.

*Lent.* The least that you can do,  
In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet  
To give him the bastinado. [*him,*]

*Cam.* And that done,  
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat! No,  
Be ruled by me, shew yourself an Italian,  
And having received one injury, do not put off  
Your hat for a second; there are fellows that,  
For a few crowns, will make him sure, and so,  
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.

*Ador.* I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied  
In what concerns my honour; but in that [*care*  
I'll steer my own course. Yet, that you may know  
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom  
Lies open to you; I begin to feel  
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness,

And something tells me here, I should repent  
My harshness to Calista.

*Enter CARIO, hastily.*

*Camil.* When you please,  
You may remove that scruple.

*Ador.* I shall think on't.

*Car.* Sir, sir, are you ready?

*Ador.* To do what?

I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time.

*Car.* True; but I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast,  
As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,  
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavaer,  
Carp's tongues, the pith of an English chine of  
Nor our Italian delicate, oil'd mushrooms, [beef,  
And yet a drawer-on too; and if you shew not  
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say  
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,  
(For it will not stay a preface,) I am shamed,  
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.

*Ador.* Art thou in thy wits? what new-found  
Hast thou discover'd? [rarity]

*Car.* No such matter, sir;  
It grows in our own country.

*Don.* Serve it up,  
I feel a kind of stomach.

*Camil.* I could feed too.

*Car.* Not a bit upon a march; there's other let-  
For your coarse lips; this is peculiar only [tuce  
For my master's palate: I would give my whole  
year's wages,  
With all my vails, and fees due to the kitchen,  
But to be his carver.

*Ador.* Leave your fooling, sirrah,  
And bring in your dainty.

*Car.* 'Twill bring in itself,  
It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,  
Behold! Now fall to boldly; my life on't,  
It comes to be tasted.

*Enter MIRTILLA.*

*Camil.* Ha! Calista's woman?

*Lent.* A handsome one, by Venus.

*Ador.* Pray you forbear:—  
You are welcome, fair one.

*Don.* How that blush becomes her!

*Ador.* Aim your designs at me?

*Mirt.* I am trusted, sir,  
With a business of near consequence, which I would  
To your private ear deliver.

*Car.* I told you so.  
Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state  
To a she-ambassador.

*Ador.* Pray you, gentlemen,  
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend  
you. [Exit CAMIL, LENT, and DON.]

*Car.* Dispatch her first for your honour: the  
You know what follows. [quickly doing—

*Ador.* Will you please to vanish? [Exit CARIO.]  
Now, pretty one, your pleasure? you shall find me  
Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to  
My oath, I'll take it on this book. [Offers to kiss her.]

*Mirt.* O sir,  
The favour is too great, and far above  
My poor ambition; I must kiss your hand  
In sign of humble thankfulness.

*Ador.* So modest!

*Mirt.* It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those  
blessings

For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,  
And, with your good allowance, I might add  
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;  
But this will better speak her chaste desires,  
[Delivers a letter.]

Than I can fancy what they are, much less  
With moving language, to their fair deserts,  
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with  
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find  
The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her eyes,  
While she endeavour'd to set down that truth  
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge  
A gracious answer.

*Ador.* O the powerful charms  
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those  
Which dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed  
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have  
An opposite working, I already feel,  
But reading them, their saving operations;  
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,  
Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized  
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.  
Most happy metamorphosis! in which  
The film of error that did blind my judgment  
And seduced understanding, is removed.  
What sacrifice of thanks can I return  
Her pious charity, that not alone  
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,  
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,  
To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;  
But adds a matchless favour, to receive  
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness  
In my protection?

*Mirt.* Transform'd!—it is  
A blessed metamorphosis, and works  
I know not how on me. [Aside]

*Ador.* My joys are boundless,  
Curb'd with no limits: for her sake, Mirtilla,  
Instruct me how I presently may seal  
To those strong bonds of loyal love, and service,  
Which never shall be cancell'd.

*Mirt.* She'll become  
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer  
Her pure affection.

*Ador.* Answer it, Mirtilla!  
With more than adoration I kneel to it.  
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths  
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform  
All her commands.

*Mirt.* I am lost on this assurance,  
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith  
in't,

As in an oracle: ah me! [Aside.] She presents you  
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,  
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic,  
(For so I think she call'd it.) you may be  
Instructed what her suit is you should do,  
And she with joy will suffer.

*Ador.* [looking at the trinket.] Heaven be  
To qualify this excess of happiness [pleas'd  
With some disaster, or I shall expire  
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art  
The cunning lapidary hath here express'd  
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend  
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as  
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet  
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm  
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights  
As leave no sting behind them.

*Mirt.* I despair then. [Aside.]

*Ador.* At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her,

And guard her from the fury of her mother,  
And all that dare disturb her.

*Mirt.* You speak well ;

And I believe you.

*Ador.* Would you aught else ?

*Mirt.* I would carry

Some love-sign to her ; and now I think on it,  
The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,  
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,  
I'll faithfully deliver it.

*Ador.* O, a kiss !

You must excuse me, I was then mine own,  
Now wholly hers : the touch of other lips  
I do abjure for ever : but there's gold  
To bind thee still my advocate. [*Exit.*]

*Mirt.* Not a kiss !

I was coy when it was offer'd, and now justly,  
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires  
My loose hopes kindle in me ! shall I be  
False to my lady's trust, and, from a servant,  
Rise up her rival ? His words have bewitch'd me,  
And something I must do, but what ?—'tis yet  
An embryo, and how to give it form,  
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,  
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me  
To perfect that which yet is undetermined. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter CLAUDIO and SEVERINO.*

*Claud.* You are master of yourself; yet, if I may,  
As a tried friend in my love and affection,  
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts  
Without offence, i' the way of counsel to you ;  
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose  
For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,  
Is full of danger.

*Sev.* Danger, Claudio !

'Tis here, and every where, our forced companion :  
The rising and the setting sun beholds us  
Environ'd with it ; our whole life a journey  
Ending in certain ruin.

*Claud.* Yet we should not,  
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort  
Of life, till it be forced.

*Sev.* 'Tis so indeed

By wisest men concluded, which we should  
Obey as Christians ; but when I consider  
How different the progress of our actions  
Is from religion, nay, morality,  
I cannot find in reason, why we should  
Be scrupulous that way only ; or like meteors  
Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff  
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,  
Would bring security unto ourselves,  
And safety unto those we prey upon.  
O Claudio ! since by this fatal hand  
The brother of my wife, bold Montecarlo,  
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed  
After my flight, by the justice of the king,  
My being hath been but a living death,  
With a continual torture.

*Claud.* Yet in that,  
You do delude their bloody violence  
That do pursue your life.

*Sev.* While I, by rapines,  
Live terrible to others as myself.—

What one hour can we challenge as our own,  
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam  
Of comfort to us ? Quiet night, that brings  
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,  
In which he rises early to do wrong,  
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep :  
Our time is spent in watches to entrap  
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves  
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us  
To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,  
Is this a life to be preserv'd, and at  
So dear a rate ? But why hold I discourse  
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen  
We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off  
But with our human frailty ? in the change  
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore  
I am resolved for Naples.

*Claud.* May you meet there  
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife  
As Fame proclaims her, without parallel,  
Can yield to ease your sorrows !

*Sev.* I much thank you ;  
Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy  
I have proved certainties, and from their want  
Her excellencies take lustre.

*Claud.* Ere you go yet,  
Some charge unto your squires not to fly out  
Beyond their bounds, were not impertinent :  
For though that with a look you can command  
In your absence they'll be headstrong. [*them,*]

*Sev.* 'Tis well thought on,  
I'll touch my horn,—[*Blows his horn*].—they know  
*Claud.* And will, [*my call.*]

As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,  
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

*Enter Banditti.*

1 *Ban.* What's your will ?  
2 *Ban.* Hail sovereign of these woods !  
3 *Ban.* We lay our lives  
At your highness' feet.

4 *Ban.* And will confess no king,  
Nor laws but what come from your mouth ; and  
We gladly will subscribe to. [*those*]

*Sev.* Make this good,  
In my absence, to my substitute, to whom  
Pay all obedience as to myself ;  
The breach of this in one particular  
I will severely punish : on your lives,  
Remember upon whom with our allowance  
You may securely prey, with such as are  
Exempted from your fury.

*Claud.* 'Twere not amiss,  
If you please, to help their memory : besides,  
Here are some newly initiated.

*Sev.* To these  
Read you the articles ; I must be gone :  
Claudio, farewell ! [*Exit.*]

*Claud.* May your return be speedy !  
1 *Ban.* Silence ; out with your table-books.  
2 *Ban.* And observe.  
*Claud.* [*reads.*] *The cormorant that lives in  
expectation*

*Of a long wish'd-for dearth, and, smiling, grinds  
The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of ;  
Even theft to such is justice.*

3 *Ban.* He's in my tables.  
*Claud.* *The grand encloser of the commons, for  
His private profit or delight, with all  
His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize.*

4 *Ban.* And we will bring them in, although the  
Stood roaring by, to guard them. [devil

*Claud.* *If a wurer,  
Greedy, at his own price, to make a purchase,  
Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage  
From a prodigal, pass through our territories;  
In the way of custom, or of tributes to us,  
You may ease him of his burthen.*

2 *Ban.* Wholesome doctrine.  
*Claud.* *Builders of iron mills, that grub up  
With timber trees for shipping.* [forests

1 *Ban.* May we not  
Have a touch at lawyers?

*Claud.* By no means; they may  
Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets,  
Not to be jested with.

3 *Ban.* This is not so well.

*Claud.* *The owners of dark shops, that vent their  
wares*

*With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented  
With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,  
When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late  
and bed-time.*

*These ransack at your pleasures.*

3 *Ban.* How shall we know them?

*Claud.* If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd  
stockings,

And shining-shoes; if horsemen, by short boots,  
And riding-furniture of several counties.

2 *Ban.* Not one of the list escapes us,

*Claud.* *But for scholars,  
Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their  
pockets,*

*Soldiers that have bled in their country's service;  
The rent-rack'd farmer, needy market folks;  
The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport*

*The goods of other men, are privileged;*

*But, above all, let none presume to offer*

*Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,*

*Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy*

*Hangs for't, by martial law.*

*All.* Long live Severino,

And perish all such cullions as repine

At his new monarchy!

*Claud.* About your business,

That he may find, at his return, good cause

To praise your care and discipline.

*All.* We'll not fail, sir. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—NAPLES. *A Street.*

*Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.*

*Lav.* Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible  
That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.

*Calip.* Not you the man! you are the man of men,  
And such another, in my lady's eye,  
Never to be discover'd.

*Laval.* A mere stranger,

Newly arriv'd!

*Calip.* Still the more probable.

Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,  
And brought far to them. This is not an age

In which saints live; but women, knowing women,  
That understand their *summum bonum* is

Variety of pleasures in the touch,  
Derived from several nations; and if men would

Be wise by their example—

*Lav.* As most are;

'Tis a coupling age!

*Calip.* Why, sir, do gallants travel?

Answer that question; but, at their return.

With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of  
The garb and difference in foreign females,  
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,  
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,  
The Roman libertine, and sprightly Tuscan,  
The merry Greek, Venetian courtesan,  
The English fair companion, that learns something  
From every nation, and will fly at all:—  
I say again, the difference betwixt these  
And their own country gamesters.

*Lav.* Aptly urg'd.

Some make that their main end: but may I ask,  
Without offence to your gravity, by what title  
Your lady, that invites me to her favours,  
Is known in the city?

*Calip.* If you were a true-born monsieur,  
You would do the business first, and ask that after.  
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly  
Deserve thanks for my travail; she is, sir,  
No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam  
So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her;  
No liness by her breath.

*Lav.* Leave these impertinencies,  
And come to the matter.

*Calip.* Would you'd be as forward,  
When you draw for the upshot! she is, sir, a lady,  
A rich, fair, well-complexion'd, and what is  
Not frequent among Venus's votaries,  
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,  
A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is  
Madonna Iolante.

*Lav.* Iolante!

I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,  
The wonder of the age.

*Calip.* Pray you, not too much  
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,  
And so you'll find her.

*Lav.* Come, you are a base creature;  
And, covering your foul ends with her fair name,  
Give me just reason to suspect you have  
A plot upon my life.

*Calip.* A plot! very fine!

Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;  
'Tis cunningly contriv'd: I plot to bring you  
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,  
To those delights which a man not made of snow  
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be  
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious.  
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,  
And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!  
A kiss then ravish'd from you by such lips  
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious  
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you  
safe

Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,  
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot!  
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common;  
But I must not forget, to make the plot  
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,  
So furnish'd as might force the Persian's envy,  
The silver bathing-tub, the cambric rubbers,  
The embroider'd quilt, the bed of gossamer  
And damask roses; a mere powder plot  
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,  
To whose rare entertainment all these are  
But foils and settings off.

*Lav.* No more; her breath  
Would warm an eunuch.

*Calip.* I knew I should heat you :  
Now he begins to glow !  
*Lav.* I am flesh and blood,  
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,  
Had I no other ends in't. I have consider'd  
Your motion, matron.  
*Calip.* My plot, sir, on your life,  
For which I am deservedly suspected  
For a base and dangerous woman ! Fare you well,  
sir,  
I'll be bold to take my leave.  
*Lav.* I will along too.  
Come, pardon my suspicion : I confess  
My error ; and eyeing you better, I perceive  
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you ;

I am serious, and, for proof of it, I'll purchase  
Your good opinion. [*Gives her his purse.*]  
*Calip.* I am gentle natured,  
And can forget a greater wrong upon  
Such terms of satisfaction.  
*Lav.* What's the hour ?  
*Calip.* Twelve.  
*Lav.* I'll not miss a minute.  
*Calip.* I shall find you  
At your lodging ?  
*Lav.* Certainly ; return my service,  
And for me kiss your lady's hands.  
*Calip.* At twelve  
I'll be your convoy.  
*Lav.* I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

*Enter DURAZZO, CALDOBO, and Servant.*

*Dur.* Walk the horses down the hill ; I have  
a little

To speak in private. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Cald.* Good sir, no more anger.

*Dur.* Love do you call it ! madness, wilful  
madness ;

And since I cannot cure it, I would have you  
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,  
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,  
And then you are mad, katexokén the madman.

*Cald.* Such as are safe on shore may smile at  
tempests ;

But I, that am embark'd, and every minute  
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth :  
To me it is unseasonable.

*Dur.* Pleasing viands  
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect  
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well  
As any boy of you all ; and on good terms  
Will venture as far i' the fire, so she be willing  
To entertain me ; but ere I would doze,  
As you do, where there is no flattering hope  
Ever t' enjoy her, I would forswear wine,  
And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,  
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,  
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,  
And use no soap but camphire-balls.

*Cald.* You may,  
(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon,  
Apply these burning caustics to my wounds  
Already gangrened, when soft unguents would  
Better express an uncle with some feeling  
Of his nephew's torments.

*Dur.* I shall melt, and cannot  
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,  
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,  
Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,  
Or fear his bird-bolts ! [*Aside.*]

*Cald.* You have put yourself already  
To too much trouble, in bringing me thus far :  
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave  
To my hard fortunes. [*me*]

*Dur.* I'll forsake myself first.  
Leave thee ! I cannot, will not ; thou shalt have  
No cause to be weary of my company,  
For I'll be useful ; and, ere I see thee perish,

Dispensing with my dignity and candour,  
I will do something for thee, though it savour  
Of the old squire of Troy. As we ride, we will  
Consult of the means : bear up.

*Cald.* I cannot sink,  
Having your noble aids to buoy me up ;  
There was never such a guardian.

*Dur.* How is this ?  
Stale compliments to me ! when my work's done,  
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*NAPLES. A Room in SEVERINO'S  
House.*

*Enter CALISTA richly habited, and MIRTILLA in the gown  
which CALISTA first wore.*

*Calis.* How dost thou like my gown ?

*Mirt.* 'Tis rich and courtlike.

*Calis.* The dressings too are suitable ?

*Mirt.* I must say so,

Or you might blame my want of care.

*Calis.* My mother

Little dreams of my intended flight, or that  
These are my nuptial ornaments.

*Mirt.* I hope so.

*Calis.* How dully thou reply'st ! thou dost not  
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune . [*envy*  
That it brings to me ?

*Mirt.* My endeavours that way  
Can answer for me.

*Calis.* True ; you have discharged  
A faithful servant's duty, and it is  
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress :  
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,  
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony  
Than you have yet express'd.

*Mirt.* The miseries

Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,  
Restrain my forward tongue ; and, gentle madam,  
Excuse my weakness, though I do appear  
A little daunted with the heavy burthen  
I am to undergo : when you are safe,  
My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will  
Gush in upon me ; yet I would endure  
Your mother's cruelty ; but how to bear  
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.  
Since we were children I have loved and serv'd  
I willingly learn'd to obey, as you [*you ;*]

Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me ;

And now to be divor'd from all my comforts !—  
Can this be borne with patience ?

*Calis.* The necessity  
Of my strange fate commands it ; but I vow  
By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.

*Mirt.* Pity me, madam ! a cold charity ;  
You must do more, and help me.

*Calis.* Ha ! what said you ?  
*I must !* is this fit language for a servant ?

*Mirt.* For one that would continue your poor  
And cannot live that day in which she is [servant,  
Denied to be so. Can *Mirtilla* sit

Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures  
Which you, this blessed Hymeneal night,  
Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,  
And my lord too, in being yours ? (already  
As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger  
Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead  
You must pretend to keep ; and 'twill become you ?

Shall another do those bridal offices,  
Which time will not permit me to remember,  
And I pine here with envy ? pardon me,—  
I must and will be pardon'd,—for my passions  
Are in extremes ; and use some speedy means  
That I may go along with you, and share  
In those delights, but with becoming distance ;  
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,  
I will discover all !

*Calis.* Thou canst not be  
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying  
The building thou hast raised.

*Mirt.* Pray you do not tempt me,  
For 'tis resolv'd.

*Calis.* I know not what to think of't.  
In the discovery of my secrets to her,  
I have made my slave my mistress ; I must sooth  
her,

There's no evasion else. [*Aside.*] *Prithee*, *Mirtilla*,  
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken  
With thy affection for me ; 'twas my purpose  
To have thee sent for.

*Mirt.* When ?  
*Calis.* This very night ;  
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner  
In the desired possession of my lord,  
But by some of his servants I will have thee  
Convey'd unto us.

*Mirt.* Should you break !

*Calis.* I dare not.  
Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare  
For our departure.

*Mirt.* Pray you forgive my boldness,  
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.

*Calis.* I thank thee for't.

*Mirt.* You'll keep your word ?

*Calis.* Still doubtful !

*Mirt.* 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest  
to fortune. [*Exit, following.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in ADORIO'S House.

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, CARIO, and  
Servants.

*Ador.* Haste you unto my villa, and take all  
Provision along with you, and for use  
And ornament, the shortness of the time  
Can furnish you ; let my best plate be set out,

And costliest hangings ; and, if't be possible,  
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,  
Provide an epithalamium.

*Car.* Trust me  
For belly timber : and for a song, I have  
A paper-blurrier, who on all occasions,  
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets  
Ready in the deck : it is but altering  
The names, and they will serve for any bride,  
Or bridegroom, in the kingdom.

*Ador.* But for the dance ?  
*Car.* I will make one myself, and foot it finely ;  
And summoning your tenants at my dresser  
Which is, indeed, my drum, make a rare choice  
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,  
And smell too, but not of amber, which, you know,  
The grace of the country-hall. [*is*]

*Ador.* About it, *Cario*,  
And look you be careful.

*Car.* For mine own credit, sir.  
[*Exit CARIO and Servants.*]

*Ador.* Now, noble friends, confirm your loves,  
and think not  
Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid  
The stealing away an heir : I will secure you,  
And pay the breach of't.

*Camil.* Tell us what we shall do,  
We'll talk of that hereafter.

*Ador.* Pray you be careful  
To keep the west gate of the city open,  
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch  
With any sum ; this is all.

*Don.* A dangerous business !  
*Camil.* I'll make the constable, watch, and  
porter drunk,

Under a crown.  
*Lent.* And then you may pass while they snore,  
Though you had done a murder.

*Camil.* Get but your mistress,  
And leave the rest to us.

*Ador.* You much engage me :  
But I forget myself.

*Camil.* Pray you, in what, sir ?  
*Ador.* Yielding too much to my affection,  
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation  
And honour suffer : the disgrace, in taking  
A blow in public from *Caldoro*, branded  
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying  
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher ;  
That's first to be consider'd.

*Camil.* If you dare  
Trust my opinion, (yet I have had  
Some practice and experience in duels,)  
You are too tender that way : can you answer  
The debt you owe your honour till you meet  
Your enemy from whom you may exact it ?  
Hath he not left the city, and in fear  
Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine ?  
What would you more ?

*Ador.* I should do.

*Camil.* Never think on't,  
Till fitter time and place invite you to it :  
I have read *Caranza*, and find not in his Grammar  
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound  
To seek for reparation at an hour ;  
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled  
More serious occasions that import him,  
For a day or two defer it.

*Ador.* You'll subscribe  
Your hand to this ?



*Camil.* And justify't with my life ;  
Presume upon't.

*Ador.* On, then ; you shall o'er-rule me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in SEVERINO's House.*

*Enter IOLANTE and CALIPPO.*

*Iol.* I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have  
Over thy tomb, for a monument. [*it hung up,*]

*Calip.* I am not prepared yet  
To leave the world ; there are many good pranks  
I must dispatch in this kind before I die :  
And I had rather, if your honour please,  
Have the crowns in my purse.

*Iol.* Take that.

*Calis.* Magnificent lady !  
May you live long, and, every moon, love change,  
That I may have fresh employment ! You know  
Remains to be done ? [*what*]

*Iol.* Yes, yes ; I will command  
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.

*Calip.* And lock them up ; such liquorish kit-  
lings, are not

To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll  
help you

To set forth the banquet, and place the candied  
eringoes

Where he may be sure to taste them ; then undress  
you,

For these things are cumbersome, when you should  
be active :

A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,  
With your pearl-embroider'd pantofles on your  
feet,

And then you are arm'd for service ! nay, no  
trifling,

We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly  
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Street before SEVERINO's House.*

*Enter ADORIO and Servant.*

*Ador.* 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour ap-  
pointed.

Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring ?

*Serv.* No, sir ;  
All's silent here.

*Ador.* Some cursed business keeps  
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,  
And shew where you shall wait us with the horses,  
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,  
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DURAZZO and CALDOBRO.*

*Dur.* What's now to be done ? prithee let's to  
bed, I am sleepy ;

And here's my hand on't, without more ado,  
By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow  
In thy possession.

*Cald.* Good sir, give me leave  
To taste a little comfort in beholding  
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.  
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,  
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on  
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,  
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

*Dur.* Is not here fine fooling !

*Cald.* Thou great queen of love,  
Or real or imagined, be propitious  
To me, thy faithful votary ! and I vow  
To erect a statue to thee, equal to  
Thy picture, by Apelles' skilful hand  
Left as the great example of his art ;  
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,  
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,  
For further honour !

*Dur.* End this waking dream,  
And let's away.

*Enter from the house CALISTA and MIRTILLA.*

*Calis.* Mirtilla !

*Cald.* 'Tis her voice !

*Calis.* You heard the horses' footing ?

*Mirt.* Certainly.

*Calis.* Speak low. My lord Adorio !

*Cald.* I am dumb.

*Dur.* The darkness friend us too ! Most honour'd  
madam,  
Adorio, your servant.

*Calis.* As you are so,

I do command your silence till we are  
Further remov'd ; and let this kiss assure you  
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)  
I am wholly yours.

*Dur.* Forward, you micher !

*Mirt.* Madam,

Think on Mirtilla ! [*Goes into the house.*]

*Dur.* I'll not now enquire

The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune  
Favouring us beyond our hopes : yet, now I think  
on't,

I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-  
work. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ADORIO and Servant.*

*Ador.* This slowness does amaze me : she's not  
In her late resolution ? [*alter'd*]

*Iol.* [*within.*] Get you to bed,  
And stir not on your life, till I command you.

*Ador.* Her mother's voice ! listen.

*Serv.* Here comes the daughter.

*Re-enter MIRTILLA hastily.*

*Mirt.* Whither shall I fly for succour ?

*Ador.* To these arms,  
Your castle of defence, impregnable,  
And not to be blown up : how your heart beats !  
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now  
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you :  
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears  
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,  
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,  
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.  
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you ;  
And I'll defer the music of your voice,  
Till we are in a place of safety.

*Mirt.* O blest error ! [*Aside. Exeunt*]

*Enter SEVERINO.*

*Serv.* 'Tis midnight : how my fears of certain  
death,

Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes  
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness ! I am grown  
A stranger in the city, and no wonder,  
I have too long been so unto myself :  
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul—  
I hear some footing, ha !

*Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.*

*Calip.* That is the house,  
And there's the key: you'll find my lady ready  
To entertain you; 'tis not fit I should  
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought  
you on,

Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*

*Sev.* It makes this way.

*Lav.* I am much troubled, and know not what  
Of this design. [*to think*

*Sev.* It still comes on.

*Lav.* The watch!

I am betray'd.

*Sev.* Should I now appear fearful,  
It would discover me; there's no retiring.  
My confidence must protect me; I'll appear  
As if I walk'd the round.—Stand!

*Lav.* I am lost.

*Sev.* The word?

*Lav.* Pray you forbear; I am a stranger,  
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way  
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office  
To guide me to it.

*Sev.* Do you think I stand here  
For a page or a porter?

*Lav.* Good sir, grow not so high:  
I can justify my being abroad; I am  
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are  
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you,  
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain;  
For if you do assault me, though not in fear  
Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,  
And raise the streets.

*Sev.* Before my captain, ha!  
And bring my head to the block. Would we were  
parted,

I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.

*Lav.* Will you do your duty?

*Sev.* I must close with him:—

Troth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language,  
I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour  
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,  
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good  
night!

*Lav.* The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way  
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd!—Fare you  
well, sir. [*Exit.*

*Sev.* I am glad he's gone; there is a secret  
passage,  
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will  
guide me

To her desired embraces, which must be,  
My presence being beyond her hopes, most wel-  
come. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in SEVERINO'S House.*

*ISLANTE is heard speaking behind a curtain.*

*Ist.* I am full of perplex'd thoughts. Imperious  
blood,

Thou only art a tyrant; judgment, reason,  
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,  
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.  
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,  
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,  
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters  
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust  
Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding

Stow'd under hatches,) like a desperate pilot,  
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,  
Self-love, and over-value of myself,  
Are justly punish'd: I that did deny  
My daughter's youth allow'd and lawful pleasures,  
And would not suffer in her those desires  
She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning  
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,  
That must consume my fame; yet still I throw  
More fuel on it.

*Enter SEVERINO before the curtain.*

*Sev.* 'Tis her voice, poor turtle:  
She's now at her devotions, praying for  
Her banish'd mate; alas, that for my guilt  
Her innocence should suffer! But I do  
Commit a second sin in my deferring  
The ecstasy of joy that will transport her  
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,  
And seals my welcome.—[*Draws the curtain, and  
discovers ISLANTE seated, with a rich ban-  
quet, and tapers, set forth.*—*Islande!*

*Ist.* Ha!

Good angels guard me!

*Sev.* What do I behold!  
Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,  
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I  
May living find a sepulchre to swallow  
Me and my shame together!

*Ist.* Guilt and horror

Confound me in one instant; thus surprised,  
The subtlety of all wantons, though abstracted,  
Can shew no seeming colour of excuse,  
To plead in my defence. [*Aside.*

*Sev.* Is this her mourning?

O killing object! The imprison'd vapours  
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me;  
This little world, like to a tottering tower,  
Not to be underpropp'd;—yet in my fall,  
I'll crush thee with my ruins. [*Draws a poniard.*

*Ist.* [*kneeling.*] Good sir, hold:  
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,  
If you proceed to execution;  
And will, too late, repent it.

*Sev.* Thy defence!

To move it, adds (could it receive addition)  
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy  
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already  
Infected every vein, and spreads itself  
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures  
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp  
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,  
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell,  
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore!  
Then send thee to him. Speak.

*Ist.* Your Gorgon looks

Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes  
My silenced tongue.

*Sev.* O Fate, that the disease  
Were general in women, what a calm  
Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief,  
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

*Ist.* Be appeas'd, sir,  
Until I have deliver'd reasons for  
This solemn preparation.

*S v.* On, I hear thee.

*Ist.* With patience ask your memory; 'twill in-  
struct you,  
This very day of the month, seventeen years since,  
You married me.

*Sev.* Grant it, what canst thou urge  
From this?

*Jöl.* That day, since your proscription, sir,  
In the remembrance of it annually,  
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,  
I have with pomp observed.

*Sev.* Alone!

*Jöl.* The thoughts  
Of my felicity then, my misery now,  
Were the invited guests; imagination  
Teaching me to believe that you were present,  
And a partner in it.

*Sev.* Rare! this real banquet  
To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off  
These flaggons to my health, or the idle thought,  
Like Baal, devour these delicates? the room  
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,  
Which Messalina would not wear, put on  
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown  
So weak in thy opinion, that it can  
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks  
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter?  
where

The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!  
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murder'd,  
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neigh-  
Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipso, [bour,  
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in  
The close adulterer. [Lays hands on her.

*Jöl.* What will you do?

*Sev.* Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not  
So near to reconciliation. Ha! this scarf,  
The intended favour to your stallion, now  
Is useful: do not strive!—[*He binds her.*]—thus  
bound, expect

All studied tortures my assurance, not  
My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee.  
In darkness howl thy mischiefs; and if rankness  
Of thy imagination can conjure  
The ribald [hither,] glut thyself with him;  
I will cry *Aim!* and in another room  
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-strings!  
[Exit with the tapers.

*Jöl.* Most miserable woman! and yet sitting  
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,  
I could not mitigate the heavy doom  
My incens'd husband must pronounce upon me.  
In my intents I am guilty, and for them  
Must suffer the same punishment, as if  
I had, in fact, offended.

*Calip.* [within.] Bore my eyes out,  
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady  
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

Enter CALIPSO.

How's this? no lights! What new device? will  
At blindman's buff?—Madam! [she play

*Jöl.* Upon thy life,  
Speak in a lower key.

*Calip.* The mystery  
Of this, sweet lady? where are you?

*Jöl.* Here, fast bound.

*Calip.* By whom.

*Jöl.* I'll whisper that into thine ear,  
And then farewell for ever.—

*Calip.* How! my lord?

I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!  
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain  
Almost made up?

*Jöl.* What shall we do!

*Calip.* Betray him;  
I'll instantly raise the watch.

*Jöl.* And so make me  
For ever infamous.

*Calip.* The gentleman,  
The rarest gentleman is at the door,  
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must  
perish,

'Twill shew a woman's spleen in you to fall  
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.  
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whim.  
But I will first unbind you. [Paces 16s.

*Jöl.* Now what follows?

*Calip.* I will supply your place; [16s. binds  
CALIP.] and, bound, give me  
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away  
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord  
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get  
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove  
But some neat love-trick: if he should grow furious,  
And question me, I am resolv'd to put on  
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gen-  
tleman,

His courage may cool.

*Jöl.* I'll speak with him, but if

To any base or lustful end, may mercy  
At my last gasp forsake me! [Exit.

*Calip.* I was too rash,  
And have done what I wish undone: say he should  
kill me?

I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell  
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder  
Still more and more! would I were a she Priapus,  
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,  
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,  
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—  
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

Re-enter SEVERINO with a knife in his hand, throwing open  
the doors violently.

*Sev.* It is a deed of darkness, and I need  
No light to guide me; there is something tells me  
I am too slow-paced in my wreak, and trifle  
In my revenge. All hush'd! no sigh nor groan,  
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,  
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,  
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,  
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,  
And instantly give up unto my vengeance  
The villain that defiles my bed; discover  
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,  
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you  
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you  
Into the sea together: do not play with  
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,  
And answer my demands; will it not be?  
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for  
A common strumpet. [Strikes at her with the knife.

*Calip.* Oh!

*Sev.* Thus stab these arms

That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a  
*Calip.* Oh! [stranger.

*Sev.* This is but an induction; I will draw  
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:  
How on, 'tis music to me. [Exit

*Calip.* He is gone.

A kiss, and love-tricks! he hath villainous teeth,  
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers  
In my profession were paid thus, there would be  
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I had one:

My arms, my arms ! I dare not cry for fear ;  
Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd !

*Re-enter IOLANTE.*

*Iol.* Till now I never truly knew myself,  
Nor by all principles and lectures read  
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed  
As by her contrary, how base and deform'd  
Loose appetite is ; as in a few short minutes  
This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.  
Oh ! that I could recall my bad intentions,  
And be as I was yesterday, untainted  
In my desires, as I am still in fact,  
I thank his temperance ! I could look undaunted  
Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,  
So strong the guards and sure defences are  
Of armed innocence ; but I will endure  
The penance of my sin, the only means  
Is left to purge it. The day breaks.—Calippo !

*Calip.* Here, madam, here.

*Iol.* Hath my lord visited thee ?

*Calip.* Hell take such visits ! these stabb'd  
arms, and loss

Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish  
What a night I have had of't, and what you had  
Had I not supplied your place. [suffered,

*Iol.* I truly grieve for't ;

Did not my husband speak to thee ?

*Calip.* Yes, I heard him,

And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief !  
But he knew not me ; like a true-bred Spartan boy,  
With silence I endured it ; he could not get  
One syllable from me.

*Iol.* Something may be fashion'd  
From this ; invention help me ! I must be sudden.

[Unbinds her.

Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick ! now bind  
And leave me to my fortune. [me sure,

*Calip.* Pray you consider

The loss of my nose ; had I been but carted for  
you,

Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lie, I had  
Examples to excuse me ; but my nose,  
My nose, dear lady !

*Iol.* Get off, I'll send to thee. [Exit CALIPPO.

If so, it may take ; if it fail, I must  
Suffer whatever follows.

*Re-enter SEVERINO with the knife and taper.*

*Sev.* I have search'd

In every corner of the house, yet find not  
My daughter, nor her maid ; nor any print  
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would  
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,  
At his coming in or going out.

*Iol.* 'Tis he,

And within hearing ; heav'n forgive this feigning,  
I being forced to't to preserve my life,  
To be better spent hereafter !

*Sev.* I begin

To stagger, and my love, if it knew how,  
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered,)  
Would plead in her excuse.

*Iol.* [aloud.] You blessed guardians  
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers  
Of such as do in fact offend against  
Your sacred rites and ceremonies ; by all titles  
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe  
To be invoked, look down with saving pity  
Upon my matchless sufferings !

*Sev.* At her devotions :  
Affliction makes her repent.

*Iol.* Look down

Upon a wretched woman, and as I  
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple  
By the priest fasten'd, firm ; (though in loose  
wishes

I yield I have offended ;) to strike blind  
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime  
I never yet committed, and to free me  
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,  
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms  
To their late strength and beauty.

*Sev.* Does she hope  
To be cured by miracle ?

*Iol.* This minute I

Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted.  
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,  
And by a supernatural means, have done  
This work of heavenly charity, be ever  
Canonized for't !

*Sev.* I did not dream, I heard her,  
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me :  
If I have no belief in their assurance,  
I must turn sceptic. Ha ! this is the hand,  
And this the fatal instrument : these drops  
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,  
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more  
Than wonder or amazement ; I profess  
I am astonish'd.

*Iol.* Be incredulous still,  
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it  
By your false guide, suspicion ; have no faith  
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe  
That which you see ; and for your satisfaction,  
My doubted innocence cleared by miracle,  
Proceed ; these veins have now new blood, if you  
Resolve to let it out.

*Sev.* I would not be fool'd  
With easiness of belief, and faintly give  
Credit to this strange wonder ; 'tis now thought  
on :

In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.

[Aside.

How can I expiate my sin ? or hope, [Unties her.  
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service  
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce  
Despair'd-of pardon ? Shall I kneel ? that's poor,  
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,  
Than I can fancy ; wilt thou have revenge ?  
My heart lies open to thee.

*Iol.* This is needless

To me, who in the duty of a wife,  
Know I must suffer.

*Sev.* Thou art made up of goodness,  
And from my confidence that I am alone  
The object of thy pleasures, until death  
Divorce us, we will know no separation.  
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,  
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels  
And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt  
Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd  
By such as style me sovereign. Already  
My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present ;  
The Neapolitan court a place of exile  
When thou art absent : my stay here is mortal,  
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it ;  
Come, dearest Iolante, with this breath  
All jealousy is blown away. [Embraces her.

*Iol.* Be constant.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

*A noise within, as of a horse fallen;—then enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, and Servant, with CALISTA in their arms.*

*Dur.* Hell take the stumbling jade!

*Cald.* Heaven help the lady!

*Serv.* The horse hath broke his neck.

*Dur.* Would thine were crack'd too,  
So the lady had no harm! Give her fresh air,  
'Tis but a swoon.

*Cald.* 'Tis more, she's dead.

*Dur.* Examine

Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,

You ferret; this is no coney-burrow for you.

How do you find her?

*Cald.* No breath of comfort, sir: too cruel fate!  
Had I still pined away, and linger'd under  
The modesty of just and honest hopes  
After a long consumption, sleep and death  
To me had been the same; but now, as 'twere,  
Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment  
'To have them ravish'd from me! suffer shipwreck  
In view of the port! and, like a half-starv'd beggar,  
No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd!—  
Malevolent destinies, too cunning in  
Wretched Caldoro's tortures! O Calista,  
If thy immortal part hath not already  
Left this fair palace, let a beam of light  
Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,  
To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor  
Of hope in thy recovery.

*Calis.* Oh!

*Dur.* She lives;

Disturb her not: she is no right-bred woman,  
If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance  
Have ta'en a thousand merrily, and are still  
Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.

*Cald.* Good sir—

*Dur.* Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus  
if

My mother were in her place.

*Cald.* But had you heard

The music of the language, which she used  
To me, believed Adorio, as she rode  
Behind me; little thinking that she did  
Embrace Caldoro—

*Calis.* Ah, Adorio!

*Dur.* Leave talking, I conceive it.

*Calis.* Are you safe?

*Cald.* And raised, like you, from death to life,  
to hear you.

*Calis.* Hear my defence then, ere I take my veil  
off,

A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you.  
I faintly could deliver; willingly  
I am become your prize, and therefore use  
Your victory nobly; heaven's bright eye, the sun,  
Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope  
I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken  
The splendour of your merits. I could urge  
With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined  
The shadows of insinuating pleasures  
Tender'd by all men else, you only being  
The object of my hopes: that cruel prince  
To whom the olive-branch of peace is offer'd,

Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,  
If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph,  
Because Calista's humble: I have said,  
And now expect your sentence.

*Dur.* What a throng  
Of clients would be in the court of Love,  
Were there many such she-advocates! Art thou  
dumb?

Canst thou say nothing for thyself?

*Cald.* [*kneels.*] Dear lady,  
Open your eyes, and look upon the man,  
The man you have elected for your judge,  
Kneeling to you for mercy.

*Calis.* I should know  
This voice, and something more than fear I am  
Deceived; but now I look upon his face,  
I am assured I am wretched.

*Dur.* Why, good lady?

Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else.  
The youth's a well-timber'd youth, look on his  
making;

His hair curl'd naturally; he's whole-chested too,  
And will do his work as well, and go through stitch  
with't,

As any Adorio in the world, my state on't!  
A chicken of the right kind; and if he prove not  
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after  
Make a capon of him.

*Calis.* I'll cry out a rape,  
If thou unhand me not: would I had died  
In my late trance, and never lived to know  
I am betray'd!

*Dur.* To a young and active husband!  
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of  
Young wenches! the city, would vow a pilgrimage  
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—  
'To her again, you milk-sop! violent storms  
Are soon blown over.

*Calis.* How could'st thou, Caldoro,  
With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes  
So far, as to believe I might consent  
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee,  
Howe'er I pity'd thy misplaced affection,  
I could not answer it; and that there was  
A strong antipathy between our passions,  
Not to be reconciled?

*Cald.* Vouchsafe to hear me  
With an impartial ear, and it will take from  
The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd  
A friend, in his creation, to himself,  
And may with fit ambition conceive  
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours  
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them  
The right and noble way: I grant you were  
The end of my design, but still pursued  
With a becoming modesty, heaven at length  
Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it.

*Dur.* Now he comes to her; on, boy!

*Cald.* I have served you  
With a religious zeal, and born the burthen  
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,  
Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,  
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play  
Upon Adorio's, like Phoebe's shine,  
Gilding a crystal river; and your lip  
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his

While I bit mine with envy : yet these favours,  
How'er my passions raged, could not provoke me  
To one act of rebellion against  
My loyalty to you, the sovereign  
To whom I owe obedience.

*Calis.* My blushes  
Confess this for a truth.

*Dur.* A flag of truce is  
Hung out in this acknowledgment.

*Cald.* I could add,  
But that you may interpret what I speak  
The malice of a rival, rather than  
My due respect to your deserts, how faintly  
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty  
Of your affection, ascribing it  
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you  
An act of mercy : could he else, invited  
(As by your words I understood) to take you  
To his protection, grossly neglect  
So gracious an offer, or give power  
To Fate itself to cross him ? O, dear madam,  
We are all the balls of time, toss'd to and fro,  
From the plough unto the throne, and back  
again :

Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers,  
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,  
You were appointed mine ; wise nature always  
Aiming at due proportion : and if so,  
I may believe with confidence, heaven, in pity  
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,  
Directed you, by a most blessed error,  
To your vow'd servant's bosom.

*Dur.* By my holiday,  
Tickling philosophy !

*Calis.* I am, sir, too weak  
To argue with you ; but my stars have better,  
I hope, provided for me.

*Cald.* If there be  
Disparity between us, 'tis in your  
Compassion to level it.

*Dur.* Give fire  
To the mine, and blow her up.

*Calis.* I am sensible  
Of what you have endured ; but on the sudden,  
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,  
I am exceeding weary. In yon grove,  
While I repose myself, be you my guard ;  
My spirits with some little rest revived,  
We will consider further : for my part,  
You shall receive modest and gentle answers  
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make  
you  
Full satisfaction.

*Cald.* I am exalted  
In the employment ; sleep secure, I'll be  
Your vigilant centinel.

*Calis.* But I command you,  
And as you hope for future grace, obey me,  
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb  
The quiet of my slumbers ; let your temperance,  
And not your lust, watch o'er me.

*Cald.* My desires  
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.

*Dur.* Frozen ! think not of frost, fool, in the  
dog-days.

Remember the old adage, and make use of't,  
*Occasion's bald behind.*

*Calis.* Is this your uncle ?

*Cald.* And guardian, madam : at your better  
leisure,

When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks  
For his many favours to me.

*Calis.* He appears  
A pleasant gentleman. [*Exeunt CALDORO and CALISTA.*]  
*Dur.* You should find me so,  
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy ;  
Sirrah, provide fresh horses ; I'll seek out  
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,  
Which I charge you to hasten.

*Serv.* With all care, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in ADORIO's  
House.*

*Enter CARIO with several Villagers, Musicians, &c.*

*Car.* Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and  
miss not  
A hair's breadth of my footing ; our dance has  
A most melodious note, and I command you  
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's  
honour,

And something for my worship : your reward is  
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar ;  
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better ;  
You were born for this night's service. And, do  
you hear,

Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breath'd  
hoboyes,  
For the credit of your calling, have not your instru-  
ments

To tune when you should strike up ; but twang it  
perfectly,  
As you would read your neck-verse : and you,  
warbler,

Keep your wind pipe moist, that you may not spit  
and hem,

When you should make division. How I sweat !  
Authority is troublesome :—[*A horn within*—  
they are come,

I know it by the cornet that I placed  
On the hill to give me notice : marshal yourselves  
I'the rear ; the van is yours.

*Enter ADORIO, MIRILLA, CAMELIO, LENTULO, and  
DONATO.*

Now chant it sprightly.

*SONO.*

*Ador.* A well-penn'd ditty.

*Camil.* Not ill sung.

*Ador.* What follows ? [*To the dancers.*]

*Car.* Use your eyes. If ever—now your master-  
piece !

A DANCE.

*Ador.* 'Tis well perform'd : take that, but not  
from me.

'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it ;  
All that I have is her's.

*Car.* I must have three shares  
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be  
Divided equally. [*Exeunt CARIO, Villagers, &c.*]

*Mirt.* My real fears  
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish,  
In my discovery.

*Ador.* Welcome to your own !  
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept  
Three long hours' silence ; and the greater, ho'ding  
Your own choice in your arms ; a blessing for which  
I will be thankful to you : nay, unmask,

And let mine eye and ears together feast,  
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want  
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you.

[Takes off her mask.]

Mirtilla!

*Camil.* It is she, and wears the habit  
In which Calista three days since appeared,  
As she came from the temple.

*Lent.* All this trouble  
For a poor waiting-maid!

*Don.* We are grossly gull'd.

*Ador.* Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,

Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,  
Tortures shall force it from thee.

*Mirt.* Innocence

Is free, and open-breasted; of what crime  
Stand I accused, my lord?

*Ador.* What crime! no language  
Can speak it to the height; I shall become  
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this  
Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot? discover.  
Were not Calista's aids in't?

*Mirt.* No, on my life;

Nor am I faulty.

*Ador.* No! what May-game's this?  
Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress's favours,  
To make sale of thine own?

*Mirt.* With her and you  
I have dealt faithfully: you had her letter  
With the jewel I presented: she received  
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself  
To be removed by you: and howsoever  
You take delight to hear what you have done,  
From my simplicity, and make my weakness  
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well  
With my condition, I know you have her  
In your possession.

*Ador.* How! has she left  
Her mother's house?

*Mirt.* You drive this nail too far.  
Indeed she deeply vow'd, at her departure,  
To send some of your lordship's servants for me,  
(Though you were pleased to take the pains your-  
self,)

That I might still be near her, as a shadow  
To follow her, the substance.

*Ador.* She is gone then?

*Mirt.* This is too much; but, good my lord,  
forgive me,

I come a virgin hither to attend  
My noble mistress, though I must confess,  
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,  
And wish it were mine own.

*Ador.* Then, as it seems,  
You do yourself affect me?

*Mirt.* Should she hear me,  
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,  
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are  
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,  
But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound  
To be enamour'd of you.

*Ador.* O my fate!  
How justly am I punish'd, in thee punish'd,  
For my defended wantonness! I, that scorn'd  
The mistress when she sought me, now I would  
Upon my knees receive her, am become  
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too  
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of  
those

Ambitious servingwomen, who, contemning  
The embraces of their equals, aim to be  
The wrong way ladyfied, by a lord? was there  
No forward page or footman in the city,  
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen  
To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope  
I can descend so low?

*Mirt.* Great lords sometimes  
For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats:  
In modesty I dare speak no more.

*Camil.* If 'twere

A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say  
I have a stomach, and would content myself  
With this pretty whiting-mop.

*Ador.* Discover yet  
How thou cam'st to my hands.

*Mirt.* My lady gone,  
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent.  
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,  
You were pleased, unask'd, to comfort me; (I  
used

No sorceries to bewitch you;) then vouchsafed  
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)  
To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd  
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.

*Ador.* This is still more bitter. Canst thou  
guess to whom

Thy lady did commit herself?

*Mirt.* They were  
Horsemen, as you are.

*Ador.* In the name of wonder,  
How could they pass the port, where you expected  
My coming?

*Camil.* Now I think upon't, there came  
Three mounted by, and, behind one, a woman  
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.

*Lent.* I knew the men; but she was veil'd.

*Ador.* What were they?

*Lent.* The first the lord Durazzo, and the  
second,

Your rival, young Caldoro; it was he  
That carried the wench behind him.

*Don.* The last a servant,  
That spur'd fast after them.

*Ador.* Worse and worse! 'twas she!  
Too much assurance of her love undid me.  
Why did you not stay them?

*Don.* We had no such commission.

*Camil.* Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on  
The angry lord ruffian?

*Lent.* For my part, I had rather  
Take a baited bull by the horns.

*Ador.* You are sure friends  
For a man to build on!

*Camil.* They are not far off,  
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take fresh  
ones,

And coast the country; ten to one we find them.

*Ador.* I will not eat nor sleep, until I have  
them:

Moppet, you shall along too.

*Mirt.* So you please  
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,  
And ride with you all the world o'er.

*Camil.* A good girl!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—NAPLES. *A Street.**Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.**Lav.* Her husband? Severino?*Calip.* You may seeHis handywork by my flat face; no bridge  
Left to support my organ, if I had one:The comfort is, I am now secure from the crin-  
I can lose nothing that way. [comes,*Lav.* Dost thou not know  
What became of the lady?*Calip.* A nose was enough to part with,  
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer:  
But I am full assured the house is empty,  
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left there.  
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him  
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king,  
Among the banditti; and how there he hath used  
them,

Is more than to be fear'd.

*Lav.* I have play'd the fool,  
And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans question,  
With the danger of her life. Leave me—the  
king!*Enter ALPHONSO and Captain.**Calip.* The surgeon must be paid.*Lav.* Take that. [Gives her money.*Calip.* I thank you;I have got enough by my trade, and I will build  
An hospital only for noseless bawds,  
(I'll speak my charity,) and be myself  
The governess of the sisterhood. [Exit.*Alph.* I may  
Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;But as I am a king, if you provoke me  
The second time with negligence of this kind,  
You shall deeply smart for't.*Lav.* The king's moved.*Alph.* To sufferA murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure  
To pass and repass through our guards!*Capt.* Your pardonFor this, my gracious lord, binds me to be  
More circumspect hereafter.*Alph.* Look you be so:Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me  
For Severino's pardon.*Lav.* I was so, my good lord,*Alph.* You might have met him here, to have  
thank'd you for't,  
As now I understand.*Lav.* So it is rumour'd;And hearing in the city of his boldness,  
I would not say contempt of your decrees,  
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,  
I now as much admire the slowness of  
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)  
In fetching him in.*Alph.* I have consider'd it.*Lav.* He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done  
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature  
To his own daughter; in whom, sir, I have  
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to  
In my humanity, which I gladly would  
Make known unto your highness.*Alph.* Go along,You shall have opportunity as we walk;  
See you what I committed to your charge,  
In readiness, and without noise.*Capt.* I shall, sir.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.**Enter CLAUDIO and all the Banditti, making a guard;  
SEVERINO and IOLANTE with oaken-leaved garlands;  
Singers.*

A SONG.

*Sev.* Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty:  
The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take  
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,  
And secure in the guards of these few subjects,  
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for  
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,  
That does compel me to this course.*Iol.* Revive notA sorrow long since dead, and so diminish  
The full fruition of those joys, which now  
I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger  
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with  
A masculine spirit.*Sev.* 'Tis well said.*Iol.* In you, sir,I live; and when, or by the course of nature,  
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my  
Devotions is, that one and the same hour  
May make us fit for heaven.*Sev.* I join with youIn my votes that way: but how, Iolante,  
You that have spent your past days, slumbering inThe down of quiet, can endure the hardness  
And rough condition of our present being,  
Does much disturb me.*Iol.* These woods, SEVERINO,Shall more than seem to me a populous city,  
You being present; here are no allurements  
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation  
Of such whose choice behaviour, or discourse,  
May nourish jealous thoughts.*Sev.* True, Iolante;  
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here,  
To be clear'd by miracle.*Iol.* Still on that string!

It yields harsh discord.

*Sev.* I had forgot myself,And wish I might no more remember it.  
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in  
As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide  
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch  
All passages, that none escape without  
The payment of our customs.*Claud.* Shall we bring in  
The persons, with the pillage?*Sev.* By all means;  
Without reply, about it: we'll retire

[Exeunt CLAUDIO and the rest.

Into my cave, and there at large discourse



Our fortunes past, and study some apt means  
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,  
Our happiness were perfect.

*Isl.* We must wait.

With patience heaven's pleasure.

*Sev.* 'Tis my purpose..

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter LENTULO and CAMILLO.*

*Lent.* Let the horses graze, they are spent.

*Camil.* I am sure I'm sleepy,  
And nodded as I rode: here was a jaunt  
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no  
purpose!

What a dulness grows upon me!

*Lent.* I can hardly

Hold open mine eyes to say so. How did we lose  
Adorio? [*They sit down.*]

*Camil.* He, Donato, and the wench,  
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right  
hand:

But this place is our rendezvous.

*Lent.* No matter,

We'll talk of that anon—heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*]

*Camil.* He's fast already.

Lentulo!—I'll take a nap too. [*Falls asleep.*]

*Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, and DONATO.*

*Ador.* Was ever man so crost?

*Mirt.* So blest; this is  
The finest wild-goose chase! [*Aside.*]

*Ador.* What's that you mutter?

*Mirt.* A short prayer, that you may find your  
wish'd-for love,  
Though I am lost for ever.

*Don.* Pretty fool!

Who have we here?

*Ador.* This is Camillo.

*Mirt.* This signior Lentulo.

*Ador.* Wake them.

*Don.* They'll not stir,

Their eyelids are glued, and mine too: by your  
favour,

I'll follow their example. [*Lies down.*]

*Ador.* Are you not weary?

*Mirt.* I know not what the word means, while I  
travel

To do you service,

*Ador.* You expect to reap  
The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes  
Will be blasted, I assure you.

*Mirt.* So you give leave

To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,  
Though you deny your beams of gracious favour  
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.

*Ador.* No more; my resolution to find  
Calista, by what accident lost I know not,  
Binds me not to deny myself what nature  
Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot  
(For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep.  
You could lie down too?

*Mirt.* Willingly; so you please

To use me—

*Ador.* Use thee!

*Mirt.* As your pillow, sir;

I dare presume no further. Noble sir,  
Do not too much contemn me; generous feet  
Spurn not a fawning spaniel.

*Ador.* Well; sit down.

*Mirt.* I am ready, sir.

*Ador.* So nimble!

*Mirt.* Love is active,

Nor would I be a slow thing; rest secure, sir;  
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.

*Ador.* For once,

So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap*]

*Mirt.* All the joys of rest  
Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb  
Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,  
But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you  
Be not offended, though I glory in  
My being thus employ'd: a happiness  
That stands for more than ample satisfaction  
For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,  
And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling  
Were bound up too! I should—I am all fire.  
Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey,  
Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer  
Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave  
No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have  
heard of nectar,

But till now never tasted it; these rubies  
Are not clouded by my breath: if once again  
I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles  
Will not be miss'd;—[*Kisses him again.*]—I am  
entranced: our fancy,  
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove  
How far my— [*Falls asleep.*]

*Enter DURAZZO.*

*Dur.* My bones ache,  
I am exceeding cold too; I must seek out  
A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream!  
No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,  
Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio  
In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson! you are  
The best accommodated. I will call  
My nephew and his mistresses to this pageant;  
The object may perhaps do more upon her,  
Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what  
Security they sleep! sure Mercury  
Hath travell'd this way with his charming-rod.  
Nephew! Calista! Madam!

*Enter CALDORO and CALISTA.*

*Cald.* Here, sir. Is  
Your man return'd with horses?

*Dur.* No, boy, no;  
But here are some you thought not of.

*Calis.* Adorio!

*Dur.* The idol that you worshipped.

*Calis.* This Mirtilla!

I am made a stale.

*Dur.* I knew 'twould take. [*Aside.*]

*Calis.* False man!

But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis appa-  
rent,

They jointly did conspire against my weakness,  
And credulous simplicity, and have  
Prevail'd against it.

*Cald.* I'll not kill them sleeping;  
But if you please, I'll wake them first, and after  
Offer them, as a fatal sacrifice,  
To your just anger.

*Dur.* You are a fool; reserve  
Your blood for better uses.

*Calis.* My fond love

Is changed to an extremity of hate ;  
His very sight is odious.

*Dur.* I have thought of  
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,  
Then leave him to his harlotry ; if she prove not  
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses  
Are not far off, I'll cut the girts and bridles,  
Then turn them into the wood ; if they can run,  
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight  
For what's thine own already !

*Calis.* In his hat  
He wears a jewel, which this faithless strumpet,  
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of ;  
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I  
Stir till I have it.

*Dur.* I am not good at nimbling ;  
And yet that shall not hinder us : by your leave,  
'Tis restitution : pray you all bear witness [sir ;  
I do not steal it ; here 'tis.

[Takes off ADORIO'S hat, and removes the jewel, which  
he gives to CALISTA.

*Calis.* Take it,—not  
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance  
I am your wife. [Gives it to CALDORO.

*Cald.* O heaven !  
*Dur.* Pray in the church.  
Let us away. Nephew, a word ; have you not  
Been billing in the brakes, ha ! and so deserved  
This unexpected favour ?

*Cald.* You are pleasant.  
[Exit DURASSO, CALDORO, and CALISTA.

*Ador.* As thou art a gentleman, kill me not  
basely ; [Starts up ; the rest awake.

Give me leave to draw my sword.  
*Camil.* Ha ! what's the matter ?

*Lent.* He talk'd of's sword.  
*Don.* I see no enemy near us,  
That threatens danger.

*Mirt.* Sure 'twas but a dream.  
*Ador.* A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's  
sword

Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,  
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,  
To strike my head off.

*Camil.* Mere imagination  
Of a disturbed fancy.

*Mirt.* Here's your hat, sir.  
*Ador.* But where's my jewel ?

*Camil.* By all likelihood lost,  
This troublesome night.

*Don.* I saw it when we came  
unto this place.

*Mirt.* I look'd upon't myself,  
When you reposed.

*Ador.* What is become of it ?  
Restore it, for thou hast it ; do not put me  
to the trouble to search you.

*Mirt.* Search me !  
*Ador.* You have been,  
Before your lady gave you entertainment,  
A night-walker in the streets.

*Mirt.* How, my good lord !  
*Ador.* Traded in picking pockets, when tame  
Charm'd with your prostituted flatteries, [gulls,  
Deign'd to embrace you.

*Mirt.* Love, give place to anger.  
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness !  
Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,  
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.

*Ador.* This will not do.

*Camil.* Deliver it in private.

*Mirt.* You shall be  
In public hang'd first, and the whole gang of you.  
I steal what I presented !

*Lent.* Do not strive.

*Ador.* Though thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip  
thy entrails,  
But I'll recover it. [Seizes her.

*Mirt.* Help, help !

CLAUDIO and two Banditti rush upon them with pistols.

*Ador.* A new plot !

*Claud.* Forbear, libidinous monsters ! if you  
offer  
The least resistance, you are dead. If one  
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

*Ador.* Let us fight for what we have, and if you  
can  
Win it, enjoy it.

*Claud.* We come not to try  
Your valour, but for your money ; throw down your  
sword,

Or I'll begin with you : so ! if you will  
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not  
We'll force you.—[Fear not,] thou shalt have no  
wrong,

But justice against these. To MINTILLA.

1 *Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,  
To meddle with wenchies in our walks.

2 *Ban.* It being  
Against our canons.

*Camil.* Whither will you lead us ?

*Claud.* You shall know that hereafter.—Guard  
them sure. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter ALPHONSO disguised as an Old Man, LAVAL, and  
Captain.

*Alph.* Are all the passages stopp'd ?

*Capt.* And strongly mann'd ;  
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.

*Lav.* But why, great sir, you should expose  
your person

To such apparent danger, when you may  
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond  
My apprehension.

*Alph.* I am better arm'd  
Than you suppose : besides, it is confirm'd  
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino  
Commanded these banditti, (though it be  
Unusual in Italy,) imitating  
The courteous English thieves, for so they call  
them,

They have not done one murder : I must add too,  
That, from a strange relation I have heard  
Of Severino's justice, in disposing  
The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness  
Of what I take up now but on report :  
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,  
As soon as they encounter us, without  
A shew of opposition, yield.

*Lav.* Your will  
Is not to be disputed.

*Alph.* You have placed  
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,  
They suddenly may break in ?

*Capt.* My life upon't.

*Alph.* We cannot travel far, but we shall meet  
With some of these good fellows; and be sure  
You do as I command you.

*Lav.* Without fear, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter SEVERINO and ISLANTE.*

*Sev.* 'Tis true; I did command Calista should  
not,

Without my knowledge and consent, assisted  
By your advice, be married; but your  
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying  
A grown-up maid the modest conversation  
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd  
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven  
her

To take some desperate course.

*Isl.* What then I did

Was, in my care, thought best.

*Sev.* So I conceive it;

But where was your discretion to forbid  
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew  
Her suitors noble, either of which I would  
Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,  
However wild, a young man of good parts,  
But better fortunes: his competitor,  
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,  
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place  
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;  
His own revenues of a large extent,  
But in the expectation of his uncle  
And guardian's entradas, by the course  
Of nature to descend on him, a match  
For the best subject's blood, I except none  
Of eminence in Italy.

*Isl.* Your wishes,

Howe'er a while delay'd, are not, I hope,  
Impossibilities.

*Sev.* Though it prove so,

Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune,  
When she comes smiling to us.—Hark! this cornet  
[*Cornet within.*]

Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,

'Tis thy first tribute.

*Isl.* Would we might enjoy

Our own as subjects!

*Sev.* What's got by the sword,

Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms  
Of Alexander were, by force, extorted,  
Though gild'd o'er with glorious styles of con-  
quest:

His victories but royal robberies,

And his true definition a thief,

When circled with huge navies, to the terror

Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate,

Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey

In a small pinnacle: [*Cornet within.*]—From a  
second place

New spoil brought in!—[*Cornet within.*]—from a  
third party! brave!

This shall be register'd a day of triumph,

Design'd by fate to honour thee.—

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Welcome, Claudio!

Good booty, ha?

*Enter at different sides, various parties of the Banditti; one  
with ADORIO, LENTULO, DONATO, CAMILLO, MIRTILLA:  
another with DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; and the rest  
with ALPHONSO, LAVAL, and Captain.*

*Claud.* Their outsides promise so;  
But yet they have not made discovery  
Of what they stand possess'd of.

*Sev.* Welcome all;

Good boys! you have done bravely, if no blood  
Be shed in the service.

*1 Ban.* On our lives, no drop, sir.

*Sev.* 'Tis to my wish.

*Isl.* My lord!

*Sev.* No more; I know them.

*Isl.* My daughter, and her woman too!

*Sev.* Conceal

Your joys.

*Dur.* Fallen in the devil's mouth!

*Calis.* My father,

And mother! to what fate am I reserv'd?

*Cald.* Continue mask'd; or grant that you be  
known,

From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,

If you despair a father's?

*Ador.* I perceive now

Which way I lost my jewel.

*Mirt.* I rejoice

I'm clear'd from theft: you have done me wrong,  
but I,

Unask'd, forgive you.

*Dur.* 'Tis some comfort yet,

The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are  
Together in one toil.

*Sev.* You all look pale,

And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs,

Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;

For understand you are not fallen into

The hands of a Busiris or a Cacus,

Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up

To the power of an unfortunate gentleman,

Not born to these low courses, howsoever

My fate, and just displeasure of the king,

Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt

A sad captivity here, and much less fear,

For profit, to be sold for slaves, then shipp'd

Into another country; in a word,

You know the proscribed Severino, he,

Not unacquainted, but familiar with

The most of you.—Want in myself I know not;

But for the pay of these my squires, who eat

Their bread with danger purchased, and must be

With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed

To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;

To these, before you be compell'd, (a word

I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver

Such coin as you are furnish'd with.

*Dur.* A fine method!

This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery;

Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word,  
sir.

*Sev.* Your pleasure.

*Dur.* When we have thrown down our mack,

What follows?

*Sev.* Liberty, with a safe convoy,

To any place you choose.

*Dur.* By this hand, you are

A fair fraternity! for once I'll be

The first example to relieve your convent.

There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest  
profits,

Arising from my herds, bound in one bag,  
Share it among you.

*Sev.* You are still the jovial,  
And good Durazzo.

*Dur.* To the offering; nay,  
No hanging an a—, this is their wedding-day:  
What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely  
For your own sakes.

*Camil.* There's mine.

*Lent.* Mine.

*Don.* All that I have.

*Cald.* This, to preserve my jewel.

*Ador.* Which I challenge:

Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.

*Lav.* I will not weep for mine.

*Capt.* Would it were more.

[*They all throw down their purses.*]

*Sev.* Nay, you are privileged; but why, old  
father, [To the King.

Art thou so slow; thou hast one foot in the grave,  
And, if desire of gold do not increase  
With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst  
Be forwardest.

*Alph.* In what concerns myself,  
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,  
A vice I have detested from my youth,  
If I denied my present store, since what  
I have about me now weighs down in value,  
Almost a hundred fold, whatever these  
Have laid before you: see! I do groan under

[*Throws down three bags.*]

The burthen of my treasure: nay, 'tis gold;  
And if your hunger of it be not sated  
With what already I have shewn unto you,  
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are  
Inestimable jewels, diamonds  
Of such a piercing lustre, as struck blind  
The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd

[*Opens the casket.*]

To honour his own art in setting them:  
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain  
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of  
The day that she was crown'd.

*Sev.* The spoils, I think,  
Of both the Indies!

*Dur.* The great sultan's poor,  
If parallel'd with this Croesus.

*Sev.* Why dost thou weep?

*Alph.* From a most fit consideration of  
My poverty; this, though restored, will not  
Serve my occasions.

*Sev.* Impossible!

*Dur.* May be he would buy his passport up to  
heaven;

And then this is too little; though, in the journey,  
It were a good viaticum.

*Alph.* I would make it

A means to help me thither: not to wrong you  
With tedious expectation, I'll discover  
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for  
them.

I have two sons, twins, the true images  
Of what I was at their years; never father  
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his  
Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious  
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,  
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions,  
(For such were their intentions,) put to sea:  
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully mann'd,  
An old experienced master, lusty sailors,

Stout landmen, and what's something more than  
rare,

They did agree, had one design, and that was  
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves  
Chain'd in the Turkish servitude.

*Sev.* A brave aim!

*Dur.* A most heroic enterprise; I languish  
To hear how they succeeded.

*Alph.* Prosperously,  
At first, and to their wishes: divers galleys  
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore  
They suddenly surpris'd; a thousand captives,  
Redeem'd from the oar, paid their glad vows and  
prayers

For their deliverance: their ends acquired,  
And making homeward in triumphant manner,  
For sure the cause deserved it—

*Dur.* Pray you end here;

The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows  
Must conclude ill.

*Alph.* Your fears are true, and yet  
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame,  
In every place, with her loud trumpet, proclaiming  
The greatness of the action, the pirates  
Of Tunis and Argiers laid wait for them  
At their return: to tell you what resistance  
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would  
but

Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you  
To hear it passionately described unto you.

In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss  
The enemy did sustain, their victory  
Being with much blood bought, they do endure  
The heaviest captivity wretched men  
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!

To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!

*Sev.* Will not these heaps of gold, added to  
Suffice for ransom? [thine,

*Alph.* For my sons it would;

But they refuse their liberty, if all  
That were engaged with them, have not their irons,  
With theirs, struck off, and set at liberty with  
them;

Which these heaps cannot purchase.

*Sev.* Ha! the toughness  
Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;  
I have some hidden treasure, and if all  
I and my squires these three years have laid up,  
Can make the sum up, freely take't.

*Dur.* I'll sell  
Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables; and thou  
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than  
Such brave men shall live slaves.

*2 Ban.* We will not yield to't.

*3 Ban.* Nor lose our parts.

*Sev.* How's this!

*2 Ban.* You are fitter far

To be a churchman, than to have command  
Over good fellows.

*Sev.* Thus I ever use [Strikes them down.  
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—  
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave  
One rogue of them alive.

*Alph.* Hold;—give the sign. [Discovers himself.

*All.* The king!

*Sev.* Then I am lost.

*Claud.* The woods are full  
Of armed men.

*Alph.* No hope of your escape  
Can flatter you.

*Sev.* Mercy, dread sir!

[*Kneels.*]

*Alph.* Thy carriage

In this unlawful course appears so noble,  
Especially in this last trial, which  
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy  
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you :  
But when the holy oil was pour'd upon  
My head, and I anointed king, I swore  
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at  
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,  
But to dispense with Montecarlo's blood  
Would ill become a king ; in him I lost  
A worthy subject, and must take from you  
A strict account of 't. 'Tis in vain to move ;  
My doom's irrevocable.

*Lav.* Not, dread sir,  
If Montecarlo live.

*Alph.* If! good Laval.

*Lav.* He lives in him, sir, that you thought  
Laval. [*Discovers himself.*]

Three years have not so alter'd me, but you may  
Remember Montecarlo.

*Dur.* How!

*Isl.* My brother!

*Calis.* Uncle!

*Mont.* Give me leave : I was  
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier,  
Now general at Milan, taken up,  
And with much care recover'd.

*Alph.* Why lived you  
So long conceal'd?

*Mont.* Confounded with the wrong  
I did my brother, in provoking him  
To fight, I spent the time in France that I  
Was absent from the court, making my exile  
The punishment imposed upon myself,  
For my offence.

*Isl.* Now, sir, I dare confess all :  
This was the guest invited to the banquet,  
That drew on your suspicion.

*Sev.* Your intent,  
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive ;  
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.

*Alph.* It is a general pardon unto all,  
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,  
You will deserve it.

*Sev.* *Claud.* and the rest. Long live great Al-  
phonso!

*Dur.* Your mercy shewn in this ; now, if you  
Decide these lovers' difference. [*please,*]

*Alph.* That is easy ;  
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men  
Consenting to it.

*Calis.* Here I fix then, never  
To be removed. [*Embraces CALDON.*]

*Cald.* 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir.

*Mirt.* O, that I had the happiness to say  
So much to you! I dare maintain my love  
Is equal to my lady's.

*Ador.* But my mind  
A pitch above yours : marry with a servant  
Of no descent or fortune!

*Sev.* You are deceived :  
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,  
She is the daughter of a noble captain,  
Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf,  
Perish'd by shipwreck ; one I dearly loved.  
He to my care intrusted her, having taken  
My word, if he return'd not like himself,  
I never should discover what she was ;  
But it being for her good, I will dispense with't.  
So much, sir, for her blood ; now for her portion :  
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,  
It shall rank with my daughter's.

*Ador.* This made good,  
I will not be perverse.

*Dur.* With a kiss confirm it.

*Ador.* I sign all concord here ; but must to you,  
sir,

For reparation of my wounded honour,  
The justice of the king consenting to it,  
Denounce a lawful war.

*Alph.* This in our presence!

*Ador.* The cause, dread sir, commands it :  
though your edicts

Call private combats, murders ; rather than  
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from  
A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,  
I'll right myself.

*Cald.* I do confess the wrong,  
Forgetting the occasion, and desire  
Remission from you, and upon such terms  
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged  
Equal on both parts.

*Ador.* I desire no more.

*Alph.* All then are pleased ; it is the glory of  
A king to make and keep his subjects happy :  
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,  
To save one citizen is a greater prize  
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies. [*Exeunt.*]

SONG,

BETWEEN JUNO AND HYMEN.

JUNO to the Bride.

See p. 357.

Enter a maid ; but made a bride,  
Be bold, and freely taste  
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied  
To such as sit down chaste.  
Though he unloose thy virgin zone,  
Presumed against thy will,  
Those joys reserved to him alone,  
Thou art a virgin still.

HYMEN to the Bridegroom.

Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,  
As thou wouldst have her true,

Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,  
And bid loose fires adieu.  
That husband who would have his wife  
To him continue chaste,  
In her embraces spends his life,  
And makes abroad no waste.

HYMEN and JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth  
Such pledges as may be  
Assurance of the father's worth,  
And mother's purity.  
Juno doth bless the nuptial bed ;  
Thus Hymen's torches burn.  
Live long, and may, when both are dead,  
Your ashes fill one urn :

## SONG,

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FOREST'S QUEEN.

*See p. 359.*

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,  
 Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,  
 The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing  
 In winter, changed by her into the spring.

We know no night,

Perpetual light

Dawns from your eye.

You being near,

We cannot fear,

Though Death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold;  
 From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.  
 These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;  
 Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.

Bless then the hour

That gives the power

In which you may,

At bed and board,

Embrace your lord

Both night and day.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,  
 Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen!

## EPILOGUE.

*I am left to enquire, then to relate  
 To the still-doubtful author, at what rate  
 His merchandise are valued. If they prove  
 Staple commodities, in your grace and love  
 To this last birth of his Minerva, he  
 Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,  
 Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,  
 He'll search with his best care, until he find  
 New ways, and make good in some labour'd song,  
 Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.  
 Cherish his good intentions, and declare  
 By any signs of favour, that you are  
 Well pleased, and with a general consent;  
 And he desires no more encouragement.*

# A VERY WOMAN;

OR,

## THE PRINCE OF TARENT.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**VICEROY OF SICILY.**  
**DON PEDRO, his Son.**  
**DUKE OF MESSINA.**  
**DON MARTINO CARDENES, his Son.**  
**DON JOHN ANTONIO, Prince of Tarent.**  
*Captain of the Castle of Palermo.*  
**PAULO, a Physician.**  
**CUCULO, the Viceroy's Steward.**  
**Two Surgeons.**  
**Apothecary.**  
**Citizens.**  
**Slave-Merchant.**  
**Servant.**  
**Page.**

*An English Slave.*  
**Slaves.**  
**Moors.**  
**Pirates.**  
**Sailors.**

**ALMIRA, the Viceroy's Daughter.**  
**LEONORA, Duke of Messina's Niece.**  
**BORACHIA, Wife to CUCULO, Governess of LEONORA and ALMIRA.**  
**Two Waiting Women.**

*A Good and Evil Genius. Servants, Guard, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE,—PALERMO.

### PROLOGUE.

*To such, and some there are, no question, here,  
 Who, happy in their memories, do bear  
 This subject, long since acted, and can say,  
 Truly, we have seen something like this play  
 Our author, with becoming modesty,  
 (For in this kind he ne'er was bold,) by me,  
 In his defence thus answers, By command,  
 He undertook this task, nor could it stand  
 With his low fortune to refuse to do  
 What, by his patron, he was call'd unto :*

*For whose delight and yours, we hope, with care  
 He hath review'd it ; and with him we dare  
 Maintain to any man, that did allow  
 'Twas good before, it is much better'd now :  
 Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation,  
 To raise new piles upon an old foundation.  
 So much to them deliver'd ; to the rest,  
 To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest,  
 Should his Muse fail now a fair flight to make,  
 He cannot fancy what will please or take.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the VICEROY'S Palace.*

*Enter PEDRO meeting LEONORA.*

*Pedro.* My worthiest mistress ! this day cannot  
 But prosperous to Pedro, that begins [end  
 With this so wish'd encounter.

*Leon.* Only servant,  
 To give you thanks in your own courtly language,  
 Would argue me more ceremonious  
 Than heartily affected ; and you are  
 Too well assured, or I am miserable,  
 Our equal loves have kept one rank too long,  
 To stand at distance now.

*Pedro.* You make me happy

In this so wise reproof, which I receive  
 As a chaste favour from you, and will ever  
 Hold such a strong command o'er my desires,  
 That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,  
 I never shall presume to seek aught from you,  
 But what (your honour safe) you well may grant me  
 And virtue sign the warrant.

*Leon.* Your love to me  
 So limited, will still preserve your mistress  
 Worthy her servant, and in your restraint  
 Of loose affections, bind me faster to you :  
 But there will be a time when we may welcome  
 Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest  
 blessings,

When that the viceroy, your most noble father,  
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my guardian,  
Shall by their free consent confirm them lawful.

*Pedro.* You ever shall direct, and I obey you :  
Is my sister stirring yet ?

*Leon.* Long since.

*Pedro.* Some business  
With her, join'd to my service to yourself,  
Hath brought me hither ; pray you vouchsafe the  
To acquaint her with so much. [favour

*Leon.* I am prevented.

*Enter ALMIRA, and two Waiting Women dressing her.*

*Alm.* Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot ;  
This room is cooler. Brother !

*Pedro.* Morrow, sister !

Do I not come unseasonably ?

*Alm.* Why, good brother ?

*Pedro.* Because you are not yet fully made up,  
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,  
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,  
On any terms, to their own fathers, as  
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen  
Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor  
How the ceruse will appear, newly laid on,  
When they ask blessing.

*Alm.* Such, indeed, there are  
That would be still young, in despite of time ;  
That in the wrinkled winter of their age  
Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty,  
As if it were within the power of art  
To frame a second nature : but for me,  
And for your mistress I dare say as much,  
The faces, and the teeth you see, we slept with.

*Pedro.* Which is not frequent, sister, with some  
ladies.

*Alm.* You spy no sign of any night-mask here,  
(Tie on my carcanet,) nor does your nostril  
Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stifle  
The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting :  
You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother,  
And not in your apothecary's shop  
We use the women, you perceive, that serve us,  
Like servants, not like such as do create us :—  
Faith, search our pockets, and, if you find there  
Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,  
Conclude us faulty.

*Pedro.* You are pleasant, sister,  
And I am glad to find you so disposed ;  
You will the better hear me.

*Alm.* What you please, sir.

*Pedro.* I am entreated by the prince of Tarent,  
Don John Antonio—

*Alm.* Would you would choose  
Some other subject.

*Pedro.* Pray you, give me leave,  
For his desires are fit for you to hear,  
As for me to prefer. This prince of Tarent  
(Let it not wrong him that I call him friend)  
Finding your choice of don Cardenes liked of  
By both your fathers, and his hopes cut off,  
Resolves to leave Palermo.

*Alm.* He does well ;

That I hear gladly.

*Pedro.* How this prince came hither,  
How bravely furnish'd, how attended on,  
How he hath born himself here, with what charge  
He hath continued ; his magnificence  
In costly banquets, curious masques, rare presents,  
And of all sorts, you cannot but remember.

*Alm.* Give me my gloves.

*Pedro.* Now, for reward of all  
His cost, his travel, and his duteous service,  
He does entreat that you will please he may  
Take his leave of you, and receive the favour  
Of kissing of your hands.

*Alm.* You are his friend,  
And shall discharge the part of one to tell him  
That he may spare the trouble ; I desire not  
To see or hear more of him.

*Pedro.* Yet grant this,  
Which a mere stranger, in the way of courtship,  
Might challenge from you.

*Alm.* And obtain it sooner.

*Pedro.* One reason for this would do well.

*Alm.* My will

Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose  
The privilege of my sex, which is my will,  
To yield a reason like a man ? or you,  
Deny your sister that which all true women  
Claim as their first prerogative, which nature  
Gave to them for a law, and should I break it  
I were no more a woman ?

*Pedro.* Sure, a good one

You cannot be, if you put off that virtue  
Which best adorns a good one, courtesy  
And affable behaviour. Do not flatter  
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,  
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else  
You raise your pride upon, will stand against  
The censure of just men.

*Alm.* Why, let it fall then ;  
I still shall be unmoved.

*Leon.* And, pray you, be you so. [*Aside to PEDRO.*

*Alm.* What jewel's that ?

*1 Wom.* That which the prince of Tarent—

*Alm.* Left here, and you received without my  
knowledge !

I have use of't now. Does the page wait without.  
My lord Cardenes sent to enquire my health ?

*1 Wom.* Yes, madam.

*Alm.* Give it him, and, with it, pray him  
To return my service to his lord, and mine.

*Pedro.* Will you so undervalue one that has  
So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge  
Of his affection, being a prince, upon  
The servant of his rival ?

*Leon.* 'Tis not well.

Faith, wear it, lady : send gold to the boy,  
'Twill please him better.

*Alm.* Do as I command you.

[*Exit Waiting Woman.*]

I will keep nothing that may put me in mind  
Don John Antonio ever loved, or was ;  
Being wholly now Cardenes'.

*Pedro.* In another

This were mere barbarism, sister ; and in you,  
(For I'll not sooth you,) at the best, 'tis rudeness.

*Alm.* Rudeness !

*Pedro.* Yes, rudeness ; and, what's worse, the  
Of civil manners ; nay, ingratitude [want  
Unto the many and so fair deservings  
Of don Antonio. Does this express  
Your breeding in the court, or that you call  
The viceroy father ? a poor peasant's daughter,  
That ne'er had conversation but with beasts,  
Or men bred like them, would not so far shame  
Her education.

*Alm.* Pray you, leave my chamber ;  
I know you for a brother, not a tutor.



*Leon.* You are too violent, madam.

*Alm.* Were my father

Here to command me, (as you take upon you  
Almost to play his part,) I would refuse it.

Where I love, I profess it; where I hate,  
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it.

Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath  
That prince you plead for; no antipathy  
Between things most averse in nature, holds  
A stronger enmity than his with mine;

With which rest satisfied:—If not, your anger  
May wrong yourself, not me.

*Leon.* My lord Cardenes!

*Pedro.* Go: in soft terms, if you persist thus, you  
Will be one——

*Enter CARDENES.*

*Alm.* What one? pray you, out with it.

*Pedro.* Why, one that I shall wish a stranger to  
That I might curse you; but—— [me,

*Car.* Whence grows this heat?

*Pedro.* Be yet advised, and entertain him fairly,  
For I will send him to you; or no more  
Know me a brother.

*Alm.* As you please.

*Pedro.* Good morrow. [Exit.

*Car.* Good morrow, and part thus! you seem  
moved too:

What desperate fool durst raise a tempest here,  
To sink himself?

*Alm.* Good sir, have patience;  
The cause, though I confess I am not pleased,  
No way deserves your anger.

*Car.* Not mine, madam,  
As if the least offence could point at you,  
And I not feel it: as you have vouchsafed me  
The promise of your heart, conceal it not,  
Whomsoever it concerns.

*Alm.* It is not worth  
So serious an enquiry: my kind brother  
Had a desire to learn me some new courtship,  
Which I distasted; that was all.

*Car.* Your brother!  
In being yours, with more security  
He might provoke you; yet if he hath past  
A brother's bounds——

*Leon.* What then, my lord?

*Car.* Believe it.

I'll call him to account for't.

*Leon.* Tell him so.

*Alm.* No more.

*Leon.* Yes, thus much; though my modesty  
Be call'd in question for it, in his absence  
I will defend him: he hath said nor done,  
But what don Pedro well might say or do;  
Mark me, don Pedro! in which understand  
As worthy, and as well as can be hoped for  
Of those that love him best—from don Cardenes.

*Car.* This to me, cousin!

*Alm.* You forget yourself.

*Leon.* No, nor the cause in which you did so, lady,  
Which is so just that it needs no concealing  
On Pedro's part.

*Alm.* What mean you?

*Leon.* I dare speak it,

If you dare hear it, sir: he did persuade  
Almira, your Almira, to vouchsafe  
Some little conference with the prince of Tarent,  
Before he left the court; and, that the world  
Might take some notice, though he prosper'd not

In his so loved design, he was not scorn'd,  
He did desire the kissing of her hand,  
And then to leave her:—this was much!

*Car.* 'Twas more

Than should have been urged by him; well denied,  
On your part, madam, and I thank you for't.  
Antonio had his answer, I your grant;  
And why your brother should prepare for him  
An after-interview, or private favour,  
I can find little reason.

*Leon.* None at all,  
Why you should be displeas'd with't.

*Car.* His respect

To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd  
down

His former friendship: 'twas done indiscreetly,  
I would be loath to say, maliciously,  
To build up the demolish'd hopes of him  
That was my rival. What had he to do,  
If he view not my happiness in your favour  
With wounded eyes, to take upon himself  
An office so distasteful?

*Leon.* You may ask  
As well, what any gentleman has to do  
With civil courtesy.

*Alm.* Or you, with that  
Which at no part concerns you. Good my lord,  
Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will;  
And that nor father, brother, nor the world,  
Can work me unto any thing but what  
You give allowance to—in which assurance,  
With this, I leave you.

*Leon.* Nay, take me along;  
You are not angry too?

*Alm.* Presume on that.

[Exit, followed by LEONORA

*Car.* Am I assured of her, and shall again  
Be tortured with suspicion to lose her,  
Before I have enjoy'd her! the next sun  
Shall see her mine; why should I doubt, then?  
To doubt is safer than to be secure. [yct  
But one short day! Great empires in less time  
Have suffer'd change: she's constant—but a wo-  
man;

And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears,  
May, in a minute, work upon such frailty,  
There are too many and too sad examples.  
The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety;  
Or not admitted to solicit her,  
My fears would quit me: 'tis my fault, if I  
Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire  
To own what's hard [to win,] that dares not  
Who waits there? [guard it.—

*Enter Servants and Page.*

*Serv.* Would your lordship aught?

*Car.* 'Tis well  
You are so near.

*Enter ANTONIO and a Servant.*

*Ant.* Take care all things be ready  
For my removal.

*Serv.* They are.

*Car.* We meet like friends,  
No more like rivals now: my emulation  
Puts on the shape of love and service to you.

*Ant.* It is return'd.

*Car.* 'Twas rumour'd in the court  
You were to leave the city, and that won me  
To find you out. Your excellence may wonder  
That I, that never saw you, till this hour,

[Exit

But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly  
Should come to wait upon you to the ports ;  
And there, with hope you never will look back.  
Take my last farewell of you.

*Ant.* Never look back !

*Car.* I said so ; neither is it fit you should ;  
And may I prevail with you as a friend,  
You never shall ; nor, while you live, hereafter  
Think of the viceroy's court, or of Palermo,  
But as a grave, in which the prince of Tarent  
Buried his honour.

*Ant.* You speak in a language  
I do not understand.

*Car.* No ! I'll be plainer.

What madman, that came hither with that pomp  
Don John Antonio did, that exact courtier  
Don John Antonio, with whose brave fame only  
Great princesses have fall'n in love, and died ;  
That came with such assurance, as young Paris  
Did to fetch Helen, being sent back, contemn'd,  
Disgraced, and scorn'd, his large expense laugh'd  
His bravery scoff'd, the lady that he courted [at,  
Left quietly in possession of another,  
(Not to be named that day a courtier  
Where he was mentioned,) the scarce-known  
Cardenes,

And he to bear her from him !—that would ever  
Be seen again (having got fairly off)  
By such as will live ready witnesses  
Of his repulse and scandal ?

*Ant.* The grief of it,  
Believe me, will not kill me : all man's honour  
Depends not on the most uncertain favour  
Of a fair mistress.

*Car.* Troth, you bear it well.  
You should have seen some that were sensible  
Of a disgrace, that would have raged, and sought  
To cure their honour with some strange revenge :  
But you are better temper'd ; and they wrong  
The Neapolitans in their report,  
That say they are fiery spirits, incapable  
Of the least injury, dangerous to be talk'd with  
After a loss ; where nothing can move you,  
But, like a stoic, with a constancy  
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,  
And smile when men abuse you.

*Ant.* If they wrong  
Themselves, I can ; yet, I would have you know,  
I dare be angry.

*Car.* 'Tis not possible.  
A taste of't would do well ; and I'd make trial  
What may be done. Come hither, boy.—You  
This jewel, as I take it ? [have seen

*Ant.* Yes ; 'tis that  
I gave Almira.

*Car.* And in what esteem  
She held it, coming from your worthy self,  
You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it  
Upon my page.

*Ant.* When I presented it,  
I did not indent with her, to what use  
She should employ it.

*Car.* See the kindness of  
A loving soul ! who, after this neglect,  
Nay, gross contempt, will look again upon her,  
And not be frighted from it.

*Ant.* No, indeed, sir ;  
Nor give way longer—give way, do you mark,  
To your loose wit, to run the wild-goose chase,  
Six syllables further. I will see the lady,

That lady that dotes on you, from whose hate  
My love increases, though you stand elected  
Her porter, to deny me.

*Car.* Sure you will not.

*Ant.* Yes, instantly : your prosperous success  
Hath made you insolent ; and for her sake  
I have thus long forborn you, and can yet  
Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,  
That you end here ; and, for what's past recalling,  
That she make intercession for your pardon,  
Which, at her suit, I'll grant.

*Car.* I am much unwilling  
To move her for a trifle—bear that too,

[*Strikes him.*

And then she shall speak to you.

*Ant.* Men and angels,  
Take witness for me, that I have endured  
More than a man !— [They fight ; CARDENES falls.

O do not fall so soon,  
Stand up—take my hand—so ! when I have printed,  
For every contumelious word, a wound here,  
Then sink for ever.

*Car.* Oh, I suffer justly !

1 *Serv.* Murder ! murder ! murder ! [Exit.

2 *Serv.* Apprehend him.

3 *Serv.* We'll all join with you.

*Ant.* I do wish you more ;  
My fury will be lost else, if it meet not  
Matter to work on : one life is too little  
For so much injury.

*Re-enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, and Servant.*

*Alm.* O my Cardenes !  
Though dead, still my Cardenes ! Villains, cowards,  
What do ye check at ? can one arm, and that  
A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd master,  
Against so many swords made sharp with justice ?

1 *Serv.* Sure he will kill us all ; he is a devil.

2 *Serv.* He is invulnerable.

*Alm.* Your base fears  
Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword,  
[Snatches a sword from the Servant.

This my weak arm, made strong in my revenge,  
Shall force a way to't. [Wounds ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Would it were deeper, madam !  
The thrust which I would not put by, being yours,  
Of greater force, to have pierced through that heart  
Which still retains your figure !—weep still, lady :  
For every tear that flows from those grieved eyes,  
Some part of that which maintains life, goes from  
And so to die were in a gentle slumber [me ;  
To pass to paradise : but you envy me  
So quiet a departure from my world,  
My world of miseries ; therefore, take my sword.  
And, having kill'd me with it, cure the wounds  
It gave Cardenes. [Gives ALMIRA his sword.

*Re-enter PEDRO.*

*Pedro.* 'Tis too true : was ever  
Valour so ill employed !

*Ant.* Why stay you, lady ?  
Let not soft pity work on your hard nature ;  
You cannot do a better office to  
The dead Cardenes, and I willingly  
Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him,  
Your fair hand offering it.

*Alm.* Thou couldst ask nothing  
But this, which I would grant.

[Attempts to wound him.

*Leon.* Flint-hearted lady !

*Pedro.* Are you a woman, sister!

[Takes the sword from her.]

*Alm.* Thou art not

A brother, I renounce that title to thee;  
Thy hand is in this bloody act; 'twas this,  
For which that savage homicide was sent hither.  
Thou equal Judge of all things! if that blood,  
And innocent blood—

*Pedro.* [Beat sister.]

*Alm.* Oh, Cardenas!

How is my soul rent between rage and sorrow,  
That it can be that such an upright cedar  
Should violently be torn up by the roots,  
Without an earthquake in that very moment  
To swallow them that did it!

*Ant.* The hurt's nothing;

But the deep wound is in my conscience, friend,  
Which sorrow in death only can recover.

*Pedro.* Have better hopes.

*Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, Captain, Guard, and Servants.*

*Duke.* My son, is this the marriage  
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man!  
I come to find a grave here.

*Alm.* I have wasted

My stock of tears, and now just anger help me  
To pay, in my revenge, the other part  
Of duty, which I owe thee. O, great sir,  
Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow,  
Made so before she was a bride, I fly  
To your impartial justice: the offence  
Is death, and death in his most horrid form;  
Let not, then, title, or a prince's name,  
(Since a great crime is, in a great man, greater.)  
Secure the offender.

*Duke.* Give me life for life,  
As thou wilt answer it to the great king,  
Whose deputy thou art here.

*Alm.* And speedy justice.

*Duke.* Put the damn'd wretch to torture.

*Alm.* Force him to

Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare not,  
Although you find a son among them.

*Vice.* How!

*Duke.* Why bring you not the rack forth?

*Alm.* Wherefore stands

The murderer unbound?

*Vice.* Shall I have hearing?

*Duke.* Excellent lady, in this you express  
Your true love to the dead.

*Alm.* All love to mankind  
From me, ends with him.

*Vice.* Will you hear me yet?

And first to you; you do confess the fact  
With which you stand charged?

*Ant.* I will not make worse

What is already ill, with vain denial.

*Vice.* Then understand, though you are prince  
of Tarent,

Yet, being a subject to the king of Spain,  
No privilege of Sicily can free you  
(Being convict by a just form of law)  
From the municipal statutes of that kingdom,  
But as a common man, being found guilty,  
Must suffer for it.

*Ant.* I prize not my life

So much, as to appeal from anything  
You shall determine of me.

*Vice.* Yet despair not

To have an equal hearing; the exclaims  
Of this grieved father, nor my daughter's tears,  
Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge  
To have you tortured, or led bound to prison,  
I must not grant it.

*Duke.* No!

*Vice.* I cannot, sir;

For men of his rank are to be distinguish'd  
From other men, before they are condemn'd,  
From which (his cause not heard) he yet stands  
free;

So take him to your charge, and, as your life,  
See he be safe.

*Capt.* Let me die for him else.

[Exit PEDRO, and Capt. and Guard with ARM.]

*Duke.* The guard of him should have been given

*Alm.* Or unto me.

[to me.]

*Duke.* Bribes may corrupt the captain.

*Alm.* And our just wreak, by force, or cunning  
With scorn prevented.

[practice.]

*Car.* Oh!

*Alm.* What groan is that?

*Vice.* There are apparent signs of life yet in him.

*Alm.* Oh that there were! that I could pour my  
Into his veins!

[blood]

*Car.* Oh, oh!

*Vice.* Take him up gently.

*Duke.* Run for physicians.

*Alm.* Surgeons.

*Duke.* All helps else.

*Vice.* This care of his recovery, timely practis'd,  
Would have express'd more of a father in you,  
Than your impetuous clamours for revenge.

But I shall find fit time to urge that further,

Hereafter, to you; 'tis not fit for me

To add weight to oppress'd calamity. [Exit]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter PEDRO, ANTONIO, and Captain.*

*Ant.* Why should your love to me, having al-  
So oft endured the test, be put unto [ready  
A needless trial? have you not, long since,  
In every circumstance and rite of friendship,  
Outgone all precedents the ancients boast of,  
And will you yet move further?

*Pedro.* Hitherto

I have done nothing (howsoe'er you value

My weak endeavours) that may justly claim  
A title to your friendship, and much less  
Laid down the debt, which, as a tribute due  
To your deservings, not I, but mankind  
Stands bound to tender.

*Ant.* Do not make an idol

Of him that should, and without superstition,

To you build up an altar. O my Pedro!

When I am to expire, to call you mine,

Assures a future happiness: give me leave

To argue with you, and, the fondness of

Affection struck blind, with justice hear me :  
 Why should you, being innocent, fling your life  
 Into the furnace of your father's anger,  
 For my offence? or, take it granted (yet  
 'Tis more than supposition) you prefer  
 My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally  
 You waste your favours, wherefore should this  
 captain,  
 His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour  
 Of his great master, falsify the trust  
 Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him,  
 For me, a stranger?

*Pedro.* Let him answer that,  
 He needs no prompter: speak your thoughts, and  
 freely.

*Capt.* I ever loved to do so, and it shames not  
 The bluntness of my breeding: from my youth  
 I was train'd up a soldier, one of those  
 That in their natures love the dangers more,  
 Than the rewards of danger. I could add,  
 My life, when forfeited, the viceroy pardon'd  
 But by his intercession; and therefore,  
 It being lent by him, I were ungrateful,  
 Which I will never be, if I refused  
 To pay that debt at any time demanded.

*Pedro.* I hope, friend, this will satisfy you.

*Ant.* No, it raises  
 More doubts within me. Shall I, from the school  
 Of gratitude, in which this captain reads  
 The text so plainly, learn to be unthankful?  
 Or, viewing in your actions the idea  
 Of perfect friendship, when it does point to me  
 How brave a thing it is to be a friend,  
 Turn from the object? Had I never loved  
 The fair Almira for her outward features,  
 Nay, were the beauties of her mind suspected,  
 And her contempt and scorn painted before me,  
 The being your sister would anew inflame me,  
 With much more impotence to dote upon her:  
 No, dear friend, let me in my death confirm,  
 (Though you in all things else have the precedence,)  
 I'll die ten times, ere one of Pedro's hairs  
 Shall suffer in my cause.

*Pedro.* If you so love me,  
 In love to that part of my soul dwells in you,  
 (For though two bodies, friends have but one soul,)  
 Lose not both life and me.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The prince is dead. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* If so, shall I leave Pedro here to answer  
 For my escape? as thus I clasp thee, let  
 The viceroy's sentence find me.

*Pedro.* Fly, for heaven's sake!  
 Consider the necessity; though now  
 We part, Antonio, we may meet again,  
 But death's division is for ever, friend.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Serv.* The rumour spread, sir, of Martino's  
 death,

is check'd; there's hope of his recovery. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Why should I fly, then, when I may  
 enjoy,

With mine own life, my friend?

*Pedro.* That's still uncertain,  
 He may have a relapse; for once be ruled, friend:  
 He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due;  
 A prodigal, that, before it is required,  
 Makes tender of it.

*Enter Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* The bark, sir, is ready.

2 *Sail.* The wind sits fair.

3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your escape.

[*Whistle within.*]  
*Capt.* Hark, how the oatswain whistles you  
 Will nothing move you? [*aboard!*]

*Ant.* Can I leave my friend?

*Pedro.* I must delay no longer: force him hence.

*Capt.* I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with  
 you.

*Ant.* What violence is this?—hear but my  
 reasons.

*Pedro.* Poor friendship that is cool'd with argu-  
 Away, away! [*ments!*]

*Capt.* For Malta.

*Pedro.* You shall hear

All our events.

*Ant.* I may sail round the world,

But never meet thy like. *Pedro!*

*Pedro.* Antonio!

*Ant.* I breathe my soul back to thee.

*Pedro.* In exchange,  
 Bear mine along with thee.

*Capt.* Cheerly, my hearts!

[*Execunt Captain and Sailors with ANTONIO.*]

*Pedro.* He's gone: may pitying heaven his  
 pilot be,  
 And then I weigh not what becomes of me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the VICEROY'S Palace.

*Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, and Attendants.*

*Vico.* I tell you right, sir.

*Duke.* Yes, like a rough surgeon,  
 Without a feeling in yourself you search  
 My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare  
 The tediousness and danger of the cure,  
 Never remembering what the patient suffers.  
 But you preach this philosophy to a man  
 That does partake of passion, and not  
 To a dull stoic.

*Vico.* I confess you have  
 Just cause to mourn your son; and yet, if reason  
 Cannot yield comfort, let example cure.  
 I am a father too, my only daughter  
 As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy,  
 As your Martino, in her love to him  
 As desperately ill, either's loss equal;  
 And yet I bear it with a better temper:

*Enter PEDRO.*

Which, if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong  
 Your piety, nor your judgment.

*Duke.* We were fashion'd  
 In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes,  
 sir,

Pursue my ends too; pity to you's a cordial,  
 Revenge to me; and that I must and will have,  
 If my Martino die.

*Pedro.* Your *must* and *will*,  
 Shall in your full-sail'd confidence deceive you.

[*Aside.*]

Here's doctor Paulo, sir.

*Enter PAULO and two Surgeons.*

*Duke.* My hand! you rather  
 Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to  
 A second father, if your saving aids  
 Restore my son.

*Vice.* Rise, thou bright star of knowledge,  
Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature,  
Thou glory of our academies!

*Paul.* If I blush, sir,  
To hear these attributes ill-placed on me,  
It is excusable. I am no god, sir,  
Nor holy saint that can do miracles.  
But a weak, sinful man: yet, that I may,  
In some proportion, deserve these favours  
Your excellencies please to grace me with,  
I promise all the skill I have acquired  
In simples, or the careful observation  
Of the superior bodies, with my judgment  
Derived from long experience, stand ready  
To do you service.

*Duke.* Modestly replied.

*Vice.* How is it with your princely patient?

*Duke.* Speak,

But speak some comfort, sir.

*Paul.* I must speak truth:  
His wounds, though many, heaven so guided yet  
Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal.  
These gentlemen, who worthily deserve  
The names of surgeons, have done their duties;  
The means they practised, not ridiculous charms  
To stop the blood; no oils, nor balsams bought  
Of cheating quack-salvers, or mountebanks,  
By them applied: the rules by Chiron taught,  
And Æsculapius, which drew upon him  
The Thunderer's envy, they with care pursued,  
Heaven prospering their endeavours.

*Duke.* There is hope, then,  
Of his recovery?

*Paul.* But no assurance;  
I must not flatter you. That little air  
Of comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not  
Rob these t' enrich myself) you owe their care;  
For, yet, I have done nothing.

*Duke.* Still more modest;  
I will begin with them: to either give  
Three thousand crowns.

*Vice.* I'll double your reward;  
See them paid presently.

1 *Surg.* This magnificence  
With equity cannot be conferr'd on us;  
'Tis due unto the doctor.

2 *Surg.* True; we were  
But his subordinate ministers, and did only  
Follow his grave directions.

*Paul.* 'Tis your own:  
I challenge no part in it.

*Vice.* Brave on both sides!  
*Paul.* Deserve this, with the honour that will  
In your attendance. [follow,

2 *Surg.* If both sleep at once,  
'Tis justice both should die. [Exeunt Surgeons.

*Duke.* For you, grave doctor,  
We will not in such petty sums consider  
Your high deserts; our treasury lies open,  
Command it as your own.

*Vice.* Choose any castle,  
Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of't.

*Paul.* Of neither, sir; I am not so ambitious:  
Nor would I have your highnesses secure.  
We have but faintly yet begun our journey;  
A thousand difficulties and dangers must be  
Encounter'd, ere we end it: though his hurts,  
I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,  
There is a deeper one, and in his mind,  
Must be with care provided for: melancholy,

And at the height, too, near akin to madness,  
Possesses him; his senses are distracted,  
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect them,  
With all the various ways invention  
Or industry e'er practised, I shall write it  
My masterpiece.

*Duke.* You more and more engage me.

*Vice.* May we not visit him?

*Paul.* By no means, sir;

As he is now, such courtesies come untimely:  
I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,  
It will renew the memory of that  
Which I would have forgotten; your good prayers,  
And those I do presume shall not be wanting  
To my endeavours, are the utmost aids  
I yet desire your excellencies should grant me.

So, with my humblest service—

*Duke.* Go, and prosper. [Exit PAUL.

*Vice.* Observe his piety!—I have heard, how  
I know not, most physicians, as they grow [true  
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;  
Attributing so much to natural causes,  
That they have little faith in that they cannot  
Deliver reason for: this doctor steers  
Another course—but let this pass. If you please,  
Your company to my daughter.

*Duke.* I wait on you. [Exeunt

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LEONORA and Waiting-women.

*Leon.* Took she no rest to-night?

1 *Wom.* Not any, madam;

I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, straight,  
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,  
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with  
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,  
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where  
Have you conceal'd him?* sometimes names An-

tonio,  
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,  
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,  
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words  
Were too big to find passage through her mouth  
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,  
Beating her breast.

*Leon.* 'Tis wondrous strange.

2 *Wom.* Nay, more;

She that of late vouchsafed not to be seen,  
But so adorn'd as if she were to rival  
Nero's Poppæa, or the Egyptian queen,  
Now, careless of her beauties, when we offer  
Our service, she contemns it.

*Leon.* Does she not  
Sometimes forsake her chamber?

2 *Wom.* Much about

This hour; then, with a strange unsettled gait,  
She measures twice or thrice the gallery,  
Silent, and frowning, (we dare not speak to her,)  
And then returns.—She's come, pray you, now  
observe her.

Enter ALMIRA in black, carelessly habited.

*Alm.* Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground,  
and not

Best upwards? ha! that which was mortal of  
My dear Martino, as a debt to nature,  
I know this mother earth hath sepulchred;  
But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which

The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword  
Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument,  
Had the least power, born upon angels' wings  
Appointed to that office, mounted far  
Above the firmament.

*Leon.* Strange imagination!  
Dear cousin, your Martino lives.

*Alm.* I know you,  
And that in this you flatter me; he's dead,  
As much as could die of him:—but look yonder!  
Amongst a million of glorious lights  
That deck the heavenly canopy, I have  
Discern'd his soul, transform'd into a star.  
Do you not see it?

*Leon.* Lady!

*Alm.* Look with my eyes.  
What splendour circles it! the heavenly archer,  
Not far off distant, appears dim with envy,  
Viewing himself outshined. Bright constellation!  
Dart down thy beams of pity on Almira,  
And, since thou find'st such grace where now thou  
As I did truly love thee on the earth, [art,  
Like a kind harbinger, prepare my lodging,  
And place me near thee!

*Leon.* I much more than fear  
She'll grow into a frenzy.

*Alm.* How! what's this?  
A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin; lay  
Your ear close to the ground,—closer, I pray you.  
Do you howl? are you there, Antonio?

*Leon.* Where, sweet lady?

*Alm.* In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack,  
Where murderers are tormented:—yerk him  
soundly,

'Twas Rhadamanth's sentence; do your office,  
Furies.——

How he roars! What! plead to me to mediate for  
I'm deaf, I cannot hear you. [you!

*Leon.* 'Tis but fancy,  
Collect yourself.

*Alm.* Leave babbling; 'tis rare music!  
Rhamnusia plays on a pair of tongs  
Red hot, and Proserpine dances to the consort;  
Pluto sits laughing by too. So! enough:  
I do begin to pity him.

*Leon.* I wish, madam,  
You would shew it to yourself.

2 *Wom.* Her fit begins  
To leave her.

*Alm.* Oh my brains! are you there, cousin?

*Leon.* Now she speaks temperately. I am ever  
To do you service: how do you? [ready

*Alm.* Very much troubled.

I have had the strangest waking dream of hell  
And heaven—I know not what.

*Leon.* My lord your father  
Is come to visit you; as you would not grieve him  
That is so tender of you, entertain him  
With a becoming duty.

*Enter VICEROV, Duke of MESSINA, PEDRO, and Attendants.*

*Vice.* Still forlorn!  
No comfort, my Almira?

*Duke.* In your sorrow,  
For my Martino, madam, you have express'd  
All possible love and tenderness; too much of it  
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, lady,  
(For we are not past hope,) with his future service,  
In some part to deserve it.

*Alm.* If heaven please

To be so gracious to me, I will serve him  
With such obedience, love, and humbleness,  
That I will rise up an example for  
Good wives to follow: but until I have  
Assurance what fate will determine of me,  
Thus, like a desolate widow, give me leave  
To weep for him; for, should he die, I have vow'd  
Not to outlive him; and my humble suit is,  
One monument may cover us, and Antonio  
(In justice you must grant me that) be offer'd  
A sacrifice to our ashes.

*Vice.* Prithee put off  
These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt it not,  
A happy pair.

*Enter CUCULO and BORACHIA.*

*Cuc.* O sir, the foulest treason  
That ever was discover'd!

*Vice.* Speak it, that  
We may prevent it.

*Cuc.* Nay, 'tis past prevention:  
Though you allow me wise, (in modesty,  
I will not say oraculous,) I cannot help it.  
I am a statesman, and some say a wise one;  
But I could never conjure, nor divine  
Of things to come.

*Vice.* Leave fooling: to the point;  
What treason?

*Cuc.* The false prince, don John Antonio  
Is fled.

*Vice.* It is not possible.

*Pedro.* Peace, screech-owl.

*Cuc.* I must speak, and it shall out, sir; the  
You trusted with the fort is run away too. [captain

*Alm.* O miserable woman! I defy  
All comfort: cheated too of my revenge!  
As you are my father, sir, and you my brother,  
I will not curse you; but I dare, and will say,  
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be  
A way to death, I'll find it. [Exit.

*Vice.* Follow her,  
She'll do some violent act upon herself;  
'Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands,  
And fetch the doctor to her.—

[*Execut LEMONORA and Waiting-women*

Had not you

A hand in this?

*Pedro.* I, sir! I never knew  
Such disobedience.

*Vice.* My honour's touch'd in't:  
Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit,  
Search every port and harbour; if I live,  
He shall not 'scape thus.

*Duke.* Fine hypocrisy!

Away, dissemblers! 'tis confederacy  
Betwixt thy son, and self, and the false captain,  
He could not thus have vanish'd else. You have  
murder'd

My son amongst you, and now murder justice:  
You know it most impossible he should live,  
Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissembled,  
And you have shifted hence Antonio.

*Vice.* Messina, thou'rt a crazed and grieved old  
And being in my court, protected by [man  
The law of hospitality, or I should  
Give you a sharper answer: may I perish,  
If I knew of his flight!

*Duke.* Fire, then, the castle.

Hang up the captain's wife and children.

*Vice.* Fire, sir!

*Pedro.* My lord, you are uncharitable; capital Exact not so much. [treasons

*Duke.* Thanks, most noble signior!  
We ever had your good word and your love.

*Cuc.* Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are Of any imputation in this case [clear  
You seem to load them with.

*Duke.* Impertinent fool!—  
No, no; the loving faces you put on,  
Have been but grinning visors: you have juggled  
Out of my son, and out of justice too; [me  
But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy:  
There I will force it from thee by the king.  
He shall not eat nor sleep in peace for me,  
Till I am righted for this treachery.

*Vice.* Thy worst, Messina! since no reason can  
Qualify thy intemperance; the corruption  
Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong  
My true integrity. Let privy searchers  
Examine all the land.

*Pedro.* Fair fall Antonio! [Aside.

[*Excunt VICEROY, PEDRO, and Attendants.*]

*Cuc.* This is my wife, my lord; troth speak your  
conscience,  
Is't not a goodly dame?

*Duke.* She is no less, sir;  
I will make use of these: may I entreat you  
To call my niece.

*Bora.* With speed, sir. [Exit BORACHIA.

*Cuc.* You may, my lord, suspect me  
As an agent in these state-conveyances:  
Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more,  
For all his place, wit, and authority,  
Held a most worthy, honest gentleman.

*Re-enter BORACHIA with LEONORA.*

*Duke.* I do acquit you, signior. Niece, you see  
To what extremes I am driven; the cunning viceroy,  
And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly  
Their cold affections to my son Martino:  
And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora,  
By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom  
If my son fail,—however, all thy fortunes;  
Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt  
Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now:  
And as thou keep'st Almira company,  
In this her desolation, so in hate  
To this young Pedro, for thy cousin's love,  
Be her associate: or assure thyself,  
I cast thee like a stranger from my blood.  
If I do ever hear thou see'st, or send'st  
Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven,  
I never more will own thee!

*Leon.* O, dear uncle!

You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart,  
And it will break it. [Exit.

*Duke.* Gravest lady, you  
May be a great assister in my ends.  
I buy your diligence thus:—divide this couple,  
Hinder their interviews; feign 'tis her will  
To give him no admittance, if he crave it;  
And thy rewards shall be thine own desires:  
Whereto, good sir, but add your friendly aids,  
And use me to my uttermost.

*Cuc.* My lord,  
If my wife please, I dare not contradict.  
Borachia, what do you say?

*Bora.* I say, my lord,  
I know my place; and be assured, I will  
Keep fire and tow asunder

*Duke.* You in this  
Shall much deserve me. [Exit

*Cuc.* We have ta'en upon us  
A heavy charge: I hope you'll now forbear  
The excess of wine.

*Bora.* I will do what I please.  
This day the market's kept for slaves; go you,  
And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me;  
I must be better waited on.

*Cuc.* Any thing,  
So you'll leave wine.

*Bora.* Still prating!

*Cuc.* I am gone, duck. [Exit.

*Bora.* Pedro! so hot upon the scent! I'll fit him.

*Re-enter PEDRO.*

*Pedro.* Donna Borachia, you most happily  
Are met to pleasure me.

*Bora.* It may be so;  
I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way,  
I do beseech you, sir, keep on your voyage.

*Pedro.* Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with  
you.

*Bora.* With me, sir! I beseech you, sir—why,  
what, sir,  
See you in me?

*Pedro.* Do not mistake me, lady;  
Nothing but honesty.

*Bora.* Hang honesty!  
Trump me not up with honesty: do you mark, sir,  
I have a charge, sir, and a special charge, sir,  
And 'tis not honesty can win on me, sir.

*Pedro.* Prithee conceive me rightly.

*Bora.* I conceive you!

*Pedro.* But understand.

*Bora.* I will not understand, sir,  
I cannot, nor I do not understand, sir.  
*Pedro.* Prithee, Borachia, let me see my mistress,  
But look upon her; stand you by.

*Bora.* How's this!

Shall I stand by? what do you think of me?  
Now, by the virtue of the place I hold,  
You are a paltry lord to tempt my trust thus:  
I am no Helen, nor no Hecuba,  
To be deflower'd of my loyalty  
With your fair language.

*Pedro.* Thou mistak'st me still.

*Bora.* It may be so, my place will bear me out  
in't,  
And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.

*Pedro.* A pox upon thee! let me but behold her.

*Bora.* A plague upon you! you shall never see  
her.

*Pedro.* This is a crone in grain! thou art so  
teasty—

Prithee, take breath, and know thy friends.

*Bora.* I will not.

I have no friends, nor I will have none this way:  
And, now I think on't better, why will you see her?

*Pedro.* Because she loves me dearly, I her equally  
*Bora.* She hates you damnably, most wickedly,  
Build that upon my word, most wickedly;  
And swears her eyes are sick when they behold you.  
How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,  
And cast and rail again; and cast again;  
Call for hot waters, and then rail again!

*Pedro.* How! 'tis not possible.

*Bora.* I have heard her swear  
(How justly, you best know, and where the cause  
lies)

That you are—I shame to tell it—but it must out—  
Fie, fie! why, how have you deserved it?

*Pedro.* I am what?

*Bora.* The beastliest man—why, what a grief  
must this be?

(*Sir-reverence of the company*)—a rank whore-  
master.

Ten livery whores, she assured me on her credit,  
With weeping eyes she spake it, and seven citizens,  
Besides all voluntaries that serve under you,  
And of all countries.

*Pedro.* This must needs be a lie.

*Bora.* Besides, you are so careless of your body,  
Which is a foul fault in you.

*Pedro.* Leave your fooling,  
For this shall be a fable: happily,  
My sister's anger may grow strong against me,  
Which thou mistak'st.

*Bora.* She hates you very well too, [you!]  
But your mistress hates you heartily:—look upon  
Upon my conscience, she would see the devil first,  
With eyes as big as saucers; when I but named you,  
She has leap'd back thirty feet: if once she smell  
you,

For certainly you are rank, she says, extreme rank,  
And the wind stand with you too, she's gone for ever!

*Pedro.* For all this, I would see her.

*Bora.* That's all one.

Have you new eyes when those are scratch'd out,  
or a nose

To clap on warm? have you proof against a piss-pot,  
Which, if they bid me, I must fling upon you?

*Pedro.* I shall not see her, then, you say?

*Bora.* It seems so.

*Pedro.* Prithee, be thus far friend then, good  
Borachia,

To give her but this letter, and this ring,  
And leave thy pleasant lying, which I pardon:  
But leave it in her pocket; there's no harm in't.  
I'll take thee up a petticoat, will that please thee?

*Bora.* Take up my petticoat! I scorn the motion,  
I scorn it with my heels; take up my petticoat!

*Pedro.* And why thus hot?

*Bora.* Sir, you shall find me hotter,  
If you take up my petticoat.

*Pedro.* I'll give thee a new petticoat.

*Bora.* I scorn the gift—take up my petticoat!

Alas! my lord, you are too young, my lord,  
Too young, my lord, to circumcise me that way.

Take up my petticoat! I am a woman,  
A woman of another way, my lord,  
A gentlewoman: he that takes up my petticoat,  
Shall have enough to do, I warrant him.

I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.

*Pedro.* Thou art disposed still to mistake me.

*Bora.* Petticoat!

You shew now what you are; but do your worst, sir.

*Pedro.* A wild-fire take thee!

*Bora.* I ask no favour of you,  
And so I leave you; and withal, I charge you

In my own name, for, sir, I'd have you know it,  
In this place I present your father's person,

Upon your life, not dare to follow me,

For if you do—

[*Exit.*]

*Pedro.* Go! and the pox go with thee,  
If thou hast so much moisture to receive them!

For thou wilt have them, though a horse bestow  
I must devise a way—for I must see her, [them.]

And very suddenly; and, madam petticoat,

If all the wit I have, and this can do,

I'll make you break your charge, and your hope  
too. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Slave Market.*

*Enter Slave-merchant and Servant, with ANTONIO and  
Captain disguised and dressed as slaves, English  
Slave, and divers other Slaves.*

*Merch.* Come, rank yourselves, and stand out  
handsomely.

—Now ring the bell, that they may know my  
market.

Stand you two here; [*To ANTONIO and the Cap-  
tain.*] you are personable men,

And apt to yield good sums, if women cheapen.

Put me that pig-complexion'd fellow behind,  
He will spoil my sale else; the slave looks like  
famine.

Sure he was got in a cheese-press, the whey runs  
out on's nose yet.

He will not yield above a peck of oysters—  
If I can get a quart of wine in too, you are gone, sir:  
Why sure, thou hadst no father.

*I Slave.* Sure I know not.

*Merch.* No, certainly; a March frog [leap'd]  
thy mother;

Thou'rt but a monster-paddock.—Look who comes,  
sirrah.— [Exit Servant.]

And next prepare the song, and do it lively.—  
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the  
buyer, [To the English Slave.]

And if you do them well, they'll prove good  
dowries.—

How now?

*Re-enter Servant*

*Serv.* They come, sir, with their bags full  
loaden.

*Merch.* Reach me my stool. O! here they  
come.

*Enter PAULO, Apothecary, CUCULO, and Citizens.*

*Cuc.* That's he.

He never fails monthly to sell his slaves here;

He buys them presently upon their taking,

And so disperses them to every market.

*Merch.* Begin the song, and chaunt it merrily.

*A SONG, by one of the Slaves.*

Well done.

*Paul.* Good morrow!

*Merch.* Morrow to you, signiors!

*Paul.* We come to look upon your slaves, and  
buy too,

If we can like the persons, and the prices.

*Cuc.* They shew fine active fellows.

*Merch.* They are no less, sir,

And people of strong labours.

*Paul.* That's in the proof, sir.



*Apoth.* Pray what's the price of this red-bearded fellow?

If his gall be good, I have certain uses for him.

*Merch.* My sorrel slaves are of a lower price, Because the colour's faint:—fifty chequins, sir.

*Apoth.* What be his virtues?

*Merch.* He will poison rats; Make him but angry, and his eyes kill spiders; Let him but, fasting, spit upon a toad, And presently it bursts, and dies; his dreams kill: He'll run you in a wheel, and draw up water, But if his nose drop in't, 'twill kill an army. When you have worn him to the bones with uses, Thrust him into an oven luted well, Dry him, and beat him, flesh and bone to powder, And that kills scabs, and aches of all climates.

*Apoth.* Pray at what distance may I talk to him?

*Merch.* Give him but sage and butter in a morning,

And there's no fear: but keep him from all For there his poison swells most. [women,

*Apoth.* I will have him.

Cannot he breed a plague too?

*Merch.* Yes, yes, yes,

Feed him with fogs; *probatum*.—Now to you, sir. Do you like this slave? [Pointing to ANTONIO.

*Cuc.* Yes, if I like his price well.

*Merch.* The price is full an hundred, nothing bated.

Sirrah, sell the Moors there;—feel, he's high and lusty,

And of a gamesome nature; bold and secret, Apt to win favour of the man that owns him, By diligence and duty: look upon him.

*Paul.* Do you hear, sir?

*Merch.* I'll be with you presently.—Mark but his limbs, that slave will cost you four-score; [Pointing to the Captain.

An easy price—turn him about, and view him.—For these two, sir? why, they are the finest children—

Twins, on my credit, sir.—Do you see this boy, He will run as far from you in an hour— [sir?

1 *Cit.* Will he so, sir?

*Merch.* Conceive me rightly,—if upon an errand, As any horse you have.

2 *Cit.* What will this girl do?

*Merch.* Sure no harm at all, sir, For she sleeps most an end.

*Cit.* An excellent housewife, Of what religion are they?

*Merch.* What you will, sir, So there be meat and drink in't: they'll do little That shall offend you, for their chief desire Is to do nothing at all, sir.

*Cuc.* A hundred is too much,

*Merch.* Not a doit bated: He's a brave slave, his eyes shew activeness; Fire and the mettle of a man dwell in him. Here is one you shall have—

*Cuc.* For what?

*Merch.* For nothing, And thank you too.

*Paul.* What can he do?

*Merch.* Why, anything that's ill, And never blush at it: he's so true a thief, That he'll steal from himself, and think he has got by it.

He stole out of his mother's belly, being an infant;

And from a lousy nurse he stole his nature, From a dog his look, and from an ape his nimbleness;

He will look in your face and pick your pockets, Rob ye the most wise rat of a cheese-paring; There, where a cat will go in, he will follow, His body has no back-bone. Into my company He stole, for I never bought him, and will steal into yours,

An you stay a little longer. Now, if any of you Be given to the excellent art of lying, Behold, before you here, the masterpiece! He'll outlie him that taught him, monsieur devil, Offer to swear he has eaten nothing in a twelve-month. When his mouth's full of meat. [month.

*Cuc.* Pray keep him, he's a jewel; And here's your money for this fellow.

*Merch.* He's yours, sir.

*Cuc.* Come, follow me. [Exit with ANTONIO.

*Cit.* Twenty chequins for these two.

*Merch.* For five and twenty take them.

*Cit.* There's your money;

I'll have them, if it be to sing in cages.

*Merch.* Give them hard eggs, you never had such

*Cit.* Is she a maid, dost think? [black birds.

*Merch.* I dare not swear, sir:

She is nine year old, at ten you shall find few here.

*Cit.* A merry fellow! thou say'st true. Come, children. [Exit with the two Moors.

*Paul.* Here, tell your money; if his life but answer

His outward promises, I have bought him cheap, sir.

*Merch.* Too cheap, o'conscience: he's a pregnant knave;

Full of fine thought, I warrant him.

*Paul.* He's but weak-timber'd.

*Merch.* 'Tis the better, sir;

He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.

*Paul.* Very weak legs.

*Merch.* Strong, as the time allows, sir.

*Paul.* What's that fellow?

*Merch.* Who, this? the finest thing in all the world, sir;

The punctuallest, and the perfectest; an English metal,

But coin'd in France: *Your servant's servant, sir!* Do you understand that? or your shadow's servant!

Will you buy him to carry in a box? Kiss your hand, sirrah;—

Let fall your cloak on one shoulder;—face to your left hand;—

Feather your hat;—slope your hat;—now charge. —Your honour,

What think you of this fellow?

*Paul.* Indeed, I know not;

I never saw such an ape before: but, hark you, Are these things serious in his nature?

*Merch.* Yes, yes;

Part of his creed: come, do some more devices. Quarrel a little, and take him for your enemy, Do it in dumb show. Now observe him nearly.

[The English Slave practises his postures.

*Paul.* This fellow's mad, stark mad.

*Merch.* Believe they are all so:

I have sold a hundred of them.

*Paul.* A strange nation!

What may the women be?

*Merch.* As mad as they,  
And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal  
madder :

Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,  
But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder ;  
They have a city, sir,—I have been in it,  
And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you saw  
With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted,  
How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks,  
Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian,  
You would start indeed.

*Paul.* They are handsome men ?

*Merch.* Yes, if they would thank their maker,  
And seek no further ; but they have new creators,  
God-tailor, and god-mercier : a kind of Jews, sir,  
But fall'n into idolatry ; for they worship  
Nothing with so much service, as the cow-calves.

*Paul.* What do you mean by cow-calves ?

*Merch.* Why, their women.

Will you see him do any more tricks ?

*Paul.* 'Tis enough, I thank you ;

But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him :  
He may make my princely patient mirth, and that  
done,

I'll chain him in my study, that at void hours  
I may run o'er the story of his country.

*Merch.* His price is forty.

*Paul.* Hold—I'll once be foolish,  
And buy a lump of levity to laugh at.

*Apoth.* Will your worship walk ?

*Paul.* How now, apothecary,  
Have you been buying too ?

*Apoth.* A little, sir,

A dose or two of mischief.

*Paul.* Fare ye well, sir ;

As these prove, we shall look the next wind for

*Merch.* I shall be with you, sir. [you.

*Paul.* Who bought this fellow ?

*2 Cit.* Not I.

*Apoth.* Nor I.

*Paul.* Why does he follow us, then ?

*Merch.* Did not I tell you he would steal to you ?

*2 Cit.* Sirrah,

You mouldy-chaps ! know your crib, I would wish  
And get from whence you came. [you,

*1 Slave.* I came from no place.

*Paul.* Wilt thou be my fool ? for fools, they say,  
will tell truth.

*1 Slave.* Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to  
For I can do that naturally. [abuse you,

*Paul.* And I can beat you.

*1 Slave.* I should be sorry else, sir.

*Merch.* He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,  
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.  
He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken,  
As a cat in a bowl on the water.

*Paul.* You will part with him ?

*Merch.* To such a friend as you, sir.

*Paul.* And without money ?

*Merch.* Not a penny, signior ;  
And would he were better for you !

*Paul.* Follow me, then ;

The knave may teach me something.

*1 Slave.* Something that

You dearly may repent ; howe'er you scorn me,  
The slave may prove your master.

*Paul.* Farewell once more !

*Merch.* Farewell ! and when the wind serves  
next, expect me. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter CUCULO and ANTONIO.

*Cuc.* Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now ; you  
serve a man, sir,

That, when you know more, you will find—

*Ant.* I hope so.

*Cuc.* What dost thou hope ?

*Ant.* To find you a kind master.

*Cuc.* Find you yourself a diligent true servant,  
And take the precept of the wise before you,  
And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand,  
You serve me—what is ME ? a man of credit.

*Ant.* Yes, sir.

*Cuc.* Of special credit, special office ; hear first  
And understand again, of special office :  
A man that nods upon the thing he meets,  
And that thing bows.

*Ant.* 'Tis fit it should be so, sir.

*Cuc.* It shall be so : a man near all importance.  
Dost thou digest this truly ?

*Ant.* I hope I shall, sir.

*Cuc.* Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress,  
Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully,  
Serve all with diligence, but her delights ;  
There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah,  
And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman.  
Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood,  
And stirring faculties, for she'll shew a fair one ?

*Ant.* As I am a man, I may ; but as I am your  
man,

Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall  
perish.

*Cuc.* 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next  
precept,

And then, observe me, you have all your duty ;  
Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine  
All talk of wine. [from her,

*Ant.* Wine is a comfort, sir.

*Cuc.* A devil, sir ! let her not dream of wine ;  
Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine ;  
Swear it.

*Ant.* Will you have me lie ?

*Cuc.* To my end, sir :

For if one drop of wine but creep into her,  
She is the wisest woman in the world straight,  
And all the women in the world together  
Are but a whisper to her : a thousand iron mills  
Can be heard no further than a pair of nut-  
crackers.

Keep her from wine ; wine makes her dangerous.  
Fall back—my lord don Pedro !

Enter PEDRO.

*Pedro.* Now, master Office,  
What is the reason that your vigilant Greatness,  
And your wife's wonderful Wiseness, have lock'd  
up from me

The way to see my mistress ? Whose dog's dead  
That you observe these vigils ? [now,

*Cuc.* Very well, my lord.

Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order,  
Nor feel no power, nor will, of him that made  
them,

When state-commands thus slightly are disputed.

*Pedro.* What state-command ? dost thou think  
any state

Would give thee anything but eggs to keep,  
Or trust thee with a secret above lousing ?

*Cuc.* No, no, my lord, I am not passionate ;

You cannot work me that way, to betray me.  
A point there is in't, that you must not see, sir,  
A secret and a serious point of state too;  
And do not urge it further, do not, lord,  
It will not take; you deal with them that wink not.  
You tried my wife. Alas! you thought she was  
foolish,

Won with an empty word; you have not found it.  
*Pedro.* I have found a pair of coxcombs, that I  
am sure on.

*Cuc.* Your lordship may say three:—I am not  
*Pedro.* How's that? [passionate.]

*Cuc.* Your lordship found a faithful gentle-  
woman,

Strong, and inscrutable as the viceroy's heart;  
A woman of another making, lord:  
And, lest she might partake with woman's weak-  
ness,

I've purchased her a rib to make her perfect,  
A rib that will not shrink, nor break in the bending,  
This trouble we are put to, to prevent things,  
Which your good lordship holds but necessary.

*Pedro.* A fellow of a handsome and free promise,  
And much, methinks, I'm taken with his coun-  
tenance.—

Do you serve this yeoman, porter? [To ANTONIO.  
*Cuc.* Not a word.

*Basta!* Your lordship may discourse your free-  
He is a slave of state, sir, so of silence. [dom;]

*Pedro.* You are very punctual, state-cut, fare ye  
well;

I shall find time to fit you too, I fear not. [Exit.

*Cuc.* And I shall fit you, lord: you would be  
biling;

You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot.—Go you  
home,

And there observe these lessons I first taught you,  
Look to your charge abundantly; be wary,  
Trusty and wary; much weight hangs upon me,  
Watchful and wary too! this lord is dangerous,  
Take courage and resist: for other uses,  
Your mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful,  
And, do you hear? no wine.

*Ant.* I shall observe, sir. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter PAULO and Surgeons.

*Paul.* He must take air.

*1 Surg.* Sir, under your correction,  
The violence of motion may make  
His wounds bleed fresh.

*2 Surg.* And he hath lost already  
Too much blood, in my judgment.

*Paul.* I allow that;  
But to choke up his spirits in a dark room,  
Is far more dangerous. He comes; no questions.

Enter CARDENES.

*Car.* Certain we have no reason, nor that soul  
Created of that pureness books persuade us:  
We understand not, sure, nor feel that sweetness  
That men call virtue's chain to link our actions.  
Our imperfections form, and flatter us;  
A will to rash and rude things is our reason,  
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.  
Why did I wrong this man? unmanly wrong him?  
Unmannerly? He gave me no occasion.  
In all my heat how noble was his temper!

And, when I had forgot both man and manhood,  
With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!  
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travell'd?  
Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes me!  
Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman taught me.  
The devil and his angel, woman, bade me.—  
I am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,  
And like a beast I make my blood my master.  
Farewell, farewell, for ever, name of mistress!  
Out of my heart I cross thee; love and women  
Out of my thoughts.

*Paul.* Ay, now you shew your manhood.

*Car.* Doctor, believe me, I have bought my  
knowledge,

And dearly, doctor:—they are dangerous creatures,  
They sting at both ends, doctor; worthless crea-  
tures,

And all their loves and favours end in ruins.

*Paul.* To man, indeed.

*Car.* Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.

What can they shew, or by what act deserve us,  
While we have virtue, and pursue her beauties!

*Paul.* And yet I've heard of many virtuous  
women.

*Car.* Not many, doctor; there your reading  
fails you:

Would there were more, and in their loves less  
dangers!

*Paul.* Love is a noble thing without all doubt,  
sir.

*Car.* Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch. [Exit.

*1 Surg.* Strange melancholy!

*Paul.* By degrees 'twill lessen:  
Provide your things.

*2 Surg.* Our care shall not be wanting. [Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.—A Room in CUCULO'S House.

Enter LEONORA and ALMIRA.

*Leon.* Good madam, for your health's sake clear  
those clouds up,

That feed upon your beauties like diseases.  
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins  
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.  
Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady;  
You tempt his loving care whose eye has number'd  
All our afflictions, and the time to cure them:  
You rather with this torrent choke his mercies,  
Than gently slide into his providence.  
Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten nature,  
Where they express no more than drops on lilies;  
But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our  
hopes;

Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,  
To hold our heads up: Come, you shall take  
comfort;

This is a sullen grief becomes condemn'd men,  
That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:  
Do but look up. Why, so!—is not this better,  
Than hanging down your head still like a violet,  
And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager!  
Pray you, speak a little.

*Alm.* Pray you, desire no more;  
And, if you love me, say no more.

*Leon.* How fain,  
If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,  
Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady,  
Even of the same disease have you cured me,

And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,  
And forced my hands, thus?

*Alm.* By these tears, no more.

*Leon.* You are too prodigal of them. Well, I  
will not;

For though my love bids me transgress your will,  
I have a service to your sorrows still. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Hall in the same.

Enter PEDRO and ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near:  
I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait  
Who comes to seek accesses; nor is it fit, sir,  
My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

*Pedro.* Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial,  
But carrying up this letter, and this token,  
And giving them discreetly to my mistress,  
The lady Leonora: there's my purse,  
Or anything thou'lt ask me; if thou knew'at me,  
And what I may be to thee for this courtesy—

*Ant.* Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,  
That by my troth I'll venture.

*Pedro.* I dearly thank thee.

*Ant.* And it shall cost me hard; nay, keep your  
purse, sir,  
For, though my body's bought, my mind was  
never.

Though I am bound, my courtesies are no slaves.

*Pedro.* Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

*Ant.* If I were so,  
The state I am in bids you not believe it.  
But to the purpose. sir; give me your letter,  
And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mis-  
tress.

*Pedro.* And she must be removed, thou wilt else  
ne'er do it.

*Ant.* Ay, there's the plague: think, and I'll  
think awhile too.

*Pedro.* Her husband's suddenly fallen sick?

*Ant.* She cares not;

If he were dead, indeed, it would do better.

*Pedro.* Would he were hang'd!

*Ant.* Then she would run for joy, sir.

*Pedro.* Some lady crying out?

*Ant.* She has two already.

*Pedro.* Her house afire?

*Ant.* Let the fool, my husband, quench it.  
This will be her answer.—This may take; it will,  
sure.

Your lordship must go presently, and send me  
Two or three bottles of your best Greek wine,  
The strongest and the sweetest.

*Pedro.* Instantly:

But will that do?

*Ant.* Let me alone to work it. [Exit PEDRO.]

Wine I was charged to keep by all means from her;  
All secret locks it opens, and all counsels,  
That I am sure, and gives men all accesses.  
Pray heaven she be not loving when she's drunk  
now!

For drunk she shall be, though my pate pay for it.  
She'll turn my stomach then abominably.

She has a most wicked face, and that lewd face  
Being a drunken face, what face will there be!—

She cannot ravish me. Now, if my master  
Should take her so, and know I minister'd,  
What will his wisdom do? I hope be drunk too,

And then all's right. Well, lord, to do thee ser-  
vice

Above these puppet-plays, I keep a life yet—  
Here come the executioners.

Enter Servant with bottles.

You are welcome;

Give me your load, and tell my lord I am at it.

*Serv.* I will, sir; speed you, sir. [Exit.]

*Ant.* Good speed on all sides!

'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the yaws that she will  
make!

Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right,  
Here's that will work as high as the Bay of Por-  
tugal.

Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the nose first;

For, if she be a right sow, sure she'll find it.

She is yonder by herself, the ladies find her.

Now to begin my sacrifice:— [Pours out some of  
the wine.]—she stirs, and vents it.

O, how she holds her nose up like a jennet

In the wind of a grass-mare! she has it full now,

And now she comes.—I'll stand aside awhile.

Enter BORACHIA.

*Bora.* [Snuffing.] 'Tis wine! ay, sure 'tis wine!  
excellent strong wine!

In the must, I take it: very wine! this way too.

*Ant.* How true she hunts! I'll make the train  
a little longer. [Pours out more wine.]

*Bora.* Stronger and stronger still! still! blessed

*Ant.* Now she hunts hot. [wine!]

*Bora.* All that I can for this wine!

This way it went, sure.

*Ant.* Now she's at a cold scent.

Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted!  
That's she! that's she!

*Bora.* O, if I could but see it!

Oh what a precious scent it has!—but handle it!

*Ant.* Now I'll untap it.

[Comes forward with the bottle.]

*Bora.* What's that? still 'tis stronger.

Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer  
And to the point. [quickly.]

*Ant.* 'Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,

Excellent Candy wine.

*Bora.* 'Tis well, forsooth!

Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah,

(Excellent Candy wine!) draw nearer to me,

Reach me the bottle: why, thou most debauch'd  
slave—

*Ant.* Pray be not angry, for with all my service  
And pains, I purchased this for you, (I dare not  
drink it.)

For you a present; only for your pleasure;

To shew in little what a thanks I owe

The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.

*Bora.* And I will give thee more; there, kiss  
my hand on't.

*Ant.* I thank you dearly—for your dirty favour:  
How rank it smells! [Aside.]

*Bora.* By thy leave, sweet bottle,

And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee;

Hold your hand under.

*Ant.* How does your worship like it?

*Bora.* Under again—again—and now come kiss  
I'll be a mother to thee: come, drink to me. [me:]

*Ant.* I do beseech your pardon.

*Bora.* Here's to thee, then;

I am easily entreated for thy good.

'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;

Thou hast a pure complexion: now, for me

'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.

Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the wind—

*Ant.* Blows out a cry at both ends.

*Bora.* Kiss again.

Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies:

Son slave, I have them for thee; I'll shew thee all.

*Ant.* Heaven bless mine eyes!

*Bora.* Even all the secrets, son slave,

In my dominion.

*Ant.* Oh! here come the ladies;

Now to my business.

*Enter LEONORA and ALMIRA behind.*

*Leon.* This air will much refresh you.

*Alm.* I must sit down.

*Leon.* Do, and take freer thoughts,

The place invites you; I'll walk by like your sentinel.

*Bora.* And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave thee all,

Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to; but abundance:

I'll leave thee two young ladies—what think you of that, boy!— [*ANTONIO goes to LEONORA.*]

Where is the bottle?—two delicate young ladies: But first you shall commit with me; do you mark, son?

And shew yourself a gentleman, that's the truth, son.

*Ant.* Excellent lady, kissing your fair hand, And humbly craving pardon for intruding, This letter, and this ring—

*Leon.* From whom, I pray you, sir?

*Ant.* From the most noble, loving lord, don The servant of your virtues. [*Pedro,*]

*Bora.* And prithee, good son slave, be wise and circumspect,

And take heed of being o'eraken with too much For it is a lamentable sin, and spoils all: [drink; Why, 'tis the damnablest thing to be drunk, son! Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one thing I'd have done:

Knock my husband on the head, as soon as may be,

For he is an arrant puppy, and cannot perform— Why, where the devil is this foolish bottle?

*Leon.* I much thank you;

And this, sir, for your pains. [*Offers him her purse.*]

*Ant.* No, gentle lady;

That I can do him service is my merit, My faith, my full reward.

*Leon.* Once more, I thank you.

Since I have met so true a friend to goodness, I dare deliver to your charge my answer:

Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him To meet me in the garden; means he may find,

For love, they say, wants no abilities.

*Ant.* Nor shall he, madam, if my help may prosper;

So everlasting love and sweetness bless you!— She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.

*Alm.* What fellow's that?

*Leon.* Indeed I know not, madam;

It seems of some strange country by his habit; Nor can I shew you by what mystery

He wrought himself into this place, prohibited.

*Alm.* A handsome man.

*Leon.* But of a mind more handsome.

*Alm.* Was his business to you?

*Leon.* Yes, from a friend you wot of.

*Alm.* A very handsome fellow, And well demean'd.

*Leon.* Exceeding well; and speaks well.

*Alm.* And speak well, too!

*Leon.* Ay, passing well, and freely,

And, as he promises, of a most clear nature; Brought up, sure, far above his shew.

*Alm.* It seems so:

I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?

*Leon.* Indeed I know not if he do.

*Alm.* 'Tis no matter.

Come let's walk in.

*Leon.* I am glad you have found your tongue yet. [*Exit LEONORA and ALMIRA.*]

*BORACHIA sings.*

*Cuo.* [*Within.*] My wife is very merry; sure 'twas her voice:

Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.

*Ant.* 'Tis sure my master.

*Enter CUCUJA.*

Now the game begins;

Here will be spitting of fire o' both sides present me but safe deliver'd! [*scently;*]

*Cuo.* O, my heart aches!

My head aches too: mercy o'me, she's perish'd! She has gotten wine! she is gone for ever!

*Bora.* Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies swimming;

Do your three duties, then—then fall behind me.

*Cuo.* O, thou pernicious rascal! what hast thou done?

*Ant.* I done! alas, sir, I have done nothing.

*Cuo.* Sirrah,

How came she by this wine?

*Ant.* Alas, I know not.

*Bora.* Who's that, that talks of wine there?

*Ant.* Forsooth, my master.

*Bora.* Bring him before me, son slave.

*Cuo.* I will know it,

This bottle, how this bottle?

*Bora.* Do not stir it;

For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll knock you, I'll beat you damnably, yea and nay, I'll beat you; And, when I have broke it 'bout your head, do you mark me?

Then will I tie it to your worship's tail,

And all the dogs in the town shall follow you.

No question, I would advise you, how I came by it; I will have none of these points handled now.

*Cuo.* She'll ne'er be well again while the world stands.

*Ant.* I hope so. [*Aside.*]

*Cuo.* How dost thou, lamb?

*Bora.* Well, God a-mercy.

Belwether, how dost thou? Stand out, son slave, Sit you here, and before this worshipful audience Propound a doubtful question; see who's drunk now.

*Cuo.* Now, now it works; the devil now dwells in her.

*Bora.* Whether the heaven or the earth be nearer the moon?

Or what's the natural reason, why a woman longs To make her husband cuckold? Bring me your The curate now, that great philosopher, [*cousin*]

He that found out a pudding had two ends,  
That learned clerk, that notable gymnosophist ;  
And let him with his Jacob's-staff discover  
What is the third part of three farthings,  
Three halfpence being the half, and I am satisfied.

*Cuc.* You see she hath learning enough, if she  
could dispose it.

*Bora.* Too much for thee, thou loggerhead, thou

*Cuc.* Nay, good Borachia. [bull-head !

*Bora.* Thou a sufficient statesman

A gentleman of learning ! hang thee, dogwhelp ;  
Thou shadow of a man of action,  
Thou scab o'the court ! go sleep, you drunken  
rascal,

You debauch'd puppy ; get you home, and sleep,  
sirrah ;  
And so will I : son slave, thou shalt sleep with  
me.

*Cuc.* Prithee, look to her tenderly.

*Bora.* No words, sirrah,

Of any wine, or anything like wine,  
Or anything concerning wine, or by wine,  
Or from, or with wine. Come, lead me like a  
countess.

*Cuc.* Thus must we bear, poor men ! there is a  
trick in't ;

But, when she is well again, I'll trick her for it.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the VICEROY'S Palace.

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Pedro.* Now, if this honest fellow do but prosper,  
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder  
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,  
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety ;  
The winds have stood most gently to his purpose.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

My honest friend !

*Ant.* Your lordship's poorest servant.

*Pedro.* How hast thou sped ?

*Ant.* My lord, as well as wishes.

My way hath reach'd your mistress, and deliver'd  
Your loveletter, and taken ; who, with all joy,  
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you :  
Commands you this night, by her loving power,  
To meet her in the garden.

*Pedro.* Thou hast made me ;

Redeem'd me, man, again from all my sorrows ;  
Done above wonder for me. Is it so ?

*Ant.* I should be now too old to learn to lie, sir,  
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.

*Pedro.* I do see something in this fellow's face  
still,

That ties my heart fast to him. Let me love thee,  
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service :  
And if I e'er forget it—

*Ant.* Good my lord,

The only knowledge of me is too much bounty :  
My service, and my life, sir.

*Pedro.* I shall think on't ;

But how for me to get access ?

*Ant.* 'Tis easy ;

I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead you ;  
My credit's better than you think.

*Pedro.* I thank you,

And soon I'll wait your promise.

*Ant.* With all my duty.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—A Bed-room in the same.

*Enter VICEROY, DUKE, PAULO, and CUCULO.*

*Paulo.* All's as I tell you, princes ; you shall  
Be witness to his fancies, melancholy, [here  
And strong imagination of his wrongs.  
His inhumanity to don Antonio  
Hath rent his mind into so many pieces  
Of various imaginations, that,

Like the celestial bow, this colour now's  
The object, then another, till all vanish.  
He says a man might watch to death, or fast,  
Or think his spirit out ; to all which humours  
I do apply myself, checking the bad,  
And cherishing the good. For these, I have  
Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber  
With trapdoors, and descents ; sometimes present-  
Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth, [ing  
To pull down or advance his fair intentions.  
He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes  
Thinks that which, by confederacy, I do,  
Is by some skill in magic.

*Enter CARDENAS, a book in his hand.*

Here he comes

Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you read, sir ?

*Car.* A strange position, which doth much per-  
plex me :

That every soul's alike a musical instrument,  
The faculties in all men equal strings,  
Well or ill handled ; and those sweet or harsh.

[*Exit PAULO.*

How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine then !  
Declined the high pitch of my birth and breeding,  
Like the most barbarous peasant ; read my pride  
Upon Antonio's meek humility,  
Wherein he was far valianter than I.  
Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous spirits,  
Enabling sufferance past infictions.  
In patience Tarent overcame me more  
Than in my wounds : live then, no more to men,  
Shut daylight from thine eyes, here cast thee down,  
[*Falls on the bed.*

And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul—

*Re-enter PAULO disguised as a Friar.*

What art? an apparition, or a man ?

*Paul.* A man, and sent to counsel thee.

*Car.* Despair

Has stopt mine ears ; thou seem'st a holy friar.

*Paul.* I am ; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee  
Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking  
To lend compassion and aid to others.  
My order bids me comfort thee. I have heard all  
Thy various, troubled passions : hear but my story.  
In way of youth I did enjoy one friend,  
As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man ;  
This friend was plighted to a beauteous woman  
(Nature proud of her workmanship,) mutu-

Possess'd them both, her heart in his breast lodged,  
And his in hers.

*Car.* No more of love, good father,  
It was my surfeit, and I loath it now,  
As men in fevers meat they fell sick on.

*Paul.* Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing. This  
betroth'd lady,

(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten,)  
Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;  
Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reprov'd,  
Despised by honest men, my conscience sear'd up,  
Love I converted into frantic rage;  
And by that false guide led, I summon'd him  
In this bad cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove  
If he or I might claim most right in love.  
But fortune, that does sell or never give  
Success to right and virtue, made him fall  
Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear  
A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me, [blood,  
In such a monstrous and unequal cause,  
Lies on my conscience.

*Car.* And durst thou live,  
After this, to be so old? 'tis an illusion  
Raised up by charms: a man would not have lived.  
Art quiet in thy bosom?

*Paul.* As the sleep  
Of infants.

*Car.* My fault did not equal this;  
Yet I have emptied my heart of joy,  
Only to store sighs up. What were the arts  
'That made thee live so long in rest?

*Paul.* Repentance  
Hearty, that cleansed me; reason then confirm'd  
me,

I was forgiven, and took me to my beads. [*Exit.*

*Car.* I am in the wrong path; tender conscience  
Makes me forget mine honour: I have done  
No evil like this, yet I pine; whilst he,  
A few tears of his true contrition tender'd,  
Securely sleeps. Ha! where keeps peace of con-  
science,

That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.  
'Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessels placed,  
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,  
At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,  
There brewing these together, suffers not  
One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.  
Hence is it we have not an hour of life  
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,  
Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both;  
Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,  
Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,  
Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.

*Duke.* Is't not a strange effect?

*Vice.* Past precedent.

*Cuc.* His brain-pan's perish'd with his wounds:  
I knew 'twould come to this. [go to,

*Vice.* Peace, man of wisdom.

*Car.* Pleasure's the hook of evil; ease of care,  
And so the general object of the court;  
Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is  
Virtue's allow'd ascent; honour, that clasps  
All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves  
No more respect than what she gives, that does  
Nothing but what she'll suffer.—This distracts me:  
But I have found the right: had don Antonio  
Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd  
The injury so foul, and done in public, [him;  
My footman would not bear it; then in honour  
Wronging him so, I'll right him on myself:

There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction  
Equally tender'd; 'tis resolved, I'll do it.

*They rush forward and disarm him*

They take all weapons from me.

*Duke.* Bless my son!

*Re-enter Paulo, dressed like a Soldier, and the English  
Slave like a Courtier.*

*Vicr.* The careful doctor's come again.

*Duke.* Rare man!

How shall I pay this debt?

*Cuc.* He that is with him.

Is one o' the slaves he lately bought, he said,  
To accommodate his cure: he's English born,  
But French in his behaviour; a delicate slave.

*Vice.* The slave is very fine.

*Cuc.* Your English slaves

Are ever so; I have seen an English slave  
Far finer than his master: there's a state-point,  
Worthy your observation.

*Paul.* On thy life,

Be perfect in thy lesson: fewer legs, slave.

*Car.* My thoughts are search'd and answer'd;  
Desire a soldier and a courtier, [for I did  
To yield me satisfaction in some doubts  
Not yet concluded of.

*Paul.* Your doctor did  
Admit us, sir.

*Slave.* And we are at your service;  
Whate'er it be, command it.

*Car.* You appear

A courtier in the race of Love; how far  
In honour are you bound to run?

*Slave.* I'll tell you,

You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,  
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,  
To win a mistress' favour; not afraid  
To pass unto her through her chambermaid.  
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,  
Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful sports:  
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,  
Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her:  
Build on your own deserts, and ever be  
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy,  
For that draws on—

*Car.* No more; this points at me;

[*Exit English Slave.*

I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old  
The height of Honour? [soldier,

*Paul.* No man to offend,

Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;  
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong;  
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;  
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,  
Nor eat his meat I choak with flattery;  
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,  
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;  
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run  
Into offences, wish them all undone:  
'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,  
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy.

*Vice.* Mark, how he winds him.

*Duke.* Excellent man!

*Paul.* Who fights

With passions, and o'ercomes them, is endued  
With the best virtue, passive fortitude. [*Exit.*

*Car.* Thou hast touch'd me, soldier; oh! this  
honour bears

The right stamp; would all soldiers did profess  
Thy good religion! The discords of my soul

Are tuned, and make a heavenly harmony :  
What sweet peace feel I now ! I am ravish'd with it.

*Vies.* How still he sits ! [*Music.*

*Cuc.* Hark ! music.

*Duke.* How divinely

This artist gathers scatter'd sense ; with cunning  
Composing the fair jewel of his mind,  
Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before.

*Re-enter PAULO, dressed like a Philosopher, accompanied by a good and evil Genius, who sing a song in alternate stanzas : during the performance of which, PAULO goes off, and returns in his own shape.*

*Vice.* See Protean Paulo in another shape.

*Paul.* Away, I'll bring him shortly perfect,

*Duke.* Master of thy great art ! [*doubt not.*

*Vice.* As such we'll hold thee.

*Duke.* And study honours for him.

*Cuc.* I'll be sick

On purpose to take physic of this doctor.

[*Exeunt all but CARDENES and PAULO.*

*Car.* Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's cure  
To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind  
Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive,  
You, for my recreation, have invented  
The several objects, which my melancholy  
Sometimes did think you conjured, otherwhiles  
Imagined them chimeras. You have been  
My friar, soldier, philosopher,  
My poet, architect, physician ;  
Labour'd for me, more than your slaves for you,  
In their assistance : in your moral song  
Of my good Genius, and my bad, you have won me  
A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent ;  
There being nothing wanting to my wishes,  
But once more, were it possible, to behold  
Don John Antonio.

*Paul.* These shall be letters sent  
Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him  
Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not.

*Car.* What honours, what rewards can I heap on  
you !

*Paul.* That my endeavours have so well succeeded,

Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir ;  
Not too much air so soon.

*Car.* I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in CUCULO'S House.

*Enter ALMIRA and LEONORA.*

*Leon.* How strangely  
This fellow runs in her mind ! [*Aside.*

*Alm.* Do you hear, cousin ?

*Leon.* Her sadness clean forsaken !

*Alm.* A poor slave  
Bought for my governess, say you ?

*Leon.* I hear so.

*Alm.* And, do you think, a Turk ?

*Leon.* His habit shews it ;

At least bought for a Turk.

*Alm.* Ay, that may be so.

*Leon.* What if he were one naturally ?

*Alm.* Nay, 'tis nothing,  
Nothing to the purpose ; and yet, methinks, 'tis  
strange

Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside,  
Should spring from those rude countries.

*Leon.* If it be no more,  
I'll call our governess, and she can shew you.

*Alm.* Why, do you think it is ?

*Leon.* I do not think so.

*Alm.* Fie ! no, no, by no means ; and to tell  
thee truth, wench,

I am truly glad he is here, be what he will :  
Let him be still the same he makes a shew of ;  
For now we shall see something to delight us.

*Leon.* And heaven knows, we have need on't.

*Alm.* Heigh ho ! my heart aches.

Prithee, call in our governess.—[*Exit LEONORA.*]  
Plague o' this fellow !

Why do I think so much of him ? how the devil  
Creep'd he into my head ? and yet, beshrew me,  
Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen  
A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter.—  
But say this fellow were adorn'd as they are,  
Set off to shew and glory !—What's that to me ?  
Fie, what a fool am I ! what idle fancies  
Buz in my brains !

*Re-enter LEONORA with BORACHIA.*

*Bora.* And how doth my sweet lady ?

*Leon.* She wants your company to make her  
merry.

*Bora.* And how does master Pug, I pray you,

*Leon.* Do you mean her little dog ? [*madam ?*

*Bora.* I mean his worship.

*Leon.* Troubled with fleas a little.

*Bora.* Alas, poor chicken !

*Leon.* She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk,  
I take it ;

I found her with a bottle for her bolster,  
Lying along, and making love.

*Alm.* Borachia,

Why, where hast thou been, wench ? she looks not  
Art not with child ? [*well, friend.*

*Bora.* I promise ye, I know not ;

I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shrewd sign :  
Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego  
Here in my head, madam ; often with this tiego,  
It takes me very often.

*Leon.* I believe thee.

*Alm.* You must drink wine.

*Bora.* A little would do no harm, sure.

*Leon.* 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head ;  
Which good strong wine will temper.

*Bora.* I thank your highness.

I will be ruled, though much against my nature ;  
For wine I ever hated from my cradle :  
Yet, for my good—

*Leon.* Ay, for your good, by all means.

*Alm.* Borachia, what new fellow's that thou hast  
gotten ?

(Now she will sure be free) that handsome stranger ?  
*Bora.* How much wine must I drink, an't please  
your ladyship ?

*Alm.* She's finely greased !—Why two or three

*Bora.* Fasting ? [*round draughts, wench.*

*Alm.* At any time.

*Bora.* I shall hardly do it :

But yet I'll try, good madam.

*Leon.* Do ; 'twill work well.

*Alm.* But, prithee answer me, what is this fellow ?

*Bora.* I'll tell you two : but let it go no further.

*Leon.* No, no, by no means.

*Bora.* May I not drink before bed too ?

*Leon.* At any hour.

*Bora.* And say in the night it take me ?

*Alm.* Drink then : but what's this man ?

*Bora.* I'll tell ye, madam,



But pray you be secret ; he's the great Turk's son,  
for certain,  
And a fine Christian ; my husband bought him for  
He's circumcising. [me :

*Leon.* He's circumcised, thou wouldst say.

*Alm.* How dost thou know ?

*Bora.* I had an eye upon him :

But even as sweet a Turk, an't like your ladyship,  
And speaks ye as pure pagan :—I'll assure ye,  
My husband had a notable pennyworth of him ;  
And found me but the Turk's own son, his own  
By father and mother, madam ! [son

*Leon.* She's mad-drunk.

*Alm.* Prithee, Borachia, call him ; I would see  
And tell thee how I like him. [him,

*Bora.* As fine a Turk, madam,  
For that which appertains to a true Turk—

*Alm.* Prithee, call him.

*Bora.* He waits here at the stairs :—Son slave !  
come hither.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

Pray you give me leave a little to instruct him,  
He's raw yet in the way of entertainment.  
Son slave, where's the other bottle ?

*Ant.* In the bedstraw ;  
I hid it there.

*Bora.* Go up, and make your honours.

Madam, the tiego takes me now, now, madam ;  
I must needs be unmannerly.

*Alm.* Pray you be so.

*Leon.* You know your cure.

*Bora.* In the bedstraw ?

*Ant.* There you'll find it. [Exit BORACHIA.

*Alm.* Come hither, sir : how long have you  
served here ?

*Ant.* A poor time, madam, yet, to shew my ser-

*Alm.* I see thou art diligent. [vice.

*Ant.* I would be, madam ;

'Tis all the portion left me, that and truth.

*Alm.* Thou art but young.

*Ant.* Had fortune meant me so,  
Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.

*Alm.* Wilt thou serve me ?

*Ant.* In all my prayers, madam,  
Else such a misery as mine but blasts you.

*Alm.* Beshrew my heart, he speaks well ; won-  
drous honestly. [Aside.

*Ant.* Madam, your loving lord stays for you.

*Leon.* I thank you.

Your pardon for an hour, dear friend.

*Alm.* Your pleasure.

*Leon.* I dearly thank you, sir. [Exit.

*Ant.* My humblest service.

She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not :  
I dare not trust the time yet, nor I must not. [Aside.

*Alm.* You are not as your habit shews ?  
*Ant.* No, madam,

His hand, that, for my sins, lies heavy on me,  
I hope will keep me from being a slave to the devil.

*Alm.* A brave clear mind he has, and nobly sea-  
What country are you of ? [son'd.

*Ant.* A Biscan, lady.

*Alm.* No doubt, a gentleman.

*Ant.* My father thought so.

*Alm.* Ay, and I warrant thee, a right fair woman  
Thy mother was :—he blushes, that confirms it.  
Upon my soul, I have not seen such sweetness !  
I prithee, blush again.

*Ant.* 'Tis a weakness, madam,  
I am easily this way woo'd to.

*Alm.* I thank you.

Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest. [Aside

Now you must tell me, sir, for now I long for't—  
*Ant.* What would she have ?

*Alm.* The story of your fortune,  
The hard and cruel fortune brought you hither.

*Ant.* That makes me stagger ; yet I hope I'm  
hid still.— [Aside.

That I came hither, madam, was the fairest.

*Alm.* But how this misery you bear, fell on you ?

*Ant.* *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*  
*Alm.* Come, I will have it ; I command you tell  
For such a speaker I would hear for ever. [it,

*Ant.* Sure, madam, 'twill but make you sad and  
heavy,

Because I know your goodness full of pity ;  
And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your ears,  
That are acquainted with things sweet and easy.  
So harsh a harmony.

*Alm.* I prithee speak it.

*Ant.* I ever knew obedience the best sacrifice.

Honour of ladies, then, first passing over  
Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent,  
Let me begin the sadness of my story,  
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.

*Alm.* 'Tis well, go forward ; some rare piece I  
look for.

*Ant.* Not far from where my father lives, a lady,

A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty  
As nature durst bestow without undoing,

Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,  
And blest the house a thousand times she dwelt in.

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,

When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,

Nor I no way to flatter, but my foudness ;

In all the bravery my friends could show me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,

In the best language my true tongue could tell me,

And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,

I sued, and serv'd : long did I love this lady,

Long was my travail, long my trade to win her ;

With all the duty of my soul, I served her.—

*Alm.* How feelingly he speaks ! [Aside.]—And  
it must be so. [she loved you too ?

*Ant.* I would it had, dear lady ;

This story had been needless, and this place,

I think, unknown to me.

*Alm.* Were your bloods equal ?

*Ant.* Yes, and I thought our hearts too.

*Alm.* Then she must love.

*Ant.* She did—but never me ; she could not love  
me,

She would not love, she hated : more, she scorn'd

And in so poor and base a way abused me, [me,

For all my services, for all my bounties,

So bold neglects flung on me.

*Alm.* An ill woman !

Belike you found some rival in your love, then ?

*Ant.* How perfectly she points me to my story ! [Aside.

Madam, I did ; and one whose pride and anger.

Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,

Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.

And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,

And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,

As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,

I should say something unbecoming me.

What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,  
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,  
To girls, and fiddlers, to her *boys* she flung,  
And in disdain of me.

*Alm.* Pray you take me with you.  
Of what complexion was she?

*Ant.* But that I dare not  
Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,  
She look'd not much unlike—though far, far  
short.

Something, I see, appears—your pardon, madam—  
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would cozen;  
And so she would look sad: but yours is pity,  
A noble chorus to my wretched story;  
Hers was disdain and cruelty.

*Alm.* Pray heaven,  
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange  
story, [*Aside.*]  
And said 'twould make me sad! he is no liar.—  
But where begins this poor state? I will have all,  
For it concerns me truly.

*Ant.* Last, to blot me  
From all remembrance what I had been to her,  
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,  
'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.  
'Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or reason:  
We fought, I kill'd him; heaven's strong hand was  
with me.—

For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,  
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,  
Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me,  
And sold me here.

*Alm.* Stop there awhile; but stay still.  
[*Walks aside.*]

In this man's story, how I look, how monstrous!  
How poor and naked now I shew! what don John,  
In all the virtue of his life, but sim'd at,  
This thing hath conquer'd with a tale, and carried.  
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me! never conscience  
Touch'd me till now, nor true love: let me keep it.

*Re-enter LEONORA with PEDRO.*

*Leon.* She is there. Speak to her, you will find  
her alter'd.

*Pedro.* Sister, I am glad to see you, but far  
gladder,  
To see you entertain your health so well.

*Alm.* I am glad to see you too, sir, and shall be  
gladder

Shortly to see you all.

*Pedro.* Now she speaks heartily.

What do you want?

*Alm.* Only an hour of privateness  
I have a few thoughts—

*Pedro.* Take your full contentment,  
We'll walk aside again; but first to you, friend  
Or I shall much forget myself: my best friend,  
Command me ever, ever—you have won it.

*Ant.* Your lordship overflows me.

*Leon.* 'Tis but due, sir.

[*Exeunt LEONORA and PEDRO.*]

*Alm.* He's there still. Come, sir, to your last  
part now,

Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.

Why, whither go you?

*Ant.* Give me leave, good madam,

Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.

*Alm.* You shall not go, I swear you shall not go:

I ask you nothing but your name; you have one,  
And why should that thus fright you?

*Ant.* Gentle madam,  
I cannot speak; pray pardon me, a sickness,  
That takes me often, ties my tongue: go from  
me,

My fit's infectious, lady.

*Alm.* Were it death

In all his horrors, I must ask and know it;  
Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,  
To let a lady of my youth, and place,  
Beg thus long for a trifle!

*Ant.* Worthiest lady,  
Be wise, and let me go; you'll bless me for it;  
Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.

*Alm.* I only beg your name, sir.

*Ant.* That will choke you;

I do beseech you, pardon me.

*Alm.* I will not.

*Ant.* You'll curse me when you hear it.

*Alm.* Rather kiss thee;

Why shouldst thou think so?

*Ant.* Why! I bear that name,

And most unluckily as now it happens,

(Though I be innocent of all occasion.)

That, since my coming hither, people tell me  
You hate beyond forgiveness: now, heaven knows  
So much respect, although I am a stranger,  
Duty, and humble zeal, I bear your sweetness,  
That for the world I would not grieve your good-  
ness:

I'll change my name, dear madam.

*Alm.* People lie,

And wrong thy name; thy name may save all  
others,

And make that holy to me, that I hated:

Prithee, what is't?

*Ant.* Don John Antonio.—

What will this woman do, what thousand changes  
Run through her heart and hands? no fix'd  
thought in her!

She loves for certain now, but now I dare not.

Heaven guide me right!

*Alm.* I am not angry, sir,

With you, nor with your name; I love it rather,  
And shall respect you—you deserve—for this time  
I license you to go: be not far from me,  
I shall call for you often.

*Ant.* I shall wait, madam.

[*Exit*]

*Enter CUCUO.*

*Alm.* Now, what's the news with you?

*Cuo.* My lord your father

Sent me to tell your honour, prince Martino

Is well recover'd, and in strength.

*Alm.* Why, let him.—

The stories and the names so well agreeing,

And both so noble gentlemen.

[*Aside.*]

*Cuo.* And more, an't please you—

*Alm.* It doth not please me, neither more nor  
less on't.

*Cuo.* They'll come to visit you.

*Alm.* They shall break through the doors then.

[*Exit.*]

*Cuo.* Here's a new trick of state; this shews  
foul weather;

But let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter Pirates, and the Slave that followed PAULO.*

1 *Pir.* Sold for a slave, say'st thou?

*Slave.* 'Twas not so well:

Though I am bad enough, I personated  
Such base behaviour, barbarism of manners,  
With other pranks, that might deter the buyer,  
That the market yielded not one man that would  
Vouchsafe to own me.

1 *Pir.* What was thy end in it?

*Slave.* To be given away for nothing, as I was  
To the viceroy's doctor; with him I have continued  
In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves;  
His horse and dog of more esteem: and from  
That villainous carriage of myself, as if  
I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul,  
I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd,  
And pried in every place, without observance.  
For which, if you desire to be made men,  
And by one undertaking, and that easy,  
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings,  
The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap  
A plentiful harvest.

1 *Pir.* To the point; I like not  
These castles built in the air.

*Slave.* I'll make them real,  
And you the Neptunes of the sea; you shall  
No more be sea-rats.

1 *Pir.* Art not mad?

*Slave.* You have seen  
The star of Sicily, the fair Almira,  
The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward  
Of the duke of Messina?

1 *Pir.* Madam Leonora.

*Slave.* What will you say, if both these princesses,

This very night, for I will not delay you,  
Be put in your possession?

1 *Pir.* Now I dare swear

Thou hast maggots in thy brains, thou wouldst not  
else,

Talk of impossibilities.

*Slave.* Be still  
Incredulous.

1 *Pir.* Why, canst thou think we are able  
To force the court?

*Slave.* Are we able to force two women,  
And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pin-  
nace?

1 *Pir.* In a creek not half a league hence.

*Slave.* Can you fetch ladders,  
To mount a garden wall?

2 *Pir.* They shall be ready.

*Slave.* No more words then, but follow me;  
and if

I do not make this good, let my throat pay for't.

1 *Pir.* What heaps of gold these beauties would  
bring to us

From the great Turk, if it were possible  
That this could be effected!

*Slave.* If it be not,  
I know the price on't.

1 *Pir.* And be sure to pay it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in CUCULO's House.*

*Enter ANTONIO with a letter in his hand.*

*Ant.* Her fair hand threw this from the window  
And as I took it up, she said, *Peruse it,* [to me.  
*And entertain a fortune offer'd to thee.*—  
What may the inside speak?—

[*Breaks it open, and reads.*]

*For satisfaction*

*Of the contempt I shew'd don John Antonio,  
Whose name thou bear'st, and in that dearer to me,  
I do profess I love thee—How!—'tis so—  
I love thee; this night wait me in the garden,  
There thou shalt know more—subscribed,*

*Thy ALMIRA.*

Can it be possible such levity  
Should wait on her perfections! when I was  
Myself, set off with all the grace of greatness,  
Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated me,  
And did profess it openly; yet now,  
Being a slave, a thing she should in reason  
Disdain to look upon; in this base shape,  
And, since I wore it, never did her service,  
To dote thus fondly!—and yet I should glory  
In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it,  
Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further,  
Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her  
To the utmost trial. *In the garden!* well,  
There I shall learn more. Women, giddy women!  
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,  
There is no reason for your hate or love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to the same.*

*Enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, and two Waiting-women.*

*Leon.* At this

Unseasonable time to be thus brave,  
No visitants expected; you amaze me.

*Alm.* Are these jewels set forth to the best ad-  
To take the eye? [*vantage.*]

1 *Wom.* With our best care.

2 *Wom.* We never

Better discharged our duties.

*Alm.* In my sorrows,

A princess' name (I could perceive it) struck  
A kind of reverence in him, and my beauty,  
As then neglected, forced him to look on me  
With some sparks of affection; but now,  
When I would fan them to a glorious flame,  
I cannot be too curious. I wonder  
He stays so long. [*Aside.*]

*Leon.* These are strange fancies.

*Alm.* Go,

Entreat—I do forget myself—command  
My governess' gentleman, her slave, I should say,  
To wait me instantly;—[*Exit* 1 Woman.]—and  
yet already

He's here; his figure graven on my heart,  
Never to be razed out.

*Enter Pirates, and the Slave.*

*Slave.* There is the prize.

Is it so rich that you dare not seize upon it?

Here I begin.

[*Seizes ALMIRA.*]

*Alm.* Help! villain!

1 *Pir.* You are mine.

[*Seizes LEONORA.*]

2 *Pir.* Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve,  
after a storm,

To bid fair weather welcome. [*Seizes 2 Woman.*]

*Leon.* Raviisher!

Defend me, heaven!

*Alm.* No aid near!

2 *Wom.* Help!

*Slave.* Dispatch.

No glove nor handkerchief to stop their mouths?  
Their cries will reach the guard, and then we are  
lost.

*Re-enter 1 Woman, with ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* What shrieks are these? from whence?

O blessed saints,

What sacrilege to beauty! do I talk,  
When 'tis almost too late to do!—[*Forces a sword  
from the Slave.*—Take that.

*Slave.* All set upon him.

1 *Pir.* Kill him.

*Ant.* You shall buy  
My life at a dear rate, you rogues.

*Enter PEDRO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, and Guard.*

*Cuc.* Down with them.

*Pedro.* Unheard-of treason!

*Bora.* Make in, loggerhead;

My son slave fights like a dragon: take my bottle,  
Drink courage out on't.

*Ant.* Madam, you are free.

*Pedro.* Take comfort, dearest mistress.

*Cuc.* O you micher,

Have you a hand in this?

*Slave.* My aims were high;

Fortune's my enemy: to die's the worst,  
And that I look for.

1 *Pir.* Vengeance on your plots!

*Pedro.* The rack at better leisure shall force  
from them

A full discovery: away with them.

*Cuc.* Load them with irons.

*Bora.* Let them have no wine

[*Exit Guard with Pirates and Slave.*]

To comfort their cold hearts.

*Pedro.* Thou man of men!

*Leon.* A second Hercules.

*Alm.* An angel thus disguised.

*Pedro.* What thanks?

*Leon.* What service?

*Bora.* He shall serve me, by your leave, no ser-  
vice else.

*Ant.* I have done nothing but my duty, madam;  
And if the little you have seen exceed it,  
The thanks due for it pay my watchful master,  
And this my sober mistress.

*Bora.* He speaks truth, madam,  
I am very sober.

*Pedro.* Far beyond thy hopes  
Expect reward.

*Alm.* We'll straight to court, and there  
It is resolved what I will say and do.  
I am faint, support me.

*Pedro.* This strange accident  
Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend,  
You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Viceroy's  
Palace.*

*Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, and PAULO.*

*Duke.* Perfectly cured!

*Paul.* As such I will present him:

The thanks to be given to heaven.

*Duke.* Thrice-reverend man,  
What thanks but will come short of thy desert?  
Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee,  
Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue  
Set up in brass.

*Vice.* Thy name made the sweet subject  
Of our best poems; thy unequal'd cures  
Recorded to posterity.

*Paul.* Such false glories  
(Though the desire of fame be the last weakness  
Wise men put off) are not the marks I shoot at.  
But, if I have done any thing that may challenge  
Your favours, mighty princes, my request is,  
That for the good of such as shall succeed me,  
A college for physicians may be  
With care and cost erected, in which no man  
May be admitted to a fellowship,  
But such as by their vigilant studies shall  
Deserve a place there; this magnificence,  
Posterity shall thank you for.

*Vice.* Rest assured,  
In this, or any boon you please to ask,  
You shall have no repulse.

*Paul.* My humblest service  
Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,  
I'll fetch my princely patient, and present him.

*Duke.* Do; and imagine in what I may serve  
And, by my honour, with a willing hand [you,  
I will subscribe to't. [*Exit PAULO.*]

*Enter PEDRO, ALMIRA, LEONORA, ANTONIO, CUCULO,  
BORACHIA, and Guard.*

*Cuc.* Make way there.

*Vice.* My daughter!

How's this! a slave crown'd with a civic garland!  
The mystery of this?

*Pedro.* It will deserve  
Your hearing and attention: such a truth  
Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore  
With all the brevity and plainness that  
I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,  
When of most power and wisdom, did decree  
A wreath like this to any common soldier  
That saved a citizen's life, the bravery  
And valour of this man may justly challenge  
Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew  
Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,  
With violent rudeness seizing on my sister,  
And my fair mistress; both were in their power,  
And ready to be forced hence, when this man,  
Unarm'd, came to their rescue, but his courage  
Soon furnish'd him with weapons; in a word,  
The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies,  
You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,  
And ready, when you please, for punishment.

*Vice.* As an induction of more to come,  
Receive this favour.

*Duke.* With myself, my son  
Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; observe now  
Their amorous meeting.

*Re-enter PAULO with CARDENES.*

*Car.* I am glad you are well, lady.

*Alm.* I grieve not your recovery.

*Vice.* So coldly!

*Duke.* Why fall you off?

*Car.* To shun captivity, sir.

I was too long a slave, I'll now be free.

*Alm.* 'Tis my desire you should. Sir, my affection

To him was but a trifle, which I play'd with  
In the childhood of my love; which now, grown  
I cannot like of. [older,

*Vice.* Strange inconstancy!

*Car.* 'Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a true deb't  
Tender'd to justice, rather. My first life,  
Loaden with all the follies of a man,  
Or what could take addition from a woman,  
Was by my headstrong passions, which o'er-ruled  
My understanding, forfeited to death:  
But this new being, this my second life,  
Begun in serious contemplation of  
What best becomes a perfect man, shall never  
Sink under such weak frailties.

*Duke.* Most unlook'd for!

*Paul.* It does transcend all wonders.

*Car.* 'Tis a blessing

I owe your wisdom, which I'll not abuse:

But if you envy your own gift, and will

Make me that wretched creature which I was,

You then again shall see me compassionate.

A lover of poor trifles, confident

In man's deceiving strength, or falser fortune;

Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring,

Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with all diseases

The beastly part of man infects his soul with,

And to remember what's the worst, once more  
To love a woman; but till that time never. [Exit.

*Vice.* Stand you affected so to men, Almira?

*Alm.* No, sir; if so, I could not well discharge

What I stand bound to pay you, and to nature.

Though prince Martino does profess a hate

To womankind, 'twere a poor world for women,

Were there no other choice, or all should follow

The example of this new Hippolytus:

There are men, sir, that can love, and have loved  
truly;

Nor am I desperate but I may deserve

One that both can and will so.

*Vice.* My allowance

Shall rank with your good liking, still provided

Your choice be worthy.

*Alm.* In it I have used

The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer

With calling off to heaven it might be so.

I have not sought a living comfort from

The reverend ashes of old ancestors;

Nor given myself to the mere name and titles

Of such a man, that, being himself nothing,

Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb:

For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't,

Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter;

No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all

The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness,

Has in himself such true and real goodness,

His parts so far above his low condition,

That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish,

Both to your name and family.

*Pedro.* What strange creature

Hath she found out?

*Leon.* I dare not guess.

*Alm.* To hold you

No longer in suspense, this matchless man,

That saved my life and honour, is my husband,  
Whom I will serve with duty.

*Bora.* My son slave!

*Vice.* Have you your wits?

*Bora.* I'll not part with him so.

*Cuc.* This I foresaw too.

*Vice.* Do not jest thyself

Into the danger of a father's anger.

*Alm.* Jest, sir! by all my hope of comfort in  
him,

I am most serious. Good sir, look upon him;

But let it be with my eyes, and the care

You should owe to your daughter's life and safety,

Of which, without him, she's incapable,

And you'll approve him worthy.

*Vice.* O thou shame

Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!

With what an impious violence thou tak'st from  
His few short hours of breathing! [him,

*Paul.* Do not add, sir,

Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.

*Vice.* From whom, degenerate monster, flow these  
low

And base affections in thee? what strange philtres

Hast thou received? what witch with damned spells

Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,

Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,

From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures

Thou dost prepare thyself.

*Duke.* Good sir, take comfort;

The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.

*Paul.* This villain, (for such practices in that  
nation

Are very frequent,) it may be, hath forced,

By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,

This frenzy in her.

*Vice.* Sever them.

*Alm.* I grow to him.

*Vice.* Carry the slave to torture, and wrest from

By the most cruel means, a free confession [him.

Of his impostures.

*Alm.* I will follow him,

And with him take the rack.

*Bora.* No; hear me speak,

I can speak wisely: hurt not my son slave,

But rack or hang my husband, and I care not;

For I'll be bound body to body with him,

He's very honest, that's his fault.

*Vice.* Take hence

This drunken beast.

*Bora.* Drunk! am I drunk? bear witness.

*Cuc.* She is indeed distemper'd.

*Vice.* Hang them both,

If e'er more they come near the court.

*Cuc.* Good sir,

You can recover dead men; can you cure

A living drunkenness?

*Paul.* 'Tis the harder task:

Go home with her, I'll send you something that

Shall once again bring her to better temper,

Or make her sleep for ever.

*Cuc.* Which you please, sir.

[Exit CUCULO and BORACIA.

*Vice.* Why linger you? rack him first, and after  
Upon the wheel. [break him

*Pedro.* Sir, this is more than justice.

*Ant.* Is't death in Sicily to be beloved

Of a fair lady?

*Leon.* Though he be a slave,

Remember yet he is a man.

*Vice.* I am deaf  
To all persuasions :—drag him hence.

[*The Guard carry off ANTONIO.*]

*Alm.* Do, tyrant,  
No more a father, feast thy cruelty  
Upon thy daughter ; but hell's plagues fall on me,  
If I inflict not on myself whatever  
He can endure for me !

*Vice.* Will none restrain her ?

*Alm.* Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,  
I shall find one. If Portia's burning coals,  
The knife of Lucrece, Cleopatra's aspics,  
Famine, deep waters, have the power to free me  
From a loath'd life, I'll not an hour outlive him.

*Pedro.* Sister !

*Leon.* Dear cousin !

[*Exit ALMIRA, followed by PEDRO, and LEON.*]

*Vice.* Let her perish.

*Paul.* Hear me :

The effects of violent love are desperate,  
And therefore in the execution of  
The slave be not too sudden. I was present  
When he was bought, and at that time myself  
Made purchase of another ; he that sold them  
Said that they were companions of one country ;  
Something may rise from this to ease your sorrows.  
By circumstance I'll learn what's his condition ;  
In the mean time use all fair and gentle means,  
To pacify the lady.

*Vice.* I'll endeavour,  
As far as grief and anger will give leave,  
To do as you direct me.

*Duke.* I'll assist you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter PEDRO and Keeper.*

*Pedro.* Hath he been visited already ?

*Keeper.* Yes, sir,

Like one of better fortune ; and to increase  
My wonder of it, such as repair to him,  
In their behaviour rather appear  
Servants, than friends to comfort him.

*Pedro.* Go fetch him. [*Exit Keeper.*]

I am bound in gratitude to do more than wish  
The life and safety of a man that hath  
So well deserved me.

*Re-enter Keeper with ANTONIO in his former dress, and  
Servant.*

*Keeper.* Here he is, my lord.

*Pedro.* Who's here ? thou art not conjurer to  
raise

A spirit in the best shape man e'er appear'd in,  
My friend, the prince of Tarent ; doubts, forsake  
I must and will embrace him. [*me !*]

*Ant.* Pedro holds  
One that loves life for nothing, but to live  
To do him service.

*Pedro.* You are he, most certain.  
Heaven ever make me thankful for this bounty.  
Run to the Viceroy, let him know this rarity.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

But how you came here thus—yet, since I have  
Is't not enough I bless the prosperous means [you,  
That brought you hither ?

*Ant.* Dear friend, you shall know all ;  
And though, in thankfulness, I should begin  
Where you deliver'd me—

*Pedro.* Pray you pass that over,  
That's not worth the relation.

*Ant.* You confirm

True friends' love to do courtesies, not to hear them.  
But I'll obey you. In our tedious passage  
Towards Malta—I may call it so, for hardly  
We had lost the ken of Sicily, but we were  
Be calm'd and hull'd so up and down twelve hours ;  
When, to our more misfortunes, we descried  
Eight well-mann'd gallees making amain for us,  
Of which the arch Turkish pirate, cruel Dragut,  
Was admiral : I'll not speak what I did  
In our defence, but never man did more  
Than the brave captain that you sent forth with me :  
All would not do : courage oppress'd with number,  
We were boarded, pillaged to the skin, and after  
Twice sold for slaves ; by the pirate first, and  
By a Maltese to signior Cuculo, [after  
Which I repent not, since there 'twas my fortune  
To be to you, my best friend, some ways useful—  
I thought to cheer you up with this short story,  
But you grow sad on't.

*Pedro.* Have I not just cause,  
When I consider I could be so stupid,  
As not to see a friend through all disguises ;  
Or he so far to question my true love,  
To keep himself conceal'd ?

*Ant.* 'Twas fit to do so,

And not to grieve you with the knowledge of  
What then I was ; where now I appear to you,  
Your sister loving me, and Martino safe,  
Like to myself and birth.

*Pedro.* May you live long so !  
How dost thou, honest friend ? (your trustiest  
servant)

Give me thy hand :—I now can guess by whom  
You are thus furnish'd.

*Ant.* Troth he met with me

As I was sent to prison, and there brought me  
Such things as I had use of.

*Pedro.* Let's to court,  
My father never saw a man so welcome,  
As you'll be to him.

*Ant.* May it prove so, friend !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.*

*Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, CARDENES, PAULO,  
Captain, ALMIRA, LEONORA, Waiting-women, and  
Attendants.*

*Vice.* The slave changed to the prince of Tarent,  
says he ?

*Capt.* Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort,  
Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of't,  
For my deceiving of that trust your excellency  
Reposed in me.

*Paul.* Yet since all hath fallen out  
Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor,  
And a prevailing one, to get his pardon.

*Alm.* O, dearest Leonora, with what forehead  
Dare I look on him now ? too powerful Love,  
The best strength of thy unconfined empire  
Lies in weak women's hearts : thou art feign'd  
blind,

And yet we borrow our best sight from thee.  
Could it be else, the person still the same,  
Affection over me such power should have,  
To make me scorn a prince, and love a slave !

*Car.* But art thou sure 'tis he ?

*Capt.* Most certain, sir.

*Car.* Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and as  
As when he left me dead ? [able

*Capt.* Your own eyes, sir,  
Shall make good my report.

*Car.* I am glad of it,  
And take you comfort in it, sir, there's hope,  
Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour.

*Duke.* What's that ?

*Car.* I will do something, that shall speak me  
Messina's son.

*Duke.* I like not this :—one word, sir.

[*Whispers the VICEROY.*]

*Vice.* We'll prevent it.—

Nay look up, my Almira : now I approve  
Thy happy choice ; I have forgot my anger ;  
I freely do forgive thee.

*Alm.* May I find  
Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent !  
I then were happy.

*Leon.* Rest assured you shall.

*Enter ANTONIO, PEDRO, and Servant.*

*Vice.* We all with open arms haste to embrace  
*Duke.* Welcome, most welcome ! [you.

*Car.* Stay.

*Duke.* 'Twas this I fear'd.

*Car.* Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict  
The reputation of men's fame and honours [terms  
Depends in this so punctual age, in which  
A word that may receive a harsh construction,  
Is answer'd and defended by the sword :  
And you, that know so much, will, I presume,  
Be sensibly tender of another's credit,  
As you would guard your own.

*Ant.* I were unjust else.

*Car.* I have received from your hands wounds,  
My honour in the general report [and deep ones,  
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand  
This satisfaction—that you would forgive  
My contumelious words and blow, my rash

And unadvised wildness first threw on you.  
Thus I would teach the world a better way  
For the recovery of a wounded honour,  
Than with a savage fury, not true courage,  
Still to run headlong on.

*Ant.* Can this be serious ?

*Car.* I'll add this, he that does wrong, not alone  
Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword against  
His own life and his honour. I have paid for't ;  
And wish that they who dare most, would learn  
from me,

Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it.

*Paul.* Why, this is like yourself.

*Car.* For further proof,  
Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up  
This lady to you.

*Vice.* Which I make more strong  
With my free grant.

*Alm.* I bring mine own consent,  
Which will not weaken it.

*All.* All joy confirm it !

*Ant.* Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,  
Which I will study with all love and service  
To appear worthy of.

*Paul.* Pray you, understand, sir,  
There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly  
Would hear from you as much as the pleased  
Hath said unto the prince of Tarent. [VICEROY

*Duke.* Take her ;

Her dowry shall be answerable to  
Her birth, and your desert.

*Pedro.* You make both happy.

*Ant.* One only suit remains ; that you would  
To take again into your highness' favour, [please  
This honest captain : let him have your grace ;  
What's due to his much merit, shall from me  
Meet liberal rewards.

*Vice.* Have your desire.

*Ant.* Now may all here that love, as they are  
friends  
To our good fortunes, find like prosperous ends.

[*Exeunt.*]

### EPILOGUE.

*Custom, and that a law we must obey,  
In the way of epilogue bids me something say,  
Howe'er to little purpose, since we know,  
If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow  
A gentle censure : on the other side,  
If that this play deserve to be decried  
In your opinions, all that I can say  
Will never turn the stream the other way.  
Your gracious smiles will render us secure ;  
Your frowns without despair we must endure.*

# THE BASHFUL LOVER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GONZAGA, Duke of Mantua.  
 LORENZO, Duke of Tuscany.  
 UBERTI, Prince of Parma.  
 FARNESE, Cousin to GONZAGA.  
 ALONZO, the Ambassador, Nephew to LORENZO.  
 MANTROY, a Lord of Mantua.  
 OCTAVIO, formerly General to GONZAGA, but now  
 in Exile.  
 GOTHRIO, his Servant.  
 GALEAZO, a Milanese Prince, disguised under  
 the name of HORTENSIO.  
 JULIO, his Attendant.

PISANO, } Florentine Officers.  
 MARTINO, }  
 Captains.  
 Milanese Ambassador.  
 Doctor.  
 MATILDA, Daughter to GONZAGA.  
 BEATRICE, her Waiting-Woman.  
 MARIA, Daughter to OCTAVIO, disguised as a  
 Page, and call'd ASCANIO.  
 Waiting-Women.

Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants, Page, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN THE CITY OF MANTUA, AND PARTLY IN THE DUTCHY.

## PROLOGUE.

*This from our author, far from all offence  
 To able writers, or the audience  
 Met here to judge his poem. He, by me,  
 Presents his service, with such modesty  
 As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime,  
 He hopes, as we do, in this curious time,  
 To be a little diffident, when we are  
 To please so many with one bill of fare.  
 Let others, building on their merit, say  
 You're in the wrong, if you move not that way  
 Which they prescribe you: as you were bound to  
 Their maxims, but incapable to discern* [learn

*'Twist truth and falsehood. Our's had rather  
 be  
 Censured by some for too much obsequy,  
 Than tax'd of self opinion. If he hear  
 That his endeavours thrived, and did appear  
 Worthy your view, (though made so by your  
 grace,  
 With some desert,) he, in another place,  
 Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays  
 Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise  
 More pleasure in him, you the givers free,  
 Than garlands ravish'd from the virgin tree.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. A Space before the  
 Palace.

Enter HORTENSIO and JULIO.

*Jul.* I dare not cross you, sir, but I would  
 (Provided you allow it) render you [gladly  
 My personal attendance.

*Hort.* You shall better  
 Discharge the duty of an honest servant.  
 In following my instructions, which you have  
 Received already, than in questioning  
 What my intents are, or upon what motives  
 My stay's resolved in Mantua: believe me,  
 That servant overdoes, that's too officious;  
 And, in presuming to direct your master,  
 You argue him of weakness, and yourself  
 Of arrogance and impertinence.

*Jul.* I have done, sir;  
 But what my ends are—

*Hort.* Honest ones, I know it.

I have my bills of exchange, and all provisions,  
 Entrusted to you; you have shewn yourself  
 Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet  
 To satisfy in some part your curious care,  
 Hear this, and leave me. I desire to be  
 Obscured; and, as I have demean'd myself  
 These six months past in Mantua, I'll continue  
 Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,  
 Appear no more than a gentleman, and a stranger,  
 That travels for his pleasure.

*Jul.* With your pardon,  
 This hardly will hold weight, though I should  
 With your noble friends and brother. [swear it,

*Hort.* You may tell them,  
 Since you will be my tutor, there's a rumour,  
 Almost cried up into a certainty,  
 Of wars with Florence, and that I am determined  
 To see the service: whatever I went forth,



Heaven prospering my intents, I would come home  
A soldier, and a good one.

*Jul.* Should you get

A captain's place, nay, colonel's, 'twould add little  
To what you are; few of your rank will follow  
That dangerous profession.

*Hort.* 'Tis the noblest,  
And monarchs honour'd in it: but no more,  
On my displeasure.

*Jul.* Saints and angels guard you! [*Exit.*]

*Hort.* A war, indeed, is threaten'd, nay, expected,  
From Florence; but it is 'gainst me already  
Proclaim'd in Mantua; I find it here,  
No foreign, but intestine war: I have  
Defied myself, in giving up my reason  
A slave to passion, and am led captive  
Before the battle's fought: I fainted, when  
I only saw mine enemy, and yielded,  
Before that I was charged; and, though defeated,  
I dare not sue for mercy. Like Ixion,  
I look on Juno, feel my heart turn cinders  
With an invisible fire; and yet, should she  
Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud,  
The majesty of the substance is so sacred,  
I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her  
With adoration, feast my eye, while all  
My other senses starve; and, oft frequenting  
The place which she makes happy with her pre-  
I never yet had power with tongue or pen [*sence,*  
To move her to compassion, or make known  
What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,  
Though it increase my flame:—however, I  
Much more than fear I am observ'd, and censured  
For bold intrusion. [*Walks by.*]

*Enter BEATRICE and ASCANIO.*

*Beat.* Know you, boy, that gentleman?

*Asc.* Who? monsieur Melancholy? hath not  
Mark'd him before? [*your honour*]

*Beat.* I have seen him often wait  
About the princess' lodgings, but ne'er guess'd  
What his designs were.

*Asc.* No! what a sigh he breath'd now!  
Many such will blow up the roof: on my small  
There's gunpowder in them. [*credit*]

*Beat.* How, crack! gunpowder?  
He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry  
Such roaring stuff about them: you cannot prove  
He is or spirit or conjurer.

*Asc.* That I grant,  
But he's a lover, and that's as bad; their sighs  
Are like petards, and blow all up.

*Beat.* A lover!  
I have been in love myself, but never found yet  
That it could work such strange effects.

*Asc.* True, madam,  
In women it cannot; for when they miss the en-  
joying  
Of their full wishes, all their sighs and heigh-hoes,  
At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are cured  
too

With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears  
Between a pair of sheets: but, with us men,  
The case is otherwise.

*Beat.* You will be breech'd, boy,  
For your physical maxims.—But how are you  
He is a lover? [*assured,*]

*Asc.* Who, I? I know with whom too:  
But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*]

*Beat.* How! the princess!

The unparallel'd Matilda! some proof of it;  
I'll pay for my intelligence. [*Gives Asc. money.*]

*Asc.* Let me kiss

Your honour's hand; 'twas ever fair, but now  
Beyond comparison.

*Beat.* I guess the reason;  
A giving hand is still fair to the receiver.

*Asc.* Your ladyship's in the right; but to the  
purpose.

He is my client, and pays his fees as duly  
As ever usurer did, in a bad cause,  
To his man of law; and yet I get, and take them  
Both easily and honestly: all the service  
I do him is, to give him notice when  
And where the princess will appear; and that  
I hope's no treason. If you miss him, when  
She goes to the vesper or the matins, hang me;  
Or when she takes the air, be sure to find him  
Near her coach, at her going forth, or coming  
back;

But if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him  
Smell out her footing like a lime-hound, and nose it  
From all the rest of her train.

*Beat.* Yet I ne'er saw him  
Present her a petition.

*Asc.* Nor e'er shall:

He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices  
A tear or two—then vanishes.

*Beat.* 'Tis most strange: [*of't.*]

What a sad aspect he wears! but I'll make use  
The princess is much troubled with the threats  
That come from Florence; I will bring her to him,  
The novelty may afford her sport, and help  
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay  
Your client here for the third part of an hour?  
I have some ends in't.

*Asc.* Stay him, madam! fear not:  
The present receipt of a round sum of crowns,  
And that will draw most gallants from their prayers,  
Cannot drag him from me.

*Beat.* See you do. [*Exit.*]

*Asc.* Ne'er doubt me.

I'll put him out of his dream.—Good morrow,  
signior.

*Hort.* My little friend, good morrow. Hath the  
Slept well to-night? [*princess*]

*Asc.* I hear not from her women

One murmur to the contrary.

*Hort.* Heaven be praised for't!  
Does she go to church this morning?

*Asc.* Troth, I know not;

I keep no key of her devotion, signior.

*Hort.* Goes she abroad? pray tell me.

*Asc.* 'Tis thought rather,  
She is resolv'd to keep her chamber.

*Hort.* Ah me!

*Asc.* Why do you sigh? if that you have a  
business

To be dispatch'd in court, shew ready money,  
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.

*Hort.* Business! can any man have business, but  
To see her; then admire her, and pray for her,  
She being composed of goodness? for myself,  
I find it a degree of happiness

But to be near her, and I think I pay  
A strict religious vow, when I behold her;  
And that's all my ambition.

*Asc.* I believe you:

Yet, she being absent, you may spend some hours  
With profit and delight too. After dinner,

The duke gives audience to a rough ambassador,  
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his title,  
Employ'd from Florence; I'll help you to a place,  
Where you shall see and hear all.

*Hort.* 'Tis not worth  
My observation.

*Asc.* What think you of  
An excellent comedy, to be presented  
For his entertainment? he that penn'd it is  
The poet of the time, and all the ladies,  
(I mean the amorous and learned ones.)  
Except the princess, will be there to grace it.

*Hort.* What's that to me? without her all is  
nothing;

The light that shines in court Cimmerian darkness;  
I will to bed again, and there contemplate  
On her perfections.

*Re-enter BEATRICE with MATILDA, and two Waiting-women.*

*Asc.* Stay, sir, see! the princess,  
Beyond our hopes.

*Hort.* Take that. [*Gives him money.*]—As  
Moors salute

The rising sun with joyful superstition,  
I could fall down and worship.—O my heart!  
Like Phoebe breaking through an envious cloud,  
Or something which no simile can express,  
She shews to me: a reverent fear, but blended  
With wonder and amazement, does possess me.  
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye!

*Beat.* That's he,  
An't please your excellence.

1 *Wom.* Observe his posture,  
But with a quarter-look.

2 *Wom.* Your eye fix'd on him,  
Will breed astonishment.

*Matil.* A comely gentleman!  
I would not question your relation, lady,  
Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me!  
Will he not speak?

*Beat.* Your excellence hath deprived him  
Of speech and motion.

*Matil.* 'Tis most strange.

*Asc.* These fits  
Are usual with him.

*Matil.* Is it not, Ascanio,  
A personated folly! or he a statue?  
If it be, it is a masterpiece; for man  
I cannot think him.

*Beat.* For your sport, vouchsafe him  
A little conference.

*Matil.* In compassion rather:  
For should he love me, as you say, (though hope-  
less,)

It should not be return'd with scorn; that were  
An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour  
Could privilege, and were greater. Now I perceive  
He has life and motion in him. To whom, lady,  
Pays he that duty?

[*Hortasio, bowing, offers to go off.*

*Beat.* Sans doubt, to yourself.

*Matil.* And whither goes he now?

*Asc.* To his private lodging,  
But to what end I know not; this is all  
I ever noted in him.

*Matil.* Call him back:

In pity I stand bound to counsel him,  
How'er I am denied, though I were willing,  
To ease his sufferings.

*Asc.* Signior! the princess  
Commands you to attend her.

*Hort.* [*Returns.*] How! the princess!  
Am I betray'd?

*Asc.* What a lump of flesh is this!  
You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune  
Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus  
Do you make yourself! the flying fruit stays for  
And the water that you long'd for, rising up [you,  
Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it?  
Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust  
This goad in your breech: had I such a promising  
I should need the reins, not spurs. [*beard,*

*Matil.* You may come nearer.  
Why do you shake, sir? If I flatter not  
Myself, there's no deformity about me,  
Nor any part so monstrous, to beget  
An ague in you.

*Hort.* It proceeds not, madam,  
From guilt, but reverence.

*Matil.* I believe you, sir;  
Have you a suit to me?

*Hort.* Your excellence  
Is wondrous fair.

*Matil.* I thank your good opinion.  
*Hort.* And I beseech you that I may have license  
To kneel to you.

*Matil.* A suit I cannot cross.  
*Hort.* I humbly thank your excellence. [*Kneels.*

*Matil.* But what,  
As you are prostrate on your knee before me,  
Is your petition?

*Hort.* I have none, great princess.  
*Matil.* Do you kneel for nothing?

*Hort.* Yes, I have a suit,  
But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.

*Matil.* Take comfort: it must be of some strange  
Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant, [*nature,*  
If I refuse it.

*Hort.* It is, madam—  
*Matil.* Out with't.

*Hort.* That I may not offend you, this is all,  
When I presume to look on you.

*Asc.* A fiat canuch!  
To look on her? I should desire myself  
To move a little further.

*Matil.* Only that?

*Hort.* And I beseech you, madam, to believe  
I never did yet with a wanton eye;  
Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it.

*Beat.* You'll never make good courtier, or be  
In grace with ladies.

1 *Wom.* Or us waiting-women,  
If that be your *nil ultra.*

2 *Wom.* He's no gentleman,  
On my virginity, it is apparent:  
My tailor has more boldness; nay, my shoemaker  
Will fumble a little further, he could not have  
The length of my foot else.

*Matil.* Only to look on me!  
Ends your ambition there?

*Hort.* It does, great lady,—  
And that confined too, and at fitting distance:  
The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it.  
As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples,  
I look on you, and wish it were no sin  
Should I adore you.

*Matil.* Come, there's something more in't;  
And since that you will make a goddess of me,  
As such a one I'll tell you, I desire not

The meanest altar raised up to mine honour  
To be pull'd down : I can accept from you,  
Be your condition ne'er so far beneath me,  
One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,  
Beyond all perfumes, or Sabsean spices,  
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it :  
I know you love me.

*Hort.* Next to heaven, madam.  
And with as pure a seal. That, we behold  
With the eyes of contemplation, but can  
Arrive no nearer to it in this life ;  
But when that is divorced, my soul shall serve  
And witness my affection. [yours,

*Matil.* Pray you rise ;  
But wait my further pleasure.

[*Hort.* rises and walks aside.

*Enter FARNESE and UBERTI.*

*Farn.* I'll present you,  
And give you proof I am your friend, a true one ;  
And in my pleading for you, teach the age,  
That calls, erroneously, friendship but a name,  
It is a substance.—Madam, I am bold  
To trench so far upon your privacy,  
As to desire my friend (let not that wrong him,  
For he's a worthy one) may have the honour  
To kiss your hand.

*Matil.* His own worth challenges  
A greater favour.

*Farn.* Your acknowledgment  
Confirms it, madam. If you look on him  
As he's built up a man, without addition  
Of fortune's liberal favours, wealth or titles,  
He doth deserve no usual entertainment :  
But, as he is a prince, and for your service  
Hath left fair Parma, that acknowledges  
No other lord, and, uncompell'd, exposes  
His person to the dangers of the war,  
Ready to break in storms upon our heads ;  
In noble thankfulness you may vouchsafe him  
Nearer respect, and such grace as may nourish,  
Not kill, his amorous hopes.

*Matil.* Cousin, you know  
I am not the disposer of myself,  
The duke my father challenges that power :  
Yet thus much I dare promise ; prince Uberti  
Shall find the seed of service that he sows.  
Falls not on barren ground.

*Uber.* For this high favour  
I am your creature, and profess I owe you  
Whatever I call mine. [They walk aside.

*Hort.* This great lord is  
A suitor to the princess.

*Asc.* True, he is so.

*Hort.* Fame gives him out too for a brave commander.

*Asc.* And in it does him but deserved right ;  
The duke hath made him general of his horse,  
On that assurance.

*Hort.* And the lord Farnese,  
Pleads for him, as it seems.

*Asc.* 'Tis too apparent :  
And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask  
What hope have you, sir ?

*Hort.* I may still look on her,  
Howe'er he wear the garland.

*Asc.* A thin diet,  
And will not feed you fat, sir.

*Uber.* I rejoice,  
Rare princess, that you are not to be won

By carpet-courtship, but the sword ; with this  
Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much  
I can and dare do for you.

*Matil.* 'Tis not question'd.  
Some private business of mine own disposed of,  
I'll meet you in the presence.

*Uber.* Ever your servant.

[*Exeunt UBERTI and FARNESE.*

*Matil.* Now, sir, to you. You have observed,  
I doubt not,

For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose  
This prince solicits me ; and yet I am not  
So taken with his worth, but that I can  
Vouchsafe you further parle. The first command  
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear  
And follow my good counsel : I am not  
Offended that you love me, persist in it,  
But love me virtuously ; such love may spur you  
To noble undertakings, which achieved,  
Will raise you into name, preferment, honour :  
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person,  
(For that's impossible,) you are indebted  
To your high aims : visit me when you please,  
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,  
So you confine yourself to what you promise,  
As my virtuous servant.

*Beat.* Farewell, sir ! you have  
An unexpected cordial.

*Asc.* May it work well ! [Exeunt all but Hort.

*Hort.* Your love—yes, so she said, may spur  
you to

*Brave undertakings:* adding this, *You may  
Visit me when you please.* Is this allow'd me,  
And any act, within the power of man  
Impossible to be effected ? no  
I will break through all oppositions that  
May stop me in my full career to honour :  
And borrowing strength to do, from her high  
favour,  
Add something to Alcides' greatest labour. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A State-room in the  
Palace.

*Enter GONZAGA UBERTI, FARNESE, MANFROY, and  
Attendants.*

*Gon.* This is your place : and, were it in our  
power, [Leads UBERTI to the state.

You should have greater honour, prince of Parma ;  
The rest know theirs.—Let some attend with care  
On the ambassador, and let my daughter  
Be present at his audience. [Exeunt Attendants.]

—Reach a chair,  
We'll do all fit respects ; and, pray you, put on  
Your milder looks, you are in a place where frowns  
Are no prevailing agents. [To UBERTI.

*Enter at one door ALONZO and Attendants: MATILDA,  
BEATRICE, ASCANIO, HORTENSIO, and Waiting-women,  
at the other.*

*Asc.* I have seen  
More than a wolf, a Gorgon ! [Swoons.

*Gon.* What's the matter ?

*Matil.* A page of mine is fallen into a swoon ;  
Look to him carefully. [ASCANIO is carried out

*Gon.* Now, when you please,  
The cause that brought you hither ?

*Alon.* The protraction  
Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo.

The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, Gonzaga,  
The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew,  
He does salute you fairly, and entreats  
(A word not suitable to his power and greatness)  
You would consent to tender that which he,  
Unwillingly, must force, if contradicted.  
Ambition, in a private man a vice,  
Is, in a prince, the virtue.

*Gon.* To the purpose;  
These ambages are impertinent.

*Alon.* He demands  
The fair Matilda, for I dare not take  
From her perfections, in a noble way;  
And in creating her the comfort of  
His royal bed, to raise her to a height  
Her flattering hopes could not aspire, where she  
With wonder shall be gazed upon, and live  
The envy of her sex.

*Gon.* Suppose this granted.

*Uber.* Or, if denied, what follows?

*Alon.* Present war,  
With all extremities the conqueror can  
Inflict upon the vanquish'd.

*Uber.* Grant me license  
To answer this defiance. What intelligence  
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven,  
That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,  
He dares assure himself the victory?  
Are his unjust invading arms of fire?

Or those we put on in defence of right,  
Like chaff to be consumed in the encounter?  
I look on your dimensions, and find not  
Mine own of lesser size; the blood that fills  
My veins, as hot as yours: my sword as sharp,  
My nerves of equal strength, my heart as good;  
And, confident we have the better cause,  
Why should we fear the trial?

*Far.* You presume  
You are superior in numbers; we  
Lay hold upon the surest anchor, virtue;  
Which, when the tempest of the war roars loudest,  
Must prove a strong protection.

*Gon.* Two main reasons  
(Seconding those you have already heard)  
Give us encouragement; the duty that  
I owe my mother-country, and the love  
Descending to my daughter. For the first,  
Should I betray her liberty, I deserv'd  
To have my name with infamy razed from  
The catalogue of good princes; and I should  
Unnaturally forget I am a father,  
If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profit,  
I should consign her, as a bondwoman,  
To be disposed of at another's pleasure;  
Her own consent or favour never sued for,  
And mine by force exacted. No, Alonzo,  
She is my only child, my heir; and, if  
A father's eyes deceive me not, the hand  
Of prodigal nature hath given so much to her  
As, in the former ages, kings would rise up  
In her defence, and make her cause their quarrel:  
Nor can she, if that any spark remain  
To kindle a desire to be possess'd  
Of such a beauty, in our time, want swords  
To guard it safe from violence.

*Hort.* I must speak,  
Or I shall burst: now to be silent were  
A kind of blasphemy: if such purity,  
Such innocence, an abstract of perfection,  
The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word,

A temple of things sacred, should groan under  
The burthen of oppression, we might  
Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above us  
Of negligence or injustice.—Pardon, sir,  
A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy call it  
True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this,  
The husbandman would change his ploughing-  
To weapons of defence, and leave the earth [irons  
Untill'd, although a general dearth should follow:  
The student would forswear his book, the lawyer  
Put off his thriving gown, and, without pay,  
Conclude this cause is to be fought, not pleaded.  
The women will turn Amazons, as their sex  
In her were wrong'd; and boys write down their  
In the muster-book for soldiers. [names

*Gon.* Take my hand:  
Whatever you are, I thank you. How are you  
*Hort.* Hortensio, a Milanese. [call'd?

*Gon.* I wish  
Mantua had many such.—My lord ambassador,  
Some privacy, if you please; Manfroy, you may  
Partake it, and advise us. [They walk aside.

*Uber.* Do you know, friend,  
What this man is, or of what country?

*Far.* Neither.  
*Uber.* I'll question him myself. What are you,  
*Hort.* A gentleman. [sir?

*Uber.* But if there be gradation  
In gentry, as the heralds say, you have  
Been over-bold in the presence of your betters.

*Hort.* My betters, sir!  
*Uber.* Your betters. As I take it,  
You are no prince.

*Hort.* 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one;  
I have not heard that glorious title crowns you,  
As a reward of virtue: it may be,  
The first of your house deserv'd it; yet his merits  
You can but faintly call your own.

*Matil.* Well answer'd.  
*Uber.* You come up to me.  
*Hort.* I would not turn my back,  
If you were the duke of Florence, though you  
charged me

I' the head of your troops.  
*Uber.* Tell me in gentler language,  
Your passionate speech induces me to think so,  
Do you love the princess?

*Hort.* Were you mine enemy,  
Your foot upon my breast, sword at my throat,  
Even then I would profess it. The ascent  
To the height of honour is by arts or arms;  
And if such an unequal'd prize might fall  
On him that did deserve best in defence  
Of this rare princess, in the day of battle,  
I should lead you a way would make your greatness  
Sweat drops of blood to follow.

*Uber.* Can your excellence  
Hear this without rebuke from one unknown?  
Is he a rival for a prince?

*Matil.* My lord,  
You take that liberty I never gave you.  
In justice you should give encouragement  
To him, or any man, that freely offers  
His life to do me service, not deter him;  
I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,  
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?  
Would you have all men hate me but yourself?  
No more of this, I pray you: if this gentleman  
Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion  
To his desert and quality, I can

And will reward him; yet give you no cause  
Of jealousy or envy.

*Hort.* Heavenly lady!

*Gon.* No peace but on such poor and base conditions!

We will not buy it at that rate: return  
This answer to your master: Though we wish'd  
To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms  
As honour would give way to, we are not  
As thunderstruck with the loud voice of war,  
As to acknowledge him our lord before  
His sword hath made us vassals: we long since  
Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe  
He purposed to lay on us; neither are we  
So unprovoked as you think, my lord;  
He shall not need to seek us; we will meet him,  
And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps  
Sooner than he expects.

*Aton.* And find repentance,

When 'tis too late. Farewell. [*Exit with FARNKNEZ.*]

*Gon.* No, my Matilda,

We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey,  
To their last gasp, defend their brood; and Florence,

Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,  
Before he force affection. The arms  
That thou must put on for us and thyself,  
Are prayers and pure devotion, which will  
Be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust  
We do give up the city, and my daughter;  
On both keep a strong guard—No tears, they are  
O my Octavio, my tried Octavio, [ominous.  
In all my dangers! now I want thy service,  
In passion recompensed with banishment.  
Error of princes, who hate virtue when  
She's present with us, and in vain admire he  
When she is absent!—'tis too late to think on't.  
The wish'd-for time is come, princely Uberti,  
To shew your valour; friends, being to do, not  
All rhetoric is fruitless, only this, [talk,  
Fate cannot rob you of deserv'd applause,  
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter MATILDA, BEATRICE, and Waiting-women.*

*Matil.* No matter for the ring I ask'd you for.  
The boy not to be found?

*Beat.* Nor heard of, madam.

*1 Wom.* He hath been sought and search'd for,  
house by house,  
Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.

*2 Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the  
lord Manfroy

Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears  
A thing impossible.

*Matil.* I never saw him,  
Since he swoon'd in the presence, when my father  
Gave audience to the ambassador: but I feel  
A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion,  
He would find out such pretty arguments  
To make me sport, and with such witty sweetness  
Deliver his opinion, that I must  
Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth,  
When I was most oppress'd with care, wrought  
In the removing of't, than music on me. [more

*Beat.* An't please your excellence, I have observed him

Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,  
He would be very pensive; and then talk  
So feelingly of love, as if he had  
Tasted the bitter sweets of't.

*1 Wom.* He would tell, too,

A pretty tale of a sister, that had been  
Deceived by her sweetheart; and then, weeping,  
He wonder'd how men could be false. [swear

*2 Wom.* And that

When he was a knight, he'd be the ladies' cham-  
And travel o'er the world to kill such lovers, [pion,  
As durst play false with their mistresses.

*Matil.* I am sure

I want his company.

*Enter MANFROY.*

*Man.* There are letters, madam,  
In post come from the duke, but I am charged,

By the careful bringer, not to open them  
But in your presence.

*Matil.* Heaven preserve my father!  
Good news, an't be thy will!

*Man.* Patience must arm you  
Against what's ill.

*Matil.* I'll hear them in my cabinet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Dutchy of MANTUA.*  
GONZAGA'S Camp.

*Enter HORTENSIO and ASCANIO.*

*Hort.* Why have you left the safety of the city,  
And service of the princess, to partake  
The dangers of the camp? and at a time too  
When the armies are in view, and every minute  
The dreadful charge expected?

*Asc.* You appear

So far beyond yourself, as you are now,  
Arm'd like a soldier, (though I grant your presence  
Was ever gracious,) that I grow enamour'd  
Of the profession: in the horror of it,  
There is a kind of majesty.

*Hort.* But too heavy  
To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth; retire  
To the duke's tent, that's guarded.

*Asc.* Sir, I come

To serve you; knight-adventurers are allow'd  
Their pages, and I bring a will that shall  
Supply my want of power.

*Hort.* To serve me, boy!  
I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves  
To do thee any service; and thou shalt,  
If I survive the fortune of this day,  
Be satisfied I am serious.

*Asc.* I am not

To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect  
My offer'd duty, I must use the power  
I bring along with me, that may command you:  
You have seen this ring—

*Hort.* Made rich by being worn  
Upon the princess' finger.

*Asc.* 'Tis a favour  
To you, by me sent from her : view it better ;  
But why coy to receive it ?  
*Hort.* I am unworthy  
Of such a blessing, I have done nothing yet  
That may deserve it ; no commander's blood  
Of the adverse party hath yet died my sword  
Drawn out in her defence. I must not take it.  
This were a triumph for me when I had  
Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and compell'd  
him

To kneel for mercy at her feet.

*Asc.* 'Twas sent, sir,  
To put you in mind whose cause it is you fight for ;  
And, as I am her creature, to revenge  
A wrong to me done.

*Hort.* By what man ?

*Asc.* Alonzo.

*Hort.* The ambassador ?

*Asc.* The same.

*Hort.* Let it suffice.

I know him by his armour and his horse ;  
And if we meet—[*Trumpets sound.*—] I am cut  
off, the alarm

Commands me hence : sweet youth, fall off.

*Asc.* I must not ;

You are too noble to receive a wound  
Upon your back, and, following close behind you,  
I am secure ; though I could wish my bosom  
Were your defence.

*Hort.* Thy kindness will undo thee. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—*The same.* LORENZO'S Camp.

*Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, and MARTINO.*

*Lor.* We'll charge the main battalia, fall you  
Upon the van ; preserve your troops entire,  
To force the rear : he dies that breaks his ranks,  
Till all be ours, and sure.

*Pis.* 'Tis so proclaim'd. [Exit.]

*Fighting and Alarm.* *Enter HORTENSIANO, ASCANIO, and ALONZO.*

*Hort.* 'Tis he, Ascanio—Stand !

*Alon.* I never shunn'd  
A single opposition ; but tell me  
Why, in the battle, of all men, thou hast  
Made choice of me ?

*Hort.* Look on this youth ; his cause  
Sits on my sword.

*Alon.* I know him not.

*Hort.* I'll help  
Your memory. [They fight.]

*Asc.* What have I done ? I am doubtful  
To whom to wish the victory ; for, still  
My resolution wavering, I so love  
The enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot,  
Without repentance, wish success to him  
That seeks to do me right.—[ALONZO falls]—  
Alas, he's fall'n !

As you are gentle, hold, sir ! or, if I want  
Power to persuade so far, I conjure you  
By her loved name I am sent from.

*Hort.* 'Tis a charm  
Too strong to be resisted : he is yours.  
Yet, why you should make suit to save that life  
Which you so late desired should be cut off,  
For injuries received, begets my wonder.

*Asc.* Alas ! we foolish, spleenful boys would have

We know not what ; I have some private reasons,  
But now not to be told.

*Hort.* Shall I take him prisoner ?

*Asc.* By no means, sir ; I will not save his life,  
To rob him of his honour : when you give,  
Give not by halves. One short word, and I follow.

[Exit HORTENSIANO.]

My lord Alonzo, if you have received  
A benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,  
Remember what your entertainment was  
At old Octavio's house, one you call'd friend,  
And how you did return it. [Exit.]

*Alon.* I remember  
I did not well ; but it is now no time  
To think upon't : my wounded honour calls  
For reparation, I must quench my fury  
For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall smart  
for't. [Exit.]

### SCENE IV.—*The same.* A Forest.

*Alarm continued.* *Enter UBERTI, and FARNESE wounded.*

*Farn.* O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us ;  
The body of our army's pierced and broken,  
The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops  
Not to be rallied up.

*Uber.* 'Tis yet some comfort,  
The enemy must say we were not wanting  
In courage or direction ; and we may  
Accuse the Powers above as partial, when  
A good cause, well defended too, must suffer  
For want of fortune.

*Farn.* All is lost ; the duke  
Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off :  
Three times I did attempt his rescue, but  
With odds was beaten back ; only the stranger,  
I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him,  
Cutting his way ; but 'tis beyond my hopes,  
That either should return.

*Uber.* That noble stranger,  
Whom I, in my proud vanity of greatness,  
As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown  
Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance,  
Horsed me again, in spite of all that made  
Resistance ; and then whisper'd in mine ear,  
*Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way else,  
To the fair Matilda's favour.*

*Farn.* 'Twas done nobly.

*Uber.* In you, my bosom friend, I had call'd it  
But such a courtesy from a rival merits [noble :  
The highest attribute.

*Enter HORTENSIANO and GONRAGA.*

*Farn.* Stand on your guard ;  
We are pursued.

*Uber.* Preserv'd ! wonder on wonder.

*Farn.* The duke in safety !

*Gon.* Pay your thanks, Farnese,  
To this brave man, if I may call him so,  
Whose acts were more than human. If thou art  
My better angel, from my infancy  
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear,  
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.

*Hort.* No, great sir,  
A weak and sinful man ; though I have done you  
Some prosperous service that hath found your  
I am lost to myself : but lose not you [favour.  
The offer'd opportunity to delude  
The hot-pursuing enemy ; these woods,

Nor the dark veil of night, cannot conceal you,  
If you dwell long here. You may rise again ;  
But I am fallen for ever.

*Farn.* Rather born up  
To the supreme sphere of honour.

*Uber.* I confess  
My life your gift.

*Gon.* My liberty.

*Uber.* You have snatch'd  
The wreath of conquest from the victor's head,  
And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's fortune,  
Though we are slaved, by true heroic valour  
Deserve a triumph.

*Gon.* From whence then proceeds  
This poor dejection ?

*Hort.* In one suit I'll tell you,  
Which I beseech you grant :—I loved your daughter,  
But how ? as beggars, in their wounded fancy,  
Hope to be monarchs : I long languish'd for her,  
But did receive no cordial, but what  
Despair, my rough physician, prescribed me.  
At length her goodness and compassion found it ;  
And, whereas I expected, and with reason,  
The distance and disparity consider'd  
Between her birth and mine, she would contemn  
me,

The princess gave me comfort.

*Gon.* In what measure ?

*Hort.* She did admit me for her knight and ser-  
vant,

And spurr'd me to do something in this battle,  
Fought for her liberty, that might not blemish  
So fair a favour.

*Gon.* This you have perform'd  
To the height of admiration.

*Uber.* I subscribe to't,  
That am your rival.

*Hort.* You are charitable :  
But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance  
Of those achievements which my love and youth  
Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune  
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me  
The strength to do ; her piety preserved  
Her father, and her gratitude for the dangers  
You threw yourself into for her defence,  
Protected you by me her instrument :  
But when I came to strike in mine own cause,  
And to do something so remarkable,  
That should at my return command her thanks  
And gracious entertainment, then, alas !  
I fainted like a coward. I made a vow, too,  
(And it is register'd,) ne'er to presume  
To come into her presence, if I brought not  
Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,  
Which now's impossible.—Hark ! the enemy  
Makes his approaches : save yourselves : this only  
Deliver to her sweetness ; I have done  
My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent  
Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,  
This loss recover'd, with a happier fate !  
And make use of this sword : arms I abjure,  
And conversation of men ; I'll seek out  
Some unfrequented cave, and die love's martyr.

[*Exit hastily.*]

*Gon.* Follow him.

*Uber.* 'Tis in vain ; his nimble feet  
Have born him from my sight.

*Gon.* I suffer for him.

*Farn.* We share in it ; but must not, sir, forget  
Your means of safety.

*Uber.* In the war I have served you,  
And to the death will follow you.

*Gon.* 'Tis not fit,  
We must divide ourselves. My daughter—  
If I retain yet  
A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friends with you,  
Do, and dispute not ; by my example change  
Your habits : as I thus put off my purple,  
Ambition dies ; this garment of a shepherd,  
Left here by chance, will serve ; in lieu of it,  
I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,  
And meet me at St. Lee's fort ; my daughter,  
As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet us.  
The city cannot hold out, we must part :  
Farewell, thy hand.

*Farn.* You still shall have my heart. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, MARTINO, Captains,  
and Soldiers.

*Lor.* The day is ours, though it cost dear ; yet  
Enough to get a victory, if we lose [*'Tis not*  
The true use of it. We have hitherto  
Held back your forward swords, and in our fear  
Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward  
Due to your bloody toil : but now give freedom,  
Nay, license to your fury and revenge ;  
Now glut yourselves with prey ; let not the night,  
Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to  
The fear-struck hares, our enemies : fire these trees,  
And force the wretches to forsake their holes,  
And order their scorch'd bodies to your swords,  
Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.  
Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him prisoner,  
(Which I incline to rather, that he may  
Be sensible of those tortures, which I vow  
To inflict upon him for denial of  
His daughter to our bed,) shall have a blank,  
With our hand and signet made authenticall,  
In which he may write down himself, what wealth  
Or honours he desires.

*Alon.* The great duke's will  
Shall be obey'd.

*Pisan.* Put it in execution.

*Mart.* Begirt the wood, and fire it.

*Sold.* Follow, follow ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter* FARNES *disguised as a Florentine Soldier.*

*Farn.* Uberti, prince Uberti ! O my friend,  
Dearer than life ! I have lost thee. Cruel fortune,  
Unsatisfied with our sufferings ! we no sooner  
Were parted from the duke, and e'en then ready  
To take a mutual farewell, when a troop  
Of the enemy's horse fell on us ; we were forced  
To take the woods again, but in our flight,  
Their hot pursuit divided us : we had been happy  
If we had died together. To survive him,  
To me is worse than death ; and therefore should  
not

Embrace the means of my escape, though offer'd  
When nature gave us life she gave a burthen.  
But at our pleasure not to be cast off,  
Though weary of it ; and my reason prompts me.

This habit of a Florentine, which I took  
From a dying soldier, may keep me unknown,  
Till opportunity mark me out a way  
For fight, and with security.

*Enter UBERTI.*

*Uber.* Was there ever  
Such a night of horror?

*Farn.* My friend's voice ! I now  
In part forgive thee, fortune.

*Uber.* The wood flames,  
The bloody sword devours all that it meets,  
And death in several shapes rides here in triumph.  
I am like a stag closed in a toil, my life,  
As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's prey :  
Why fliest thou, then, what is inevitable ?  
Better to fall with manly wounds before  
Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine honour :  
And yet to charge him, and die unrevenge'd,  
Mere desperation.

*Farn.* Heroic spirit !

*Uber.* Mine own life I contemn, and would not  
But for the future service of the duke, [save it,  
And safety of his daughter ; having means,  
If I escape, to raise a second army :  
And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy  
My friend Farnese.

*Farn.* I am still his care.

*Uber.* What shall I do ? if I call loud, the foe  
That hath begirt the wood, will hear the sound.  
Shall I return by the same path ? I cannot,  
The darkness of the night conceals it from me ;  
Something I must resolve.

*Farn.* Let friendship rouse

Thy sleeping soul, Farnese : wilt thou suffer  
Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free  
Thy captiv'd country, perish, when 'tis in  
Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life ?  
Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die ;  
Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and thy master  
Compell'd to shameful flight ; the fields and woods  
Strew'd o'er with carcasses of thy fellow-soldiers :  
The miseries thou art fallen in, and before  
Thy eyes the horror of this place, and thousand  
Calamities to come ; and after all these,  
Can any hope remain ? shake off delays :  
Dost thou doubt yet ? To save a citizen,  
The conquering Roman in a general  
Esteem'd the highest honour : can it be then  
Inglorious to preserve a prince, thy friend ?—  
Uberti, prince Uberti ! [*Aloud.*] use this means  
Of thy escape ;—

[*Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and casts it before  
UBERTI.*

Conceal'd in this, thou mayst  
Pass through the enemy's guards : the time denies  
Longer discourse ; thou hast a noble end,  
Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend. [*Exit.*

*Uber.* Farnese, stay thy hasty steps ! Farnese !  
Thy friend Uberti calls thee : 'tis in vain ;  
He's gone to death an innocent, and makes life,  
The benefit he confers on me, my guilt.  
Thou art too covetous of another's safety,  
Too prodigal and careless of thine own.  
'Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me  
To put this garment on, and live, that he  
May have alone the honour to die nobly.  
O cruel piety, in our equal danger  
To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy friend !  
It must not be ; I will restore his gift,

And die before him. How ? where shall I find  
him ?—

Thou art o'ercome in friendship ; yield, Uberti,  
To the extremity of the time, and live :  
A heavy ransom ! but it must be paid.  
I will put on this habit : pitying heaven,  
As it loves goodness, may protect my friend,  
And give me means to satisfy the debt  
I stand engaged for ; if not, pale despair,  
I dare thy worst ; thou canst but bid me die,  
And so much I'll force from an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* LORENZO's Camp.

*Enter ALONZO and PISANO, with FARNESZ bound ; Soldier  
with torches, FARNESZ's sword in one of the Soldier's  
hands.*

*Alon.* I know him, he's a man of ransome.

*Pisan.* True ;

But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.

*Alon.* I forced him to the woods.

*Pisan.* But my art found him ;

Nor will I brook a partner in the prey  
My fortune gave me.

*Alon.* Render him, or expect

The point of this.

*Pisan.* Were it lightning, I would meet it,  
Rather than be outbraved.

*Alon.* I thus decide

The difference.

*Pisan.* My sword shall plead my title.

[*They fight*

*Enter LORENZO, MARTINO, Captains, and Attendants.*

*Lor.* Ha ! where learn'd you this discipline !  
my commanders

Opposed 'gainst one another ! what blind fury  
Brings forth this brawl ? Alonzo and Pisano  
At bloody difference ! hold, or I tilt  
At both as enemies.—Now speak ; how grew  
This strange division ?

*Pisan.* Against all right,

By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest  
Sown by my labour.

*Alon.* Sir, this is my prisoner,

The purchase of my sword, which proud Pisano,  
That hath no interest in him, would take from me

*Pisan.* Did not the presence of the duke forbid  
I would say— [me,

*Alon.* What ?

*Pisan.* 'Tis false.

*Lor.* Before my face !

Keep them asunder. And was this the cause  
Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base  
To raise your fury on ? the ties of blood,  
Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience  
To me, your prince and general, no more  
Prevailing on you ? this a price for which  
You would betray our victory, or wound  
Your reputation with mutinies,  
Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour ?—  
This is a course to throw us headlong down  
From that proud height of empire, upon which  
We were securely seated. Shall division  
O'erturn what concord built ! if you desire  
To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy  
Still flies before you : would you have spoil ? the  
country

Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness !



What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish us,  
Than you pluck on our heads? no, my brave lead-  
Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord [ers,  
Be banish'd to our enemies.

*Alon.* Take the prisoner,  
I do give up my title.

*Pisan.* I desire  
Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.

[*They embrace.*]

*Alon.* No man's a faithful judge in his own  
cause;

Let the duke determine of him: we are friends, sir.

*Lor.* Shew it in emulation to o'ertake  
The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of,  
With our whole strength we'll follow.

[*Exeunt ALONZO and PISANO, embracing.*]

*Farn.* Death at length  
Will set a period to calamity:  
I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.

*Enter UBERTI, habited like a Florentine Soldier, and  
mixes with the rest.*

*Lor.* Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel  
Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince  
Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll quench  
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames  
Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from hell,  
Then forced into the breasts of my commanders.  
Bring forth the tortures.

*Uber.* Hear, victorious duke,  
The story of my miserable fortune,  
Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue  
Condemned to die) was the immediate cause:  
And, if my humble gut have justice in it,  
Vouchsafe to grant it.

*Lor.* Soldier, be brief; our anger  
Can brook no long delay.

*Uber.* I am the last  
Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd up  
With his best care, for service in your wars:  
My father died under his fatal hand,  
And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,  
Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,  
Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance  
On perjury and murder. Thus the case stood:  
My father, (on whose face he durst not look  
In equal mart,) by his fraud circumvented,  
Became his captive; we, his sons, lamenting  
Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd  
Our utmost for his ransom: that refused,  
The subtle tyrant, for his cruel ends,  
Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,  
Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,  
If two of us would yield ourselves his slaves.  
We, upon any terms, resolved to save him,  
Though with the loss of life which he gave to us,  
With an undaunted constancy drew lots  
(For each of us contended to be one)  
Who should preserve our father; I was exempted,  
But to my more affliction. My brothers  
Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide,  
Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks  
Pulling my wretched father on his knees,  
Said, *Thus receive the father you have ransomed!*  
And instantly struck off his head.

*Lor.* Most barbarous!

*Farn.* I never saw this man.

*Lor.* One murmur more,  
I'll have thy tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.

*Uber.* Conceive, sir,

How thunderstruck we stood, being made specta-  
Of such an unexpected tragedy: [tors

Yet this was a beginning, not an end  
To his intended cruelty; for, pursuing  
Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress,  
Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a moment,  
Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off  
My pious brothers' heads, and threw them at me.  
Oh, what a spectacle was this! what mountain  
Of sorrow overwhelm'd me! my poor heart-strings,  
As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd; my knees  
Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears  
Blended together follow'd; not one passion  
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.—  
Now, mighty sir, (bathing your feet with tears,)  
Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,  
With any cruelty revenge can fancy,  
To sacrifice this monster, to appease  
My father's ghost, and brothers'!

*Lor.* Thou hast obtain'd it:  
Choose any torture, let the memory  
Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd,  
Make thee ingenious in it; such a one,  
As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his.  
Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see  
The execution done; but bring his head,  
On forfeiture of your own, to us: our presence  
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.

[*Exit, with Captains and Attendants.*]

*Mart.* Soldier, to work;  
Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,  
Provided that he die: his body's thine,  
But I must have his head.

*Uber.* I have already  
Concluded of the manner. O just heaven,  
The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me!

*Mart.* Why art thou rapt thus?

*Uber.* In this soldier's hand  
I see the murderer's own sword, I know it;  
Yes, this is it by which my father and  
My brothers were beheaded: noble captain,  
Command it to my hand.—[*Takes FARNEZE'S  
sword from the Soldier.*]—Stand forth  
and tremble!

This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,  
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,  
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,  
I would not kill thy soul.

*Farn.* Canst thou believe  
There is a heaven, or hell, or soul? thou hast none,  
In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,  
With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou hangman,  
Where did I ever see thy face? or when  
Murder'd thy sire or brothers? look on me,  
And make it good: thou dar'st not.

*Uber.* Yes, I will [He unbinds his arms.  
In one short whisper; and that told, thou art dead.  
I am Uberti: take thy sword, fight bravely;  
We'll live or die together.

*Mart.* We are betray'd.

[*MARTINO is struck down, the Soldiers run off.*]

*Farn.* And have I leave once more, brave prince,  
My head on thy true bosom? [to ease

*Uber.* I glory more  
To be thy friend, than in the name of prince,  
Or any higher title.

*Farn.* My preserver!

*Uber.* The life you gave to me I but return;  
And pardon, dearest friend, the bitter language  
Necessity made me use.

*Fern.* O, sir, I am  
Oudone in all; but comforted, that none  
But you can wear the laurel.

*Uber.* Here's no place  
Or time to argue this; let us fly hence.

*Fern.* I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Mari.* [*rises.*] A thousand Furies keep you  
company!

I was at the gate of [bell,] but now I feel  
My wound's not mortal; I was but astonish'd;  
And, coming to myself, I find I am  
Reserv'd for the gallows: there's no looking on  
The enraged duke, excuses will not serve;  
I must do something that may get my pardon;  
If not, I know the worst, a halter ends all!

[*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Duchy of MANTUA. A part  
of the Country near OCTAVIO's Cottage.*

*Enter OCTAVIO, a book in his hand.*

*Oct.* 'Tis true, by proof I find it, human reason  
Views with such dim eyes what is good or ill,  
That if the great Disposer of our being  
Should offer to our choice all worldly blessings,  
We know not what to take. When I was young,  
Ambition of court-preferment fired me:  
And, as there were no happiness beyond it,  
I labour'd for't, and got it; no man stood  
In greater favour with his prince; I had  
Honours and offices, wealth flow'd in to me,  
And, for my service both in peace and war,  
The general voice gave out I did deserve them.  
But, O vain confidence in subordinate greatness!  
When I was most secure it was not in  
The power of fortune to remove me from  
The flat I firmly stood on, in a moment  
My virtues were made crimes, and popular favour  
(To new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion  
That I was dangerous: which no sooner enter'd  
Gonzaga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd;  
My offices were ta'en from me, my state seized on:  
And, had I not prevented it by flight,  
The jealousy of the duke had been removed  
With the forfeiture of my head.

*Hort.* [*within.*] Or shew compassion,  
Or I will force it.

*Oct.* Ha! is not poverty safe?  
I thought proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms' ruins,  
The sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd  
To look on a poor cottage.

*Enter HORTENRIO with ASCANIO in his arms, GORNIUS  
following.*

*Goth.* What would you have?  
The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross  
To drive him from it. Be you or thief or soldier,  
Or such a beggar as will not be denied,  
My scrip, my tar-box, hook, and coat, will prove  
But a thin purchase; if you turn my inside out—  
You'll find it true. [wards,

*Hort.* Not any food? [*Searches his scrip.*]

*Goth.* Alas! sir,  
I am no glutton, but an under-shepherd;  
The very picture of famine; judge by my cheeks  
else:

I have my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,  
When I pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse,  
I have, a crumb a meal.

*Hort.* No drop left? [*Takes his bottle.*]  
Drunkard! hast thou swill'd up all?

*Goth.* How! drunkard, sir?  
I am a poor man, you mistake me, sir,  
Drunkard's a title for the rich, my betters;

A calling in repute; some sell their lands for't,  
And roar, *Wine's better than money.* Our poor  
beverages

Of buttermilk or whey allay'd with water,  
Ne'er raise our thoughts so high. Drunk! I had  
The credit to be so yet. [never

*Hort.* Ascanio,  
Look up, dear youth; Ascanio, did thy sweetness  
Command the greedy enemy to forbear  
To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune  
For suffering me to live, that in some part  
I might return thy courtesies, and now,  
To heighten my afflictions, must I be  
Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us,  
Heaven deaf to my complaints too, to behold thee  
Die in my arms for hunger? no means left  
To lengthen life a little! I will open  
A vein, and pour my blood, not yet corrupted  
With any sinful act, but pure as he is,  
Into his famish'd mouth.

*Oct.* [*comes forward.*] Young man, forbear  
Thy savage pity; I have better means  
To call back flying life.

[*Pours a cordial into the mouth of ASCANIO.*]

*Goth.* You may believe him;  
It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms,  
*An old man's twice a child;* his nurse's milk  
Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in too  
For soap and candles: though he sell his flock for't,  
The baby must have this dug: he swears 'tis ill  
For my complexion; but wondrous comfortable  
For an old man, that would never die.

*Oct.* Hope well, sir;  
A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness;  
The blood too by degrees takes fresh possession  
On his pale cheeks; his pulse beats high: stand off,  
Give him more air, he stirs. [*Gornio steals the bottle.*]

*Goth.* And have I got thee, [Aside.]  
Thou bottle of immortality!

*Asc.* Where am I?  
What cruel hand hath forced back wretched life?  
Is rest in death denied me!

*Goth.* O sweet liquor! [*Drinks.*]  
Were here enough to make me drunk, I might  
Write myself gentleman, and never buy

A coat of the heralds. [Aside.]

*Oct.* How now, slave!  
*Goth.* I was fainting,  
A clownlike qualm seized on me; but I am  
Recover'd, thanks to your bottle, and begin  
To feel new stirrings, gallant thoughts: one draught  
more

Will make me a perfect signior.

*Oct.* A tough cudgel  
Will take this gentle itch off; home to my cottage,  
See all things handsome.

*Goth.* Good sir, let me have  
The bottle along to smell to : O rare perfume !

*Hort.* Speak once more, dear Ascanio.—How  
he eyes you, [Exit.]

Then turns away his face ! look up, sweet youth ;  
The object cannot hurt you ; this good man,  
Next heaven, is your preserver.

*Asc.* Would I had perish'd  
Without relief, rather than live to break  
His good old heart with sorrow. O my shame !  
My shame, my never-dying shame !

*Oct.* I have been  
Acquainted with this voice, and know the face  
too : —

'Tis she, 'tis too apparent ; O my daughter !  
I mourn'd long for thy loss, but thus to find thee,  
Is more to be lamented.

*Hort.* How ! your daughter ?

*Oct.* My only child ; I murmur'd against heaven  
Because I had no more, but now I find  
This one too many.—Is Alonzo glutted

[MARIA weeps.]

With thy embraces ?

*Hort.* At his name, a shower  
Of tears falls from her eyes ; she faints again.  
Grave sir, o'er-rule your passion, and defer  
The story of her fortune. On my life  
She is a worthy one ; her innocence  
Might be abused, but mischief's self wants power  
To make her guilty. Shew yourself a father  
In her recovery ; then as a judge,  
When she hath strength to speak in her own cause,  
You may determine of her.

*Oct.* I much thank you

For your wise counsel : you direct me, sir,  
As one indebted more to years, and I,  
As a pupil, will obey you : not far hence  
I have a homely dwelling ; if you please there  
To make some short repose, your entertainment,  
Though coarse, shall relish of a gratitude,  
And that's all I can pay you. Look up, girl,  
Thou art in thy father's arms.

*Hort.* She's weak and faint still—  
O spare your age ! I am young and strong, and  
this way

To serve her is a pleasure, not a burthen :  
[Takes her in his arms.]

Pray you, lead the way.

*Oct.* The saints reward your goodness ! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another part of the  
Country.*

*Enter MANNROV and MATILDA disguised.*

*Matil.* No hope of safety left ?

*Man.* We are desried.

*Matil.* I thought that, cover'd in this poor dis-  
I might have pass'd unknown. [guise,

*Man.* A diamond,  
Though set in horn, is still a diamond,  
And sparkles as in purest gold. We are follow'd :  
Out of the troops that scour'd the plains, I saw  
Two gallant horsemen break forth, (who, by their  
Brave furniture and habiliments for the war,  
Seem'd to command the rest,) spurring hard to-  
wards us.

See with what winged speed they climb the hill,  
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey !

Now they dismount, and on their hands and knees  
O'ercome the deep ascent that guards us from them.  
Your beauty hath betray'd you ; for it can  
No more be night when bright Apollo shines  
In our meridian, than that be conceal'd.

*Matil.* It is my curse, not blessing : fatal to  
My country, father, and myself. Why did you  
Forsake the city ?

*Man.* 'Twas the duke's command :  
No time to argue that ; we must descend.  
If undiscover'd, your soft feet, unused  
To such rough travel, can but carry you  
Half a league hence, I know a cave which will  
Yield us protection.

*Matil.* I wish I could lend you  
Part of my speed ; for me, I can outstrip  
Daphne or Atalanta.

*Man.* Some good angel  
Defend us, and strike blind our hot pursuers !  
[Exit.]

*Enter ALONZO and PISANO.*

*Alon.* She cannot be far off : how gloriously  
She shew'd to us in the valley !

*Pisan.* In my thought,  
Like to a blazing comet.

*Alon.* Brighter far :  
Her beams of beauty made the hill all fire ;  
From whence removed, 'tis cover'd with thick clouds.  
But we lose time : I'll take that way.

*Pisan.* I, this. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Wood.*

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hort.* 'Tis a degree of comfort in my sorrow,  
I have done one good work in reconciling  
Maria, long hid in Ascanio's habit,  
To griev'd Octavio. What a sympathy  
I found in their affections ! she with tears  
Making a free confession of her weakness,  
In yielding up her honour to Alonzo,  
Upon his vows to marry her ; Octavio,  
Prepared to credit her excuses, nay,  
To extenuate her guilt ; she the delinquent,  
And judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,  
The most forlorn of men, no beam of comfort  
Deigns to appear ; nor can I, in my fancy,  
Fashion a means to get it : to my country  
I am lost for ever, and 'twere impudence  
To think of a return ; yet this I could  
Endure with patience, but to be divorced  
From all my joy on earth, the happiness  
To look upon the excellence of nature,  
That is perfection in herself, and needs not  
Addition or epithet, rare Matilda,  
Would make a saint blaspheme. Here, Galeazzo,  
In this obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst  
Consume thy youth, and grow old in lamenting  
Thy star-cross'd fortune, in this shepherd's habit ;  
This hook thy best defence, since thou couldst use.  
When thou didst fight in such a princess' cause,  
Thy sword no better. [Lies down.]

*Enter ALONZO and PISANO with MATILDA.*

*Matil.* Are you men, or monsters ?  
Whither will you drag me ? can the open ear  
Of heaven be deaf, when an unspotted maid  
Cries out for succour !

*Pisan.* 'Tis in vain; cast lots  
Who shall enjoy her first.

*Alon.* Flames rage within me,  
And, such a spring of nectar near to quench  
them!

My appetite shall be cloy'd first: here I stand,  
Thy friend or enemy; let me have precedence,  
I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,  
As an enemy I defy thee.

*Pisan.* Friend or foe  
In this alike I value, I disdain  
To yield priority; draw thy sword.

*Alon.* To sheath it  
In thy ambitious heart.

*Matil.* O curb this fury,  
And hear a wretched maid first speak.

*Hort.* I am marble.

*Matil.* Where shall I seek out words, or how  
restrain

My enmities rage, or lovers'? oh, the latter  
Is far more odious: did not your lust  
Provoke you, for that is its proper name,  
My chastity were safe; and yet I tremble more  
To think what dire effects lust may bring forth,  
Than what, as enemies, you can inflict,  
And less I fear it. Be friends to yourselves,  
And enemies to me; better I fall  
A sacrifice to your atonement, than  
Or one or both should perish. I am the cause  
Of your division; remove, it lords,  
And concord will spring up: poison this face  
That hath bewitch'd you, this grove cannot want  
Aspics or toads; creatures, though justly call'd,  
For their deformity, the scorn of nature,  
More happy than myself with this false beauty  
(The seed and fruit of mischief) you admire so.  
I thus embrace your knees, and yours, a suppliant,  
If tigers did not nurse you, or you suck  
The milk of a fierce lioness, shew compassion  
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,  
And pity to poor me, my honour safe,  
In taking loath'd life from me.

*Pisan.* What shall we do?

Or end our difference in killing her,  
Or fight it out?

*Alon.* To the last gasp. I feel  
The moist tears on my cheeks, and blush to find  
A virgin's plaints can move so.

*Pisan.* To prevent  
Her flight while we contend, let's bind her fast  
To this cypress-tree.

*Alon.* Agreed.

*Matil.* It does presage  
My funeral rites. [They bind MATILDA.]

*Hort.* I shall turn atheist  
If heaven see and suffer this: why did I  
Abandon my good sword? with unarm'd hands  
I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me  
From the apostacy I am falling to,  
And by a miracle lend me a weapon  
To underprop falling honour.

*Pisan.* She is fast:

Resume your arms.  
*Alon.* Honour, revenge, the maid too,  
Lie at the stake.

*Pisan.* Which thus I draw.

[They fight, PISANO falls.]

*Alon.* All's mine,  
But bought with some blood of mine own. *Pisano,*  
Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laurel

In death to comfort thee: for the reward.  
'Tis mine now without rival.

[HORSENSIO snatches up PISANO'S sword.]

*Hort.* Thou art deceived;  
Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth  
From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars,  
To guard pure chastity from lust and rape.  
Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what  
Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,  
And sensual baseness; if thy profane hand  
But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead.

*Matil.* I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is  
sure.

*Alon.* A rustic swain dare to retard my plea-  
sure!

*Hort.* No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and  
servant

To whom the world should owe and pay obedience;  
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under  
His arm; that spared thy life in the late battle,  
At the intercession of the princess' page.  
Look on me better.

*Matil.* 'Tis my virtuous lover!  
Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety.

*Alon.* I know thee, and with courage will re-  
What fortune then took from me. [deem]

*Hort.* Rather keep [They fight, ALONZO falls.]  
Thy compeer company in death.—Lie by him,  
A prey for crows and vultures; these fair arms,  
[He unbinds MATILDA.]

Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make  
A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud  
Of such captivity: whatsoever you are,  
I glory in the service I have done you;  
But I entreat you pay your vows and prayers,  
For preservation of your life and honour,  
To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.  
I am her creature, and what good I do  
You truly may call her's; what's ill, mine own.

*Matil.* You never did do ill, my virtuous ser-  
Nor is it in the power of poor Matilda, [vant;]  
To cancel such an obligation as,  
With humble willingness, she must subscribe to.

*Hort.* The princess? ha!

*Matil.* Give me a fitter name,  
Your manumised bondwoman, but even now  
In the possession of lust, from which  
Your more than brave,—heroic valour bought me:  
And can I then, for freedom unexpected,  
But kneel to you, my patron?

*Hort.* Kneel to me!  
For heaven's sake rise; I kiss the ground you  
tread on,

My eyes fix'd on the earth; for I confess  
I am a thing not worthy to look on you,  
Till you have sign'd my pardon.

*Matil.* Do you interpret  
The much good you have done me, an offence?

*Hort.* The not performing your injunctions to  
Is more than capital: your allowance of [me,  
My love and service to you, with admission  
To each place you made paradise with your pre-  
sence,

Should have enabled me to bring home conquest;  
Then, as a sacrifice, to offer it  
At the altar of your favour: had my love  
Answer'd your bounty, or my hopes, an army  
Had been as dust before me; whereas I,  
Like a coward, turn'd my back, and durst not  
The fury of the enemy. [stand]

*Matil.* Had you done  
Nothing in the battle, this last act deserves more  
Than I, the duke my father joining with me,  
Can ever recompense. But take your pleasure ;  
Suppose you have offended in not grasping  
Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lips  
A full remission.

*Hort.* Let mine touch your foot,  
Your hand's too high a favour.

*Matil.* Will you force me

To ravish a kiss from you.

[*Kisses him.*]

*Hort.* I am entranced.

*Matil.* So much desert and bashfulness should  
not march

In the same file. Take comfort : when you have  
brought me

To some place of security, you shall find  
You have a seat here, in a heart that hath  
Already studied and vow'd to be thankful.

*Hort.* Heaven make me so ! oh, I am over-  
whelm'd

With an excess of joy ! Be not too prodigal,  
Divinest lady, of your grace and bounties,  
At once ; if you are pleased, I shall enjoy them,  
Not taste them, and expire.

*Matil.* I'll be more sparing.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter OCTAVIO, GOTHRIO, and MARIA.*

*Oct.* What noise of clashing swords, like armour  
fashion'd

Upon an anvil, pierced mine ears ; the echo  
Redoubling the loud sound through all the vallies ?  
This way the wind assures me that it came.

*Goth.* Then with your pardon, I'll take this.

*Oct.* Why, sirrah ?

*Goth.* Because, sir, I will trust my heels before  
All winds that blow in the sky : we are wiser far  
Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll prove  
it ;

*They said, Haste to the beginning of a feast,  
There I am with them ; but to the end of a fray—  
That is apocryphal ; 'tis more canonical,  
Not to come there at all ; after a storm  
There are still some drops behind.*

*Mar.* Pure fear hath made  
The fool a philosopher.

*Oct.* See, Maria, see !

I did not err ; here lie two brave men weltering  
In their own gore.

*Mar.* A pitiful object.

*Goth.* I am in a swoon to look on't.

*Oct.* They are stiff already.

*Goth.* But are you sure they are dead ?

*Oct.* Too sure, I fear.

*Goth.* But are they stark dead ?

*Oct.* Leave prating.

*Goth.* Then I am valliant, and dare come nearer  
to them.

This fellow without a sword shall be my patient.

[*Goes to PISANO.*]

*Oct.* Whate'er they are, humanity commands us  
To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria,  
To the neighbour spring for water ; you will find  
there

A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring it.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body, and feel  
If any life remain ?

*Goth.* By your leave, he shall die first,  
And then I'll be his surgeon.

*Oct.* Tear ope his doublet,  
And prove if his wounds be mortal.

*Goth.* Fear not me, sir :  
Here's a large wound.—[*Feels his pocket.*—]—How  
it is swoln and imposthumed !

This must be cunningly drawn out ; should it  
break,

[*Pulls out his purse.*]

'Twould strangle him. What a deal of foul mat-  
ter's here !

This hath been long a gathering. Here's a gab  
too

On the rim of his belly,—[*Feels his side pocket.*—]  
it may have matter in it.

He was a choleric man, sure ; what comes from  
him

[*Takes out his money.*]

Is yellow as gold :—how ! troubled with the stone  
too ? [*Seeing a diamond ring on his finger.*]

I'll cut you for this.

*Pisan.* Oh, oh !

[*Starts up.*]

*Goth.* He roars before I touch him.

*Pisan.* Robb'd of my life ?

*Goth.* No, sir, nor of your money,  
Nor jewel ; I keep them for you :—if I had been  
A perfect mountebank, he had not lived  
To call for his fees again.

*Oct.* Give me leave—there's hope  
Of his recovery. [*Quits PISANO and goes to ALONZO.*]

*Goth.* I had rather bury him quick,  
Than part with my purchase ; let his ghost walk,  
I care not.

*Re-enter MARIA with a dish of water.*

*Oct.* Well done, Maria ; lend thy helping hand.  
He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off  
The clotted blood ; he comes to himself.

*Alon.* My lust !

The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust !  
With horror now I taste it.

*Oct.* Do you not know him ?

*Mar.* Too soon. Alonzo ! oh me ! though dis-  
Still dear to thy Maria. [lojal]

*Goth.* So they know not  
My patient, all's cocksure ; I do not like  
The Romanish restitution. [Aidit]

*Oct.* Rise, and leave him.

Applaud heaven's justice.

*Mar.* 'Twill become me better,  
To implore its saving mercy.

*Oct.* Hast thou no gall ?

No feeling of thy wrongs ?

*Mar.* Turtles have none ;  
Nor can there be such poison in her breast  
That truly loves, and lawfully.

*Oct.* True, if that love

Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,  
In thy disgrace is published ; heaven hath mark'd  
him

For punishment, and 'twere rebellious madness  
In thee to attempt to alter it : revenge,  
A sovereign balm for injuries, is more proper  
To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and thou  
Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,  
This wretch, the vassal of thy wrath : I'll make  
him,

While yet he lives, partake those torments which,  
For perjured lovers, are prepared in hell,  
Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,  
Extracted and sublimed from all the simples  
The earth, when swoln with venom, e'er brought  
forth,

Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as  
The Furies' whips but imitate; and when  
Extremity of pain shall hasten death,  
Here is another that shall keep in life,  
And make him feel a perpetuity  
Of lingering tortures.

*Goth.* Knock them both o' th' head, I say,  
An it be but for their skins; they are embroider'd,  
And will sell well in the market.

*Mar.* Ill-look'd devil,  
Tie up thy bloody tongue.—O sir! I was slow  
In beating down those propositions which  
You urge for my revenge; my reasons being  
So many, and so forcible, that make  
Against yours, that until I had collected  
My scatter'd powers, I waver'd in my choice  
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought  
My enemy (I can faintly call him so)  
Prostrate before my feet; shall I abuse  
The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him?  
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand  
But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.  
If you deny me means of reparation,  
To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel  
Than ever yet Alonzo was; you stamp

The name of strumpet on my forehead, which  
Heaven's mercy would take off; you fan the fire,  
E'en ready to go out; forgetting that  
'Tis truly noble, having power to punish,  
Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would purchase  
My husband by such benefits as should make him  
Confess himself my equal, and disclaim  
Superiority.

*Oct.* My blessing on thee!  
What I urged was a trial; and my grant  
To thy desires shall now appear, if art  
Or long experience can do him service.  
Nor shall my charity to this be wanting,  
Howe'er unknown: help me, Maria: you, sir,  
Do your best to raise him.—So!

*Goth.* He's wondrous heavy;  
But the porter's paid, there's the comfort.

*Oct.* 'Tis but a trance,  
And 'twill forsake both.

*Mar.* If he live, I fear not  
He will redeem all, and in thankfulness  
Confirm he owes you for a second life,  
And pay the debt, in making me his wife.

[*Exit OCTAVIO and MARIA with ALONZO, and GOTHRO  
with PISANO.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Lorenzo's Camp under the Walls  
of Mantua.*

*Enter LORENZO and Captains.*

*Lor.* Mantua is ours; place a strong garrison  
To keep it so; and as a due reward [in it,  
To your brave service, be our governour in it.

1 *Capt.* I humbly thank your excellence. [*Exit.*]

*Lor.* Gonzaga

Is yet out of our gripe; but his strong fort,  
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable  
By the aids of art, as nature, shall not long  
Retard our absolute conquest. The escape  
Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress,  
(For whose desired possession 'twas given out  
I made this war,) I value not; alas!  
Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart,  
Or could he see, his arrows are too blunt  
To pierce it; his imagined torch is quench'd  
With a more glorious fire of my ambition  
To enlarge my empire: soft and silken amours,  
With carpet courtship, which weak princes style  
The happy issue of a flourishing peace,  
My toughness scorns. Were there an abstract  
Of all the eminent and canonized beauties [made  
By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd,  
I could unmoved behold it; as a picture,  
Commend the workmanship, and think no more  
on't;

I have more noble ends. Have you not heard yet  
Of Alonzo, or Pisano?

2 *Capt.* My lord, of neither.

*Lor.* Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,  
Much less command in war; if they were lost,  
I should not pine with mourning.

*Enter MARTINO and Soldiers with MATILDA and HORTENSIO.*

*Mart.* Bring them forward:

This will make my peace, though I had kill'd his  
Besides the reward that follows. [father;

*Lor.* Ha, Martino!

Where is Farneze's head? dost thou stare! and  
where

The soldier that desired the torture of him?

*Mart.* An't please your excellence—

*Lor.* It doth not please us;  
Are our commands obey'd?

*Mart.* Farneze's head, sir,  
Is a thing not worth your thought, the soldier's  
less, sir:

I have brought your highness such a head! a head  
So well set on too! a fine head—

*Lor.* Take that, [Strikes him.  
For thy impertinence: what head, you rascal?

*Mart.* My lord, if they that bring such presents  
to you

Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive  
To be near your grace's pleasures: but I know  
You will repent your choler. Here's the head:  
And now I draw the curtain, it hath a face too,  
And such a face—

*Lor.* Ha!

*Mart.* View her all o'er, my lord,  
My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb,  
And will do her labour tightly, a *bona roba*:  
And for her face, as I said, there are five hundred  
City-dubb'd madams in the dukedom, that would  
part with [your head, maid.

Their jointures to have such another:—hold up

*Lor.* Of what age is the day?

*Mart.* Sir, since sunrise  
About two hours.

*Lor.* Thou liest; the sun of beauty,  
In modest blushes on her cheeks, but now  
Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth,  
As through a shower in April; every drop  
An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,  
Were ear-rings for the Catholic king, [to be]  
Worn on his birthday.

*Mart.* Here's a sudden change !

*Lor.* Incens'd Cupid, whom even now I scorn'd,  
Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines  
(As if he had two bodies, or indeed  
A brother-twin whom sight cannot distinguish)  
In her fair eyes :—see, how they head their arrows  
With her bright beams ! now frown, as if my heart,  
Rebellious to their edicts were unworthy,  
Should I rip up my bosom, to receive  
A wound from such divine artillery !

*Mart.* I am made for ever.

[*Aside.*

*Martil.* We are lost, dear servant.

*Hort.* Virtue's but a word ;  
Fortune rules all.

*Martil.* We are her tennis-balls.

*Lor.* Allow her fair, her symmetry and features  
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object  
With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,  
Nay, force him to forget his faculty  
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose.  
What's this to me ? I that have pass'd my youth  
Unscorch'd with wanton fires, my sole delight  
In glittering arms, my conquering sword my mis-  
tress,

Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and groans  
Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my music :  
And shall I, in the autumn of my age,  
Now, when I wear the livery of time  
Upon my head and beard, suffer myself  
To be transform'd, and like a puling lover,  
With arms thus folded up, echo *Ah me's!*  
And write myself a bondman to my vassal ?  
It must not, nay, it shall not be : remove  
The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, Martino.

*Mart.* I shall have a regiment : colonel *Martil.*  
I cannot go less.

[*tino.*

*Lor.* What thing is this thou hast brought me ?

*Mart.* What thing ? heaven bless me ! are you  
a Florentine,

Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and having had her  
So long in your power, do you now ask what she is ?  
Take her aside and learn : I have brought you that  
I look to be dearly paid for.

*Lor.* I am a soldier,  
And use of women will, Martino, rob  
My nerves of strength.

*Mart.* All armour and no smock ?  
Abominable ! a little of the one with the other  
Is excellent : I ne'er knew general yet,  
Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy,  
But he desired to have his sweat wash'd off  
By a juicy bedfellow.

*Lor.* But say she be unwilling  
To do that office ?

*Mart.* Wrestle with her, I will wager  
Ten to one on your grace's side.

*Lor.* Slave, hast thou brought me  
Temptation in a beauty not to be  
With prayers resisted ; and, in place of counsel  
To master my affections, and to guard  
My honour, now besieged by lust, with the arms  
Of sober temperance, mark me out a way  
To be a ravisher ? Would thou hadst shewn me  
Some monster, though in a more ugly form  
Than Nile or Afric ever bred ! The basilisk,  
Whose envious eye yet never brook'd a neighbour,  
Kills but the body ; her more potent eye  
Buries alive mine honour : Shall I yield thus ?  
And all brave thoughts of victory and triumphs,  
The spoils of nations, the loud applauses

Of happy subjects, made so by my conquests ;  
And, what's the crown of all, a glorious name  
Insculp'd on pyramids to posterity,  
Be drench'd in Lethe, and no object take me  
But a weak woman, rich in colours only,  
Too delicate a touch, and some rare features  
Which age or sudden sickness will take from her !  
And where's then the reward of all my service,  
Love-soothing passions, nay, idolatry  
I must pay to her ? Hence, and with thee take  
This second but more dangerous Pandora,  
Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me  
All mischiefs that mankind is subject to.  
To the desarts with this Circe, this Calypso,  
This fair enchantress ! let her spells and charms  
Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise nature  
Ne'er made a viler creature.

*Martil.* Happy exile !

*Hort.* Some spark of hope remains yet.

*Mart.* Come, you are mine now.

I will remove her where your highness shall not  
Or see or hear more of her : what a sum  
Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio !

*Lor.* Stay, I feel

A sudden alteration.

*Mart.* Here are fine whimsies.

*Lor.* Why should I part with her ? can any  
Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous palace ? [foulness  
The fish, the fowl, the beasts, may safer leave  
The elements they were nourish'd in, and live,  
Than I endure her absence ; yet her presence  
Is a torment to me : why do I call it so ?  
My sire enjoy'd a woman, I had not been else ;  
He was a complete prince, and shall I blush  
To follow his example ? Oh ! but my choice,  
Though she gave suffrage to it, is beneath me :  
But even now, in my proud thoughts, I scorn'd  
A princess, fair Matilda ; and is't decreed  
For punishment, I straight must dote on one,  
What, or from whence, I know not ? Grant she be  
Obscure, without a coat or family,  
Those I can give : and yet, if she were noble,  
My fondness were more pardonable.—Martino,  
Dost thou know thy prisoner ?

*Mart.* Do I know myself ?

I kept that for the l'envoy ; 'tis the daughter  
Of your enemy, duke Gonzaga.

*Lor.* Fair Matilda !

I now call to my memory her picture,  
And find this is the substance ; but her painter  
Did her much wrong, I see it.

*Mart.* I am sure

I tugg'd hard for her, here are wounds can witness.  
Before I could call her mine.

*Lor.* No matter how :

Make thine own ransom, I will pay it for her.

*Mart.* I knew 'twould come at last.

*Martil.* We are lost again.

*Hort.* Variety of afflictions !

*Lor.* That his knee,

That never yet bow'd to mortality, [Kneels.  
Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight,  
I know, begets your wonder ; hear the reason.  
And cast it off :—your beauty does command it.  
Till now, I never saw you ; fame hath been  
Too sparing in report of your perfections,  
Which now with admiration I gaze on.  
Be not afraid, fair virgin ; had you been  
Employ'd to mediate your father's cause,  
My drum had been unbraced, my trumpet hung up :

Nor had the terror of the war e'er frighted  
His peaceful confines ; your demands had been  
As soon as spoke, agreed to : but you'll answer,  
And may with reason, words make no satisfaction  
For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort,  
Something my pious love commands me do,  
Which may call down your pardon.

*Matil.* This expression

Of reverence to your person better suits

*[Raises LORENZO, and kneels.*

With my low fortune. That you deign to love me,  
My weakness would persuade me to believe,  
Though conscious of mine own unworthiness :  
You being as the liberal eye of heaven,  
Which may shine where it pleases, let your beams  
Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me !  
For, should your love grow to excess, I dare not  
Deliver what I fear.

*Lor.* Dry your fair eyes ;

I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,  
If humble love could warrant it, you should  
Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven bear  
witness,

And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,  
You are, and shall be, in my tent as free  
From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun  
Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose  
Is yet an embryo ; but, grown into form,  
I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer  
Of blessings unexpected ; that your father,  
Your country, people, children yet unborn too,  
In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing  
The triumph of your beauty. On your hand  
Once more I swear it :—O imperious Love,  
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,  
Prosper the good ends of thy penitent ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Dutchy. A Room in  
OCTAVIO'S Cottage.*

*Enter OCTAVIO, disguised as a Priest, and MARIA.*

*Oct.* You must not be too sudden, my Maria,  
In being known : I am, in this friar's habit,  
As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery  
Be almost certain, I must work him to  
Repentance by degrees ; when I would have you  
Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to  
Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,—then,  
You know to act your part.

*Mar.* I shall be careful. *[Exit.*

*Oct.* If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,  
As I despair not of his body's wounds,  
Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio !

*Enter GOTHRIO.*

*Goth.* Here, sir.

*Oct.* Desire my patients to leave their chamber,  
And take fresh air here : how have they slept ?

*Goth.* Very well, sir.

I would we were so rid of them.

*Oct.* Why ?

*Goth.* I fear one hath

The art of memory, and will remember  
His gold and jewels : could you not minister  
A potion of forgetfulness ? What would gallants  
That are in debt give me for such a receipt,  
To pour in their creditors' drink ?

*Oct.* You shall restore all,  
Believe't, you shall :—will you please to walk ?

*Goth.* Will you please to put off  
Your holy habit, and spiced conscience ? one,  
I think, infects the other. *[Exit.*

*Oct.* I have observed  
Compunction in Alonso ; he speaks little,  
But full of retired thoughts, the other is  
Jocund and merry ; no doubt, because he hath  
The less account to make here.

*Enter ALONZO.*

*Alon.* Reverend sir,  
I come to wait your pleasure ; but, my friend,  
Your creature I should say, being so myself,  
Willing to take further repose, entreats  
Your patience a few minutes.

*Oct.* At his pleasure ;  
Pray you sit down ; you are faint still.

*Alon.* Growing to strength,  
I thank your goodness : but my mind is troubled,  
Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,  
Your pious habit giving me assurance  
Of your skill and power that way, that you would  
To be my mind's physician. *[please*

*Oct.* Sir, to that  
My order binds me ; if you please to unload  
The burthen of your conscience, I will minister  
Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you  
In a path that leads to comfort.

*Alon.* I will open  
My bosom's secrets to you. That I am  
A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,  
And cruel executions, my profession  
Admits not to be question'd ; but in that,  
Being a subject, and bound to obey  
Whate'er my prince commanded, I have left  
Some shadow of excuse : with other crimes,  
As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told,  
I am besmear'd all over.

*Oct.* On repentance,  
Mercy will wash it off.

*Alon.* O sir, I grant  
These sins are deadly ones ; yet their frequency  
With wicked men makes them less dreadful to us.  
But I am conscious of one crime, with which  
All ills I have committed from my youth  
Put in the scale, weigh nothing ; such a crime,  
So odious to heaven and man, and to  
My sear'd-up conscience so full of horror,  
As penance cannot expiate.

*Oct.* Despair not.  
'Tis impious in man to prescribe limits  
To the divine compassion : out with it.

*Alon.* Hear then, good man, and when that I  
have given you

The character of it, and confess'd myself  
The wretch that acted it, you must repent  
The charity you have extended towards me.  
Not long before these wars began, I had  
Acquaintance ('tis not fit I style it friendship,  
That being a virtue, and not to be blended  
With vicious breach of faith) with the lord Octa-  
The minion of his prince and court, set off *[vio,*  
With all the pomp and circumstance of greatness :  
To this then happy man I offer'd service,  
And with insinuation wrought myself  
Into his knowledge, grew familiar with him,  
Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman  
Was bless'd with one fair daughter, so he thought,  
And boldly might believe so, for she was  
In all things excellent without a rival,



Till I, her father's mass of wealth before  
My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine honour,  
With far more subtle arts than perjured Paris  
E'er practis'd on poor credulous Oenone,  
Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it,  
No vows or imprecation forgotten  
With speed to marry her.

*Oct.* Perhaps, she gave you  
Just cause to break those vows.

*Alon.* She cause! alas,  
Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much favour  
To me, unworthy of it: 'twas my baseness,  
My foul ingratitude—what shall I say more?  
The good Octavio no sooner fell  
In the displeasure of his prince, his state  
Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court,  
And she exposed to want; but all my oaths  
And protestation of service to her,  
Like seeming flames raised by enchantment, va-  
This, this sits heavy here. [nish'd;

*Oct.* He speaks as if  
He were acquainted with my plot.—You have  
reason

To feel compunction, for 'twas most inhuman  
So to betray a maid.

*Alon.* Most barbarous.

*Oct.* But does your sorrow for the fact beget  
An aptness in you to make satisfaction,  
For the wrong you did her?

*Alon.* Gracious heaven! an aptness?  
It is my only study: since I tasted  
Of your compassion, these eyes ne'er were closed,  
But fearful dreams cut off my little sleep;  
And, being awake, in my imagination  
Her apparition haunted me.

*Oct.* 'Twas mere fancy. [He stamps.

*Alon.* 'Twas more, grave sir—nay, 'tis—now  
it appears!

*Enter MARIA, in white.*

*Oct.* Where?

*Alon.* Do you not see there the gliding shadow  
Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears  
The very garments that adorn'd her, when  
She yielded to my crocodile tears: a cloud  
Of fears and diffidence then so chased away  
Her purer white and red, as it foretold  
That I should be disloyal. Blessed shadow!  
For 'twere a sin, far, far exceeding all  
I have committed, to hope only that  
Thou art a substance; look on my true sorrow,  
Nay, soul's contrition: hear again those vows  
My perjury cancell'd, stamp'd in brass, and never  
To be worn out.

*Mar.* I can endure no more;  
Action, not oaths, must make me reparation:  
I am Maria.

*Alon.* Can this be?

*Oct.* It is,  
And I Octavio.

*Alon.* Wonder on wonder!  
How shall I look on you, or with what forehead  
Desire your pardon?

*Mar.* You truly shall deserve it  
In being constant.

*Re-enter GOTHIO, with the purses of ALONZO and PISANO.*

*Oct.* If you fall not off,  
But look on her in poverty with those eyes  
As when she was my heir in expectation,  
You thought her beautiful.

*Alon.* She is in herself  
Both Indies to me.

*Goth.* Stay, she shall not come  
A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress! no,  
She shall not want a dower: here's white and red  
Will ask a jointure; but how you should make her  
one,

Being a captain, would beget some doubt,  
If you should deal with a lawyer.

*Alon.* I have seen this purse.

*Goth.* How the world's given—I dare not say,  
to lying,

Because you are a soldier; you may say as well,  
This gold is mark'd too: you, being to receive it,  
Should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a priest  
To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring.  
I have one for the purpose.—[GIVES PISANO'S RING  
to ALONZO.]—Now, sir, I think I'm  
honest. [Exit.

*Alon.* This ring was Pisano's.

*Oct.* I'll dissolve this riddle

At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,  
Which, in your honour, you are bound to cure,  
Exact our present care.

*Alon.* I am all yours, sir. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. The Castle of St. Leo.*

*Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, and MANSFROV.*

*Gon.* Thou hast told too much to give assurance  
Her honour was too far engaged, to be [that  
By human help redeem'd: if thou hadst given  
Thy sad narration this full period,  
She's dead, I had been happy.

*Uber.* Sir, these tears

Do well become a father, and my eyes  
Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,  
But that the burning fire of my revenge  
Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once more.  
Our broken forces rallied up, and with  
Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared t'en-  
A second trial; nor let it dismay us [dare  
That we are once again to affront the fury  
Of a victorious army; their abuse  
Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down  
The Powers above to aid us. I have read  
Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that  
The general, that gave way to cruelty,  
The profanation of things sacred, rapes  
Of virgins, butchery of infants, and  
The massacre in cold blood of reverend age,  
Against the discipline and law of arms,  
Did feel the hand of heaven lie heavy on him,  
When most secure. We have had a late example,  
And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo,  
It will be seconded.

*Gon.* You argue well,  
And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you:  
Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us.  
To be the ministers of justice.

*Uber.* No, sir:

One day given to refresh our wearied troops,  
Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer  
Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches,  
And force him to a battle. [Shouts within.

*Gon.* Ha! how's this?  
In such a general time of mourning, shouts,  
And acclamations of joy?

[Cry within, Long live the princess! long live Matilda!

*Über.* Matilda!

The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echoed!

*Enter FARNÉE.*

*Gon.* What speaks thy haste!

*Farn.* More joy and happiness

Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith  
Almost give credit to: the princess lives;  
I saw her, kiss'd her hand.

*Gon.* By whom deliver'd?

*Farn.* This is not to be stated by my report,  
This only must be told:—As I rode forth  
With some choice troops, to make discovery  
Where the enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a leader  
Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in  
His hand an olive branch, encounter'd me:  
He shew'd the great duke's seal, that gave him  
To parley with me; his desires were, that [power  
Assurance for his safety might be granted  
To his royal master, who came as a friend,  
And not as an enemy, to offer to you  
Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.  
This being return'd, the duke's prætorium open'd,  
When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot  
Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were,  
For insolence after victory, condemn'd  
Unto this slavish office, the fair princess  
Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head,  
Her robes majestic, their richness far  
Above all value, as the present age  
Contented that a woman's pomp should dim  
The glittering triumphs of the Roman Cæsars.

[*Music without.*

—I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders,  
Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge; choice music  
Ushers the parent of security,  
Long-absent peace.

*Man.* I know not what to think on't.

*Über.* May it poise the expectation!

*Low music.* *Enter Soldiers unarmed, bearing olive branches, Captains, LORENZO, MATILDA crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by Soldiers; followed by HORTENSIO and MARTINO.*

*Gon.* Thus to meet you,  
Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me;  
But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,  
And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,  
With an excess of comfort overwhelming me:  
And yet I cannot truly call myself  
Happy in this solemnity, till your highness  
Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive  
That, in this peaceful way, hath brought you to us.

*Lor.* I must crave license first; for know, *Gon-*  
I am subject to another's will, and can [yaga,  
Nor speak nor do without permission from her.  
My curled forehead, of late terrible  
To those that did acknowledge me their lord,  
Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs;  
My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost  
Their potent awe, and sweetness: I am transform'd  
(But do not scorn the metamorphosis)  
From that fierce thing men held me; I am captived,  
And, by the unresistable force of beauty,  
Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that  
I shall deliver those injunctions which  
Your absolute command imposed upon me,  
Or deign yourself to speak them?

*Matil.* Sir, I am

Your property, you may use me as you please;

But what is in your power and breast to do,  
No orator can dilate so well.

*Lor.* I obey you.

That I came hither as an enemy,  
With hostile arms, to the utter ruin of  
Your country, what I have done makes apparent;  
That fortune seconded my will, the late  
Defeat will make good: that I resolved  
To force the sceptre from your hand, and make  
Your dukedom tributary, my surprisal  
Of Mantua, your metropolis, can well witness;  
And that I cannot fear the change of fate,  
My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory, conquest,  
Stand ready to maintain: yet I must tell you  
By whom I am subdued, and what's the ransom  
I am commanded to lay down.

*Gon.* My lord,

You humble yourself too much; it is fitter  
You should propose and we consent.

*Lor.* Forbear,

The articles are here subscribed and sign'd  
By my obedient hand: all prisoners,  
Without a ransom, set at liberty;  
Mantua to be deliver'd up, the rampires  
Ruin'd in the assault, to be repair'd;  
The loss the husbandman received, his crop  
Burnt up by wanton license of the soldier,  
To be made good;—with whatsoever else  
You could impose on me, if you had been  
The conqueror, I your captive.

*Gon.* Such a change

Wants an example: I must owe this favour  
To the clemency of the old heroic valour,  
That spared when it had power to kill; a virtue  
Buried long since, but raised out of the grave  
By you, to grace this latter age.

*Lor.* Mistake not

The cause that did produce this good effect,  
If as such you receive it: 'twas her beauty,  
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues  
Of her fair soul, dilated in her converse,  
That did confirm it.

*Matil.* Mighty sir, no more:

You honour her too much, that is not worthy  
To be your servant.

*Lor.* I have done, and now

Would gladly understand that you allow of  
The articles propounded.

*Gon.* Do not wrong

Your benefits with such a doubt; they are  
So great and high, and with such reverence  
To be received, that, if I should profess  
I hold my dukedom from you, as your vassal,  
Or offer'd up my daughter as you please  
To be disposed of, in the point of honour,  
And a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel  
The bond I stand engaged for:—but accept  
Of that which I can pay, my all is yours, sir;  
Nor is there any here, (though I must grant  
Some have deserved much from me,) for so far  
I dare presume, but will surrender up  
Their interest to that your highness shall  
Deign to pretend a title.

*Über.* I subscribe not

To this condition.

*Farn.* The services

This prince hath done your grace in your most  
Are not to be so slighted. [danger,

*Hort.* 'Tis far from me

To urge my merits, yet, I must maintain,

Howe'er my power is less, my love is more;  
Nor will the gracious princess scorn to acknow-  
ledge

I have been her humble servant.

*Lor.* Smooth your brows,  
I'll not encroach upon your right, for that were  
Once more to force affection, (a crime  
With which should I the second time be tainted,  
I did deserve no favour,) neither will I  
Make use of what is offer'd by the duke,  
Howe'er I thank his goodness. I'll lay by  
My power, and though I should not brook a rival,  
(What we are, well consider'd,) I'll descend  
To be a third competitor; he that can  
With love and service best deserve the garland,  
With your consent let him wear it; I despair not  
The trial of my fortune.

*Gon.* Bravely offer'd,  
And like yourself, great prince.

*Uber.* I must profess  
I am so taken with it, that I know not  
Which way to express my service.

*Hort.* Did I not build  
Upon the princess's grace, I could sit down,  
And hold it no dishonour.

*Matil.* How I feel  
My soul divided! all have deserved so well,  
I know not where to fix my choice.

*Gon.* You have  
Time to consider: will you please to take  
Possession of the fort? then, having tasted  
The fruits of peace, you may at leisure prove,  
Whose plea will prosper in the court of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ALONZO, OCTAVIO, PISANO, MARIA, and GOTHRO.*

*Alon.* You need not doubt, sir, were not peace  
proclaim'd

And celebrated with a general joy,  
The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke,  
Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions,  
The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven,  
To you alone is proper) would force mercy  
For an offence, though capital.

*Pisan.* When the conqueror  
Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands  
The vanquish'd must not check at.

*Mar.* My piety pay the forfeit,  
If danger come but near you! I have heard  
My gracious mistress often mention you,  
When I served her as a page, and feelingly  
Relate how much the duke her sire repented  
His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage  
Pronounced against you.

*Oct.* In a private difference,  
I grant that innocence is a wall of brass,  
And scorns the hottest battery; but, when  
The cause depends between the prince and subject,  
'Tis an unequal competition; Justice  
Must lay her balance by, and use her sword  
For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd,  
And, till revoked from exile, to tread on  
My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet,  
The severe letter of the law calls death;  
Which I am subject to, in coming so near  
His court and person. But my only child  
Being provided for, her honour salv'd too,  
I thank your noble change, I shall endure  
Whate'er can fall, with patience.

*Alon.* You have used  
That medicine too long; prepare yourself  
For honour in your age, and rest secure of't.

*Mar.* Of what is your wisdom musing?

*Goth.* I am gazing on  
This gorgeous house; our cote's a dishclout to it;  
It has no sign,—what do you call't?

*Mar.* The court;  
I have lived in't a page.

*Goth.* Page! very pretty:  
May I not be a page? I am old enough,

Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to carry it:  
Pray you, let me be your page; I can swear al-  
Upon your pantofle. [ready,

*Mar.* What?  
*Goth.* That I'll be true  
Unto your smock.

*Mar.* How, rascal!  
*Oct.* Hence, and pimp  
To your rams and ewes: such foul pollution is  
To be whipt from court; I have now no more use  
Return to your trough. [of you;

*Goth.* Must I feed on husks,  
Before I have play'd the prodigal?

*Oct.* No, I'll reward  
Your service; live in your own element,  
Like an honest man; all that is mine in the cottage,  
I freely give you.

*Goth.* Your bottles too, that I carry  
For your own tooth!

*Oct.* Full as they are. [Gives him her purse.  
*Mar.* And gold,  
That will replenish them.

*Goth.* I am made for ever.

This was done i' the nick.

*Oct.* Why in the nick?

*Goth.* O sir!  
'Twas well for me that you did reward my service  
Before you enter'd the court; for 'tis reported  
There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,  
Few masters think of their servants, who, grown  
old,  
Are turn'd off, like lame hounds and hunting  
horses,  
To starve on the commons. [Exit.

*Alon.* Bitter knave!

*Enter MARTINO.*

There's craft

In the clouted shoe.—Captain!

*Mart.* I am glad to kiss  
Your valiant hand, and yours; but pray you, take  
notice,

My title's changed, I am a colonel.

*Pisan.* A colonel! where's your regiment?

*Mart.* Not raised yet;  
All the old one's are cashier'd, and we are now  
To have a new militia: all is peace here,

Yet I hold my title still, as many do  
That never saw an enemy.

*Alon.* You are pleasant,  
And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring?

*Mart.* Long since,  
Four hours at least, but yet not ready.

*Pisan.* How!

*Mart.* Even so; you make a wonder of't, but  
Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp, [leave it :  
To be up and arm'd upon the least alarm ;  
There's something else to be thought on : here he  
With his officers, new-rigg'd. [comes,

*Enter LORENZO, as from his chamber, with a looking-glass ;  
Doctor, Gentleman, and Page employed about his  
person.*

*Alon.* A looking-glass !  
Upon my head, he saw not his own face  
These seven years past, but by reflection  
From a bright armour.

*Mart.* Be silent, and observe.

*Lor.* So, have you done yet ?

Is your building perfect ?

*Doct.* If your highness please,  
Here is a water.

*Lor.* To what use ? my barber  
Hath wash'd my face already.

*Doct.* But this water  
Hath a strange virtue in't, beyond his art ;  
It is a sacred relic, part of that  
Most powerful juice, with which Medea made  
Old Æson young.

*Lor.* A fable ! but suppose  
I should give credit to it, will it work  
The same effect on me ?

*Doct.* I'll undertake  
This will restore the honour'd hair that grows  
Upon your highness' head and chin, a little  
Inclining unto gray.

*Lor.* Inclining ! doctor.

*Doct.* Pardon me, mighty sir, I went too far,  
Not gray at all ;—I dare not flatter you—  
'Tis something changed ; but this applied will help  
To the first amber-colour, every hair [it  
As fresh as when, your manhood in the prime,  
Your grace arrived at thirty.

*Lor.* Very well.

*Doct.* Then here's a precious oil, to which the  
maker

Hath not yet given a name, will soon fill up  
These dimples in your face and front. I grant  
They are terrible to your enemies, and set off  
Your frowns with majesty ; but you may please  
To know, as sure you do, a smooth aspect,  
Softness and sweetness, in the court of Love,  
Though dumb, are the prevailing orators.

*Lor.* Will he new-create me ?

*Doct.* If you deign to taste too,  
Of this confection.

*Lor.* I am in health, and need  
No physic.

*Doct.* Physic, sir ! An empress,  
If that an empress' lungs, sir, may be tainted  
With putrefaction, would taste of it,  
That night on which she were to print a kiss  
Upon the lips of her long-absent lord,  
Returning home with conquest.

*Lor.* 'Tis predominant

Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor ?

*Doct.* Clothe the infirmity with sweeter lan-  
'Tis a preservative that way. [guage :

*Lor.* You are, then,  
Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,  
And have the government of the borrow'd beauties  
Of such as write near forty.

*Doct.* True, my good lord,  
And my attempts have prosper'd.

*Lor.* Did you never  
Minister to the princess ?

*Doct.* Sir, not yet ;  
She's in the April of her youth, and needs not  
The aids of art, my gracious lord ; but in  
The autumn of her age I may be useful,  
And sworn her highness' doctor, and your grace  
Partake of the delight.—

*Lor.* Slave ! witch ! impostor !

[Strikes him down.

Mountebank ! cheater ! traitor to great nature,  
In thy presumption to repair what she,  
In her immutable decrees, design'd  
For some few years to grow up, and then wither !  
Or is't not crime enough thus to betray  
The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,  
But thou must make the honour of this age,  
And envy of the time to come, Matilda,  
Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of  
A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,  
Which for a perpetuity of youth  
And pleasure she disdains to act, such is  
Her purity and innocence !

[Sets his foot on the Doctor's breast.

*Alon.* Long since  
I look'd for this I've now.

*Mart.* Would I were well off !  
He's dangerous in these humours.

*Oct.* Stand conceal'd.

*Doct.* O sir, have mercy ! in my thought I never  
Offended you.

*Lor.* Me ! most of all, thou monster !  
What a mock-man property in thy intent  
Wouldst thou have made me ? a mere pathic to  
Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.  
Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,  
And held a blessing by the wisest men,  
And for such warrant'd by holy writ,  
To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame ?  
Or plaister up these furrows in my face,  
As if I were a painted bawd or whore ?  
By such base means if that I could ascend  
To the height of all my hopes, their full fruition  
Would not wipe off the scandal : no, thou wretch !  
Thy cozening water and adulterate oil  
I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust  
Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies :—  
Vanish for ever !

*Mart.* You have your fee as I take it,  
Dear domine doctor ! I'll be no sharer with you.

[Exit Doctor.

*Lor.* I'll court her like myself ; these rich  
adornments

And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,  
My order too, of which I am the sovereign,  
Can meet no ill construction ; yet 'tis far  
From my imagination to believe  
She can be taken with sublimed clay,  
The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries :  
Nor must I borrow helps from power or greatness,  
But as a loyal lover plead my cause ;  
If I can feelingly express my ardour,  
And make her sensible of the much I suffer  
In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to take

Compassion on me,—ha! compassion?  
The word sticks in my throat: what's here, that  
tells me

I do descend too low? rebellious spirit,  
I conjure thee to leave me! there is now  
No contradiction or declining left,  
I must and will go on.

*Mart.* The tempest's laid;  
You may present yourselves.

[*ALONSO and PISANO come forward.*]

*Alon.* My gracious lord.

*Pisan.* Your humble vassal.

*Lor.* Ha! both living?

*Alon.* Sir,  
We owe our lives to this good lord, and make it  
Our humble suit—

*Lor.* Plead for yourselves: we stand  
Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers  
Can save the forfeiture of your own heads:  
Though we have put our armour off, your pardon  
For leaving of the camp without our license,  
Is not yet signed. At some more fit time wait us.  
[*Exeunt LORENZO, Gentleman, and Page.*]

*Alon.* How's this?

*Mart.* 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with  
A rougher entertainment, yet I had  
Good cards to shew. He's parcel mad; you'll find  
him

Every hour in a several mood; this foolish love  
Is such a shuttlecock! but all will be well,  
When a better fit comes on him, never doubt it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter GONZAAGA, UBERTI, FARNEEZ, and MANFROY.*

*Gon.* How do you find her?

*Uber.* Thankful for my service.

And yet she gives me little hope; my rival  
Is too great for me.

*Gon.* The great duke, you mean?

*Uber.* Who else? the Milanese, although he be  
A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs  
More than myself.

*Farn.* A high estate, with women,  
Takes place of all desert.

*Uber.* I must stand my fortune.

*Enter LORENZO and Attendants.*

*Man.* The duke of Florence, sir.

*Gon.* Your highness' presence

Answers my wish. Your private ear:—I have used  
My best persuasion, with a father's power,  
To work my daughter to your ends; yet she,  
Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,  
Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves  
not

At which port to put in. This prince's merits,  
Your grace and favour; nor is she unmindful  
Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir,  
I needs must call them so) Hortensio  
Hath done to gain her good opinion of him;  
All these together tumbling in her fancy,  
Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,  
And am assured this instant hour she gives  
Hortensio private audience; I will bring you  
Where we will see and hear all.

*Lor.* You oblige me.

*Uber.* I do not like this whispering.

*Gon.* Fear no foul play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter HORTENSIO, BEATRICE, and two Waiting-women.*

1 *Wom.* The princess, sir, long since expected  
you;

And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that  
I have often moved her for you.

*Hort.* I am your servant.

*Enter MATILDA.*

*Beat.* She's come; there are others I must place  
to hear

The conference. [*Aside, and exit*]

1 *Wom.* Is't your excellency's pleasure

That we attend you?

*Matil.* No; wait me in the gallery.

1 *Wom.* Would each of us, wench, had a sweet-  
To pass away the time! [*heart too,*]

2 *Wom.* There I join with you.

[*Exeunt Waiting-women*]

*Matil.* I fear this is the last time we shall meet.

*Hort.* Heaven forbid!

*Re-enter above BEATRICE with LORENZO, GONZAAGA, UBERTI,  
and FARNEEZ.*

*Matil.* O my Hortensio!

In me behold the misery of greatness,  
And that which you call beauty. Had I been  
Of a more low condition, I might  
Have call'd my will and faculties mine own,  
Not seeing that which was to be beloved  
With others' eyes: but now, ah me, most wretched  
And miserable princess, in my fortune,  
To be too much engaged for service done me!  
It being impossible to make satisfaction  
To my so many creditors; all deserving,  
I can keep touch with none.

*Lor.* A sad exordium.

*Matil.* You loved me long, and without hope  
(alas,

I die to think on't!) Parma's prince, invited  
With a too partial report of what  
I was, and might be to him, left his country,  
To fight in my defence. Your brave achievements  
I' the war, and what you did for me, unspoken,  
Because I would not force the sweetness of  
Your modesty to a blush, are written here:  
And, that there might be nothing wanting to  
Sum up my numerous engagements, (never  
In my hopes to be cancell'd,) the great duke,  
Our mortal enemy, when my father's country  
Lay open to his fury, and the spoil  
Of the victorious army, and I brought  
Into his power, hath shewn himself so noble,  
So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues  
That can set off a prince, that, though I cannot  
Render him that respect I would, I am bound  
In thankfulness to admire him.

*Hort.* 'Tis acknowledged,

And on your part to be return'd.

*Matil.* How can I,

Without the brand of foul ingratitude

To you, and prince Uberti?

*Hort.* Hear me, madam,

And what your servant shall with zeal deliver,  
As a Dædalean clew may guide you out of  
This labyrinth of distraction. He that loves  
His mistress truly, should prefer her honour  
And peace of mind, above the glutting of  
His ravenous appetite: he should affect her,

But with a fit restraint, and not take from her  
To give himself : he should make it the height  
Of his ambition, if it lie in  
His stretch'd-out nerves to effect it, though she  
fly in

An eminent place, to add strength to her wings,  
And mount her higher, though he fall himself  
Into the bottomless abyss ; or else  
The services he offers are not real,  
But counterfeit.

*Matil.* What can Hortensio,  
Infer from this ?

*Hort.* That I stand bound in duty,  
(Though in the act I take my last farewell  
Of comfort in this life,) to sit down willingly,  
And move my suit no further. I confess,  
While you were in danger, and heaven's mercy  
made me

Its instrument to preserve you, (which your good-  
Prized far above the merit,) I was bold [ness  
To feed my starv'd affection with false hopes  
I might be worthy of you : for know, madam,  
How mean soever I appear'd in Mantua,  
I had in expectation a fortune,  
Though not possess'd of't, that encouraged me  
With confidence to prefer my suit, and not  
To fear the prince Uberti as my rival.

*Gon.* I ever thought him more than what he  
*Lor.* Pray you, forbear. [seem'd.

*Hort.* But when the duke of Florence  
Put in his plea, in my consideration  
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him  
A Mars of men in arms, and, those put off,  
The great example for a kingly courtier  
To imitate ; annex to these his wealth,  
Of such a large extent, as other monarchs  
Call him the king of coin ; and, what's above all,  
His lawful love, with all the happiness  
This life can fancy, from him flowing to you ;  
The true affection which I have ever born you,  
Does not alone command me to desist,  
But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you  
To meet and welcome that felicity,  
Which hastes to crown your virtues.

*Lor.* We must break off this parley :  
Something I have to say. [Exeunt above.

*Matil.* In tears I thank  
Your care of my advancement ; but I dare not  
Follow your counsel. Shall such piety  
Pass unrewarded ? such a pure affection,  
For any ends of mine, be undervalued ?  
Avert it, heaven ! I will be thy Matilda,  
Or cease to be ; no other heat but what  
Glow from thy purest flames, shall warm this  
bosom,  
Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth,  
Shall keep thee from me.

*Re-enter below* LORENZO, GONAGA, UBERTI, FARNESE, and  
MANFROY.

*Hort.* I fear, gracious lady,  
Our conference hath been overheard.

*Matil.* The better :  
Your part is acted ; give me leave at distance  
To zany it.—Sir, on my knees thus prostrate  
Before your feet—

*Lor.* This must not be, I shall  
Both wrong myself and you in suffering it.

*Matil.* I will grow here, and weeping thus turn  
marble,

Unless you hear and grant the first petition  
A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered :  
Nor doth the suit concern poor me alone,  
It hath a stronger reference to you,  
And to your honour ; and, if you deny it,  
Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were  
not

Born only for yourself, heaven's liberal hand  
Design'd you to command a potent nation,  
Gave you heroic valour which you have  
Abused, in making unjust war upon  
A neighbour-prince, a Christian ; while the Turk,  
Whose scourge and terror you should be, securely  
Wastes the Italian confines : 'tis in you  
To force him to pull in his horned crescents,  
And 'tis expected from you.

*Lor.* I have been  
In a dream, and now begin to wake.

*Matil.* And will you  
Forbear to reap the harvest of such glories,  
Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces  
Of a slight woman ? or exchange your triumphs  
For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves  
(That should with your victorious sword make way  
Through the armies of your enemies) in loose  
And wanton dalliance ? be yourself, great sir,  
The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever  
Two hearts long since united ; your example  
May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe  
To that which you allow of.

*Lor.* The same tongue  
That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw  
A frozen numbness on my active spirit,  
Hath disenchant me. Rise, fairest princess !  
And, that it may appear I do receive  
Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will  
Obey and follow it : I am your debtor,  
And must confess you have lent my weaken'd  
reason

New strengths once more to hold a full command  
Over my passions. Here, to the world,  
I freely do profess that I disclaim  
All interest in you, and give up my title,  
Such as it is, to you, sir ; and, as far  
As I have power, thus join your hands.

*Gon.* To yours  
I add my full consent.

*Uber.* I am lost, Farnese.

*Farn.* Much nearer to the port than you sup-  
pose :—

In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.

*Matil.* Ah me, new stops !  
*Hort.* Shall we be ever cross'd thus ?

*Farn.* There is an act upon record, confirm'd  
By your wise predecessors, that no heir  
Of Mantua (as questionless the princess  
Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in marriage,  
But where the match may strengthen the estate  
And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman,  
However I must style him honourable,  
And of a high desert, having no power  
To make this good in his alliance, stands  
Excluded by our laws ; whereas this prince,  
Of equal merit, brings to Mantua  
The power and principality of Parma :  
And therefore, since the great duke hath let fall  
His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can  
Challenge the princess' favour.

*Lor.* Is this true, sir ?

*Gon.* I cannot contradict it.

Enter MANFROY.

*Man.* There's an ambassador  
From Milan, that desires a present audience ;  
His business is of highest consequence,  
As he affirms : I know him for a man  
Of the best rank and quality.

*Hort.* From Milan !

*Gon.* Admit him.

Enter Ambassador, and JULIO with a letter, which he presents on his knee to HORTENSIO.

How ! so low ?

*Amb.* I am sorry, sir,  
To be the bringer of this heavy news ;  
But since it must be known—

*Hort.* Peace rest with him !

I shall find fitter time to mourn his loss.  
My faithful servant too !

*Jul.* I am o'erjoy'd,  
To see your highness safe.

*Hort.* Pray you, peruse this,  
And there you'll find that the objection,  
The lord Farneze made, is fully answer'd.

*Gon.* The great John Galeas dead !

*Lor.* And this his brother,  
The absolute lord of Milan !

*Matil.* I am revived.

*Uber.* There's no contending against destiny :  
I wish both happiness.

Enter ALONZO, MARIA, OCTAVIO, PISANO, and MARTINO.

*Lor.* Married, Alonzo !

I will salute your lady, she's a fair one.

And seal your pardon on her lips. [*Kisses MARIA.*]

*Gon.* Octavio !

Welcome e'en to my heart. Rise, I should kneel  
To thee for mercy.

*Oct.* The poor remainder of  
My age shall truly serve you.

*Matil.* You resemble

A page I had, Ascanio.

*Mar.* I am

Your highness' servant still.

*Lor.* All stand amazed

At this unlook'd-for meeting ; but defer

Your several stories. Fortune here hath shewn

Her various power ; but virtue, in the end,

Is crown'd with laurel : Love hath done his parts

And mutual friendship, after bloody jars, [*too ;*

Will cure the wounds received in our wars.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

*Pray you, gentlemen, keep your seats ; something I would  
Deliver to gain favour, if I could,  
To us, and the still doubtful author. He,  
When I desired an epilogue, answer'd me,  
" 'Twas to no purpose : he must stand his fate,  
" Since all entreaties now would come too late ;  
" You being long since resolved what you would say  
" Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play."  
A strange old fellow ! yet this sullen mood  
Would quickly leave him, might it be understood  
You part not hence displeas'd. I am design'd  
To give him certain notice : if you find  
Things worth your liking, shew it. Hope and fear,  
Though different passions, have the self-same ear.*

# THE OLD LAW.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EVANDER, *Duke of Epiru.*  
 CRATILUS, *the Executioner.*  
 CREON, *Father to SIMONIDES.*  
 SIMONIDES, } *young Courtiers.*  
 CLEANTHES, }  
 LYANDER, *Husband to EUGENIA, and Uncle to*  
           *CLEANTHES.*  
 LEONIDES, *Father to CLEANTHES.*  
 GNOTHO, *the Clown.*  
 Lawyers.  
 Courtiers.  
 Dancing-Master.  
 Butler,  
 Ballif,  
 Tailor, } *Servants to CREON.*  
 Coachman, }  
 Footman, }  
 Cook, }

Clerk.  
 Drawer.

ANTIGONA, *Wife to CREON.*  
 HIPPOLITA, *Wife to CLEANTHES.*  
 EUGENIA, *Wife to LYANDER, and Mother to*  
           *PARTHENIA.*  
 PARTHENIA.  
 AGATHA, *Wife to GNOTHO.*  
 Old Women, *Wives to CREON'S Servants.*  
 Courtesan.

Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, &c.

SCENE,—EPIRE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Room in CREON'S House.

*Enter SIMONIDES and two Lawyers.*

*Sim.* Is the law firm, sir?

*1 Law.* The law! what more firm, sir,  
 More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?

*Sim.* By my troth, sir,  
 I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,  
 You have indirectly answered my question.  
 I did not doubt the fundamental grounds  
 Of law in general, for the most solid;  
 But this particular law that me concerns,  
 Now, at the present, if that be firm and strong,  
 And powerful, and forcible, and permanent?  
 I am a young man that has an old father.

*2 Law.* Nothing more strong, sir.  
 It is—*Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum*  
*cum voce senatus, et voce reipublica; nay, con-*  
*firmatum et exemplificatum.*

Is it not in force,  
 When divers have already tasted it,  
 And paid their lives for penalty?

*Sim.* 'Tis true.  
 My father must be next; this day completes  
 Full fourscore years upon him.

*2 Law.* He is here, then,  
*Sub pena statuti*: hence I can tell him,  
 Truer than all the physicians in the world,  
 He cannot live out to-morrow; this  
 Is the most certain climacterical year—  
 'Tis past all danger, for there's no escaping it.  
 What age is your mother, sir!

*Sim.* Faith, near her days too;

Wants some two of threescore.

*1 Law.* So! she'll drop away  
 One of these days too: here's a good age now,  
 For those that have old parents, and rich inheri-  
           *ance!*

*Sim.* And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:  
 Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices,  
 That younger men would walk lustily in?  
 Churchmen, that even the second infancy  
 Hath silenced, yet have spun out their lives so  
           long,

That many pregnant and ingenious spirits  
 Have languish'd in their hoped reversions,  
 And died upon the thought? and, by your leave,  
 Have you not places fill'd up in the law, [sir,  
 By some grave senators, that you imagine  
 Have held them long enough, and such spirits as  
           you,

Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?

*1 Law.* *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi mag-*  
           *nus Apollo.*

*Sim.* But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:  
 Is't not a sound and necessary law,  
 This, by the duke enacted?

*1 Law.* Never did Greece,  
 Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,  
 'Mongst all her *nomothetae* and lawgivers,  
 Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,  
 Whose living memory can never die,  
 Produce a law more grave and necessary.

*Sim.* I am of that mind too.



2 *Law*. I will maintain, sir,  
Draco's oligarchy, that the government  
Of community reduced into few,  
Framed a fair state; Solon's *chreokopia*,  
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,  
Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;  
His *seisachtheia* did reform that error,  
His honourable senate of Areopagitæ.  
Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free  
And licentious reins unto his discipline;  
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,  
Might choose her able friend to propagate;  
That so the commonwealth might be supplied  
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,  
And so did Aristotle, in allowing  
Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws:  
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,  
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law  
That all our predecessive students  
Have miss'd, unto their shame.

Enter CLEANTHES.

*Sim*. Forbear the praise, sir,  
'Tis in itself most pleasing:—Cleanthes!  
O, lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!  
The old trees must down kept the sun from us;  
We shall rise now, boy.

*Clean*. Whither, sir, I pray?  
To the bleak air of storms, among those trees  
Which we had shelter from?

*Sim*. Yes, from our growth  
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.  
What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,  
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?

*Clean*. Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year  
with me.

*Sim*. Prithee, how old's thy father? then I can  
tell thee.

*Clean*. I know not how to answer you, Si-  
monides;  
He is too old, being now exposed  
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;  
And yet not old enough by many years,  
'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.

*Sim*. These very passions I speak to my father.  
Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may  
speak

Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,  
And shall be counsellors shortly.

*Clean*. They shall be now, sir,  
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake  
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;  
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.

1 *Law*. O, sir, we must undertake of both parts;  
But the good we have most ground in.

*Clean*. Pray you, say,  
How do you allow of this strange edict?

1 *Law*. *Secundum justitiam*; by my faith, sir,  
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.

*Clean*. What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot  
It is no rule in justice there to punish. [be,

1 *Law*. Oh, sir,  
You understand a conscience, but not law.

*Clean*. Why, sir, is there so main a difference?

1 *Law*. You'll never be good lawyer if you un-  
derstand not that.

*Clean*. I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad  
one.

1 *Law*. Why, sir, the very letter and the sense

both do overthrow you in this statute, which  
speaks, that every man living to fourscore years,  
and women to threescore, shall then be cut off as  
fruitless to the republic, and law shall finish what  
nature linger'd at.

*Clean*. And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in  
law?

1 *Law*. It is so plain it can have no demur,  
The church-book overthrows it.

*Clean*. And so it does;

The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.

1 *Law*. Still you run from the law into error:  
You say it takes the lives of innocents,  
I say no, and so says common reason;  
What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,  
That can die innocent?

*Clean*. A fine law evasion!

Good sir, rehearse the whole statute to me.

*Sim*. Fie! that's too tedious; you have already  
The full sum in the brief relation.

*Clean*. Sir,

'Mongst many words may be found contradictions;  
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,  
If they can pick a quarrel with some error

2 *Law*. Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I  
can for you:

*Anno primo Evandri*, Be it for the care and good  
of the commonwealth, (for divers necessary rea-  
sons that we shall urge,) thus peremptorily  
enacted,—

*Clean*. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not!

2 *Law*. That all men living in our dominions of  
Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of four-  
score, or women to the age of threescore, shall on  
the same day be instantly put to death, by those  
means and instruments that a former proclamation,  
had to this purpose, through our said territories  
dispersed.

*Clean*. There was no woman in this senate,  
certain.

1 *Law*. That these men, being past their bearing  
arms, to aid and defend their country; past their  
manhood and likelihood, to propagate any further  
issue to their posterity; and as well past their  
councils (whose overgrown gravity is now run into  
dotage) to assist their country; to whom, in com-  
mon reason, nothing should be so wearisome as  
their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious to  
their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the  
good of their country: yet wanting the means to  
maintain it; and are like to grow old before their  
inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary  
use, be condemned to die: for the women, for that  
they never were a defence to their country; never  
by counsel admitted to assist in the government  
of their country; only necessary to the propagation  
of posterity, and now, at the age of threescore, past  
that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit  
(a quarter abated from the more worthy member)  
that they be put to death, as is before recited: pro-  
vided that for the just and impartial execution of  
this our statute, the example shall first begin in  
and about our court, which ourself will see care-  
fully performed; and not, for a full month fol-  
lowing, extend any further into our dominions.  
Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace  
Royal in Epire.

*Clean*. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded!  
And is there no scruple in all these words,  
To demur the law upon occasion?

*Sim.* Pox ! 'tis an unnecessary inquisition ;  
Prithce set him not about it.

*2 Law.* Troth, none, sir :

It is so evident and plain a case,  
There is no succour for the defendant.

*Clean.* Possible ! can nothing help in a good case !

*1 Law.* Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,

Which would protract ; delay, if not remedy.

*Clean.* Why, there's some comfort in that ; good sir, speak it.

*1 Law.* Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.

*Sim.* Prithce, do not ;

It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,  
That may die after it.

*Clean.* Come, sir, I know

How to make you speak :—will this do it ?

[*Gives him his purse.*]

*1 Law.* I will afford you my opinion, sir.

*Clean.* Pray you, repeat the literal words ex-  
The time of death. [pressly,

*Sim.* 'Tis an unnecessary question ; prithce let it alone.

*2 Law.* Hear his opinion, 'twill be fruitless sir.  
*That man, at the age of fourscore, and woman at threescore, shall the same day be put to death.*

*1 Law.* Thus I help the man to twenty-one years

*Clean.* That were a fair addition. [more.]

*1 Law.* Mark it, sir ; we say, man is not at age  
Till he be one and twenty ; before, 'tis infancy,  
And adolescence ; now, by that addition,  
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.

*Sim.* Oh, poor evasion !

He is fourscore years old, sir.

*1 Law.* That helps more, sir ;

He begins to be old at fifty, so, at fourscore,

He's but thirty years old ; so, believe it, sir,

He may be twenty years in declination ;

And so long may a man linger and live by it.

*Sim.* The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard !

Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.

*1 Law.* There is no law for restitution of fees,  
sir.

*Clean.* No, no, sir ; I meant it lost when it was  
given.

*Enter CREON and ANTIGONA.*

*Sim.* No more, good sir,

Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.

*1 Law.* I have spoke out my fee, and I have

*Sim.* O my dear father ! [done, sir.]

*Creon.* Tush ! meet me not in exclaims ;

I understand the worst, and hope no better.

A fine law ! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,

And many watchmen's places will be vacant ;

Fifty of them I know my seniors,

That did due deeds of darkness too :—their country

Has watch'd them a good turn for't,

And ta'en them napping now :

The fewer hospitals will serve too, many

May be used for stews and brothels ; and those

Will never trouble them to fourscore. [people]

*Ant.* Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir ?

*Creon.* Sorrow ! for what, Antigona ? for my life ?

My sorrow is I have kept it so long well,

With bringing it up unto so ill an end.

I might have gently lost it in my cradle,

Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong,

To bind it faster to me.

*Sim.* For mine own sake,

I should have been sorry for that.

*Creon.* In my youth

I was a soldier, no coward in my age ;

I never turn'd my back upon my foe ;

I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,

Yet ever kept a lively sap in me

To greet the cheerful spring of health again.

Dangers, on horse, on foot, [by land,] by water,

I have scaped to this day ; and yet this day,

Without all help of casual accidents,

Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers

Fourscore years to me. Where is the fault now ?

I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,

Nor aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves

Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.

He that has been a soldier all his days,

And stood in personal opposition

'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat

And pinching cold, has treacherously at home,

In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand

Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance :—

And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

*1 Law.* Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law.

*Creon.* And what's that, but the sword of  
tyranny,

When it is brandish'd against innocent lives ?

I am now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit

I should unbosom my free conscience,

And shew the faith I die in :—I do believe

'Tis tyranny that takes my life.

*Sim.* Would it were gone

By one means or other ! what a long day

Will this be ere night ?

[*Aside.*]

*Creon.* Simonides.

*Sim.* Here, sir,—weeping.

*Creon.* Wherefore dost thou weep ?

*Clean.* 'Cause you make no more haste to your  
end. [Aside.]

*Sim.* How can you question nature so unjustly ?

I had a grandfather, and then had not you

True filial tears for him ?

*Clean.* Hypocrite !

A disease of drought dry up all pity from him,

That can dissemble pity with wet eyes !

*Creon.* Be good unto your mother, Simonides,

She must be now your care.

*Ant.* To what end, sir ?

The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,

As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,

With one hour's stay, to go along with you.

*Creon.* Thou must not, woman, there are years  
behind,

Before thou canst set forward in this voyage ;

And nature, sure, will now be kind to all :

She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law

Seeks to prevent her, she will therefore fight in't,

And draw out life even to her longest thread :

Thou art scarce fifty-five.

*Ant.* So many morrows !

Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,

To hours, or minutes, for thy company.

'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,

Should walk together arm in arm.

*Sim.* I hope

They'll go together ; I would they would, i'faith,

Then would her thirds be saved too. [Aside.]—

The day goes away, sir.

*Creon.* Why wouldst thou have me gone,  
Simonides ?

*Sim.* O my heart! Would you have me gone  
before you, sir,

You give me such a deadly wound?

*Clean.* Fine rascal!

*Sim.* Blemish my duty so with such a question?

Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy;

He that's above the law may mitigate

The rigour of the law. How a good meaning

May be corrupted by a misconception!

*Creon.* Thou corrupt'st at mine; I did not think  
thou mean'st so.

*Clean.* You were in the more error. [*Aside.*]

*Sim.* The words wounded me.

*Clean.* 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't.

*Sim.* I have been ransacking the helps of law,  
Conferring with these learned advocates:

If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense

Could have been found out to preserve your life,

It had been bought, though with your full estate,

Your life's so precious to me!—but there's none.

*Law.* Sir, we have canvass'd her from top to  
toe,

Turn'd her upside down, thrown her upon her side,

Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails,

Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hoped,

But the duke's mercy.

*Sim.* I know the hope of that;

He did not make the law for that purpose.

*Creon.* Then to this hopeless mercy last I go;

I have so many precedents before me,

I must call it hopeless: Antigona,

See me deliver'd up unto my deathman,

And then we'll part;—five years hence I'll look for  
thee.

*Sim.* I hope she will not stay so long behind you.

*Creon.* Do not bate him an hour by grief and  
sorrow,

Since there's a day prefix'd, hasten it not.

Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now,

Any disease thou wilt may be my end,

Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.

[*Exit CREON and ANTIGONA.*]

*Sim.* Cleanthes, if you want money, to-morrow  
I'll trust you while your father's dead. [*use me;*

[*Exit, with the Lawyers.*]

*Clean.* Why, here's a villain,  
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!

Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood

In parent distribution to his branches,

Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,

Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen.

And must not gratitude descend again,

To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?

Improvident, or at least partial nature!

(Weak woman in this kind,) who, in thy last  
teeming,

Forgettest still the former, ever making

The burthen of thy last throes the dearest darling!

O yet in noble man reform [*reform*] it,

And make us better than those vegetives,

Whose souls die with them. Nature, as thou art  
old,

If love and justice be not dead in thee,

Make some the pattern of thy piety;

Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,

And thou be blamed for our oblivious

[*Enter LEONIDES and HIPPOLITA.*]

And brutish reluctations! Ay, here's the ground

Whereon my filial faculties must build

An edifice of honour, or of shame,  
To all mankind.

*Hip.* You must avoid it, sir,

If there be any love within yourself:

This is far more than fate of a lost game

That another venture may restore again;

It is your life, which you should not subject

To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.

*Clean.* O dearest woman, thou hast doubled  
now

A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!—

Why, she whose love is but derived from me,

Is got before me in my debted duty.

*Hip.* Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?

*Clean.* Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee?

To be so forward in so good a cause?

*Hip.* Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me.

And then your love and power did both command  
me.

*Clean.* They were all blessed angels to direct  
thee;

And take their counsel. How do you fare, sir?

*Leon.* Cleanthes, never better; I have conceiv'd

Such a new joy within this old bosom,

As I did never think would there have enter'd.

*Clean.* Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,

The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.

*Leon.* Death! what is that, Cleanthes? I  
thought not on't,

I was in contemplation of this woman:

'Tis all thy comfort, son; thou hast in her

A treasure invaluable, keep her safe.

When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,

For I will die with wonder of her virtues;

Nothing else shall dissolve me.

*Clean.* 'Twere much better, sir,

Could you prevent their malice.

*Leon.* I'll prevent them,

And die the way I told thee, in the wonder

Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men

Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.

That the strong tie of wedlock should do more,

Than nature in her nearest ligaments

Of blood and propagation! I should never

Have begot such a daughter of my own:

A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,

Were there more such children.

*Clean.* This admiration

Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.

*Leon.* Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour

In the search of means to save my forfeit life,

And knew the wise and the sound preservations

That she found out, you would redouble all

My wonder, in your love to her.

*Clean.* The thought,

The very thought, sir, claims all that from me,

And she is now possess of't: but, good sir,

If you have aught received from her advice,

Let's follow it; or else let's better think,

And take the surest course.

*Leon.* I'll tell thee one;

She counsels me to fly my severe country;

To turn all into treasure, and there build up

My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,  
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.

*Clean.* And, sir,

I apprehend it as a safest course,

And may be easily accomplished;

Let us be all most expeditious.

Every country where we breathe will be our own,

Or better soil ; heaven is the roof of all,  
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,  
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.

*Hip.* Oh, then avoid it, sir ; these sad events  
Follow those black predictions.

*Leon.* I pritheee peace ;  
I do allow thy love, Hippolita,  
But must not follow it as counsel, child ;  
I must not shame my country for the law.  
This country here hath bred me, brought me up,  
And shall I now refuse a grave in her ?  
I am in my second infancy, and children  
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle,  
As in their natural mother's.

*Hip.* Ay, but, sir,  
She is unnatural ; then the stepmother's  
To be preferr'd before her.

*Leon.* Tush ! she shall  
Allow it me in despite of her entrails.  
Why, do you think how far from judgment 'tis,  
That I should travel forth to seek a grave  
That is already digg'd for me at home.  
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it ?—  
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow ?  
For your dear loves, how have I banish'd you  
From your country ever ? With my base attempt,  
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that  
Which only for your sakes I bred together ;  
Buried my name in Epire which I built  
Upon this frame, to live for ever in ?  
What a base coward shall I be, to fly from  
That enemy which every minute meets me,  
And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me  
Before this hour of battle ! Fly my death !  
I will not be so false unto your states,  
Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me :  
I'll meet him bravely ; I cannot (this knowing)  
fear

That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.  
Come, I have days of preparation left.

*Clean.* Good sir, hear me :  
I have a genius that has prompted me,  
And I have almost form'd it into words—  
'Tis done, pray you observe them ; I can conceal  
And yet not leave your country. [you ;

*Leon.* Tush ! it cannot be,  
Without a certain peril on us all.  
*Clean.* Danger must be hazarded, rather than  
accept

A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,  
So far remote from way of passengers,  
That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't ;  
And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,  
Built with such cunning labyrinths within,  
As if the provident heavens, foreseeing cruelty,  
Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.

*Leon.* Fie, fie ! 'tis dangerous,—and treason too,  
To abuse the law.

*Hip.* 'Tis holy care, sir,  
Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,  
But not your own to lose, either in will  
Or negligence.

*Clean.* Call you it treason, sir ?  
I had been then a traitor unto you,  
Had I forgot this ; beseech you, accept of it ;  
It is secure, and a duty to yourself.

*Leon.* What a coward will you make me !

*Clean.* You mistake ;  
'Tis noble courage, now you fight with death ;  
And yield not to him till you stoop under him.

*Leon.* This must needs open to discovery,  
And then what torture follows ?

*Clean.* By what means, sir ?  
Why, there is but one body in all this counsel,  
Which cannot betray itself : we two are one,  
One soul, one body, one heart, that think one  
And yet we two are not completely one, [thought ;  
But as I have derived myself from you.—

Who shall betray us where there is no second ?

*Hip.* You must not mistrust my faith, though  
Weakness and frailty for me. [my sex plead

*Leon.* Oh, I dare not  
But where's the means that must make answer for  
I cannot be lost without a full account, [me ?  
And what must pay that reckoning ?

*Clean.* Oh, sir, we will  
Keep solemn obits for your funeral ;  
We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,  
That death so gently has prevented you  
The law's sharp rigour ; and this no mortal ear shall  
Participate the knowledge of.

*Leon.* Ha, ha, ha !  
This will be a sportive fine demur,  
If the error be not found.

*Clean.* Pray doubt of none.  
Your company and best provision,  
Must be no further furnish'd than by us ;  
And, in the interim, your solitude may  
Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare  
[For that] which was too violent and raging  
Thrown headlong on you.

*Leon.* Still, there are some doubts  
Of the discovery ; yet I do allow it.

*Hip.* Will you not mention now the cost and  
Which will be in your keeping ! [charge,

*Leon.* That will be somewhat,  
Which you might save too.

*Clean.* With his will against him,  
What foe is more to man than man himself ?  
Are you resolved sir ?

*Leon.* I am, Cleanthes :  
If by this means I do get a reprieve,  
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come  
Armed in his own power to give the blow,  
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Before the Palace.

Enter EVANDER, Courtiers, and CRATILUS.

*Evan.* Executioner !

*Crat.* My lord.

*Evan.* How did old Diocles take his death ?

*Crat.* As weeping brides receive their joys at  
With trembling, yet with patience. [night ;

*Evan.* Why, 'twas well.

*I Court.* Nay, I knew my father would do well,  
my lord,

Whene'er he came to die ; I'd that opinion of him,

Which made me the more willing to part from him;  
He was not fit to live in the world, indeed  
Any time these ten years, my lord,  
But I would not say so much.

*Evan.* No! you did not well in't,  
For he that's all spent, is ripe for death at all hours,  
And does but trifle time out.

*1 Court.* Troth, my lord,  
I would I'd known your mind nine years ago.

*Evan.* Our law is fourscore years, because we  
Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness [judge  
In women, at threescore; marry, if the son  
Can, within compass, bring good solid proofs  
Of his own father's weakness, and unfitness  
To live, or sway the living, though he want five  
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;  
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit  
He dies when he deserves; for every act  
Is in effect then, when the cause is ripe.

*2 Court.* An admirable prince! how rarely he  
talks!

Oh that we'd known this, lads! What a time did  
we endure

In two-penny commons, and in boots twice  
vamp'd!

*1 Court.* Now we have two pair a week, and yet  
not thankful;

'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come  
*2 Court.* Ay, an they knew it. [after us.

*1 Court.* Peace, let them never know it.

*3 Court.* A pox, there be young heirs will soon  
smell't out.

*2 Court.* 'Twill come to them by instinct, man:  
may your grace

Never be old, you stand so well for youth!

*Evan.* Why now, methinks, our court looks like  
a spring,  
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds  
are gone.

*1 Court.* It is as a court should be:  
Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for  
And herein your law proves a provident act, [merit;  
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,  
Nor colour in their cheeks.

*Evan.* But women,  
By that law, should live long, for they're ne'er  
past it.

*1 Court.* It will have heats though, when they  
see the painting

Go an inch deep i' th' wrinkle, and take up  
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my  
That should be the sole bravery of a palace, [lord,  
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,  
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;  
With clothes as if they sat on their backs on pur-  
To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile; [pose  
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid  
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!  
Now ours lie downward, here, close to the flank;  
Right spending pockets, as a son's should be,  
That lives i' the fashion; where our diseased fathers,  
Worried with the sciatica and aches,  
Brought up your paned hose first, which ladies  
laugh'd at,

Giving no reverence to the place lies ruin'd:  
They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,  
And sits so close makes a man groan again,  
And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those,  
That carry sway and worth: prick'd up in clothes,  
Why should we fear our rising?

*Evan.* You but wrong  
Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't  
Has not our law made you rich before your time?  
Our countenance then can make you honourable.

*1 Court.* We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear  
worthy.

*Evan.* Why you're i' the noble way then, for the  
Are but appearers; worth itself is lost, [most  
And bravery stands for't.

*Enter CREON, ANTIQONA, and SIMONIDES.*

*1 Court.* Look, look, who comes here!  
I smell death, and another courtier,  
Simonides.

*2 Court.* Sim!

*Sim.* Pish! I'm not for you yet,  
Your company's too costly; after the old man's  
Dispatch'd, I shall have time to talk with you;  
I shall come into the fashion you shall see too,  
After a day or two; in the mean time,  
I am not for your company.

*Evan.* Old Creon, you have been expected long;  
Sure you're above fourscore.

*Sim.* Upon my life,  
Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I search'd  
The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think  
I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?

'Twere pity o' my life then! no, your act  
Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him,  
While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too.  
I know he would not offer't:—here he stands.

*Creon.* 'Tis just I die, indeed; for I confess  
I am troublesome to life now, and the state  
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,  
Either in force or counsel? I've o'late  
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he  
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,  
Can never serve a worldly prince well after;  
'Tis clean another way.

*Ant.* Oh, give not confidence  
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.  
His preparation only for the next world,  
Makes him talk wildly, to his wrong, of this;  
He is not lost in judgment.

*Sim.* She spoils all again. [Aside

*Ant.* Deserving any way for state employment.

*Sim.* Mother—

*Ant.* His very household laws prescribed at  
home by him,

Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,  
They are so wise and virtuous.

*Sim.* Mother, I say—

*Ant.* I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,  
But to unnecessary years; and, my lord,  
His are not such; though they shew white, they  
Judicious, able, and religious. [are worthy,

*Sim.* Mother,

I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen.

*Ant.* Away, unnatural!

*Sim.* Then I am no fool, sure,  
For to be natural at such a time  
Were a fool's part, indeed.

*Ant.* Your grace's pity,  
And 'tis but fit and just.

*Creon.* The law, my lord,  
And that's the justest way.

*Sim.* Well said, father, i' faith!  
Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.

*Evan.* Come hither, sir.

*Sim.* My lord.

*Evan.* What are those orders?

*Ant.* Worth observation, sir,  
So please you hear them read.

*Sim.* The woman speaks she knows not what,  
my lord :

He make a law, poor man! he bought a TABLE,  
indeed,

Only to learn to die by't, there's the business, now ;  
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too,  
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd on't :  
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,  
And keep a better TABLE than that, I trow.

*Evan.* And is that all, sir ?

*Sim.* All, I vow, my lord ;  
Save a few running admonitions  
Upon cheese-trenchers, as—

Take heed of whoring, shun it ;  
'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.

And such calves' maws of wit and admonition,  
Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs ;  
They are not so easily caught.

*Evan.* Agent for death !

*Crat.* Your will, my lord ?

*Evan.* Take hence that pile of years,  
Forfeit before with unprofitable age,  
And, with the rest, from the high promontory,  
Cast him into the sea.

*Creon.* 'Tis noble justice !

[*Exit CRAT. with CREON.*]

*Ant.* 'Tis cursed tyranny !

*Sim.* Peace ! take heed, mother ;  
You've but short time to be cast down yourself ;  
And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise,  
In the mean time.

*Ant.* Hence, slave !

*Sim.* Well, seven-and-fifty,  
You have but three years to scold, then comes  
your payment. [*Exit ANTIQONA.*]

1 *Court.* Simonides.

*Sim.* Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold you  
talk yet,  
Give a man time, I have a suit a making.

2 *Court.* We love thy form first ; brave clothes  
will come, man.

*Sim.* I'll make them come else, with a mischief  
to them,  
As other gallants do, that have less left them.

[*Recorders within.*]

*Evan.* Hark ! whence those sounds ? what's  
that ?

1 *Court.* Some funeral,  
It seems, my lord ; and young Cleantes follows.

*Enter a Funeral Procession ; the hearse followed by  
CLEANTES and HIPPOLITA, gaily dressed.*

*Evan.* Cleantes !

2 *Court.* 'Tis, my lord, and in the place  
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.

*Evan.* Yet suitable to his behaviour ; mark it ;  
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it ?  
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed :  
Light colours and light cheeks ! who should this  
'Tis a thing worth resolving. [be ?]

*Sim.* One, belike,

That doth participate this our present joy.

*Evan.* Cleantes.

*Clean.* Oh, my lord !

*Evan.* He laugh'd outright now ;  
Was ever such a contrariety seen  
In natural courses yet, nay profess'd openly ?

1 *Court.* I have known a widow laugh closely,  
my lord,

Under her handkerchief, when t'other part  
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine ;  
But all the face to laugh apparently,  
Was never seen yet.

*Sim.* Yes, mine did once.

*Clean.* 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day  
That ever son was born to.

*Evan.* How can that be ?

*Clean.* I joy to make it plain,—my father's dead.

*Evan.* Dead !

2 *Court.* Old Leonides !

*Clean.* In his last month dead :  
He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest,  
That ever age was blest to.—

It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,  
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory  
Will work it out, I see ; when his poor heart broke,  
I did not do so much : but leap'd for joy  
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought ;  
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,  
But chose a colour, orient like my mind :  
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,  
There is no credit given to't ; it has lost  
All reputation by false sons and widows.  
Now I would have men know what I resemble,  
A truth, indeed ; 'tis joy clad like a joy,  
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,  
That's only faced with sables for a show,  
But gawdy-hearted : When I saw death come  
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me,  
I could not choose but be entirely merry,  
And yet to see now !—of a sudden,  
Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,  
That's never constant to one passion long.  
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled  
In the production on't ; sorrow's a thief,  
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.  
But, gracious leave, my lord ; when I've perform'd  
My last poor duty to my father's bones,  
I shall return your servant.

*Evan.* Well, perform it,  
The law is satisfied ; they can but die :  
And by his death, Cleantes, you gain well,  
A rich and fair revenue.

[*Flourish. Exit DUKÉ, Courtiers, &c.*]

*Sim.* I would I had e'en  
Another father, condition he did the like.

*Clean.* I have past it bravely now ; how blest  
was I,

To have the duke in sight ! now 'tis confirm'd,  
Past fear or doubts confirm'd : on, on I say,  
Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

[*Exit Funeral Procession, followed by CLEANTHES  
and HIPPOLITA.*]

*Sim.* I am rapt now in a contemplation,  
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse ;  
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now  
To live, and follow some seven uncles thus,  
As many cousin-germans, and such people,  
That will leave legacies ; pox ! I'd see them  
hang'd else,  
Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the  
way.

Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.

*Enter Butler, Tailor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, and  
Footman.*

*But.* We come to know your worship's plea-  
sure, sir,

Having long serv'd your father, how your good will  
Stands towards our entertainment.

*Sim.* Not a jot, i'faith :

My father wore cheap garments, he might do't ;  
I shall have all my clothes come home to-morrow,  
They will eat up all you, an there were more of  
you, sirs.

To keep you six at livery, and still munching !

*Tail.* Why, I'm a tailor ; you have most need  
of me, sir.

*Sim.* Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I  
confess ;

But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,  
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at ?  
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that  
when

I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my  
Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight ! [doublet

*But.* I a butler.

*Sim.* There's least need of thee, fellow ; I shall  
ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

*But.* But a cup of small beer will do well next  
morning, sir.

*Sim.* I grant you ; but what need I keep so big  
a knave for a cup of small beer ?

*Cook.* Butler, you have your answer : marry,  
sir, a cook

I know your mastership cannot be without.

*Sim.* The more ass art thou to think so ; for  
what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in  
my house?—the banishing the butler might have  
been a warning for thee, unless thou mean'st to  
choak me.

*Cook.* In the mean time you have choak'd me,  
methinks.

*Bail.* These are superfluous vanities, indeed,  
And so accounted of in these days, sir ;  
But then, your bailiff to receive your rents—

*Sim.* I prithes hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall  
take a course to spend them faster than thou canst  
reckon them ; 'tis not the rents must serve my  
turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at ; if a man  
should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look  
to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is  
your business ?

*Coach.* Your good mastership.

*Sim.* You have stood silent all this while, like  
men

That know your strengths : in these days, none of  
you

Can want employment ; you can win me wagers,  
Footman, in running races.

*Foot.* I dare boast it, sir.

*Sim.* And when my bets are all come in, and  
store,

Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.

*Coach.* I'll firk them into foam else.

*Sim.* Speaks brave matter :

And I'll firk some too, or't shall cost hot water.

[*Exeunt SIMONDS, Coachman, and Footman.*]

*Cook.* Why, here's an age to make a cook a  
ruffian,

And scald the devil indeed ! do strange mad things,  
Make mutton-pasties of dog's flesh.

Bake snakes for lamprey pies, and cats for conies.

*But.* Come, will you be ruled by a butler's  
advice once ? for we must make up our fortunes  
somewhere now, as the case stands : let's e'en,  
therefore, go seek out widows of nine and fifty, an  
we can, that's within a year of their deaths, and so

we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them ; for a  
year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a  
wife, for any man living.

*Cook.* Oracle butler ! oracle butler ! he puts  
down all the doctors o'the name. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in CREON'S House.*

*Enter EUGENIA and PARTHENIA.*

*Eug.* Parthenia.

*Parth.* Mother.

*Eug.* I shall be troubled

This six months with an old clog ; would the law  
Had been cut one year shorter !

*Parth.* Did you call, forsooth ?

*Eug.* Yes, you must make some spoonfeed for  
your father, [*Exit PARTHENIA.*]

And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't !

The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.  
His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,

And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,  
When every mastiff iolls out's tongue for heat.

Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now ?

Alas ! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,

Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,

To screw out whiteness when I list—

And some sev'n of the properest men in the  
dukedom

Making a banquet ready i'the next room for me ;

Where he that gets the first kiss is envied,

And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.

This is a life for nineteen ! 'tis but justice :

For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,

And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think

A woman young enough for their desire ;

And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,

And love to marry muck first, and man after,

Do never think old men are old enough,

That we may soon be rid o' them ; there's our  
quittance.

I've waited for the happy hour this two years,

And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,

All that time I have lost.

*Enter Courtiers.*

1 *Court.* Young lady !

2 *Court.* O sweet precious bud of beauty !

Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.

1 *Court.* The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to

It does exceed you only in the prickle, [*her—*]

But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.

*Eug.* What means this sudden visitation, gen-  
tlemen ?

So passing well perfumed too ! who's your mili-

1 *Court.* Love, and thy beauty, widow. [*ner ?*]

*Eug.* Widow, sir ?

1 *Court.* 'Tis sure, and that's as good : in troth  
we're suitors ;

We come a wooing, wench ; plain dealing's best.

*Eug.* A wooing ! what, before my husband's  
dead ?

2 *Court.* Let's lose no time ; six months will  
have an end ;

I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.

*Eug.* That's a sure knowledge ; but it holds not  
here, sir.

1 *Court.* Do not we know the craft of you young  
tumbler's ?

That when you wed an old man, you think upon

Another husband as you are marrying of him ;—  
We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see you.

*Enter SIMONIDES richly dress'd, and Coachman.*

*Eug.* How wondrous right he speaks ! 'twas my thought, indeed.

*Sim.* By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants ?

*Eug.* Widow, again ! 'tis a comfort to be call'd  
1 *Court.* Who's this ? Simonides ? [so.]

2 *Court.* Brave Sim, i'faith !

*Sim.* Coachman !

*Coach.* Sir.

*Sim.* Have an especial care of my new mares ;  
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well,  
Must needs love a widow well.—When dies thy  
Is't not July next ? [husband ?]

*Eug.* Oh, you are too hot, sir !

Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.

*Sim.* September ! oh, I was but two bows wide.

1 *Court.* Simonides.

*Sim.* I can entreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

*Enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* Ha ! whence this herd of folly ? what are you ?

*Sim.* Well-willers to your wife : pray 'tend your book, sir ;

We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,  
For here be those in place that can supply.

*Lys.* What's thy wild business here ?

*Sim.* Old man, I'll tell thee ;

I come to beg the reversion of thy wife :

I think these gallants be of my mind too.—

But thou art but a dead man, therefore what should a man do talking with thee ? Come, widow, stand to your tacking.

*Lys.* Impious blood-hounds !

*Sim.* Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.

*Lys.* Shames of nature !

*Sim.* Alas, poor ghost ! consider what the man is.

*Lys.* Monsters unnatural ! you that have been covetous

Of your own father's death, gape you for mine now ?

Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon

Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet,

For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold

A certainty of good within themselves,

But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd

For holy uses ? is hot youth so hasty,

It will not give an old man leave to die,

And leave a widow first, but will make one,

The husband looking on ? May your destructions

Come all in hasty figures to your souls !

Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake

Your honesties, that died when you were infants !

May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,

Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseas'd

Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery !

And may you never know what leisure is,

But at repentance !—I am too uncharitable,

Too foul ; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.

These are the plagues of fondness to old men,

We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.

[*Exit.*]

*Sim.* So, so ! the ghost is vanish'd : now, your answer, lady.

*Eug.* Excuse me, gentlemen ; 'twere as much impudence

In me, to give you a kind answer yet,  
As madness to produce a churlish one.

I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,

Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed ;

But I say no such thing : I set no time,

Nor is it mannerly to deny any.

I'll carry an even hand to all the world :

Let other women make what haste they will,

What's that to me ? but I profess unfeignedly,

I'll have my husband dead before I marry ;

Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.

*Sim.* Would he were hang'd, for my part, looks

*Eug.* I'm at a word. [for other !]

*Sim.* And I am at a blow, then ;

I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you.

[*Kisses her.*]

1 *Court.* Well struck, Sim.

*Sim.* He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.

1 *Court.* He would betray himself to be a  
That goes about to mend it. [butcher,

*Eug.* Gentlemen,

You know my mind ; I bar you not my house :

But if you choose out hours more seasonably,

You may have entertainment.

*Re-enter PARTHENIA.*

*Sim.* What will she do hereafter, when she is a  
Keeps open house already ? [widow,

[*Exit* SIMONIDES and Courtiers.]

*Eug.* How now, girl !

*Parth.* Those feather'd fools that hither took  
Have grieved my father much. [their flight,

*Eug.* Speak well of youth, wench,  
While thou'st a day to live ; 'tis youth must make thee,

And when youth fails, wise women will make it ;

But always take age first, to make thee rich :

That was my counsel ever, and then youth

Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.

'Tis the time's policy, wench ; what is't to bide

A little hardness for a pair of years, or so ?

A man whose only strength lies in his breath,

Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow,

A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheezing matter ;

Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after ?

*Parth.* Every one to their liking ; but I say

An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.

Yonder's my cousin. [*Exit.*]

*Enter HIPPOLITA.*

*Eug.* Art, I must use thee now ;

Dissembling is the best help for a virtue,

That ever women had ; it saves their credit off.

*Hip.* How now, cousin !

What, weeping ?

*Eug.* Can you blame me, when the time

Of my dear love and husband now draws on ?

I study funeral tears against the day

I must be a sad widow.

*Hip.* In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep

But, when I visit, I come comfortably, [too ;]

And look to be so quited :—yet more sobbing ?

*Eug.* Oh !

The greatest part of your affliction's past,

The worst of mine's to come ; I have one to die

Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his

Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.

*Hip.* You must use patience, coz

*Eug.* Tell me of patience !



*Hip.* You have example for't, in me and many.

*Eug.* Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband :

O, for a woman that could love, and live  
With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin ;  
So quietly he lies by one, so still !

*Hip.* Alas ! I have a secret lodged within me,  
Which now will out in pity :—I cannot hold.

[*Aside.*

*Eug.* One that will not disturb me in my sleep  
For a whole month together, less it be  
With those diseases age is subject to,  
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven  
knows,  
Against his will too :—he's the quietest man,  
Especially in bed.

*Hip.* Be comforted.

*Eug.* How can I, lady ?

None know the terror of an husband's loss,  
But they that fear to lose him.

*Hip.* Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be ;  
She is my kinswoman, and I am pitiful.  
I must impart a good, if I know it once,  
To them that stand in need on't ; I'm like one  
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,  
My friends must partake too. [*Aside.*]—Prithee,  
cease, cousin ;

If your love be so boundless, which is rare,  
In a young woman, in these days, I tell you,  
To one so much past service as your husband,  
There is a way to beguile law, and help you ;  
My husband found it out first.

*Eug.* Oh, sweet cousin !

*Hip.* You may conceal him, and give out his  
Within the time ; order his funeral too ; [death  
We had it so for ours, I praise heav'n for't,  
And he's alive and safe.

*Eug.* O blessed coz,  
How thou revivest me !

*Hip.* We daily see  
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.  
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,  
That ever life yet shew'd me.

*Eug.* So should I think,  
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well !

*Hip.* And then we have his prayers and daily  
blessing ;

And we two live so lovingly upon it,  
His son and I, and so contentedly,  
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.

*Eug.* No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin,  
What a great sorrow hast thou eased me of ?  
A thousand thanks go with thee !

*Hip.* I have a suit to you,  
I must not have you weep when I am gone.

[*Exit.*

*Eug.* No, if I do ne'er trust me. Easy fool,  
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever ;  
Take heed of angering of me : I conceal !  
I feign a funeral ! I keep my husband !  
'Las ! I've been thinking any time these two years,  
I have kept him too long already.—  
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,  
And prick the man down : I've six months to do't,  
But could dispatch it in one, were I put to't.

[*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Church.*

*Enter Gnormo and Clerk.*

*Gnoth.* You have search'd over the parish-  
chronicle, sir ?

*Clerk.* Yes, sir ; I have found out the true age  
and date of the party you wot on.

*Gnoth.* Pray you, be cover'd, sir.

*Clerk.* When you have shewed me the way, sir.

*Gnoth.* Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a  
clerk.

*Clerk.* A small clerk, sir.

*Gnoth.* Likely to be the wiser man, sir ; for  
your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis re-  
ported.

*Clerk.* You are a great man in the parish, sir.

*Gnoth.* I understand myself so much the better,  
sir ; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the  
clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

*Clerk.* Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first  
to hide my head.

*Gnoth.* Mine is a capcase : now to our business  
in hand. Good luck, I hope ; I long to be re-  
solved.

*Clerk.* Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive  
you :

This is the dial that goes ever true ;  
You may say *ipsa dixit* upon this witness,  
And it is good in law too.

*Gnoth.* Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

*Clerk.* Mark, sir.—*Agatha, the daughter of*

*Pollux, (this is your wife's name, and the name of  
her father,) born—*

*Gnoth.* Whose daughter, say you ?

*Clerk.* The daughter of Pollux.

*Gnoth.* I take it his name was Bollux.

*Clerk.* Pollux the orthography I assure you, sir ;  
the word is corrupted else.

*Gnoth.* Well, on sir,—of Pollux ; now come on,  
Castor.

*Clerk.* *Born in an. 1540, and now 'tis 99.* By  
this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she's now  
just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

*Gnoth.* I am sorry she wants so much.

*Clerk.* Why, sir ? alas, 'tis nothing ; 'tis but so  
many months, so many weeks, so many—

*Gnoth.* Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the  
more tedious ; and to measure it by hourglasses  
were intolerable.

*Clerk.* Do not think on it, sir ; half the time  
goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

*Gnoth.* O, you mistake me neighbour, I am loth  
to leave the good old woman ; if she were gone  
now it would not grieve me, for what is a year,  
alas, but a lingering torment ? and were it not  
better she were out of her pain ? It must needs be  
a grief to us both.

*Clerk.* I would I knew how to ease you, neigh-  
bour !

*Gnoth.* You speak kindly, truly, and if you say  
but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you  
are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the

most indifferent honest men;—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

*Clerk.* With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to anything might do you a pleasure.

*Gnoth.* There is, first, something above your duty: [*Gives him money.*] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

*Clerk.* I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

*Gnoth.* Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me, not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial, I mean.—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose, but have the art to cast a figure.

*Clerk.* Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

*Gnoth.* I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure's this?

*Clerk.* Four with a cypher, that's forty.

*Gnoth.* So! forty; what's this, now?

*Clerk.* The cipher is turn'd into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

*Gnoth.* Very well understood; what is't now?

*Clerk.* The four is turn'd into three; 'tis now thirty-nine.

*Gnoth.* Very well understood; and can you do this again?

*Clerk.* Oh! easily, sir.

*Gnoth.* A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

*Clerk.* Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

*Gnoth.* Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

*Clerk.* A match with you.

*Gnoth.* Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

*Clerk.* A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scivophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the 11. If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by law.

*Gnoth.* That's all one, sir; either do it, or pay me my wager.

*Clerk.* Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

*Gnoth.* A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

*Clerk.* I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

*Gnoth.* Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

*Clerk.* Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

*Gnoth.* Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

*Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler.*

*Clerk.* Lock close, here comes company; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

*Cook.* Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats, as long as old master lived.

*Gnoth.* And is this then the end of serving-men?

*Cook.* Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving-men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

*Gnoth.* 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

*Tail.* And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

*But.* And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

*Clerk.* That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

*Tail.* I do so, so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece.

*Bail.* Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

*Cook.* The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

*Gnoth.* Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

*Cook.* Troth, he says true: well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

*Clerk.* With me, sir? anything that I can.

*But.* Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

*Tail.* The truth is, every man has laid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

*Clerk.* I keep the town-stock; if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

*All.* We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

*Clerk.* Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

*Cook.* Oh, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

*But.* The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

*Tail.* Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

*Bail.* I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

*Clerk.* I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

*Gnoth.* I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest.

*Bail.* So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

*Gnoth.* Alack! no, sir; I am a married man,

and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

*Bail.* What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

*Gnoth.* 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

*Bail.* Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?  
*Gnoth.* Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unright, unseen, I take three to one.

*Bail.* Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

*Gnoth.* A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

*Bail.* A match.

*Cook.* I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

*But.* Hey, boys! I am made sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honeymoon.

*Tail.* I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

*Gnoth.* This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

*Bail.* Now comes my turn, I hope, goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it*. Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you: Good luck, I beseech thee!

*Clerk.* Amen, sir.

*Bail.* That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

*Clerk.* Amen, sir.

*Cook.* How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

*Gnoth.* You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

*But.* I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

*Gnoth.* There's five drachms for ten at my next wife.

*But.* A bargain.

*Cook.* Nay, then we'll be all merchants: give me.

*Tail.* And me.

*But.* What, has the bailiff sped?

*Bail.* I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

*Clerk.* As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

*Bail.* Oh, clerk, you are to speak last always.

*Clerk.* I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

*Enter AGATHA.*

*All.* For this time, honest register.

*Clerk.* Fare you well then; if you do, I'll cry Amen to it. [Exit.]

*Cook.* Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

*Gnoth.* My first wife, sir.

*But.* Nay, then we have made a good match on't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

*Tail.* I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

*Cook.* We'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

*But.* I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

*Bail.* So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[Exeunt all but Gnoth and AGATHA.]

*Gnoth.* Oh, wife, wife!

*Aga.* What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?

*Gnoth.* 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time?—but the Fates will have it so.

*Aga.* What's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

*Gnoth.* Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

*Aga.* Not that I know of, sure.

*Gnoth.* What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

*Aga.* Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;

I have years good yet of life in the remainder: I want two yet at least of the full number; Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless. And not the able women.

*Gnoth.* Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

*Aga.* Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

*Gnoth.* I shall but discomfort thee.

*Aga.* Not at all, man, when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

*Gnoth.* :539. Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

*Aga.* Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—an 'twere but five years, I would not care? an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

*Gnoth.* Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

*Aga.* Marry, the heavens forbid!

*Gnoth.* There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever: and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

*Aga.* Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

*Gnoth.* Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

*Aga.* Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

*Gnoth.* Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

*Ag.* Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

*Gnoth.* No, I do not speak to that purpose; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn, for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

*Ag.* I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

*Gnoth.* No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out; you have but a month to live by the law.

*Ag.* Out, alas!

*Gnoth.* Nay, scarce so much.

*Ag.* Oh, oh, my heart! [Swoons.]

*Gnoth.* Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

*Ag.* Oh, my heart, but a month to live!

*Gnoth.* Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again—oh! woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

*Ag.* Nay, then I am gone already. [Swoons.]

*Gnoth.* I would make haste to the sexton now, but I am afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

*Ag.* Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

*Gnoth.* Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

*Ag.* I will not be thus frightened to my death, I'll search the church records: a fortnight!

'Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so near; O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year.

[Exit.]

*Gnoth.* What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will? I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.

'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone, My venture comes in with her two for one: 'Tis use enough o'conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in CRON'S House.

Enter EUGENIA at one door, SIMONIDES and Courtiers at the other.

*Eug.* Gentlemen courtiers.

1 *Court.* All your vow'd servants, lady.

*Eug.* Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite Will nobody take my part? [laughter!]

*Sim.* An't be a laughing business, Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe; My father died last too, I have the most cause.

*Eug.* You have pick'd out such a time, sweet To make your spleen a banquet. [gentlemen,

*Sim.* Oh, the jest!

Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't, I'll gape half way, and meet it.

*Eug.* My old husband, That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy, And madness at your coming first to woo me—

*Sim.* Well said.

1 *Court.* Go on.

2 *Court.* On, on.

*Eug.* Takes counsel with The secrets of all art, to make himself Youthful again.

*Sim.* How! youthful? ha, ha, ha!

*Eug.* A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,

Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed.

*Sim.* Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.

*Eug.* Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,

Nor will you know him when you see him again; There will be five to one laid upon that.

1 *Court.* How!

*Eug.* Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there; I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now, And deceive law and all.

*Sim.* Marry, gout forbid!

*Eug.* You little think he was at fencing-school At four o'clock this morning.

*Sim.* How, at fencing-school!

*Eug.* Else give no trust to woman.

*Sim.* By this light,

I do not like him, then; he's like to live Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.

*Eug.* His dancer now came in as I met you.

1 *Court.* His dancer, too!

*Eug.* They observe turns and hours with him; The great French rider will be here at ten, With his curvetting horse.

2 *Court.* These notwithstanding, His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.

*Eug.* I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,

Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty Within these four days, for nine times an hour He takes a black lead comb, and kems it over: Three quarters of his beard is under fifty; There's but a little tuft of fourscore left, All o'one side, which will be black by Monday.

Enter LYANDER.

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes! Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.

[They go aside.]

*Sim.* Now, by this hand, he's almost black i'the mouth, indeed.

1 *Court.* He should die shortly, then.

*Sim.* Marry, methinks he dies too fast already, For he was all white but a week ago.

*1 Court.* Oh! this same coney-white takes an Too soon, a mischief on't! [excellent black.

*2 Court.* He will beguile

Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.

*Eug.* Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.

*Sim.* May be some fairy's child held forth at Has piss'd upon that side. [midnight,

*1 Court.* Is this the beard?

*Lys.* Ah, sirrah? my young boys, I shall be for This little mangy tuft takes up more time [you : Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing, And I alive and lusty? you shall find

An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet, (An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault,)

And can do offices of youth yet lightly; At least, I will do, though it pain me a little.

Shall not a man, for a little foolish age, Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live? ha! I have blood that will not bear't; yet I confess, I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer, there!

*Enter Dancing-master.*

*Mast.* Here, sir.

*Lys.* Come, come, come, one trick a day, And I shall soon recover all again.

*Eug.* 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all discover'd.

*Sim.* And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o'mine Will spoil all, I am afraid. [own,

*Eug.* Marry, take heed, sir.

*Sim.* Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot leave it;

Pup!—there 'tis. [Bursts into a laugh.

*Eug.* Peace! oh peace!

*Lys.* Come, I am ready, sir.

I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too, And that shall set me back one twenty years;

There is no little comfort left in that:

And—then my three court-coddlings, that look par-boil'd,

As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house—

*Sim.* He means me specially, I hold my life.

*Mast.* What trick will your old worship learn this morning, sir?

*Lys.* Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man, To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.

*Mast.* That's a hard trick, for an old man spe-The horse-trick comes the nearest. [cially;

*Lys.* Thou say'st true, i'faith, They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keep-ing them,

And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready.

*Mast.* Look you, here's your worship's horse-trick, sir. [Gives a spring.

*Lys.* Nay, say not so, 'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man, If I but offer at it.

*Mast.* My life for yours, sir.

*Lys.* Say'st thou me so? [Springs aloft.

*Mast.* Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.

*Lys.* A pox of this horse-trick! 't has play'd the jade with me,

And given me a wrench i' the back.

*Mast.* Now here's your inturn and your trick above ground.

*Lys.* Prithce, no more, unless thou hast a mind

To lay me under-ground; one of these tricks Is enough in a morning.

*Mast.* For your galliard, sir, You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge The proudest coxcomb of them all, I'll stand to't.

*Lys.* Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest I have prepared for them, if e'er I take [too : My Gregories here again.

*Sim.* Oh! I shall longer, I can hold out no longer.

*Eug.* He spoils all. [They come forward.

*Lys.* The devil and his grinners! are you come? Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play; All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth, And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing: Your own road-ways, you clyster-pipes: I am old, you say,

Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well! This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-eggs, Unless such weasels come from court to help us. We will get our own brats, you lecherous dog-bolts!

*Enter a Servant with foils, and glasses.*

Well said, down with them; now we shall see your What! dwindle you already? [spirits.

*2 Court.* I have no quality.

*Sim.* Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd *1 Court.* Why, Sim, it shall. [for one.

*Lys.* Come, dare you choose your weapon now?

*1 Court.* I? dancing, sir, an you will be so hasty.

*Lys.* We're for you, sir.

*2 Court.* Fencing, I.

*Lys.* We'll answer you too.

*Sim.* I am for drinking; your wet weapon there.

*Lys.* That wet one has cost many a princex life; And I will send it through you with a powder!

*Sim.* Let it come, with a pox! I care not, so't be drink.

I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs.

*Lys.* Play the first weapon; come strike, strike, I say.

Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules: Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I hope. [Courtier dances a galliard.

So, sir! you've spit your poison; now come I. Now, forty years go backward and assist me,

Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,

That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't, Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [Dances

So, I have hit you.

*1 Court.* You've done well, i'faith, sir.

*Lys.* If you confess it well, 'tis excellent, And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now: The second weapon instantly.

*2 Court.* What, so quick, sir?

Will you not allow yourself a breathing time?

*Lys.* I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's musk-cod

To give your perfumed worship three venués: A sound old man puts his thrust better home, Than a spiced young man: there I. [They fence.

*2 Court.* Then have at you, fourscore.

*Lys.* You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall find it.

*Sim.* I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd had an eye

Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.

*Lys.* There's two, pentweezle. [Hits him

*Mast.* Excellently touch'd, sir.

*2 Court.* Had ever man such luck! speak your opinion, gentlemen.

*Sim.* Methinks your luck's good that your eyes are in still;

Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half roasted.

*Lys.* There wants a third—and there it is again!  
[Hits him again.]

*2 Court.* The devil has steel'd him.

*Eug.* What a strong fiend is jealousy!

*Lys.* You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.

*Sim.* Now comes my weapon in.

*Lys.* Here, toadstool, here.

'Tis you and I must play these three wet venués.

*Sim.* Venués in Venice glasses! let them come, They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.

*2 Court.* Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.

*Sim.* Ay, but that's nothing;

Then they go voluntarily: I do not

Love to have them thrust out, whether they will or no.

*Lys.* Here's your first weapon, duck's-meat.

*Sim.* How! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em, Stead of a German faulchion! a shrewd weapon, And, of all things, hard to be taken down:

Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't; I shall drink double, I think.

*1 Court.* The sooner off, *Sim.*

*Lys.* I'll pay you speedily,—with a trick I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a half-pike. [Drinks.]

*Sim.* Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-do-you-call'em,

They'd never be asunder by their good will.

*1 Court.* Well pull'd of an old fellow!

*Lys.* Oh, but your fellows

Pull better at a rope.

*1 Court.* There's a hair, *Sim,*

In that glass.

*Sim.* An't be as long as a halter, down it goes; No hair shall cross me. [Drinks.]

*Lys.* I'll make you stink worse than your pole-cats do:

Here's long-sword, your last weapon.

[Offers him the glass.]

*Sim.* No more weapons.

*1 Court.* Why, how now, *Sim?* bear up, thou shamest us all, else.

*Sim.* 'Slight I shall shame you worse, an I stay longer.

I have got the scotomy in my head already,

The whimsey: you all turn round—do not you dance, gallants?

*2 Court.* Fish! what's all this! why, *Sim,* look, the last venué.

*Sim.* No more venués go down here, for these Are coming up again. [two]

*2 Court.* Out! the disgrace of drinkers!

*Sim.* Yes, 'twill out,

Do you smell nothing yet?

*1 Court.* Smell!

*Sim.* Farewell quickly, then;

You will do, if I stay. [Exit.]

*1 Court.* A foil go with thee!

*Lys.* What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues?

Beat folly in her own ground! wondrous much!

Why may not we be held as full sufficient

To love our own wives then, get our own children, And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd, For such spring butterflies that are gaudy-wing'd, But no more substance than those shamble flies Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking?

Come but to crush you once, you are but maggots, For all your beamy outsides!

Enter CLEANTHES.

*Eug.* Here's Cleanthes, He comes to chide;—let him alone a little, Our cause will be revenged; look, look, his face Is set for stormy weather; do but mark How the clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down straight.

*Clean.* Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grief.

Could you not all be lost? that had been hand-some;

But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful.

Why, was not your name wont to be *Lysander?*

*Lys.* 'Tis so still, coz.

*Clean.* Judgment, defer thy coming! e.e. this man's miserable.

*Eug.* I told you there would be a shower anon.

*2 Court.* We'll in, and hide our noddles.

[Exit EUGENIA and Courtiers.]

*Clean.* What devil brought this colour to your mind,

Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear? [Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it,

And change the livery of saints and angels For this mixt monstrousness: to force a ground That has been so long hallowed like a temple, To bring forth fruits of earth now; and turn back To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion Of sin in act, lost and long since repented! Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted, To pull time backward!

See what your wife will do! are your wits perfect?

*Lys.* My wits!

*Clean.* I like it ten times worse, for't had been safer

Now to be mad, and more excusable:

I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.

*Lys.* I must confess I have been put to some, coz.

*Clean.* And yet you are not mad! pray, say not so; Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad, That I may think you are at worst; for if You are not mad, I then must guess you have The first of some disease was never heard of, Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful:

You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care

To pray, would quickly turn you white again.

I had a father, had he lived his month out, But to have seen this most prodigious folly,

There needed not the law to have him cut off;

The sight of this had proved his executioner, And broke his heart: he would have held it equal

Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age

But the holy place of life, chapel of ease

For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob

That of her ornament, it is accurst

As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,

Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.

[Exit LYSANDER]

I see 't has done him good ; blessing go with it,  
Such as may make him pure again.

*Re-enter EUGENIA.*

*Eug.* 'Twas bravely touch'd, i' faith, sir.

*Clean.* Oh, you are welcome.

*Eug.* Exceedingly well handled.

*Clean.* 'Tis to you I come ; he fell but in my

*Eug.* You mark'd his beard, cousin ? [way.

*Clean.* Mark me.

*Eug.* Did you ever see a hair so changed ?

*Clean.* I must be forced to wake her loudly too,  
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep :—Strumpet !

*Eug.* Do you call, sir ?

*Clean.* Where !

*Eug.* How do you, sir ?

*Clean.* Be I ne'er so well,

I must be sick of thee ; thou art a disease

That stick't to the heart,—as all such women are.

*Eug.* What ails our kindred ?

*Clean.* Bless me, she sleeps still !

What a dead modesty is in this woman,

Will never blush again ! Look on thy work

But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart

Into a shower of blood, to be the cause

Of that old man's destruction, think upon't,

Ruin eternally ; for, through thy loose follies,

Heaven has found him a faint servant lately :

His goodness has gone backward, and engender'd

With his old sins again ; he has lost his prayers

And all the tears that were companions with them :

And like a blind-fold man, (giddy and blinded,)

Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one

foot,

And turns to the same place where he set out ;

So he, that took his farewell of the world,

And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,

Summ'd up his hours, made even with time and men,

Is now in heart arrived at youth again,

All by thy wildness : thy too hasty lust

Has driven him to this strong apostacy.

Immodesty like thine was never equall'd :

I've heard of women, (shall I call them so ?)

Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold ;

But thou, thy husband living :—thou'rt too bold.

*Eug.* Well, have you done now, sir ?

*Clean.* Look, look ! she smiles yet.

*Eug.* All this is nothing to a mind resolved ;

Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much :

You have only shewn a pretty saucy wit,

Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.

You shall hear from me shortly.

*Clean.* Shameless woman !

I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,

And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master :

Bless the sex o'thee from thee ! that's my prayer.

Were all like thee, so impudently common,

No man would e'er be found to wed a woman.

[Exit.

*Eug.* I'll fit you gloriously.

He that attempts to take away my pleasure,

I'll take away his joy ; and I can sure.

His conceal'd father pays for't : I'll e'en tell

Him that I mean to make my husband next,

And he shall tell the duke—mass, here he comes.

*Re-enter SIMONIDES.*

*Sim.* He has had a bout with me too.

*Eug.* What ! no ? since, sir ?

*Sim.* A flirt, a little flirt ; he call'd me strange names,

But I ne'er minded him.

*Eug.* You shall quit him, sir,

When he as little minds you.

*Sim.* I like that well.

I love to be revenged when no one thinks of me ;

There's little danger that way.

*Eug.* This is it then ;

He you shall strike your stroke shall be profound,

And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.

*Sim.* O' my troth I love to give such wounds.

[Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Before a Tavern.

*Enter GNOTHO, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer, and Courtozan.*

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw near ? will you drink at door, gentlemen ?

*But.* Oh ! the summer air is best.

*Draw.* What wine will't please you drink, gentlemen ?

*But.* De Clare, sirrah. [Exit Drawer.

*Gnoth.* What, you're all sped already, bullies ?

*Cook.* My widow's o' the spit, and half ready, lad ; a turn or two more, and I have done with her.

*Gnoth.* Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this time.

*Cook.* And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten her ; she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards ! she must needs be fly-blown.

*Gnoth.* Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her ; the weather's hot.

*Cook.* Why, drawer !

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* By and by :—here, gentlemen, here's the quintessence of Greece ; the sages never drunk better grape.

*Cook.* Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before them.—Fill, lick-spiggot.

*Draw.* Ad imum, sir.

*Gnoth.* My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one ; this is she.

*Cook.* I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee : but shall they be both of a day ?

*Gnoth.* Oh ! best of all, sir ; where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be charges saved too ; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding.

*But.* How long do you make account to be a widower, sir ?

*Gnoth.* Some half an hour ; long enough o'coe-

science. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no music in the house?

*Draw.* Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in the house.

*Cook.* Oh! that makes them and you seldom part; you are wine-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

*Tail.* And both govern by the pegs too.

*Gnoth.* And you have pipes in your consort too.

*Draw.* And sack-butts too, sir.

*But.* But the heads of your instruments differ; yours are hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gittern-heads.

*Bail.* All wooden heads; there they meet again.

*Cook.* Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance, Gnotho; come, thou shalt foot it too.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

*Gnoth.* No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

*Cook.* Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

*Gnoth.* Five drachmas of that. I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

*Cook.* A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.

*Gnoth.* Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

*Cook.* 'Tis done.

*Tail.* Take heed what you do, Gnotho.

*Gnoth.* Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?

*Cook.* That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

*Gnoth.* As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

*Tail.* Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

*Gnoth.* She grew longer, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held more, by four ounces, than Cressida.

*Bail.* They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

*Gnoth.* True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaister of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

[*Re-enter Drawer.*]

*Draw.* Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what do you call them, wizards on their faces.

*Cook.* Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

*But.* If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

*Draw.* They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-fellows, for a strain or two.

[*Enter old Women and AGATHA in masks.*]

*Cook.* We'll strain ourselves with them, say; let them come, Gnotho; now for the honour of Empire!

*Gnoth.* No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A Dance by the old Women and AGATHA; they offer to take the men, all agree except Gnotho, who sits with the Courtesan.*]

*Cook.* Ay! so kind! then every one his wench

to his several room; Gnotho, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Excunt all but Gnotho, Courtesan, and AGATHA.*]

*Gnoth.* I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

*Aga.* What, a mermaid? [Takes off her mask.]

*Gnoth.* No, but a maid, horse-face: oh, old woman! is it you?

*Aga.* Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

*Gnoth.* Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

*Aga.* Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

*Gnoth.* No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou? must thou find no time to think of thy end?

*Aga.* O, unkind villain!

*Gnoth.* And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

*Aga.* O, rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already too?

*Gnoth.* Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes; for thou shalt have thine of the new fashion.

*Aga.* Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

*Gnoth.* You may hear, she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

*Aga.* Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

*Gnoth.* Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice, my two-to-one!

*Aga.* No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thee yet, I have a reprieve for five years of life; I am with child.

*Court.* Cud so, Gnotho, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

*Gnoth.* Alas, give the poor woman leave to talk: she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

*Aga.* The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

*Gnoth.* I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

*Aga.* No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

*Gnoth.* Oh! you'd be stoned to death, would you? all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first.

*Court.* Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.

*Gnoth.* Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is loth to depart; she never sung other tune in her life.

*Court.* We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

*Gnoth.* Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at



the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date ! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready ; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon thy middle finger : your least considering bawd does so much ; be not thou worse, though thou art an old woman as she is : I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half ; prithee, die before thy day, if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

*Aga.* No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it ; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery : thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is ; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

*Gnoth.* Ha, ha, ha ! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready ; we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt Gnotho and Courtesan.*]

*Aga.* Nay, I'll follow thee, and shew myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee ; and I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter CLEANTHES.*

*Clean.* What's that ? oh, nothing but the whispering wind  
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,

As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.  
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful ;  
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,  
Which is too much never to fear to lose,  
Though it be never lost : and if our watchfulness  
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief  
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,

That prove vexation often more than comfort ;  
How mighty ought our providence to be,  
To prevent those, if any such there were,  
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,  
That only make poor man delight to live !  
Fshaw ! I'm too fearful—fie, fie ! who can hurt  
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes [me]  
The nerves of confidence ; he that hides treasure,  
Imagines every one thinks of that place,  
When 'tis a thing least minded ; nay, let him change  
The place continually ; where'er it keeps,  
There will the fear keep still : yonder's the storehouse

Of all my comfort now—and see ! it sends forth

*Enter HIPPOLITA, from the wood.*

A dear one to me :—Precious chief of women,  
How does the good old soul ? has he fed well ?

*Hip.* Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest  
Much good may't do his health. [meal to-day—

*Clean.* A blessing on thee,  
Both for thy news and wish !

*Hip.* His stomach, sir,  
Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment,  
*Clean.* Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come,  
we are safe here ;

I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.  
*Hip.* Father !

*Enter LEONIDES.*

*Leon.* How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman !

It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,  
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour !  
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,  
So fairly fruitful.

*Clean.* I hope to see you often and return  
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some ;  
I find them all in my contented peace,  
And lose not one in thousands, they are disperst  
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.  
I find them, as angels are found, by legions :  
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,  
Which is the chiefest of all temporal blessings ;  
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy  
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes ;  
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul  
Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal  
riches,

Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage !

*Leon.* Rise, thou art all obedience, love, and goodness.

I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,  
And that's my precious comfort, never son  
Was in the way more of celestial rising :  
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,  
That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

*Clean.* Ha !

*Leon.* What was't disturb'd my joy ?

*Clean.* Did you not hear,  
As afar off ?

*Leon.* What, my excellent comfort ?

*Clean.* Nor you ?

*Hip.* I heard a—

[*A horn*

*Clean.* Hark, again !

*Leon.* Bless my joy,  
What ails it on a sudden ?

*Clean.* Now ! since lately ?

*Leon.* 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care.

*Clean.* Alas ? you do not hear well.

*Leon.* What was't, daughter ?

*Hip.* I heard a sound, twice.

[*A horn*

*Clean.* Hark ! louder and nearer :

In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir !  
Louder and nearer yet ! at hand, at hand !

[*Exit LEONIDES.*]

A hunting here ? 'tis strange ! I never knew  
Game followed in these woods before.

*Enter EVANDER, SIMONIDES, Courtiers, and CRATLOR.*

*Hip.* Now let them come, and spare not.

*Clean.* Ha ! 'tis—is't not the duke ?—look sparingly.

*Hip.* 'Tis he, but what of that ? alas, take heed,  
Your care will overthrow us. [sir,

*Clean.* Come, it shall not :

Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,  
Though our hearts shake with horror.—Ha, ha, ha

*Evan.* Hark !

*Clean.* Prithee, proceed ;  
I am taken with these light things infinitely,  
Since the old man's decease ; ha !—so they parted ?  
ha, ha, ha !

*Evan.* Why, how should I believe this ? look,  
he's merry

As if he had no such charge : one with that care  
Could never be so ; still he holds his temper,  
And 'tis the same still (with no difference)  
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with ;  
He laugh'd thus then, you know.

1 *Court.* Ay, he may laugh,

That shews but how he glories in his cunning ;  
And is, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,  
That only he has over-reach'd the law,  
Than to express affection to his father.

*Sim.* He tells you right, my lord, his own  
cousin-german

Reveal'd it first to me ; a free-tongued woman,  
And very excellent at telling secrets.

*Evan.* If a contempt can be so neatly carried,  
It gives me cause of wonder.

*Sim.* Troth, my lord,  
'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe :  
I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.

*Evan.* Cleanthes.

*Clean.* My loved lord.

*Evan.* Not moved a whit,  
Constant to lightness still ! 'Tis strange to meet  
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir : [you  
This does not fit your passion ; you're for mirth,  
Or I mistake you much.

*Clean.* But finding it  
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,  
For anything too much is vicious,  
I come to these disconsolate walks, of purpose,  
Only to dull and take away the edge on't.

I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,  
A natural propension, I confess,  
Before that cheerful accident fell out—  
If I may call a father's funeral cheerful,  
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

*Evan.* It seems, then, you take pleasure in these  
walks, sir.

*Clean.* Contemplative content I do, my lord  
They bring into my mind oft meditations  
So sweetly precious, that, in the parting,  
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,  
They take their leave so feelingly.

*Evan.* So, sir !

*Clean.* Which is a kind of grave delight, my  
lord.

*Evan.* And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to  
The least delight that has a name. [afford you

*Clean.* My lord !

*Sim.* Now it begins to fadge.

1 *Court.* Peace ! thou art so greedy, *Sim.*

*Evan.* In your excess of joy you have express'd  
Your rancour and contempt against my law :  
Your smiles deserve a fining ; you have profess'd  
Derision openly, e'en to my face,  
Which might be death, a little more incensed.  
You do not come for any freedom here,  
But for a project of your own :—  
But all that's known to be contentful to thee,  
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,  
If ever your presumption do but lead you  
Into these walks again,—ay, or that woman ;  
I'll have them watched o' purpose.

[CLEANTHES retires from the wood, followed by  
HIPPOLITA.

1 *Court.* Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

*Sim.* Mark her's too.

*Hip.* Oh, who shall bring food to the poor old  
man, now !

Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever.

*Clean.* Oh, you did wonderous ill to call me  
again.

There are not words to help us ; if I entreat,  
'Tis found ; that will betray us worse than silence :  
Prithce let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

1 *Court.* You have struck them dumb, my lord.

*Sim.* Look how guilt looks !  
I would not have that fear upon my flesh,  
To save ten fathers.

*Clean.* He is safe still, is he not ?

*Hip.* Oh, you do ill to doubt it.

*Clean.* Thou art all goodness.

*Sim.* Now does your grace believe ?

*Evan.* 'Tis too apparent.

Search, make a speedy search ; for the imposture  
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

*Clean.* Ha !

*Sim.* He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid,  
That cries most when she's furthest from the nest.

*Clean.* Oh, we are betray'd.

*Hip.* Betray'd, sir !

*Sim.* See, my lord,

It comes out more and more still.

[SIMONIDES and Courtiers enter the wood.

*Clean.* Bloody thief !

Come from that place ; 'tis sacred, homicide !

'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.

*Hip.* Oh miserable virtue, what distress  
Art thou in at this minute !

*Clean.* Help me, thunder,  
For my power's lost ! angels, shoot plagues, and  
help me !

Why are these men in health, and I so heart-sick ?  
Or why should nature have that power in me  
To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,  
And not one comfort ? only make me lie  
Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,  
Panting with horror,  
And have not so much force in all my vengeance,  
To shake a villain off me.

Re-enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers, with LEONIDES.

*Hip.* Use him gently,  
And heaven will love you for it.

*Clean.* Father ! oh father ! now I see thee full  
In thy affliction ; thou'rt a man of sorrow,  
But reverently becom'st it, that's my comfort :  
Extremity was never better graced,  
Than with that look of thine ; oh ! let me look still,  
For I shall lose it ; all my joy and strength

[Kneels.

Is e'en eclipsed together : I transgress d  
Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't ;  
Be once just, sir, and let the offender die :  
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.

*Leon.* Your grace knows, when affection only  
speaks,

Truth is not always there ; his love would draw  
An undeserv'd misery on his youth,  
And wrong a peace resolv'd, on both parts sinful.  
'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,  
And, like a worldly coward, injured heaven  
With fear to go to't :—now I see my fault,  
I am prepared with joy to suffer for it.

*Evan.* Go, give him quick dispatch, let him see  
death :

And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.

[Exit EVANDER, Courtiers, SIMONIDES ; and CRIAT-  
ULUS with LEONIDES.

*Hip.* He's going ! oh, he's gone, sir !

*Clean.* Let me rise.

*Hip.* Why do you not then, and follow ?

*Clean.* I strive for it ;

Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,  
And take this villain from my heart awhile ?

[Rises

*Hip.* Alas ! he's gone.

*Clean.* A worse supplies his place then,  
A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.

*Hip.* Oh misery of affliction!

*Clean.* They will stay  
Till I can come; they must be so good ever,  
Though they be ne'er so cruel:  
My last leave must be taken, think of that,  
And his last blessing given; I will not lose  
That for a thousand consorts.

*Hip.* That hope's wretched.

*Clean.* The unutterable stings of fortune!  
All griefs are to be born save this alone,  
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns  
The frame of nature:

For he that gives us life first, as a father,  
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,  
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,  
They are incorporate to us.

*Hip.* Noble sir!

*Clean.* Let me behold thee well.

*Hip.* Sir!

*Clean.* Thou should'st at be good,  
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged  
So near the heart of man.

*Hip.* What means this, dear sir?

*Clean.* To thy trust only was this blessed  
secret  
Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;  
What follows to be thought on't?

*Hip.* Miserable!

Why, here's the unhappiness of woman still:  
That, having forfeited in old times her trust,  
Now makes their faith suspected that are just.

*Clean.* What shall I say to all my sorrows then,  
That look for satisfaction?

*Enter EUORNIA.*

*Eug.* Ha, ha, ha! cousin.

*Clean.* How ill dost thou become this time!

*Eug.* Ha, ha, ha!

Why, that's but your opinion; a young wench  
Becomes the time at all times.

Now, coz, we are even: an you be remember'd,  
You left a *strumpet* and a *whore* with me,  
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost  
you

Less than a father.

*Clean.* Is it come that way?

*Eug.* Had you an uncle,  
He should go the same way too.

*Clean.* Oh eternity,

What monster is this fiend in labour with?

*Eug.* An ass-colt with two heads. that's she and  
you:

I will not lose so glorious a revenge,  
Not to be understood in't; I betray'd him;  
And now we are even, you'd best keep you so.

*Clean.* Is there not poison yet enough to kill  
me?

*Hip.* Oh, sir, forgive me; it was I betray'd

*Clean.* How!

[him.

*Hip.* I.

*Clean.* The fellow of my heart! 'twill speed me,  
then.

*Hip.* Her tears that never wept, and mine own  
pity

Even cozen'd me together, and stole from me  
This secret, which fierce death should not have  
purchased.

*Clean.* Nay, then we are at an end; all we are  
false ones,

And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,  
In trusting woman; thou wert false to faith,  
In uttering of the secret; and thou false  
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity:

We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,  
And for thy infectious spots ought'st to die first.

[*Offers to kill EUORNIA.*

*Eug.* Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your  
mistress,

I come not so ill friended:—rescue, servants!

*Re-enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers.*

*Clean.* Are you so whorishly provided?

*Sim.* Yes, sir,

She has more weapons at command than one.

*Eug.* Put forward, man, thou art most sure to  
have me.

*Sim.* I shall be surer, if I keep behind, though.

*Eug.* Now, servants, shew your loves.

*Sim.* I'll shew my love, too, afar off.

*Eug.* I love to be so courted, woo me there.

*Sim.* I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er  
fought with.

I'm sharper set within than I am without.

*Hip.* Oh gentlemen! Cleanthes!

*Eug.* Fight! upon him!

*Clean.* Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now  
a strumpet.

*Eug.* 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting;  
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

*Enter Guard.*

*1 Officer.* Forbear, on your allegiance, gentle-  
men.

He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him  
To answer this contempt against the law.

*Clean.* I obey fate in all things.

*Hip.* Happy rescue!

*Sim.* I would you'd seized upon him a minute  
sooner, it had saved me a cut finger: I wonder  
how I came by't, for I never put my hand forth,  
I'm sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if  
truth were known; may be the wire in the handle:  
I have lived these five and twenty years and never  
knew what colour my blood was before I never  
durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves.

*Eug.* You've shewn your spirits, gentlemen;  
Have cut your finger. [but you

*Sim.* Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't!

*Court.* You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, *Sim.* to  
have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.

*Sim.* I'll never draw sword again, to have such  
a jest put upon me. [Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

*Enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers, sword and mace carried before them.*

*Sim.* Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly,  
And rise before eleven, or when we please;  
Shall we not, fellow-judges?

*1 Court.* 'Tis committed  
All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;  
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,  
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.

*Sim.* Leave that to us, but, whatsoever we do,  
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd;  
Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that,  
Before we sit upon him.

*2 Court.* Make you question  
If not?—Cleanthes! and an enemy!  
Nay a conceiver of his father too!  
A vile example in these days of youth.

*Sim.* If they were given to follow such examples;

But sure I think they are not: howsoever,  
'Twas wickedly attempted; that's my judgment,  
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.  
Never by prince were such young judges made,  
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,  
He must make young or none; for all the old ones  
He hath sent a fishing—and my father's one,  
I humbly thank his highness.

*Enter EUGENIA.*

*1 Court.* Widow!

*Eug.* You almost hit my name now, gentlemen;  
You come so wonderful near it, I admire you  
For your judgment.

*Sim.* My wife that must be! She.

*Eug.* My husband goes upon his last hour now.

*1 Court.* On his last legs, I am sure.

*Sim.* September the seventeenth—

I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow  
His latest hour's expired.

*2 Court.* Bring him to judgment;  
The jury's pannell'd, and the verdict given  
Ere he appears; we have ta'en a course for that.

*Sim.* And officers to attach the gray young man,  
The youth of fourscore: Be of comfort, lady,  
You shall no longer bosom January;  
For that I will take order, and provide  
For you a lusty April.

*Eug.* The month that ought, indeed,  
To go before May.

*1 Court.* Do as we have said,  
Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.  
Lady Eugenia, see this charge performed,  
That, having his life forfeited by the law,  
He may relieve his soul.

*Eug.* Willingly.

From shaven chins never came better justice  
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor. *[Exit.]*

*Sim.* What you do,  
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose  
To make but a short sessions.—A new business!

*Enter HIPPOLITA.*

*1 Court.* The fair Hippolita! now what's your  
suit?

*Hip.* Alas! I know not how to style you yet;

To call you judges doth not suit your years,  
Nor heads and beards shew more antiquity;—  
Yet sway yourselves with equity and truth,  
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat  
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads  
Placed upon young men's shoulders.

*2 Court.* Hark! she flouts us,  
And thinks to make us monstrous.

*Hip.* Prove not so;

For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men;  
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves  
To make you appear angels,) but if you crimson  
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,  
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice,  
Both against heaven and nature, draw your sword,  
Make either will or humour turn the soul  
Of your created greatness, and in that  
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there  
You are more than monstrous; in the very act,  
You change yourselves to devils.

*1 Court.* She's a witch;  
Hark! she begins to conjure.

*Sim.* Time, your business,  
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I  
Give her her answer?

*2 Court.* None upon the bench,  
More learnedly can do it.

*Sim.* He, he, hem! then list:  
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,  
That thou dar'est plead for such a base offender.  
Conceal a father past his time to die!  
What son and heir would have done this but he?

*1 Court.* I vow, not I.

*Hip.* Because ye are parricides;  
And how can comfort be derived from such  
That pity not their fathers?

*2 Court.* You are fresh and fair; practise young  
women's ends;

When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.

*Sim.* I'll set him forward for thee without fee:  
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.

*Hip.* Times of amazement! what duty, good-  
ness dwell—

I sought for charity, but knock at hell. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter EUGENIA, and Guard with LYBANDER.*

*Sim.* Eugenia come! command a second guard  
To bring Cleanthes in; we'll not sit long;  
My stomach strives to dinner.

*Eug.* Now, servants, may a lady be so bold  
To call your power so low?

*Sim.* A mistress may,  
She can make all things low; then in that language  
There can be no offence.

*Eug.* The time's now come  
Of manumissions, take him into bonds,  
And I am then at freedom.

*2 Court.* This the man!  
He hath left off o' late to feed on snakes;  
His beard's turn'd white again.

*1 Court.* Is't possible these gouty legs danced  
And shatter'd in a galliard? *[lately,*

*Eug.* Jealousy

And fear of death can work strange prodigies.

*2 Court.* The nimble fencer this, that made me  
And traverse 'bout the chamber? *[tear*

*Sim.* Ay, and gave me

Those elbow healths, the hangman take him for't!  
They'd almost fetch'd my heart out: the Dutch  
what-you-call,  
I swallow'd pretty well; but the half-pike  
Had almost pepper'd me; but had I ta'en long-  
Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out. [sword,

*A Flourish. Enter EVANDER and CRATILUS.*

1 *Court.* Peace, the duke!

*Evan.* Nay, back t' your seats: who's that?

2 *Court.* May't please your highness, it is old  
Lysander.

*Evan.* And brought in by his wife! a worthy  
precedent

Of one that no way would offend the law,  
And should not pass away without remark.  
You have been look'd for long.

*Lys.* But never fit

To die till now, my lord. My sins and I  
Have been but newly parted; much ado  
I had to get them leave me, or be taught  
That difficult lesson how to learn to die.  
I never thought there had been such an act,  
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:  
All studies else are but as circular lines,  
And death the centre where they must all meet.  
I now can look upon thee, erring woman,  
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,  
And no way envy their delicious health,  
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine  
And mine must be theirs one day. [own,

*Evan.* You have tamed him.

*Sim.* And know how to dispose him; that, my  
Hath been before determined. You confess [liege,  
Yourself of full age?

*Lys.* Yes, and prepared to inherit—

*Eug.* Your place above.

*Sim.* Of which the hangman's strength  
Shall put him in possession.

*Lys.* 'Tis still cared

To take me willing and in mind to die;  
And such are, when the earth grows weary of  
Most fit for heaven. [them,

*Sim.* The court shall make his mittimus,  
And send him thither presently: i' the mean

*Evan.* Away to death with him. [time—  
[*Exeunt CRATILUS and LYANDER.*

*Enter Guard with CLEANTHES, HIPPOLITA following,  
weeping.*

*Sim.* So! see another person brought to the bar.

1 *Court.* The arch-malefactor.

2 *Court.* The grand offender, the most refrac-  
To all good order: 'tis Cleanthes, he— [tory

*Sim.* That would have sons grave fathers, ere  
Be sent unto their graves. [their fathers

*Evan.* There will be expectation

In your severe proceedings against him;

His act being so capital.

*Sim.* Fearful and bloody;

Therefore we charge these women leave the court,  
Leat they should swoon to hear it.

*Eug.* I, in expectation

Of a most happy freedom. [*Exit.*

*Hip.* I, with the apprehension

Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. [*Exit.*

1 *Court.* We bring him to the bar—

2 *Court.* Hold up your hand, sir.

*Clean.* More reverence to the place than to the  
To the one I offer up a [spreading] palm [persons:  
Of duty and obedience, as to heaven,

Imploing justice, which was never wanting  
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;  
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,  
As threatening vengeance against murderers,  
For they that kill in thought, shed innocent  
blood.—

With pardon of your highness, too much passion  
Made me forget your presence, and the place  
I now am call'd to.

*Evan.* All our majesty

And power we have to pardon or condemn,  
Is now conferr'd on them.

*Sim.* And these we'll use,

Little to thine advantage.

*Clean.* I expect it:

And, as to these, I look no mercy from them,  
And much less mean to entreat it, I thus now  
Submit me to the emblems of your power,  
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend  
Ere you proceed to sentence, (for I know [judges,  
You have given me lost,) will you resolve me one  
1 *Court.* So it be briefly question'd. [thing?

2 *Court.* Shew your honour;

Day spends itself apace.

*Clean.* My lords, it shall.

Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,  
Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,  
That should attend your fathers' funerals?  
Though the strict law (which I will not accuse,  
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,  
It doth not bar you to lament their deaths:

Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,  
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,  
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,  
To be the sooner seized of their estates.

Oh, time of age! where's that *Aeneas* now,  
Who letting all his jewels to the flames;  
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,  
Fortunes and all things, save the name of son,  
Which you so much forget, godlike *Aeneas*,  
Who took his bedrid father on his back,  
And with that sacred load (to him no barthen)  
Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire,  
through [arms,]

Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,  
Only to save a father?

*Sim.* We've no leisure now,  
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are past  
And all this time thy judges. [school,

2 *Court.* It is fit

That we proceed to sentence.

1 *Court.* You are the mouth,

And now 'tis fit to open.

*Sim.* Justice, indeed,

Should ever be close-ear'd, and open mouth'd;  
That is to hear a little and speak much.

Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be  
A good son and bad subject; for, if princes  
Be call'd the people's fathers, then the subjects,  
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince,  
Doth disobey his father: there you are gone.

1 *Court.* And not to be recover'd.

*Sim.* And again—

2 *Court.* If he be gone once, call him not again.

*Sim.* I say again, this act of thine expresses  
A double disobedience: as our princes  
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too;  
And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty,  
Doth commit treason in the height of degree:  
And now thou art quite gone.

1 *Court.* Our brother in commission,  
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,  
And I can add but little; howsoever,  
It shall send him packing.  
He that begins a fault that wants example,  
Ought to be made example for the fault.

*Clean.* A fault! no longer can I hold myself  
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.  
A fault! judge, I desire, then, where it lies,  
In those that are my judges, or in me:  
Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty.

*Sim.* Where are they, sir? who sees them but  
*Clean.* Not you; and I am sure, [yourself?]  
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.  
You think that you arraign me, but I hope  
To sentence you at the bar.

2 *Court.* That would shew brave.

*Clean.* These were the judgment-seat we [stand  
at] now!

Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],  
Unnaturalness, and inhumanity,  
You are found foul and guilty, by a jury  
Made of your father's curses, which have brought  
Vengeance impending on you; and I, now,  
Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges.  
The common laws of reason and of nature  
Condemn you, *ipso facto*; you are parricides,  
And if you marry, will beget the like,  
Who, when they are grown to full maturity,  
Will hurry you, their fathers, to their graves.  
Like traitors, you take council from the living,  
Of upright judgment you will rob the bench,  
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away  
From the earth's face,) turn all into disorder,  
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,  
And put the sword of justice in the hands  
Of boys and madmen.

*Sim.* Well, well, have you done, sir?

*Clean.* I have spoke my thoughts.

*Sim.* Then I'll begin and end.

*Evan.* 'Tis time I now begin—

Here your commission ends.

Cleanthes, come you from the bar. Because  
I know you are severally disposed, I here  
Invite you to an object will, no doubt,  
Work in you contrary effects.—Music!

*Loud Music.* Enter LEONIDES, CREON, LYSANDER, and  
other old Men.

*Clean.* Pray, heaven, I dream not! sure he  
moves, talks comfortably,  
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed,  
(Far above me,) he's not ill entreated;  
His face doth promise fullness of content,  
And glory hath a part in't.

*Leo.* Oh my son!

*Evan.* You that can claim acquaintance with  
Talk freely. [these lads,

*Sim.* I can see none there that's worth  
One hand to you from me.

*Evan.* These are thy judges, and by their grave  
law  
I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.  
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed:  
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,  
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.

[To CLEANTHES.

1 *Court.* Here's fine dancing, gentlemen.

2 *Court.* Is thy father amongst them?

*Sim.* Oh, pox! I saw him the first thing I  
look'd on.

Alive again! 'alight, I believe now a father  
Hath as many lives as a mother.

*Clean.* 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.  
Oh! bring me back to the same law again,  
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, officers,  
And bring me to new sentence.

*Sim.* What's all this?

*Clean.* A fault not to be pardon'd;  
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.

*Sim.* I am glad of that; I hope the case may  
And I turn judge again. [alter,

*Evan.* Name your offence.

*Clean.* That I should be so vile  
As once to think you cruel.

*Evan.* Is that all?

'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have sons,  
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.

*Creon.* I should have one amongst them, had  
To have retained that name. [he had grace

*Sim.* I pray you, father. [Kneels.

*Creon.* That name, I know,  
Hath been long since forgot.

*Sim.* I find but small comfort in remembering  
it now.

*Evan.* Cleanthes, take your place with these  
grave fathers,  
And read what in that table is inscribed.

[Gives him a paper.

Now set these at the bar,  
And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror  
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.

*Clean.* [reads.] *It is decreed by the grave and  
learned council of Epire, that no son and heir  
shall be held capable of his inheritance at the age  
of one and twenty, unless he be at that time as  
mature in obedience, manners, and goodness.*

*Sim.* Sure I shall never be at full age, then,  
though I live to an hundred years; and that's  
nearer by twenty than the last statute allow'd.

1 *Court.* A terrible act!

*Clean.* Moreover, it is enacted that all sons  
aforesaid, whom either this law, or their own  
grace, shall reduce into the true method of duty,  
virtue, and affection [shall appear before us] and  
relate their trial and approbation from Cleanthes,  
the son of Leonides—from me, my lord!

*Evan.* From none but you, as fullest. Proceed,  
sir.

*Clean.* Whom, for his manifest virtues, we  
make such judge and censor of youth, and the  
absolute reference of life and manners.

*Sim.* This is a brave world! when a man should  
be selling land he must be learning manners. Is't  
not, my masters?

Re-enter EUGENIA.

*Eug.* What's here to do? my suitors at the bar!  
The old band shines again: oh miserable!

[She swoons.

*Evan.* Read the law over to her, 'twill awake  
'Tis one deserves small pity. [her:

*Clean.* Lastly, it is ordained, that all such  
wives now whatsoever, that shall design their  
husbands' death, to be soon rid of them, and enter-  
tain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—

*Sim.* You had best read that a little louder; for,  
if anything, that will bring her to herself again,  
and find her tongue.

*Clean.* Shall not presume, on the penalty of our  
heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.

*Eug.* That law's too long by nine years and a half,

I'll take my death upon't, so shall most women.

*Clean.* And those, incontinent women so offending, to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.

*Eug.* Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

*Re-enter HIPPOLITA.*

*Clean.* Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy joys,

Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest ;  
Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

*Hip.* Leonides ! [She faints.]

*Clean.* I fear'd it all this while ;

I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!

What contrariety is in woman's blood ?

One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

*Evan.* Of sons and wives we see the worst and

May future ages yield Hippolitas [best.]

Many ; but few like thee, Eugenia !

Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame,

But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name—

[Harsh music within.]

Ha ! what strange kind of melody was that ?

Yet give it entrance, whatso'er it be,

This day is all devote to liberty.

*Enter Fiddlers, GROOMS, Courtesan, Cook, Butler, &c., with the old Women, AGATHA, and one bearing a bride-cake for the wedding.*

*Gnoth.* Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on ; let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

*Evan.* Stay the crowd awhile ; let's know the reason of this jollity.

*Clean.* Sirrah, do you know where you are ?

*Gnoth.* Yes, sir : I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

*Lys.* Your hat is too high crown'd, the duke in presence.

*Gnoth.* The duke ! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, and that's equal change all the world over : as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance my bonnet. Crowd on afore.

*Leon.* Good sir, a few words, if you will vouch—  
Or will you be forced ? [safe them ;]

*Gnoth.* Forced ! I would the duke himself would say so.

*Evan.* I think he dares, sir, and does ; if you You shall be forced. [stay not,]

*Gnoth.* I think so, my lord, and good reason too ; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall ? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then : will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy ?

*Evan.* Oh, by no means, sir ; you shall not deface so fair an ornament for me.

*Gnoth.* If your grace please to be caked, say so.

*Evan.* And which might be your fair bride, sir ?

*Gnoth.* This is my two-for-one that must be the *usor uroris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.

*Evan.* And hast thou any else ?

*Gnoth.* I have an older, my lord, for other uses.

*Clean.* My lord,

I do observe a strange decorum here :

These that do lead this day of jollity,

Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks ;

Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,

Nearer the haviour of a funeral,  
Than of a wedding.

*Evan.* 'Tis true ; pray expound that, sir.

*Gnoth.* As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging ; and your grace, in the due consideration, shall find them much alike ; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. *I take thee, Beatrice*, says the bridegroom ; *I take thee, Agatha*, says the hangman ; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us*.

*Evan.* This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

*Gnoth.* If further your grace examine it, you shall find I shew myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law : only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

*Evan.* Oh ! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger ;

If the law finds you with two wives at once,  
There's a shrewd preminure.

*Gnoth.* I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her ; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do ; she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop ; when you please, let her disembogue.

*Cook.* And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

*Gnoth.* And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.

*Evan.* Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will And your wife yet living ? [you marry,]

*Gnoth.* Alas ! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her : I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

*Evan.* Come, my lords, we must sit again ; Craves a most serious censure. [here's a case]

*Cook.* Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the way.

*Gnoth.* I would they were gone once ; the time goes away.

*Evan.* Which is the wife unto the forward bride—  
*Aga.* I am, an it please your grace. [groom ?]

*Evan.* Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied, And well-blooded cheeks.

*Gnoth.* Oh, she paints, my lord ; she was a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of her lady.

*Evan.* Sure I think she cannot be so old.

*Aga.* Truly I think so too, an't please your grace.

*Gnoth.* Two to one with your grace of that ! she's threescore by the book.

*Leon.* Peace, sirrah, you are too loud.

*Cook.* Take heed, Gnotho : if you move the duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool ; but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

*Gnoth.* Cut off my head ! away, ignorant ! he knows it cost more in the hair ; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine : I will talk to him too ; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law, the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

*Evan.* My lords, I leave this censure to you.

*Leon.* Then first, this fellow does deserve punish-  
For offering up a lusty able woman, [ment,  
Which may do service to the commonwealth,  
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

*Creon.* Therefore to be severely punished  
For thus attempting a second marriage,  
His wife yet living.

*Lys.* Nay, to have it trebled;  
That even the day and instant when he should  
As a kind husband, at her funeral, [mourn,  
He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;  
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd  
With all severity.

*But.* The fiddles will be in a foul case too, by  
and by.

*Leon.* Nay, further; it seems he has a venture  
Of two for one at his second marriage,  
Which cannot be but a conspiracy  
Against the former.

*Gnoth.* A mess of wise old men!

*Lys.* Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

*Gnoth.* Ye are good old men, and talk as age  
will give you leave. I would speak with the youth-  
ful duke himself; he and I may speak of things  
that shall be thirty or forty years after you are dead  
and rotten. Alas! you are here to-day, and gone  
to sea to-morrow.

*Evan.* In troth, sir, then I must be plain with  
you.

The law that should take away your old wife from  
The which I do perceive was your desire, [you,  
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:  
There has been since another parliament,  
Has cut it off.

*Gnoth.* I see your grace is disposed to be pleas-  
ant.

*Evan.* Yes, you might perceive that; I had not  
Thus dallied with your follies. [else

*Gnoth.* I'll talk further with your grace when I  
come back from church; in the mean time, you  
know what to do with the old women.

*Evan.* Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you  
mean

I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way,  
And hang you at your return.

*Aga.* O gracious prince!

*Evan.* Your old wives cannot die to-day by any  
law of mine; for aught I can say to them,

They may, by a new edict, bury you,  
And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fine too.

*Gnoth.* This is fine, indeed!

*Aga.* O gracious prince! may he live a hundred  
years more.

*Cook.* Your venture is not like to come in to-  
day, Gnotho.

*Gnoth.* Give me the principal back.

*Cook.* Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and  
I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for  
we have taken old wives of purpose, that we had  
thought to have put away at this market, and now  
we cannot utter a pennyworth.

*Evan.* Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge  
your new charge, and take your old one to you.

*Gnoth.* Oh music! no music, but prove most  
doleful trumpet;

Oh bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a  
strumpet;

Oh venture! no venture, I have, for one, now  
none;

Oh wife! thy life is saved when I hoped it had  
been gone.

Case up your fruitless strings; no penny, no  
wedding;

Case up thy maidenhead; no priest, no bedding:  
Avaunt, my venture! ne'er to be restored,  
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard:  
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;  
Let bride and venture with woful music go.

*Cook.* What for the bridecake, Gnotho?

*Gnoth.* Let it be mouldy, now 'tis out of season,  
Let it grow out of date, currant, and reason:  
Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.  
No more is got by that, than William Dickins  
Got by his wooden dishes.

Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,  
The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and  
wipes.

Fiddlers, farewell; and now, without perhaps,  
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

*Lys.* This passion has given some satisfaction  
yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now,  
with all the rest, so they live honestly with the  
wives they have.

*Evan.* Oh! most freely; free pardon to all.

*Cook.* Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we  
can live honestly with such reverend wives, that  
have no motion in them but their tongues.

*Aga.* Heaven bless your grace! you are a just  
prince.

*Gnoth.* All hopes dash'd; the clerk's duties  
lost,

My venture gone; my second wife divorced;  
And which is worst, the old one come back again!  
Such voyages are made now-a-days!

Besides these two fountains of fresh water, I will  
weep two salt out of my nose. Your grace had  
been more kind to your young subjects—heaven  
bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull  
your poor countrymen: but I am not the first, by  
forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but  
a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of  
your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave:  
I would they had been asleep in their beds when  
they opened them to see this day! Come Ag, come  
Ag. [Exeunt Gnotho and Agatha.

*Creon.* Were not you all my servants?

*Cook.* During your life, as we thought, sir; but  
our young master turn'd us away.

*Creon.* How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy  
ruin!

*Sim.* I followed the fashion, sir, as other young  
men did. If you were as we thought you had been,  
we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you.  
We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and  
mutton, and such like.

*Creon.* Well, what damage or charge you have  
run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor  
deliver you from your wives; them you must keep;  
yourselves shall again return to me.

*All.* We thank your lordship for your love, and  
must thank ourselves for our bad bargains. [Exeunt.

*Evan.* Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,  
To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men,  
That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

*Cleon.* My lord, I see a satisfaction  
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,  
Beating my words back in their utterance.  
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh  
And new duties, as the sea propagates.



The elephants have found their joints too—

[*They kneel.*]

Why, here's humility able to bind up  
The punishing hands of the severest masters,  
Much more the gentle fathers.

*Sim.* I had ne'er thought to have been brought  
so low as my knees again; but since there's no  
remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope  
to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we  
confess we have deserved more than we are willing  
to receive at your hands, though sons can never  
deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear  
afterwards.

*Creon.* And what way can you decline your  
feeding now?

You cannot retire to beeves and muttons sure.

*Sim.* Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that,  
now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and  
are down to our marrowbones already.

*Creon.* Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind you  
now; [They rise.]

You that were too weak yourselves to govern,  
By others shall be govern'd.

*Lys.* Cleanthes,

I meet your justice with reconciliation:  
If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,  
I have received a myriad, which confirms me  
To find a happy renovation.

*Clean.* Here's virtue's throne,  
Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels  
Of love and faith, peace and affection!  
This is the altar of my sacrifice,  
Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.  
Age-honoured shrine! time still so love you,  
That I so long may have you in mine eye

Until my memory lose your beginning!  
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,  
Your justice and your wisdom never die,  
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land.  
Which you reach to her from your regent hand!

*Leon.* O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted  
The entertainment of our retirement,  
Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,  
You might have sooner died upon the wonder,  
Than any rage or passion for our loss.

A place at hand we were all strangers in,  
So spher'd about with music, such delights,  
Such viands and attendance, and once a-day  
So cheered with a royal visitant,  
That oft-times, waking, our unsteady fancies  
Would question whether we yet lived or no,  
Or had possession of that paradise  
Where angels be the guard!

*Evan.* Enough, Leonides,  
You go beyond the praise; we have our end,  
And all is ended well: we have now seen  
The flowers and weeds that grow about our court.

*Sim.* If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear  
none so good again as long as my father lives.

*Evan.* Only this gentleman we did abuse  
With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,  
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus,

[*Discovers Cratilus.*]

The man that you supposed had now been travell'd;  
Which we gave leave to learn to speak,  
And bring us foreign languages to Greece.  
All's joy, I see; let music be the crown:  
And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,  
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."

[*Flourish. Exit.*]

POEMS  
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY

PHILIP MASSINGER.

---

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND SIR FRANCIS  
FOLJAMBE, KNIGHT AND BARONET.

Sir, with my service I present this book,  
A trifle, I confess, but pray you look  
Upon the sender, not his gift, with your  
Accustomed favour, and then 't will endure  
Your search the better. Something there may be  
You'll find in the perusal fit for me  
To give to one I honour, and may plead,  
In your defence, though you descend to read  
A pamphlet of this nature. May it prove  
In your free judgment, though not worth your  
Yet fit to find a pardon, and I'll say [love,  
Upon your warrant that it is a play.  
Ever at your commandment,  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say  
It is a grateful poem, a good play:  
And such as read ingeniously, shall find  
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO HIS SON J. S. UPON HIS MINERVA.

THOU art my son; in that my choice is spoke:  
Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.  
It shew'd more art in Virgil to relate,  
And make it worth the hearing, his grat's fate,  
Than to conceive what those great minds must be  
That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy.  
And such as read and do not apprehend,  
And with applause, the purpose and the end  
Of this neat poem, in themselves confess  
A dull stupidity and barrenness.  
Methinks I do behold, in this rare birth,  
A temple built up to facetious Mirth,  
Pleased Phoebus smiling on it: doubt not, then,  
But that the suffrage of judicious men  
Will honour this Thalia; and, for those  
That praise sir Bevis, or what's worse in prose,  
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write  
In a new strain, and from it raise delight,  
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance,  
But merit, crown thee with the laurel branch.  
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY JUDICIOUS AND LEARNED FRIEND THE  
AUTHOR, [JAMES SHIRLEY,]

*Upon his ingenious Poem, "The Grateful Servant," a  
Comedy, published in 1630.*

THOUGH I well know, that my obscurer name  
Listed with theirs who here advance thy fame,  
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,  
Among the rest a modest votary  
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise  
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise;  
Or hope it can find credit in this age,  
Though I should swear, in each triumphant page  
Of this thy work there's no line but of weight,  
And poesy itself shewn at the height:  
Such common places, friend, will not agree  
With thy own vote, and my integrity.  
I'll steer a midway, have clear truth my guide,  
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.  
Here are no forced expressions, no rack'd phrase;  
No Babel compositions to amaze  
The tortured reader; no believed defence  
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence;  
No obscene syllable, that may compel  
A blush from a chaste maid: but all so well

SENO WED SENIO.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY MOST SINGU-  
LAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON, PHILIP, EARL  
OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY,  
Lord-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, &c.,  
*Upon the deplorable and untimely Death of his late truly  
noble Son, CHARLES LORD HERBERT, &c.*

'Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong;  
Or, with the rest, my hymenæal song  
Had been presented, when the knot was tied  
That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride

A happy pair. I curs'd my absence then  
 That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd pen,  
 Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,  
 When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time  
 To pay a general debt; mine being more  
 Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,  
 Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise  
 Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise  
 To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,  
 Being silent then, aim at an elegy?  
 Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one verse  
 Deserving to wait on the sable hearse  
 Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies  
 Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes  
 That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would  
 Write what he was, to all posterity, should  
 Have ample credit in himself, to borrow,  
 Nay, make his own, the saddest accents sorrow  
 Ever express'd, and a more moving quill,  
 Than Spenser used when he gave Astrophil  
 A living epicidium. For poor me,  
 By truth I vow it is no flattery,  
 I from my soul wish, (if it might remove  
 Grief's burthen, which too feelingly you prove,)  
 Though I have been ambitious of fame,  
 As poets are, and would preserve a name,  
 That, my toys burnt, I had lived unknown to men,  
 And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.  
 Vain wish, and to be scorn'd! can my foul dross,  
 With such pure gold be valued! or the loss  
 Of thousand lives like mine, merit to be  
 The same age thought on, when his destiny  
 Is only mentioned? no, my lord, his fate,  
 Is to be prized at a higher rate;  
 Nor are the groans of common men to be  
 Blended with those, which the nobility

Vent hourly for him. That great ladies mourn  
 His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn  
 Drops of compassion; that true sorrow, fed  
 With showers of tears, still bathes the widow'd bed  
 Of his dear spouse; that our great king and queen  
 (To grace your grief) disdain'd not to be seen  
 Your royal comforters; these well become  
 The loss of such a hope, and on his tomb  
 Deserve to live: but, since no more could be  
 Presented, to set off his tragedy,  
 And with a general sadness, why should you  
 (Pardon my boldness!) pay more than his due,  
 Be the debt ne'er so great? No stoic can,  
 As you were a loving father, and a man,  
 Forbid a moderate sorrow; but to take  
 Too much of it, for his or your own sake,  
 If we may trust divines, will rather be  
 Censured repining, than true piety.  
 I still presume too far, and more than fear  
 My duty may offend, pressing too near  
 Your private passions. I thus conclude,  
 If now you show your passive fortitude,  
 In bearing this affliction, and prove  
 You take it as a trial of heaven's love  
 And favour to you, you ere long shall see  
 Your second care return'd from Italy,  
 To bless his native England, each rare part,  
 That in his brother lived, and joy'd your heart.  
 Transferr'd to him; and to the world make known  
 He takes possession of what's now his own.

Your honour's most humble  
 and faithful servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## GLOSSARY.

### A

**ABRAM MEN**, impostors, who feigning madness, wandered about the country, and extorted charity, through fear, from the servants of small families

**Aburd**; Or she will cry, Absurd! ("The Emperor of the East," act ii. scene 1.), a logical phrase, when false conclusions are deduced from the promises of an opponent

**Abuse**; You abuse me, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.), practise on my credulity

**Actuate**; Or actuate what you command to me, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 2.), act

**Aerie**, nest

**Alba Regalis**, ("The Picture," act iii. scene 6.), the town where the kings of Hungary were anciently crowned; now a paltry village called Stalweisensburg

**Altar**; Friendship—that binds no further than to the altar, ("The Parliament of Love," act iii. scene 2.), an allusion to the saying of Pericles that he would support the interests of his friend as far as the altar, (*μὲχρι βωμοῦ*), as far as he could with due respect for the gods

**Amorous**; Nor am I amorous, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), apt to be inflamed at first sight

**Amsterdam**; Preach at Amsterdam, ("The Renegado, act i. scene 1.), the resort of religionists of all denominations

**Anaxarete**; "Such an Iphis," &c., ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.); see the story of Iphis and Anaxarete in the 14th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*

**Angel**; The Roman angel's wings, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act ii. scene 2.), bird

**Apostata**, apostate

**Apple**; And I would sell my empire, could it purchase the dull art of forgetfulness, ("The Emperor of the

East," act iv. scene 5.): the reader will not be surprised at the passion of Theocostus, when he recollects that, among the ancients, the presentation of an apple had a mystic meaning; it signified love accepted and returned

**Argiers**, the old form of Algiers

**As**; As I know not that, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act ii. scene 3.), as if

**At all**; A gamester at the height, and cry *At all!* ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.), means that the caster will play for any sums the company may think proper to risk against him

**Atheism**, To bind up Atheism, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.): our early writers appear to have employed this word with great laxity, applying it to any remarkable violation of moral or natural decorum

**Atonement**; A fair atonement, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 3.), reconciliation

**Aventine**; My strong Aventine, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), post of security, defence

### B

**Bake-house**, Of the conduit and the bakehouse, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 5.), the common rendezvous of goosips of both sexes

**Bandog**, properly *band-dog*, a dog kept tied up on account of his ferocity. When bear-baiting was in vogue in England, bandogs were used for that sport

**Banquet**, the dessert, composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c. Our ancestors, as soon as they had dined, removed to another room, (commonly to a garden-house, or arbour,) where the banquet was spread

**Banqueting-house**, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.): see the preceding ar-

tile; garden-house, summer-house; in the suburbs of London, gardens with buildings of this kind (which were often used as places of intrigue) were formerly much in fashion

**Bar**; I am no bar for you to try your strength on, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 3.); Clarindore means—I am not to be quitted down stairs, alluding to the game of pitching the bar

**Barathrum**; You barathrum of the shambles, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.); from Horace, "*barathrumque macelli*," abyss, gulf

**Barley-break**; He is at barley-break, and the last couple are now in hell, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 1.). This game is thus described by Gifford, chiefly from a passage in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*. "It was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities: in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by pre-occupation from the other places; in this 'catching' however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said to be in *hell*, and the game ended"

**Bases**; your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback

**Basket, the**; Go to the basket, and re-

pent, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 1.), the basket in which broken meat was sent from the sheriff's table to the poor confined in the prisons; also the basket from which broken meat was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge of great houses, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act I. scene 3)

**Battalia**, ("The Picture," act II. scene 1.), the main body of the army

**Beadsmen**, prayer-men, those who pray for their benefactors, dependants on charity

**Bearing-dishes**, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), solid, substantial dishes

**Becco**, a tame cuckold

**Bees**; Mine own bees rebel against me, ("The City Madam," act IV. scene 4.); the speaker considers herself as queen of the hive

**Beglerbeg**, chief governor of a province

**Bells ring out of tune**, ("The Duke of Milan," act I. scene 1.), ring backward, the common signal of alarm on the breaking out of fires

**Bend the body**, ("The Duke of Milan," act II. scene 1.), and "The Bashful Lover," act III. scene 3.), to ascertain if any life remains in it

**Beneath the sail**: see **Sail**, above the **Betake**, consign

**Bind with**; And by turns bind with her, ("The Guardian," act I., scene 1.), tire, seize

**Bird bolts**, blunt, pointless arrows, used to kill birds without piercing them

**Birthright**; And spoil him of his birthright, ("The Bondman," act II. scene 1.), an allusion to the history of Jacob and Esau

**Bisognon**, beggar

**Blacks**; Tears, sighs, and blacks, "The Fatal Dowry," act II. scene 1., mourning weeds

**Blue gown**, the livery of Bridewell

**Boman**; Like a boman, ("The City Madam," act IV. scene 2.), means, in cant language, a gallant fellow: perhaps, however, it is here a misprint for "Roman"

**Box-keeper**; **Gettall**, a box-keeper, (**Dram. Pers.** to "The City Madam,"), groom-porter to a gambling-house, who sits in a raised box or chair, and declares the state of the game, &c.

**Brach**, hound-bitch

**Brave**, richly apparelled

**Braveries**; The braveries of Syracuse, ("The Bondman," act I. scene 3.), fashionable gallants

**Bravery**, finery of apparel

**Breda**; Fractured at Breda, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act I. scene 2.); an allusion to the celebrated siege of Breda by Spinola: it was begun on the 26th August, 1624, and continued till the 1st July in the following year, when the besieged, after enduring many hardships, surrendered

**Brennus**; The fatal gold which Brennus took from Delphos, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 2.); it was so destructive to all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb

**Broadside**; They shew'd a broadside to us, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 7.); as a proof that they thought themselves safe from the danger of pursuit

**Brother**; O for a brother! ("The Maid of Honour," act II. scene 2.), brother in arms

**Buck, to beat a**, ("The Virgin Martyr," act IV. scene 2.), to wash clothes by beating them in the water on a smooth stone with a pole flattened at the end

**Bug**; No bug words, sir, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act III. scene 2.), frightful, terrifying

**Bullion**; At noon in the Bullion, ("The Fatal Dowry," act II. scene 2.), appears to mean some piece of finery (trunk-hose, &c.), so called from the large globular gilt buttons on it

**Burse, the**, ("The City Madam," act III. scene 1.), the New Exchange in the Strand

**Bury money**; I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward, ("The Old Law," act IV. scene 1.); according to the superstition, that those who had buried treasure, walked after death

**Butler, Dr.**; Oracle Butler, &c. ("The Old Law," act II. scene 1.); the physician here alluded to, was of great celebrity; he died at an advanced age in 1618

## C

**Calver'd salmon**; salmon prepared in a manner which differs but little from the modern method of pickling it

**Cancellor**; the hawk was said to canceler, when, missing the aim in the stoop, he turned upon the wing to recover himself

**Candour**; Dispense a little with your candour, ("Parliament of Love," act IV. scene 3, and "The Guardian," act III. scene 1.), honour

**Canters**, rogues, vagrants, beggars

**Caranza, (Jerome)**, wrote a treatise, in which the laws of duelling were strictly laid down

**Carcanet**, necklace

**Caroch**, coach

**Carpet-knights**, a term of contempt for knights dubbed on public festivities, &c., not in the field

**Caster, ware the**, ("The City Madam," act IV. scene 2.) Gifford cites the following explanation of this passage: "When a setter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into the ring, to cry, 'Ware caster!' the caster then declares at all under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters, the corresponding sums, and criers, 'Ware cover'd only!'"

**Casting**; O no more of stones - - We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting, ("The Picture," act v. scene 1.); "When the hawk will come to the lure, then give her every night stones, till you find her stomach good; after that, proffer her casting, to make her

cleanse and purge her gorge." **The Gentleman's Recreation**, p. 135

**Cater**, caterer, purveyor

**Cat-stick**, the stick used in the game of tip-cat

**Cautelous**, wary, suspicious

**Cavallery**, cavalry

**Censure**, to judge

**Ceruse**, white paint

**Chamber**; A chamber shot off, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 2.—stage direction,) a small piece of ordnance

**Chapines**, large clogs, worn under the shoes, made of cork or light framework, covered with leather

**Charms**; Can charms be writ on each pure rubief? ("The Great Duke of Florence," act II. scene 3.), an allusion, probably, to the notion, that certain gems from their inherent sanctity, could not be profaned or used for magical purposes

**Cheese trenchers**; Admonitions upon cheese-trenchers, ("The Old Law," act II. scene 1.), cheese-plates were formerly inscribed with posies, proverbial verses, &c.

**Chiaus**, an officer in the Turkish court, who acts as usher; also, as ambassador to foreign states

**Charokopia**; a Greek word, the cutting off that part of the debt which arises from the interest of the sum lent

**Chuffs**, coarse clowns, at once sordid and wealthy

**Church-book, the**, ("The Old Law," act I. scene 1.); the Lawyer means the register of births, Cleanthes takes it in the sense of the Holy Scriptures

**Circular**; Your wisdom is not circular, ("The Emperor of the East," act III. scene 2.), full and perfect (a Latinism)

**Civil**; Acquainted only with a civil life, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 2.), with the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court

**Clap-dish**; A leper with a clap-dish, ("The Parliament of Love," act II. scene 2.), a wooden dish, with a movable lid, which the leper clapped, as a warning that alms might be given without touching him

**Clews'd**; Entrails were clews'd, ("The Roman Actor," act II. scene 1.), shrunk up with hunger, so as to cling together

**Clubs**; In London among the clubs, ("The Renegado," act I. scene 1.): the shops in London were formerly furnished with bludgeons; and in say public fray, at the cry of Clubs, clubs the apprentices, armed with those weapons, immediately rushed into the streets

**Coats**; Ranked with coats, ("The Old Law," act III. scene 1.), court cards

**Colbrand**, a famous Danish giant

**Colon**; the largest of the intestines,—the cravings of hunger

**Coming in**; His coming in, ("The Duke of Milan," act III. scene 1.), surrender

**Commodities**; Drawing gallants into mortgages for commodities, ("The Bondman," act II. scene 3.), wares, of which the needy gallants were to make what they could, in lieu of the money for which they had signed

*Come off*; Will you come off, sir? ("The Unnatural Combat," act iv. scene 2.), pay

*Commoner*, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), a common lawyer

*Comrogues*; a jocular perversion of comrades,—fellow-rogues

*Concedit*, facetious, witty

*Conclusions*; Try conclusions, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 1.), experiments

*Condition*; Condition he did the like, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.), on condition

*Conduit*; see *Bake-house*

*Consort*, band of musicians

*Constantly*; Bear his restraint so constantly, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 2.), firmly, resolutely

*Corinth*; With any she in Corinth, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.); spoken in allusion to the high reputation of the Corinthian ladies for gallantry

*Corrive*, corrosive

*Counsel*; It is not counsel, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 1.), secret; worthy of your counsel, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 2.), secrecy

*Courtesy*; Stole courtesy from heaven, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), won, derived courtesy from heaven,—had a heavenly kind of affability and sweetness

*Courtship*; This may prove but courtship, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), paying court to her as duchess; The elements of courtship, /*Id.* act iv. scene 1.), court-poly; the word is also used more than once in the sense of court-breeding, good-breeding

*Crack*; Here's a crack, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), an arch, lively boy

*Crinometes*, the venereal disease

*Crowed*, ("The Old Law," act v. scene 1.), fiddle

*Crowns of the sun*, *escus de soleil*, coins with a little star (or sun) on one side

*Cry Aburd!* see *Aburd*

*Cry aim*, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), "The Renegado," act i. scene 1.); An expression taken from archery; it was an exclamation of encouragement from the bystanders to the person about to shoot; hence it came to signify encourage, exhort, &c.

*Cupid and Death*; Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iv. scene 3.); an allusion to a poem among the *Klegles of Secundus*, Lib. ii. El. 6. the fable is very ancient

*Cullions*; a term of strong contempt, abject wretches

*Curiosity*; Nay, curiosity to appear lovely, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), scrupulous anxiety

*Curious impertinent*; Away, thou curious impertinent! ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.), an allusion to a novel of Cervantes, so named

*Curiousness*, scrupulousness, punctilious nicety

*Cypress*; It does prestage my funeral rites, ("The Bashful Lover," act iii.

scene 3.); cypress boughs were carried in funeral processions among the Romans and some other nations

## D

*Dag*; *Draws a pocket-dag*, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iv. scene 1.—stage direction,) pocket-pistol

*Dalliance*; Thou shalt curse thy dalliance, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iv. scene 1.), hesitation, delay

*Danger*; To be in your danger, ("The Fatal Dowry," act i. scene 2.), debt

*Dead pays*, the continued pay of soldiers actually dead, which dishonest officers took to themselves

*Deck*; Ready in the deck, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 3.), heap, gross—properly, pack of cards

*Decline*; In foolish pity to decline his dangers, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.), divert from their course

*Deduct*; Deduct it to days, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), reduce, (a Latinism)

*Deer of ten*, a deer with ten branches to his horns; which it has at three years old

*Defauteure*, default

*Defended*; Defended wantonness, ("The Guardian," act iv. scene 2.), forbidden

*Defensible*; In whom lust is grown defensible, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), an object of justification rather than of shame

*Degrees*; To the Degrees in public, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.), the *Scala Gemontæ*; see *Gemontes*

*Demeans*; How narrow our demeans are, ("The Ploture," act i. scene 1.), means

*Depart*; Not depart with one piece of ceremony, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 2.), part

*Dependencies*; your masters of dependencies, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.) In the language of the duello, *dependencies* meant the grounds of a quarrel; the *masters* were needy braves, who undertook to inquire into it, and sometimes to settle it, for those who were timorous or unskilful

*Discourse and reason*, ("The Unnat. Combat," act ii. scene 1.); Faculties of discourse, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 3.); Discourse and judgment, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.). There is great difficulty in determining the precise meaning in which the word *discourse* was formerly employed, or how far it differed in signification from *reason*; Gifford is inclined to think that *discourse* indicated a more rapid deduction of consequences from premises than was supposed to be effected by *reason*

*Discloses*; Discloses the eagle and the wren, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 2.), hatches

*Dispartitions*, ("The Renegado," act ii. scene 6.), separate apartments; but the reading is doubtful, the old edition having "dispute action"

*Distaste*; A kiss . . . will not distaste you, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 4.), displease; Distaste our servants, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 2.), dislike

*Distempered*; I dare not say distempered, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), intoxicated

*Divert*; The motives that divert us, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 2.), turn us aside from following what you advise

*Drawer-on*, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 3.), incitement to appetite

*Dresser, cook's drwm*, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), "The Guardian," act iii. scene 3.); formerly, when dinner was ready, the cook used to summon the servants to carry it into the hall, by knocking on the dresser with his knife

*Drum-wine*, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), perhaps, such stuff as was sold at the drum-head; or it may mean, such as might be bought at auctions, which were announced by beat of drum

*Dunkirk, a she*, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), a female privateer; the privateers of Dunkirk were very formidable

*Dutch-hangman*, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 3.); in the Low Countries the office of hangman was regarded as so infamous, that no one would sit at meat with him, or even taste what he partook of

## E

*Elenchs*, sophistical refutations of an opponent's positions

*Entradas*, rents, revenues

*Equal*; An equal hearing, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), just, impartial

*Equal mart*, ("The Bashful Lover," act ii. scene 7.), a translation of *æquo Marte*, equal fight

*Ettridge*, ostrich

*Extended*, This manor is extended to my use, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), seized; a legal phrase

*Extent*; Serve an extent, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.), an execution

*Eyases*, young hawks, just taken from the nest, and unable to prey for themselves

## F

*Far-brought*; Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties, and brought far to them, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 4.), an allusion to the proverb,—Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies

*Fault*; 'Tis my fault, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 2.); There's the fault, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 2.), misfortune

*Favorites*; The gods and favorites, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 3.), favourers; equivalent to—the favouring gods

*Festival-exceedings*, in allusion to a term still employed at the Middle

Temple, where an additional dish to the regular dinner is called *exceedings*

*Feich in*: To fetch in Ascietario, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 1.), seize

*Fewterer*, the person who took charge of the dogs, immediately under the huntsman, conducted them to the place of action, and let them loose in the chase

*Fineness*; Religious fineness, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 1.), subtle device

*For*; occurs often in the sense of prevention: as, Far enough for reaching, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 1.)

*Formes*, used with a play on words, Sweet forms, your pardon, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.), the speaker meaning—benches

*Frequent*; "Tis frequent in the city, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), common, commonly reported; This frequent senate, (*Id.* act i. scene 3.), full: both Latinisms

*Frippery*; an old-clothes shop

*Fur*; Get your fur, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), perhaps, a piece of undressed skin, used as a shoeing-horn

## G

*Gabel*, excise, tax

*Gallant of the last edition*, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 2.), a gallant of the newest fashion

*Galley-foist*; In the morning in the Galley-foist, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), perhaps, some dress adorned with scarfs and ribbands; *Galley-foist* is properly the Lord Mayor's barge

*Galliard*, a swift, lively, leaping dance

*Garded*; The garded robe, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), laced, bordered

*Gazet*, a Venetian coin, worth about three farthings

*Gemonies*, the ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), the *Scala Gemonies*, on the Aventine

*Geneva print*, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), an allusion to the spirituous liquor so called

*Glorious*; This glorious relation, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), vain, boastful

*Go by*; I'll only say, *Go by*, ("The Maid of Honour," act v. scene 1.), an allusion to a speech of Ieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy*, which is often ridiculed by our early dramatists

*Gods to friend*, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), with the protection of the gods

*Gold and store*, an expression occurring more than once in Massenger, and taken from an old ballad

*Go less*; I'll go no less, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.); I cannot go less, ("The Bashful Lover," act iv. scene 1.); I will not play for a smaller stake, &c.

*Golls*, a cant term for hands,—fists

*Good*; A good brother! ("The City

Madam," act iii. scene 3.), in the mercantile sense,—rich

*Good fellows*; Meet with some of these good fellows, ("The Guardian," act v. scene 3.); Command over good fellows, (*Id.* act v. scene 4.); a cant term for highwaymen and thieves

*Good lord*; My Good Lord, (Dedication to "The Emperor of the East,"), patron

*Good mistress*: You shall find me your good mistress, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2.), patroness

*Gorgon*: see *Wolf*

*Green apron*; An English pirate's whore, with a green apron, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 1.); the reader must remember that green is the colour appropriated solely to the descendants of Mahomet

*Guard*; The surest guard, ("The Picture," act i. scene 2.), posture of defence

## H

*Hand*; My power and means hand with my will, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 1.), go hand in hand

*Hell*; He was redeem'd from the hole, to live, in our house, in hell, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); one of the wretched departments of a gaol was called the *hole*, and a still more wretched spot was termed *hell*

*High forehead*; The increase of your high forehead, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.); an allusion to the Usher's baldness

*Hole*: see *Hell*

*Horse-trick*; Here's your worship's horse-trick, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 2.), some rough kind of step in dancing

*Hose*, breeches: see *Paned hose*

*Humanity*; In all humanity, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1.), polite literature

*Hunt's-up*; a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen to rouse them in the morning

## I—J

*Imp*, to insert a new feather into the wing of a hawk, or other bird, in the place of a broken one

*Impotence*; The impotence of his affection, ("The Roman Actor," act v. scene 1.); With much more impotence to dote upon her, ("A Very Woman," act ii. scene 1.); uncontrollable violence

*Impotent*; An impotent lover of women, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.), uncontrollable in his passions

*Ingles*, intimate friends, associates

*Iphts*: see *Anaxarets*

*Jane-of-apes*; No, here's a Jane-of-apes shall serve, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 3.), a play on the word *Jack-an-apes*, (the speaker means Corisca)

## K

*Ka me, ka thee*, ("The City Madam," act ii. scene 1.), A proverbial phrase, of Scottish origin, equivalent to—Do me a good turn, and I'll do you another

*Kateroken*, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.); *Kar' eçoxp*, chiefly, above all others

*Keeper of the door*; *Keeper of the vaulting door*, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.), equivalent to bawd, pander

## L

*Lachrymæ*, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.) "The Picture," act v. scene 3.), the title of a musical work composed by John Douland; *Lachrymæ*, or *Seven Tears figured in seven passionate Pavens*, &c.

*Lady of the lake*, the, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act ii. scene 1.), an enchantress, who figures in the *Morte Arthur* and in other old romances

*Lamia*, sorceress

*Lancepressado*, the lowest officer of foot

*Last edition*: see *Gallant*

*Lavender*; In your lavender robes, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), in your clothes which have just been taken out of pawn: to *lay in lavender* meant to pawn

*Lavolta*, a dance for two persons, consisting much in high bounds, and whirlings

*Leaguer*; Leaguer laundress, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), camp laundress

*Lent*; At the end of a long Lent, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 2.), an allusion to the custom, observed by Catholics, of confession at Easter *L'ewoy*, equivalent in our author to—conclusion

*Lets*; All lets thrown behind me, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act i. scene 1.); There are so many lets, ("The Unnat. Combat," act v. scene 2.); impediments

*Lightly*; For lightly ever be that parts the fray, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 2.), commonly, usually

*Line-bound*, the common bound; so called because it was led by a *lyme* or string

*Line*; The line is, upon which love-errands run, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act ii. scene 2.), an allusion to fire-works running upon lines

*Legs*; Very weak legs, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 1.); the speech of the Merchant, which precedes these words, alludes to a notion formerly prevalent, that small legs were one of the characteristic marks of a fine gentleman

*Lively*; A lively grave, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1.), living

*Looking-glasses at their girdles*, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.—stage-direction), a fashionable ornament

*Lost*; I am lost, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 6.), I forget myself  
*Loth to depart*; The old woman is loth to depart, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), an allusion to the tune of this name  
*Ludgate*; The certain road to Ludgate, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 3.), the prison so called

## M

*Magnificent*, this word in Massenger is always equivalent to munificent  
*Manchetts*, rolls of the finest white bread  
*Mandrakes*; Or eaten mandrakes, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.). The mandrake has a soporific quality, and used to be employed as a powerful narcotic  
*Mankind*; Are you turn'd mankind? ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), masculine, mannish  
*Marginal Angers*, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.), an allusion to the index (☞), common in the margin of old books, to direct the attention of the reader to striking passages  
*Marmoset*, a monkey  
*Masters of dependencies*: see *Dependencies*  
*Mephistophilus*, ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), the fiend-attendant in Marlowe's play of *Faustus*, as also in the "history," on which that play is founded. The speaker means, of course, Baptista  
*Mermaid*; What, a mermaid? ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), a cant term for a harlot  
*Micher*, lurker  
*Miniver cap*, a cap made of the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small weasel  
*Mistress*; I would call her mistress, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 1.); As if the mistresses could not accept their servants' guardianship, ("The Parliament of Love," act i. scene 5.); at the time Massinger wrote, *mistress* was the term by which a lover addressed the object of his affection, who in return called him *servant*  
*Mistress, title of*; You grac'd me with the title of your mistress, ("The Parliament of Love," act v. scene 3.): in allusion to the request (see act 1.) that he might be allowed to wear her colours—i. e. a scarf or riband from her person, and so become her champion  
*Moppes*, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 3, stage-direction.), grimaces, properly, the grinnings of an ape when irritated  
*More*; More, with his looks, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 2.), yet more, further  
*Most an end*; For she sleeps most an end, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 1.), a phrase implying continuation,—almost constantly, without intermission

## N

*Neat-house*; The neat-house for muskmelons, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), a celebrated garden and place of entertainment near Chelsea  
*Niggle*, trifle, play  
*Night-rail*, night-shift  
*Nimming*, stealing

## O

*Often and return*; I hope to see you often and return loaded with blessings, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 2.), equivalent to—often return  
*Oil of angels*, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), an allusion to the gold coins (*angels*) worth about 10s. each  
*Oil of talc*, a nostrum, famous as a cosmetic, was sold under this name in Massinger's days  
*Olympus*; More shaken than Olympus is, &c., ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iv. scene 1.), a mistake either of the author, or transcriber, for *Parnassus*  
*Once*; Would you'd dispatch and die once! ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), once for all  
*Outcry*; Sold at an outcry, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 3.), a public auction  
*Owe*; this word frequently occurs in the sense of own, possess

## P

*Packing*; Our packing being laid open, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iii. scene 1.), invidious contrivance  
*Padders*, lurkers about the high way, foot-pads  
*Panted hose*, breeches composed of stripes of various coloured cloth, stitched together  
*Pantofle*, slipper: Ere I was sworn to the pantofle, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.); the speaker means—ere I became a page, whose office was to bring the slippers  
*Parallels*; We are not parallels, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 2.), seems to be used in the sense of *raditi*  
*Parted*; But to be parted in their numerous shares, ("The Virgin Martyr," act ii. scene 3.) endowed with a part; To deliver her better parted than she is, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), endowed with better parts  
*Pass*, to strike so as to crush to pieces  
*Passionate*; So passionate, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 1.), full of sorrow  
*Passionately*; You speak so passionately, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), sorrowfully  
*Passion*; These very passions I speak to my father, ("The Old Law," act i.

scene 1.); This passion has given some satisfaction yet, (*Id.* act v. scene 1.), pathetic speech  
*Patch*; Peace, Patch! ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.), fool: Cardinal Wolsey had a fool so named, from whom, it has been thought, the term was applied to others  
*Peat*, pet  
*Peevish*; That peevish lady, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), foolish  
*Personate*; Or does she personate, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), play a fictitious character  
*Pig-sconce*, pig-head, dull-pated fellow  
*Pip*; Which is a pip out, you know, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.); pip means a spot on a card; and the allusion is to the game called *One-and-thirty*  
*Place*; As he were sent a messenger to the moon, in such a place flies, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), a term of falconry, the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains; Though she fly in an eminent place, ("The Bawful Lover," act v. scene 3.), height  
*Plurisy*; Thy plurisy of goodness, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 1.), superabundance  
*Plymouth cloak*, a cant term for a staff, or cudgel  
*Poor John*, a cant term for hake dried and salted  
*Porter's lodge*; That have persu'd the porter's lodge, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), the speaker means,—that have been whipped at the porter's lodge, which was formerly the usual place of punishment for servants  
*Ports*; Keep the ports close, ("The Virgin Martyr," act i. scene 1.), To get out of the ports, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 4.), gates of the city  
*Possessed*; The secretary hath possess'd the duke, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iii. scene 1.), informed  
*Power of things*; Domitian, that now sways the power of things, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), the world, (*verum potestas*)  
*Practice*; Apprehended by her practice, ("The Parliament of Love," act v. scene 1.), Though we know all this by practice, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 3.), artifice  
*Precisian*, puritan  
*Prest*; Prest to fetch in, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.), ready, prepared  
*Prevent*; Yet I'll prevent you, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iv. scene 3.); A cruel law seeks to prevent her, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.); And yet prevented the rising sun, ("The Renegado," act ii. scene 1.), anticipate  
*Prodigious*; By his prodigious issue, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), unnatural, portentous  
*Progress*; In a summer progress, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), the travelling of the sovereign and



court to visit different parts of the dominions

*Provant sword*, a plain sword, such as formed part of the provision for the army

*Pull down the side*; If now . . . I may but hold your cards, I'll not pull down the side, ("The Unnat. Combat," act ii. scene 1.); If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.): an allusion to card playing; to *pull down a side*, meant to occasion the loss of the game by ignorance or treachery

*Put on*; Put on, we'll be familiar, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 1.); And thou, when I stand here, to say, Put on, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.); What do you mean to do? Put on, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.), be covered

*Put on*; Now, put on your spirits, ("The Fatal Dowry," act i. scene 1.), rouse

## Q

*Quality*; I do accuse the quality of treason, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 3.), How do you like the quality? ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.); For so his quality speaks him, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iv. scene 2.), profession: In the two first passages it means the profession of a player, to which our old writers seem more peculiarly to have appropriated the word

*Quello suffs*, ruffs for the neck

*Quirpo*; In the evening, in Quirpo, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), an undress, (Span. *cuero*)

## R

*Ram-alley*, one of the avenues to the Temple from Fleet-street: it abounded in cawks shops

*Resolved*; 'Tis his hand, I'm resolv'd of it, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 1.); Till you are resolv'd, sir, forsake not hope, ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), convinced.

*Rest on it*; I'll save my lips, I rest on it, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), am fixed, determined, on it; a metaphor drawn from play, (cards, dice, bowls, &c.), where the term *rest* was given to the highest stake which the parties were disposed to venture

*Ride*; I can but ride, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), ride in a cart, be carted for a strumpet

*Rivo!* an interjection, generally used in Bacchanalian revelry

*Roarer*; A lady to turn roarer, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 3.), blusterer, bully

*Roses*; These roses will shew rare, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); And roses worth a family, (*Id.* act iv. scene 4.), large knots of ribands for the shoes

*Rouse*; Stande bound to take his rouse, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.); Another rouse! we lose time, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), full glass, bumper

*Rubies*; see *Charms*

## S

*Sacred*; Sacred, as 'tis accus'd, is proper to me, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 5.), an allusion to the meaning of the Latin *sacer*

*Sacred badge*; Wear on your forehead the sacred badge he arms his servants with, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 3.), a periphrasis of baptism *St. Dennis*; And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me! ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 1.), the war-cry of France

*St. Martin's*; Thou shalt forget that e'er was a St. Martin's, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.); It is doubtful whether the speaker alludes to the sanctuary, bridewell, spittle, or alms-house of St. Martin's *Sanzacke*, governor of a city

*Salt, above the*; You ne'er presume to sit above the salt, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.); Marry, over beneath the salt, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.): at the tables of our ancestors, the salt (or large salt-cellar) was usually placed about the middle, the seats above which were assigned to the guests of more distinction, those below to dependants, inferiors, and poor relations

*Scarabs*, beetles

*Scarlet*; Or they will ne'er wear scarlet, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 2.), become mayors or aldermen

*Scotom*, dizziness in the head

*Sea-rats*; You shall no more be sea-rats, ("A Very Woman," act v. scene 1.), pirates

*Seek to*; To seek to me with more obsequiousness, ("The Picture," act i. scene 2.), supplicate, intreat

*Servant*; And now exchanging courtship with myson, her servant, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 3.); Choosing rather she should style me servant, (*Id.* act iv. scene 1.); A servant to air you in the evening, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 2.); see *Mistresses*

*Shadows*; I must not have my board peator'd with shadows, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), a Latinism, (*umbræ*), uninvited strangers, introduced by one of the guests

*Shape*; This Persian shape laid by, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 3.); But in another shape, ("The Parliament of Love," act iii. scene 3.); Parle the tragedian's shape, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 1.); How do you like that shape? (*Id.* act iii. scene 2.); I put thee in a shape, ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 4.); drops, a theatrical use of the word

*She-Dunkirk*; see *Dunkirk*

*Sheriff's basket*; When the sheriff's

basket and his broken meat, &c. ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); see *Basket*

*Shew water*; If you've a suit, shew water, I am blind else, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.), a cant phrase for—produce a fee

*Siege*; A hearn put from her *siege*, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), seat, station: "*Hern* at *siege* is when you find a hern standing by the water-side, watching for prey, or the like." *Genll. Recreation*, p. 165

*Skills not, matters not*, signifies not *Sleep on either ear*; *Sleep* you secure on either ear, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 2.), sleep soundly, free from care; from Terence, "*in curru ultrawis dormire*"

*Sort*; And to bare money to a sort of rogues, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), set, parcel

*Sovereign*; As he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, ("The Old Law," act v. scene 1.); a pun is intended here, but the exact meaning is uncertain: a *sovereign* was a gold coin worth ten shillings

*Sought to*; I requir'd not to be sought to this poor way, ("The Unnat. Combat," act v. scene 2.); see *Ser'to*

*Spittle*; He is a spittle of diseases, ("The Picture," act iv. scene 2.); I will rather choose a spittle sinner, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.); Your spittle rogueships, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.); Gifford has attempted to establish a distinction between *spital* and *spittle*, which, after all, perhaps our old writers never intended; he says, "a hospital or *spital* signified a charitable institution for the advantage of poor, infirm, and aged persons, an alms-house, in short, while *spittles* were mere lazars-houses, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequence of debauchery and vice"

*Spot*; I scorn to be a spot in her proud train, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 2.), an allusion to the spots in the peacock's tail

*Squire of dames*; And how, my honest squire of dames? ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.); And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames, ("The Emperor of the East," act i. scene 2.), seems to have been used by our old dramatists as a cant term for a pander: the appellation is taken from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, where, however, the Squire of Dames is a personage of great respectability *Squire of Troy*; Though it savour of the old squire of Troy, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.), Pandarus

*Stale the jest*; I'll not stale the jest by my relation, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), render the jest flat

*Startup*, a coarse kind of half boot with thick soles

*State*; *Offering Timoleon the state*, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3., stage-direction); *The Ladies descend from the state*, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 3., stage-direction.), a raised platform, on which

was placed a chair with a canopy over it

**States**; In the great states it covers, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 2.), statesmen, persons of rank

**Statute lace**; Embroidered all o'er with statute lace, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 5.), the narrow worsted lace allowed by statute: the speaker seems to mean that his torn skin hung down in strips

**Stones**; O no more of stones, &c., ("The Picture," act v. scene 1.): see *Casting*

**Stole courtesy from heaven**: see *Courtesy*

**Stools**; Like unbidden guests, bring their own stools, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 3.); But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 1.): unbidden or unexpected guests used often to bring seats with them,—probably, because houses in those days were but scantily furnished

**Story**; Philosophy, story, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), history

**Strange**; A man of strange and reserved parts, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 1.), equivalent to—strangely (singularly) reserved

**Strengths**; Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 2.); In the midst of our strengths, (*Id.* act v. scene 6.); Employ the strengths you hold, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 1.), castles, strongholds, defences

**Striker**; Prove a notable striker, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), wench

**Supplant**; You practis'd to supplant me, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 2.), trip up, (a Latinism)

## T

**Table**; He bought a table, indeed, only to learn to die by't, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.), a large sheet of paper, where, in distinct lines, were set down precepts for the due regulation of life

**Taint**; I have a staff to taint, and bravely, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.); a passage of uncertain meaning: to *taint* a staff meant, to break it at tilt, but not in the most honourable and scientific manner

**Take in**; To take in Dunkirk, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), subdue, seize

**Take us with you, sir**, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), understand our meaning fully; Take me with you, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.), understand my meaning fully; Pray you, take me with you, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 3.), let me understand you fully

**Take up**, ("The Great Duke of Flo-

rence," act i. scene 2.), ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), check yourself

**Tall**; You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 2.), stout; As tall a trencherman, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), as hearty a feeder

**Tamin**; An old tamin gown, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.), a coarse linsy-woolsey stuff

**Termagant**; Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 1.), was not a Saracenic divinity, but our ancestors, in their zeal against the Turks, charged them with detties whom they never worshipped: Gifford thinks that "the word was originally used as an attribute of the Supreme Being of the Saxons, a people little less odious to our romance writers than the Saracens, and sometimes confounded with them"

**Thing of Things**; With which that Thing of Things bound in the world, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), a literal translation of *Ens Entium*

**Timariots**; Some party of his Timariots, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), Turkish cavalry

**Time**; The motions of the spheres are out of time, ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), tune, harmony

**Token**; Your credit not worth a token, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act i. scene 1.); I will be satisfied to a token, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 3.): as very little brass and copper money was coined by authority, tradesmen were allowed, for the convenience of the public, to coin small money or *tokens*, which were used for change: their value was about a farthing

**Tosses**; For other tosses, take a hundred thousand crowns, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 3.) equivalent perhaps to—for trash to fling away

**Train**; This train of yours, dame Esbridge, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), tall

**Tramontanes**; strangers, barbarians, (all who live beyond the Alps, *ultra montes*)

**Trill-buds**, a cant term for any thing trifling

**Trimn'd**; Or stay, till she be trimn'd, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 1.), means, perhaps, till she be in the humour

**Tripe**; But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 1.), a tripe-shop

**Try Conclusions**: see *Conclusions*

**Turn Turk**; I will turn Turk, &c., ("The Renegado," act v. scene 3.); Am I turn'd Turk? ("The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 2.); to *turn Turk* was an expression generally used for a change of condition or opinion; in the second passage, Gifford thinks there is an allusion, perhaps, to the story of Tamburlaine, who is said to have mounted his horse from the back of Bajazet, the Turkish Emperor.

## U

**Uncivil**; Farewell, uncivil man! ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.): see *Civil*

**Unequal**; Am unequal to myself, ("The Emperor of the East," act v. scene 2.), unjust

**Untappice**; Now I'll untappice, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 3.), discover myself; a hunting term, meaning, to turn the game out of a bag, or drive it out of a cover

## V

**Vail**; Vail their ensigns, ("The Maid of Honour," act iv. scene 1.); Vail to a country gentleman, ("The Emperor of the East," act i. scene 2.), lower, bow

**Variets**; By a brace of variets, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 1.), sheriff's officers

**Virbius**; And be a second Virbius, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.), the name given to Hippolitus, after Esculapian had restored him to life

**Voley, on the**; What we speak on the voley, ("The Picture," act iii. scene 6.), at random, (*Fr. d la volée*)

**Votes**; In my votes that way, ("The Guardian," act v. scene 1.), prayers

## W

**Waistcoat**, a cant term for a low strumpet: such persons generally wearing the *waistcoat* (a part of female attire) without the gown or upper dress

**Walk the round**; Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), watch; I'll appear as if I walk'd the round, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 5.), as as if I were one of the watch

**Water, to show**: see *Show*

**Way of Youth**; And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2.); In way of youth I did enjoy one friend, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 2.); *way of youth* is merely a periphrasis for youth

**Ware the caster**: see *Caster*

**Wear scarlet**: see *scarlet*

**Well**; How silken is this well! ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), probably, goodness, virtue

**Where, whereas**,—a sense in which it frequently is used by Massinger

**While**; While we are unknown, ("The Roman Actor," act v. scene 1.); While your father's dead, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.), until

**Whiting-mop**, (properly a young whiting), a cant term for a tender young thing

**Whole field wide**; You are wide, the whole field wide, ("The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 2.); You are

wide, wide the whole region, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.); Latinisms,—*Tota via aberras, tota regione aberras*

*Why, When!* an elliptical expression of impatience, very common in our old dramatists

*Witness*; And who the masculine witness? ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 1.), the male sponsor

*Wishes*; My lord, as well as wishes, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 1.), as well as you could wish

*Wolf*; I have seen more than a wolf, a Gorgon, ("The Bashful Lover,"

act i. scene 2.): the sight of a wolf was supposed to deprive a person of speech, the sight of a Gorgon to deprive him of motion and life

*Work of grace*; As he was doing of the work of grace, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 1.), the elevation of the host

*Worm*; And let the worm escape, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 2.), snake; formerly the general term for all reptiles of the serpent kind

*Wreak*; To wreak wrong'd innocence, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 1.), revenge

## Y

*Yaws*; O, the yaws that she will make! ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 5.); *yaw* is the unsteady motion of a ship in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course

*Yellow*; I shall wear yellow breeches, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 2.), I shall be jealous: yellow was considered as the livery of jealousy

*Yconan fracterer*: see *Fracterer*

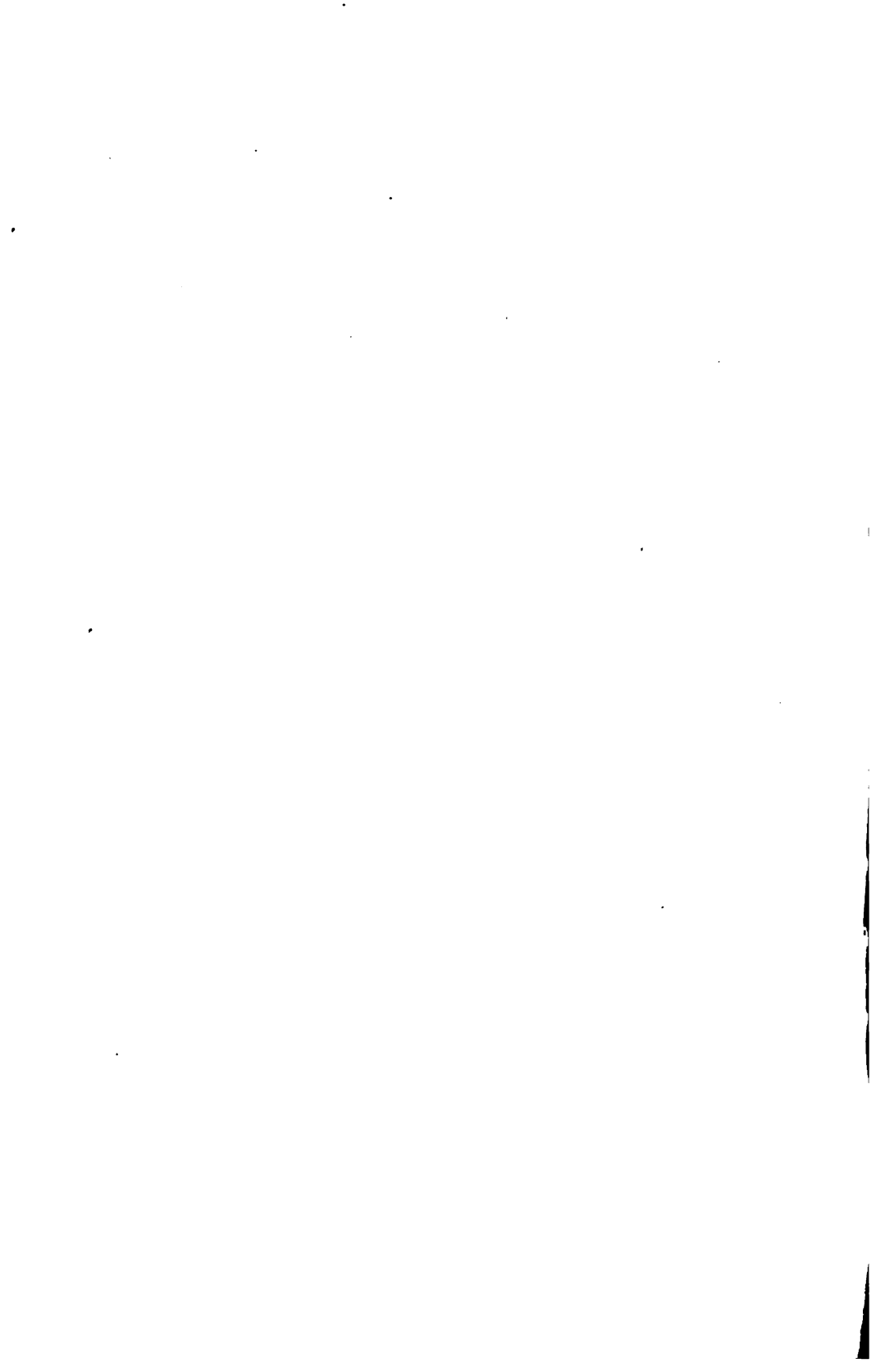
THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
JOHN FORD.



A LIST OF  
FORD'S PLAYS.

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| <p>1. <b>THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.</b> T. C. Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 24th November, 1628. Printed 1629.</p> <p>2. <b>'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.</b> T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phoenix.</p> <p>3. <b>THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.</b> T. By Rowley, Decker, Ford, &amp;c. Printed 1658. Probably acted soon after 1622. Acted at the Cockpit, and at Court.</p> <p>4. <b>THE SUN'S DARLING.</b> M. By Ford and Decker. Acted in March, 1623-24, at the Cockpit. Printed 1657.</p> <p>5. <b>THE BROKEN HEART.</b> T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Blackfriars.</p> <p>6. <b>LOVE'S SACRIFICE.</b> T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phoenix.</p> <p>7. <b>PERKIN WARBECK.</b> H. T. Printed 1634. Acted at the Phoenix.</p> <p>8. <b>THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.</b> C. Printed 1638. Acted at the Phoenix.</p> | <p>9. <b>THE LADY'S TRIAL.</b> T. C. Acted at the Cockpit in May, 1638. Printed 1639.</p> <p>10. <b>BEAUTY IN A TRANCE.</b> T. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9th, 1653, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.</p> <p>11. <b>THE LONDON MERCHANT.</b> C.</p> <p>12. <b>THE ROYAL COMBAT.</b> C.</p> <p>13. <b>AN ILL BEGINNING HAS A GOOD END.</b> C. Played at the Cockpit, 1613.<br/>The above three comedies entered on the Stationers' books, June 29th, 1660, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.</p> <p>14. <b>THE FAIRY KNIGHT.</b> Ford and Decker.</p> <p>15. <b>A LATE MURDER OF THE SONNE UPON THE MOTHER.</b> Ford and Webster.</p> <p>16. <b>THE BRISTOWE MERCHANT.</b> Ford and Decker.</p> |
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## COMMENDATORY VERSES ON FORD.

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*To my Honoured Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on his "Lover's Melancholy."*

If that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise,  
 Thou dost mistake : my liking is no praise ;  
 Nor can I think thy judgment is so ill  
 To seek for bays from such a barren quill.  
 Let your true critic, that can judge and mend,  
 Allow thy scenes and style : I, as a friend  
 That knows thy worth, do only stick my name  
 To show my love, not to advance thy fame.

GEORGE DONNE.

*To his worthy Friend, the Author of "The Lover's Melancholy," Master JOHN FORD.*

I write not to thy play : I'll not begin  
 To throw a censure upon what hath been  
 By th' best approved : it can nor fear, nor want  
 The rage, or liking of the ignorant.  
 Nor seek I fame for thee, when thine own pen  
 Hath forced a praise long since, from knowing men.  
 I speak my thoughts, and wish unto the stage  
 A glory from thy studies ; that the age  
 May be indebted to thee, for relieve  
 Of purer language, and that spite may grieve  
 To see itself outdone. When thou art read,  
 The theatre may hope arts are not dead,  
 Though long concealed ; that poet-apes may fear  
 To vent their weakness, mend, or quite forbear.  
 This I dare promise ; and keep this in store,—  
 As thou hast done enough, thou canst do more.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

*To my Friend the Author of "'Tis Pity she's a Whore."*

With admiration I beheld this Whore,  
 Adorned with beauty, such as might restore  
 (If ever being, as thy muse hath famed)  
 Her Giovanni, in his love unblamed :  
 The ready Graces lent their willing aid ;  
 Pallas herself now played the chambermaid  
 And helped to put her dressings on. Secure  
 Rest thou that thy name herein shall endure  
 To th' end of age : and Annabella be  
 Gloriously fair, even in her infamy.

THOMAS ELLICE.

*To the Author of the "Lover's Melancholy,"  
 Master JOHN FORD.*

Black choler, reason's overflowing spring,  
 Where thirsty lovers drink, or anything,  
 Passion, the restless current of dull plaints  
 Affords their thoughts, who deem lost beauties  
 saints ;

Here their best lectures read, collect, and see  
 Various conditions of humanity,  
 Highly enlighten'd by thy muse's rage ;  
 Yet all so couch'd that they adorn'd the stage.  
 Shun Phocion's blushes thou ; for sure to please  
 It is no sin, then what is thy disease !  
 Judgment's applause ! effeminated smiles !  
 Study's delight ! thy wit mistrust beguiles :  
 Established fame will thy physician be,  
 (Write but again) to cure thy jealousy.

HUM. HOWORTH.

*Of the "Lover's Melancholy."*

'Tis not the language, nor the fore-placed rhymes  
 Of friends, that shall commend to after-times  
 The Lover's Melancholy : its own worth  
 Without a borrow'd phrase shall set it forth.

Ο φιλός.

*To my Friend, Mr. JOHN FORD, on his "Love's Sacrifice."*

Unto this altar, rich with thy own spice,  
 I bring one grain to thy LOVE'S SACRIFICE ;  
 And boast to see thy flames ascending, while  
 Perfumes enrich our air from thy sweet pile.  
 Look here, thou, that hast malice to the stage,  
 And impudence enough for the whole age ;  
*Voluminously* ignorant ! be vex'd  
 To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

*To my Friend and Kinsman, Master JOHN FORD,  
 the Author of "Perkin Warbeck."*

Dramatic poets, as the times go now,  
 Can hardly write what others will allow ;  
 The cynic snarls, the critic howls and barks,  
 And ravens croak, to drown the voice of larks :  
 Scorn those stage-harpies ! This I'll boldly say,  
 Many may imitate, few match thy play.

JOHN FORD, *Graicensis*.



*To my own Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on his justifiable Poem of "Perkin Warbeck," this Ode.*

They who do know me, know that I,  
Unskilled to flatter,  
Dare speak this piece, in words, in matter,  
A work, without the danger of a lie.  
Believe me, friend, the name of this and thee,  
Will live, your story :  
Books may want faith, or merit glory ;  
This neither, without judgment's lethargy.  
When the arts doat, then some sick poet may  
Hope that his pen,  
In new-stained paper, can find men  
To roar, "He is the Wit ;" his noise doth sway :  
But such an age cannot be known ; for all  
Ere that time be,  
Must prove such truth, mortality :  
So, friend, thy honour stands too fix'd to fall.

GEORGE DONNE.

*To Master JOHN FORD, of the Middle Temple, on his "Bower of Fancies, or Fancies Chaste and Noble."*

I follow fair example, not report,  
Like wits o' th' university or court,  
To show how I can write,  
At mine own charges, for the time's delight :  
But to acquit a debt,  
Due to right poets, not the counterfeit.  
These Fancies Chaste and Noble are no strains  
Dropt from the itch of over-heated brains :  
They speak unblushing truth,  
The guard of beauty and the care of youth ;  
Well reliah'd might repair  
An acadèmy for the young and fair.  
Such labours, friend, will live ; for though some new  
Pretenders to the stage, in haste pursue  
Those laurels, which of old  
Enrich'd the actors : yet I can be bold,  
To say, their hopes are starv'd ;  
For they but beg what pens approv'd deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.

*Upon "The Sun's Darling."*

Is he then found ! Phoebus, make holiday,  
Tie up thy steeds, and let the Cyclops play :  
Mulciber, leave thy anvil, and be trim ;  
Comb thy black muzzle, be no longer grim :  
Mercury, be quick, with mirth furnish the heavens,  
Jove, this day let all run at six and sevens ;  
And Ganimedè, be nimble to the brim  
Fill bowls of nectar, that the gods may swim,  
To solemnize their health, that did discover  
The obscure being of the sun's fond lover ;  
That from the example of their liberal mirth  
We may enjoy like freedom [here] on earth.

JOHN TATHAM.

*To his worthy Friend, Master JOHN FORD, upon his "Perkin Warbeck."*

Let men, who are writ poets, lay a claim  
To the Phœbean hill, I have no name,  
Nor art in verse ; true, I have heard some tell  
Of Aganippe, but ne'er knew the well :  
Therefore have no ambition with the times,  
To be in print, for making of ill rhymes ;  
But love of thee, and justice to thy pen,  
Hath drawn me to this bar, with other men  
To justify, though against double laws,  
(Waving the subtle business of his cause.)  
The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy poet's art,  
Equal with his, in playing the king's part.  
RA. EURE, *Baronius primogenitus.*

*To the Author, his Friend, upon his Chronicle History of "Perkin Warbeck."*

These are not to express thy wit,  
But to pronounce thy judgment fit,  
In full-filled phrase, those times to raise,  
When Perkin ran his wily ways.  
Still, let the method of thy brain  
From Error's touch and Envy's stain  
Preserve thee free ; that ever thy quill  
Fair Truth may wet, and Fancy fill.  
Thus Graces are with Muses met,  
And practic critics on may fret :  
For here thou hast produced a story  
Which shall eclipse their future glory.

JOHN BROGRAVE, *Ar.*

*To my faithful, no less deserving Friend, the Author of "Perkin Warbeck," this indebted oblation.*

Perkin is rediiv'd by thy strong hand,  
And crown'd a king of new ; the vengeful wand  
Of greatness is forgot ; his execution  
May rest unmention'd, and his birth's collusion  
Lie buried in the story ; but his fame  
Thou hast eternis'd ; made a crowa his game  
His lofty spirit soars yet : had he been  
Base in his enterprise, as was his sin  
Conceiv'd, his title, doubtless, prov'd unjust,  
Had, but for thee, been silenc'd in the dust.

GEORGE CRYMES, *Miles.*

*Upon FORD's two Tragedies, "Love's Sacrifice" and "The Broken Heart."*

Thou cheat'st us, Ford ; mak'st one seem two by  
art :

What is Love's Sacrifice, but The Broken Heart !

RICHARD CRASHAW.

# THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

TO MY WORTHILY RESPECTED FRIENDS,

NATHANIEL FINCH, JOHN FORD, ESQRS.,

MR. HENRY BLUNT, MR. ROBERT ELLICE,

AND ALL THE REST OF

THE NOBLE SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

MY HONOURED FRIENDS,—The account of some leisurable hours is here summed up, and offered to examination. Importunity of others, or opinion of mine own, hath not urged on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many; but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music. This concord hath equally held between you the patrons, and me the presenter. I am cleared of all scruple of disrespect on your parts; as I am of too slack a merit in myself. My presumption of coming in print in this kind, hath hitherto been unreprouvable: this piece being the first that ever courted reader; and it is very possible that the like compliment with me may soon grow out of fashion. A practice of which that I may avoid now, I commend to the continuance of your loves, the memory of his, who, without the protestation of a service, is readily your friend,

JOHN FORD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALADOR, *Prince of Cyprus.*  
AMETHUS, *Cousin to the Prince.*  
MELANDEER, *an old Lord.*  
SOPHRONOS, *Brother to MELANDEER.*  
MENAPHON, *Son of SOPHRONOS.*  
ARETUS, *Tutor to the Prince.*  
CORAX, *a Physician.*  
PRELIAS, } *Two foolish Courtiers.*  
CUCULUS, }  
RESTITAS, *(a reduced Courtier.)* *Servant to*  
EROCLEA.

TROLLIO, *Servant to MELANDEER.*  
GRILLA, *a Page of CUCULUS, in Woman's dress.*

THAMASTA, *Sister of AMETHUS, and Cousin to the Prince.*

EROCLEA, *(as PARTHENOPHILL,)* } *Daughters of*  
CLEOPHILA, } *MELANDEER.*  
KALA, *Waiting-Maid to THAMASTA.*

Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—FAMAGOSTA IN CYPRUS.

## PROLOGUE.

To tell you, gentlemen, in what true sense,  
The writer, actors, or the audience  
Should mould their judgments for a play, might draw  
Truth into rules; but we have no such law.  
Our writer, for himself, would have you know,  
That, in his following scenes, he doth not owe  
To others' fancies, nor hath lain in wait  
For any stol'n invention, from whose height  
He might commend his own, more than the right  
A scholar claims, may warrant for delight.

It is art's scorn, that some of late have made  
The noble use of poetry a trade.  
For your parts, gentlemen, to quit his pains,  
You yet will please, that as you meet with strains  
Of lighter mixture, but to cast your eye  
Rather upon the *main*, than on the *bye*,  
His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,  
The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY cur'd by you.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter MENAPHON and PELIAS.*

*Men.* DANGERS! how mean you dangers? that so courtly

You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

*Pel.* From travels, noble sir.

*Men.* These are delights;

If my experience hath not, truant-like,  
Mispent the time, which I have strove to use  
For bettering my mind with observation.

*Pel.* As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange!  
But is it possible?

*Men.* What?

*Pel.* To bestride

The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,  
When blustering Boreas tosseth up the deep,  
And thumps a thunder bounce!

*Men.* Sweet sir, 'tis nothing:

Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,  
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents  
A feather-bed, to waft you to the shore,  
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

*Pel.* Indeed? is't true, I pray?

*Men.* I will not stretch

Your faith upon the tenters.—Prithee, Pelias,  
Where did'st thou learn this language?

*Pel.* I this language?

Alas, sir, we that study words and forms  
Of compliment, must fashion all discourse  
According to the nature of the subject.  
But I am silent:—now appears a sun,  
Whose shadow I adore.

*Enter AMETHUS, SOPHOMOS and Attendants.*

*Men.* My honour'd father!

*Soph.* From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my love,

The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much  
Speak me a child.

*Men.* O princely sir, your hand.

*Amet.* Perform your duties, where you owe them  
I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures [first;  
Thy presence hath brought home.

*Soph.* Here thou still find'st  
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when  
Thou left'st at thy departure.

*Men.* Yes, I know it,

To him I owe more service—

*Amet.* Pray give leave—

He shall attend your entertainments soon,  
Next day, and next day;—for an hour or two  
I would engross him only.

*Soph.* Noble lord!

*Amet.* You are both dismiss'd.

*Pel.* Your creature and your servant.

[*Exeunt all but AMETHUS and MENAPHON.*

*Amet.* Give me thy hand. I will not say,  
Thou'rt welcome;

That is the common road of common friends.  
I'm glad I have thee here—Oh! I want words  
To let thee know my heart.

*Men.* 'Tis pieced to mine.

*Amet.* Yes, 'tis; as firmly as that holy thing  
Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,  
My Menaphon! now all the goodly blessings,  
That can create a heaven on earth, dwell with thee!

Twelve months we have been sundered; but hence  
forth

We never more will part, till that sad hour,  
In which death leaves the one of us behind,  
To see the other's funerals performed.  
Let's now a while be free.—How have thy travels  
Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents?

*Men.* Such cure as sick men find in changing  
I found in change of airs; the fancy flatter'd [beds,  
My hopes with ease, as their's do; but the grief  
Is still the same.

*Amet.* Such is my case at home.

Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid  
Of sweetness and humility, more pities  
Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide  
Of my complaints.

*Men.* Thamasta, my great mistress,  
Your princely sister, bath, I hope, ere this  
Confirm'd affection on some worthy choice.

*Amet.* Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet  
Is intermed with ice; though by the truth  
Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein  
I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy,  
Thy—Come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,  
Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on [thee]—a sin  
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery  
Is monstrous in a true friend.

*Men.* Does the court

Wear the old looks too?

*Amet.* If thou mean'st the prince,

It does. He's the same melancholy man,  
He was at's father's death; sometimes speaks sense  
But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;  
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none:  
Gaze upon revels, anticq fopperies,  
But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse,  
Hear music; but what most he takes delight in,  
Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly,  
So sweet in his own nature, any story  
Hath seldom mention'd.

*Men.* Why should such as I am,  
Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,  
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun  
Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,  
Is to be but the exercise of cares

In several shapes; as miseries do grow,  
They alter as men's forms; but how none know.

*Amet.* This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds  
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,  
Than any you have seen abroad.

*Men.* Than any

I have observed abroad! all countries else  
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;  
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel  
Of admirable virtue.

*Amet.* Jewel, Menaphon?

*Men.* A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;  
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,  
I should repute an excellence more high,  
Than mere creations are: to add delight,  
I'll tell you how I found him.

*Amet.* Prithee do.

*Men.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales  
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd  
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me,  
Desire of visiting that paradise.  
To Thessaly I came; and living private,

Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,  
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,  
I day by day frequented silent groves,  
And solitary walks. One morning early  
This accident encounter'd me: I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.

*Amet.* I cannot yet conceive, what you infer  
By art and nature.

*Men.* I shall soon resolve you.  
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather  
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,  
Invited by the melody, I saw  
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,  
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

*Amet.* And so do I; good! on—

*Men.* A nightingale,  
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes  
The challenge, and for every several strain  
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her  
He could not run division with more art [own];  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes  
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,  
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe  
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

*Amet.* How did the rivals part?

*Men.* You term them rightly;  
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,  
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
To end the controversy, in a rapture  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

*Amet.* Now for the bird.

*Men.* The bird, ordain'd to be  
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
These several sounds: which, when her warbling  
throat

Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,  
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,  
To see the conqueror upon her bourse,  
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;  
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide  
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me  
A fellow-mourner with him.

*Amet.* I believe thee.

*Men.* He look'd upon the trophies of his art,  
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and  
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge [cried]:  
This cruelty upon the author of it;  
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,  
Shall never more betray a harmless peace  
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,  
As he was pushing it against a tree,  
I suddenly step in.

*Amet.* Thou hast discours'd  
A truth of mirth and pity.

*Men.* I repriev'd  
The intended execution with intreaties,

And interruption.—But, my princely friend,  
It was not strange the music of his hand  
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,  
Youth, carriage and discretion must, from men  
Indued with reason, ravish admiration:  
From me, they did.

*Amet.* But is this miracle  
Not to be seen?

*Men.* I won him by degrees  
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,  
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,  
So gently he would woo not to make known;  
Only (for reasons to himself reserv'd)  
He told me, that some remnant of his life  
Was to be spent in travel: for his fortunes,  
They were nor mean, nor riotous; his friends  
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure;  
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.

*Amet.* Came he with you to Cyprus?

*Men.* Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy prince,  
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience  
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,  
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love  
Prevail'd with him; and I have lodg'd him privately  
In Famagosta.

*Amet.* Now thou art doubly welcome:  
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity  
For one part of my hopes. When do you intend  
To visit my great-spirited sister?

*Men.* May I  
Without offence?

*Amet.* Without offence!—Parthenophill  
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.  
Thou art not still a coward?

*Men.* She's too excellent,  
And I too low in merit.

*Amet.* I'll prepare  
A noble welcome; and, friend, ere we part,  
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter RHETIAS, carelessly attired.

*Rhe.* I will not court the madness of the times;  
Not fawn upon the riots that embalm  
Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust  
Of their affected vanities in coffins  
Of memorable shame. When commonwealths  
Trotter and reel from that nobility,  
And ancient virtue which renowns the great,  
Who steer the helm of government, while mush-  
rooms

Grow up, and make new laws to license folly;  
Why should not I, a May-game, scorn the weight  
Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices  
Which rot the land, and, without fear or wit,  
Be mine own antick? 'Tis a sport to live  
When life is irksome, if we will not hug  
Prosperity in others, and contemn  
Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain:  
"He that pursues his safety from the school  
"Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."  
Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce—the devil  
That damn's you here on earth.—Or I will be  
Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So!

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence; a buzz o' the court.

*Pel.* Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news, New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah, That gull, that young old gull, is coming this way.

*Rhe.* And thou art his forerunner!

*Pel.* Prithee, hear me.

Instead of a fine guarded page, we have got him A boy trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion; Persuaded him, that 'tis indeed a wench, And he has entertain'd him; he does follow him, Carries his sword and buckler, waits on's trencher, Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife, Lackeys his letters, does what service else He would employ his man in. Being ask'd Why he is so irregular in courtship, His answer is, that since great ladies use Gentlemen-ushers, to go bare before them, He knows no reason, but he may reduce The courtiers to have women wait on them; And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at Most complimentally.—Thou'lt burst to see him.

*Rhe.* Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity, was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance all days of his life as demurely as a judge that pronounceth sentence of death on a poor rogue, for stealing as much bacon as would serve at a meal with a calf's head. Yet he smiled once, and never but once;—thou art no scholar?

*Pel.* I have read pamphlets dedicated to me.—Doest call him Agelastus? Why did he laugh?

*Rhe.* To see an ass eat thistles, puppy:—go, study to be a singular coxcomb. Cuculus is an ordinary ape; but thou art an ape of an ape.

*Pel.* Thou hast a patent to abuse thy friends.

*Enter CUCULUS followed by GRILLA, both fantastically dressed.*

Look, look he comes! observe him seriously.

*Cuc.* Reach me my sword and buckler.

*Gril.* They are here, forsooth.

*Cuc.* How now, minx, how now! where is your duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically tendered; you are now one of us. Your curtsy. [*GRILLA curtsies.*] Good! remember that you are to practise courtship. Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

*Gril.* A sounder of some such wind-instrument, forsooth.

*Cuc.* Was he so?—hold up thy head. Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

*Gril.* That will be fine indeed.

*Cuc.* Thou art yet but simple.

*Gril.* Do you think so?

*Cuc.* I have a brain; I have a head-piece: o' my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court midwife at least; I will make thee big in time, wench.

*Gril.* E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

*Pel.* [*coming forward.*] Noble, accomplished Cuculus!

*Rhe.* Give me thy fist, innocent.

*Cuc.* 'Would 'twere in thy belly! there 'tis.

*Pel.* That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

*Cuc.* Who cares! We can be as blunt as he, for his life.

*Rhe.* Cuculus, there is, within a mile or two, a sow-pig hath suck'd a brach, and now hunts the

deer, the hare, nay, most unnaturally, the wild boar, as well as any hound in Cyprus.

*Cuc.* Monstrous sow-pig! is't true?

*Pel.* I'll be at charge of a banquet on thee for a sight of her.

*Rhe.* Every thing takes after the dam that gave it suck. Where hadst thou thy milk?

*Cuc.* I? Why, my nurse's husband was a most excellent maker of shittlecocks.

*Pel.* My nurse was a woman-surgeon.

*Rhe.* And who gave thee pap, mouse?

*Gril.* I never suck'd, that I remember.

*Rhe.* La now! a shittlecock maker; all thy brains are stuck with cork and feather, Cuculus. This learned courtier takes after the nurse too; a she-surgeon; which is, in effect, a mere matcher of colours. Go, learn to paint and daub compliments, 'tis the next step to run into a new suit. My lady Periwinkle here, never suck'd: suck thy master, and bring forth morn-calves, fop, do! This is good philosophy, sir; make use on't.

*Gril.* Bless us, what a strange creature this is!

*Cuc.* A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.

*CORAX passes over the Stage.*

*Pel.* Corax, the prince's chief physician!

What business speeds his haste?—Are all things

*Cor.* Yes, yes, yes. [well, sir?

*Rhe.* Phew! you may wheel about, man; we know you are proud of your slovenry and practice; 'tis your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still.

*Cor.* So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

*Cuc.* Aha! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

*Rhe.* You must not go yet.

*Cor.* I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity. [*Throws off his gown.*] Do what thou dar'st; I stand thee.

*Rhe.* Mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, mineralists, wizards, alchemists, cast apothecaries, old wives and barbers, are all suppositors to the right worshipful doctor, as I take it. Some of you are the head of your art, and the horns too—but they come by nature. Thou livest single for so other end, but that thou fearest to be a cuckold.

*Cor.* Have at thee! Thou affectest railing only for thy health; thy miseries are so thick and lasting, that thou hast not one poor denier to bestow on opening a vein: wherefore, to avoid a pleurisy thou'lt be sure to prate thyself once a month into a whipping, and bleed in the breech instead of the arm.

*Rhe.* Have at thee again!

*Cor.* Come!

*Cuc.* There, there, there! O brave doctor!

*Pel.* Let them alone.

*Rhe.* Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy lust a goat, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous empiric. Physicians are the coblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.—Come on!

*Cuc.* To't, to't! hold him to't! hold him to't! to't, to't, to't!

*Cor.* The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind, for that only entitles thee to the dignity of a louse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou bitest anywhere, and

any man who defends not himself with the clean linen of secure honesty,—him thou darest not come near. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, time's dunghill, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou would'st hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art, but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

*Rhe.* Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

*Cor.* I have employment for thee, and for ye all. Tut! these are but good morrows between us.

*Rhe.* Are thy bottles full?

*Cor.* Of rich wine; let's all suck together.

*Rhe.* Like so many swine in a trough.

*Cor.* I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

*Rhe.* He shall fret or laugh.

*Cuc.* Must I make one?

*Cor.* Yes, and your feminine page too.

*Gril.* Thanks, most egregiously.

*Pel.* I will not slack my part.

*Cuc.* Wench, take my buckler.

*Cor.* Come all unto my chamber; the project is cast; the time only we must attend.

*Rhe.* The melody must agree well and yield sport,

When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of*  
THAMASTA.

*Enter AMETHUS, THAMASTA, and KALA.*

*Amet.* Does this show well?

*Tha.* What would you have me do?

*Amet.* Not like a lady of the trim, new crept Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness, Embroideries, and all these antick fashions, That shape a woman monstrous; to transform Your education, and a noble birth Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister! She who derives her blood from princes, ought To glorify her greatness by humility.

*Tha.* Then you conclude me proud?

*Amet.* Young Menaphon,

My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly: To witness his obedience to your scorn, Twelve months, wrong'd gentleman, he undertook A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister, In this time of his absence, have you not Dispos'd of your affections to some monarch? Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king With fawning protestations of your graces, Your rare perfections, admirable beauty? This had been a new piece of modesty, Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

*Tha.* You are bitter;

And brother, by your leave, not kindly wise. My freedom is my birth; I am not bound To fancy your approvements, but my own. Indeed, you are an humble youth! I hear of Your visits, and your loving commendation To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin Of a rare excellence: What though she want A portion to maintain a portly greatness! Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend So low; the meekness of your pity leads you!

She is your dear friend's sister! a good soul! An innocent!—

*Amet.* Thamasta!

*Tha.* I have given

Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me; For his sake entertain'd Parthenophil, The handsome stranger, more familiarly Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part, I not repent my courtesies: but you—

*Amet.* No more, no more! be affable to both; Time may reclaim your cruelty.

*Tha.* I pity

The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sad— He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers [ness: His tales so gracefully, that I could sit And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep, To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend For pleading his true love.

*Amet.* Now I commend thee; Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

*Enter MENAPHON and PARTHENOPHILL.*

*Tha.* I fear I shall. [*Aside*]

*Amet.* Have you survey'd the garden?

*Men.* 'Tis a curious, A pleasantly contriv'd delight.

*Tha.* Your eye, sir, Hath in your travels often met contents Of more variety?

*Par.* Not any, lady.

*Men.* It were impossible, since your fair presence Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine, More lovely than all other helps of art Can equal.

*Tha.* What you mean by "helps of art," You know yourself best; be they as they are; You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

*Men.* 'Twould argue want of manners more Not to praise *praise itself*. [than skill,

*Tha.* For your reward, Henceforth I'll call you servant.

*Amet.* Excellent, sister!

*Men.* 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall Lower than shame, when I neglect all service That may confirm this favour!

*Tha.* Are you well, sir?

*Par.* Great princess, I am well. To see a league Between an humble love, such as my friend's is, And a commanding virtue, such as your's is, Are sure restoratives.

*Tha.* You speak ingeniously. Brother, be pleas'd to shew the gallery To this young stranger. Use the time a while, And we will all together to the court: I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

*Par.* You are all compos'd of fairness and true bounty.

*Amet.* Come, come: we'll wait you, sister. This Doth relish happy process. [beginning

*Men.* You have bless'd me.

[*Exeunt MEN, AMET, and PAR.*]

*Tha.* Kala! O, Kala!

*Kala.* Lady.

*Tha.* We are private; Thou art my closet.

*Kala.* Lock your secrets close then: I am not to be forced.

*Tha.* Never till now,  
Could I be sensible of being traitor  
To honour and to shame.

*Kala.* You are in love.

*Tha.* I am grown base. Parthenophil—

*Kala.* He's handsome,  
Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,  
A winning tongue.

*Tha.* If ever I must fall,  
In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,  
Resisted. Whisper in his ear, how gladly  
I would steal time to talk with him one hour;  
But do it honourably. Prithee, *Kala*,  
Do not betray me.

*Kala.* Madam, I will make it  
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with  
him.

*Tha.* I hope thou art not, *Kala*.

*Kala.* 'Tis for your sake:

I'll tell him so: but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

*Tha.* Pray, use me kindly; let me not too  
soon

Be lost in my new follies. 'Tis a fate  
That overrules our wisdoms; whilst we strive  
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.  
Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove  
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

[*Exit*.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.*

*Soph.* Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more  
than time

That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps  
In the dull lethargy of lost security.  
The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;  
The court is now turn'd antic, and grows wild,  
Whilst all the neighbouring nations stand at gaze,  
And watch fit opportunity to wreak

Their just conceived fury on such injuries  
As the late prince, our living master's father,  
Committed against laws of truth or honour.

Intelligence comes flying in on all sides;  
Whilst the unsteady multitude presume  
How that you, *Aretus*, and I engross,  
Out of particular ambition,  
The affairs of government; which I, for my part,  
Grown under, and am weary of.

*Are.* Sophronos,

I am as zealous too of shaking off  
My gay state-fetters, that I have thought  
Of speedy remedy; and to that end,  
As I have told you, have concluded with  
*Corax*, the prince's chief physician.—

*Soph.* You should have done this sooner, *Aretus*;  
You were his tutor, and could best discern  
His dispositions, to inform them rightly.

*Are.* Passions of violent nature, by degrees  
Are easiest reclaim'd. There's something hid  
Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

*Enter CORAX, RHETIAS, PELIAS, CUCULUS, and GRILLA.*

You come on just appointment. Welcome, gen-  
Have you won *Rhetias*, *Corax*? [tlemen!]

*Cor.* Most sincerely.

*Cuc.* Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships  
take notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the  
newest edition, spick and span-new, without  
example. Do your honour, housewife!

*Gril.* There's a courtsy for you, and a courtsy  
for you.

*Soph.* 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion,  
And entertain she-waiters.

*Are.* 'Twill be courtly.

*Cuc.* I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear  
me one day for a headpiece—

*Rhe.* Of woodcock, without brains in it! Bar-  
bers shall wear thee on their citterns, and huck-  
sters set thee out in gingerbread.

*Cuc.* Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee  
now; canst let me be quiet?

*Gril.* You are too perstreperous, sauce-box.

*Cuc.* Good girl! if we begin to puff once—

*Pel.* Prithee, hold thy tongue; the lords are in  
the presence.

*Rhe.* Mum, butterfly!

*Pel.* The prince! stand and keep silence.

*Cuc.* O the prince! wench, thou shalt see the  
prince now. [*Sa't music.*]

*Enter PALADOR, with a Book.*

*Soph. Are.* Sir, gracious sir!

*Pal.* Why all this company?

*Cor.* A book! is this the early exercise  
I did prescribe? instead of following health,  
Which all men covet, you pursue disease.  
Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set  
at tennis,

Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing.  
Your casting of the sledge, or learning how  
To toss a pike? all chang'd into a sonnet!  
Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave  
The court; it does infect me with the sloth  
Of sleep and surfeit: in the university  
I have employments, which to my profession  
Add profit and report; here I am lost,  
And, in your wilful dulness, held a man  
Of neither art nor honesty. You may  
Command my head:—pray, take it, do! 'twere  
For me to lose it, than to lose my wits, [better  
And live in Bedlam; you will force me to't;  
I am almost mad already.

*Pal.* I believe it.

*Soph.* Letters are come from Crete, which do  
A speedy restitution of such ships, [requires  
As by your father were long since detain'd;  
If not, defiance threaten'd.

*Are.* These near parts

Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends;  
And by intelligence we learn for certain,  
The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest  
Of tribute intermitted.

*Soph.* Through your land  
Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine  
More than they dare speak publicly.

*Cor.* And yet

They talk but oddly of you.

*Cuc.* Hang 'em, mongrels!

*Pal.* Of me? my subjects talk of me!

*Cor.* Yes, scurvily,  
And think worse, prince.

*Pal.* I'll borrow patience  
A little time to listen to these wrongs;  
And from the few of you, which are here present,  
Conceive the general voice.

*Cor.* So! now he's nettled. [*Aside.*]

*Pal.* By all your loves I charge you, without  
Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts, [fear  
And how I am interpreted: Speak boldly.]

*Seph.* For my part, sir, I will be plain and brief.  
I think you are of nature mild and easy,  
Not willingly provok'd, but withall headstrong  
In any passion that misleads your judgment:  
I think you too indulgent to such motions  
As spring out of your own affections;  
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young  
To take fit counsel from yourself, of what  
Is most amiss.

*Pal.* So!—Tutor, your conceit? [*it*]

*Arc.* I think you doat (with pardon let me speak  
Too much upon your pleasures; and these plea-  
Are so wrapt up in self-love, that you covet [sures  
No other change of fortune: would be still  
What your birth makes you; but are loth to toil  
In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.]

*Cor.* I think you would be by the world reputed  
A man, in every point complete; but are  
In manners and effect indeed a child,  
A boy, a very boy.

*Pal.* May it please your grace,  
I think you do contain within yourself  
The great elixir, soul and quintessence  
Of all divine perfections; are the glory  
Of mankind, and the only strict example  
For earthly monarchs to square out their lives by:  
Time's miracle! Fame's pride! in knowledge, wit,  
Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—

*Pal.* You are a courtier.

*Cuc.* But not of the ancient fashion, as it like  
your highness. 'Tis I; I that am the credit of  
the court, noble prince; and if thou would'st, by  
proclamation or patent, create me overseer of all  
the tailors in thy dominions, then, then the golden  
days should appear again! bread should be  
cheaper; fools should have more wit; knaves  
more honesty, and beggars more money.

*Gri.* I think now—

*Cuc.* Peace, you squall!

*Pal.* You have not spoken yet. [*To RHETIAS.*]

*Cuc.* Hang him! he'll nothing but rail.

*Gri.* Most abominable;—out upon him!

*Cor.* Away, Cuculus; follow the lords.

*Cuc.* Close, page, close.

[*They all silently withdraw but RHE and PAL.*]

*Pal.* You are somewhat long a'thinking.

*Rhe.* I do not think at all.

*Pal.* Am I not worthy of your thought?

*Rhe.* My pity, you are;—but not my re-  
pension.

*Pal.* Pity!

*Rhe.* Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe ser-  
vice, who exchange their happiness for a misery.

*Pal.* Is it a misery to be a prince?

*Rhe.* Princes who forget their sovereignty, and  
yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—  
You had a father, sir.

*Pal.* Your sovereign, whilst he lived:—but what

*Rhe.* Nothing. [*of him?*]  
I only dared to name him,—that is all.

*Pal.* I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st  
us,

Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak; there's  
something

That we must know: be free; our ears are open.

*Rhe.* O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the  
ears than stroke a lion; and the greatest danger is the  
last.

*Pal.* This is mere trifling.—Ha! are all stol'n  
hence?

We are alone—thou hast an honest look.—  
Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd  
With flattery: be open. Though 'tis true,  
That in my younger days I oft have heard  
Agenor's name, my father, more traduced,  
Than I could then observe; yet I protest,  
I never had a friend, a certain friend,  
That would inform me thoroughly of such errors,  
As oftentimes are incident to princes.

*Rhe.* All this may be. I have seen a man so  
curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that  
he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against  
the metal I am to handle; the one is tenderer than  
the other.

*Pal.* I see then I must court thee. Take the  
word

Of a just prince; for any thing thou speakest  
I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

*Rhe.* I will remember you of an old tale, that  
something concerns you. Meleander, the great but  
unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated  
with for a match between you and his eldest  
daughter, the lady Eroclea: you were both near of  
an age.—I presume you remember a contract,—  
and cannot forget *her*.

*Pal.* She was a lovely beauty—prithce forward!

*Rhe.* To court was Eroclea brought; was  
courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as  
it followed, but to be made a prey to some less  
noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot  
the rest.

*Pal.* Good, call it back again into thy memory;  
Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

*Rhe.* You charm me. In brief, a rape by some  
bad agents was attempted; by the lord Meleander  
her father rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander  
accused of treason, his land seized, he himself dis-  
tracted and confined to the castle, where he yet  
lives. What had ensued, was doubtful; but your  
father shortly after died.

*Pal.* But what became of fair Eroclea?

*Rhe.* She never since was heard of.

*Pal.* No hope lives then  
Of ever, ever seeing her again?

*Rhe.* Sir, I feared I should anger you. This  
was, as I said, an old tale:—I have now a new  
one, which may perhaps season the first with a  
more delightful relish.

*Pal.* I am prepared to hear; say what you  
please.

*Rhe.* My lord Meleander falling, (on whose  
favour my fortunes relied,) I furnished myself for  
travel, and bent my course to Athens; where a  
pretty accident, after a while, came to my know-  
ledge.

*Pal.* My ear is open to thee.

*Rhe.* A young lady contracted to a noble gentle-  
man, as the lady last mentioned and your highness  
were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole  
from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy



in a merchant, from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.—

*Pal.* In habit of a man?

*Rhe.* A handsome young man—'till within these three months or less, (her sweet-heart's father dying some year before, or more,) she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

*Pal.* If I did love her, Rhetias! Yes I did. Give me thy hand: As thou did'st serve Meleander, And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

*Rhe.* My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

*Pal.* Forget the sadder story of my father, And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well; For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd A tongue was vow'd to silence; for requital,— Open my bosom, Rhetias.

*Rhe.* What's your meaning?

*Pal.* To tie thee to an oath of secrecy— Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly: What find'st thou there?

*Rhe.* A picture in a tablet.

*Pal.* Look well upon't.

*Rhe.* I do—yes—let me observe it—

'Tis her's, the lady's.

*Pal.* Whose?

*Rhe.* Eroclea's.

*Pal.* Her's that was once Eroclea. For her sake Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm Of government; for her sake, will restore Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake, Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful, And let no politic lord work from thy bosom My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me; But be not too secure.

*Rhe.* I am your creature.

*Pal.* Continue still thy discontented fashion, Humour the lords, as they would humour me; I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discovered.

*Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, TRAMASTA, KALA, and PARTHENOPIHLL.*

*Amet.* Honour and health still wait upon the Sir, I am bold with favour to present [prince! Unto your highness Menaphon my friend, Return'd from travel.

*Men.* Humbly on my knees I kiss your gracious hand.

*Pal.* It is our duty To love the virtuous.

*Men.* If my prayers or service Hold any value, they are vow'd your's ever.

*Rhe.* I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou art started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad? Canst tell news and swear lies with a grace, like a true traveller?—What new oozle's this?

*Tha.* Your highness shall do right to your own judgment,

In taking more than common notice of This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophill; One, who, if mine opinion do not soothe me

Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind Deserves a dear respect.

*Pal.* Your commendations, Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

*Par.* All the powers That sentinel just thrones, double their guards About your sacred excellence!

*Pal.* What fortune Led him to Cyprus?

*Men.* My persuasions won him.

*Amet.* And if your highness please to hear the entrance

Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

*Tha.* It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest That e'er delighted your attention: [accident, I can discourse it, sir.

*Pal.* Some other time. How is he call'd?

*Tha.* Parthenophill.

*Pal.* Parthenophill?

We shall sort time to take more notice of him. [Exit.

*Men.* His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

*Amet.* I told you so.

*Tha.* You must not wonder at it.

*Par.* I do not, lady.

*Amet.* Shall we to the castle?

*Men.* We will attend you both.

*Rhe.* All three—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear, gallant; I'll keep the old man in chat, whilst thou gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips; not a word.

*Amet.* I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister, Expect us; this day we will range the city. [soon

*Tha.* Well, soon I shall expect you.—Kala! [Aside.

*Kal.* Trust me.

*Rhe.* Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder thou art! [Exeunt all but PARTHENOPIHLL and KALA.

*Kal.* May I not be offensive, sir?

*Par.* Your pleasure?

Yet, pray, be brief.

*Kal.* Then, briefly; good, resolve me;

Have you a mistress or a wife?

*Par.* I have neither.

*Kal.* Nor did you ever love in earnest any

Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own?

*Par.* Not any truly.

*Kal.* What your friends or means are I will not be inquisitive to know,

Nor do I care to hope for. But admit A dowry were thrown down before your choice, Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection, How gladly would you entertain it? Young man, I do not tempt you idly.

*Par.* I shall thank you,

When my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible

Of what 'tis to be happy; for the present

I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman,

Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,

For my weak brains conceive not what concerns me. Another time—(Going.)

*Enter TRAMASTA.*

*Tha.* Do I break off your parley, That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you; Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

*Par.* Yes, madam,

Discreetly chaste she can; she hath much won' On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,

Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady,  
Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment;  
Therefore, I may be bold to make confession  
Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive  
In woman's favour, Kala is the first  
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

*Tha.* Indeed!

But say, a nobler love should interpose.

*Par.* Where real worth and constancy first settle  
A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;  
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant  
In that construction, which must give clear light  
To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter  
Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.  
Madam, my duty waits on you. *[Exit.*

*Tha.* Come hither!—

"If ever henceforth I desire to thrive  
In woman's favour, Kala is the first  
Whom my ambition shall bend to."—'Twas so!

*Kal.* These very words he spake.

*Tha.* These very words

Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave.  
Thou wou'd'st him for thyself?

*Kal.* You said I should.

*Tha.* My name was never mention'd?

*Kal.* Madam, no;

We were not come to that.

*Tha.* Not come to that!

Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate!  
Now poverty and a dishonest fame,  
The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment,  
False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your  
carriage;

There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen  
That shall be cast [away] upon thee, Kala:  
I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,  
Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

*Kal.* I have not verily deserv'd this cruelty.

*Tha.* Parthenophill shall know, if he respect  
My birth, the danger of a fond neglect. *[Exit.*

*Kal.* Are you so quick? Well, I may chance  
to cross

Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant  
The young man for myself, yet, if he love me,  
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him;  
And let her do her worst then! What! we're all  
But flesh and blood: the same thing that will do  
My lady good, will please her woman too. *[Exit.*

## SCENE II.—An Apartment at the Castle.

*Enter CLEOPHILA and TROLLIO.*

*Cleo.* Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps  
still.

*Trol.* Ay, forsooth; but he sleeps like a hare,  
with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

*Cleo.* Sure thou art weary of this sullen living;  
But I am not; for I take more content  
In my obedience here, than all delights  
The time presents elsewhere.

*Mel.* Oh!

*Cleo.* Dost hear that groan?

*Trol.* Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast,  
young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs,  
and all.

*Cleo.* My much-wrong'd father! let me view his  
face.

*[Draws the Arras, MELANDER discovered in a chair,  
sleeping.]*

*Trol.* Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to  
steal away his rough beard whilst he sleeps? In  
his naps he never looks in a glass—and 'tis high  
time, o' my conscience, for him to be trimmed; he  
has not been under the shaver's hand almost these  
four years.

*Cleo.* Peace, fool!

*Trol.* I could clip the old ruffian; there's hair  
enough to stuff all the great cod-pieces in Switzer-  
land. He begins to stir; he stirs. Bless us, how  
his eyes roll! A good year keep your lordship in  
your right wits, I beseech ye! *[Aside.*

*Mel.* Cleophila!

*Cleo.* Sir, I am here; how do you, sir?

*Trol.* Sir, is your stomach up yet? get some  
warm porridge in your belly; 'tis a very good set-  
tle-brain.

*Mel.* The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of  
Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd [owls  
The while, for 'twas no boot to weep. The girl  
Was fresh and full of youth; but, oh! the cunning  
Of tyrants, that look big! their very frowns  
Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard.—  
Good! what art thou? and thou?

*Cleo.* I am Cleophila,

Your woeful daughter.

*Trol.* I am Trollio,  
Your honest implement.

*Mel.* I know you both. 'Las, why d'ye use me  
Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle, [thus?  
That turtles in their down, do feed more gail,  
Than her spleen mix'd with:—yet, when winds and  
storm

Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotted snow,  
The purest whiteness is no such defence  
Against the sullyng foulness of that fury.  
So raved Agenor, that great man, mischief  
Against the girl—'twas a politic trick!  
We were too old in honour.—I am lean,  
And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly  
I have not dined these three days.

*Cleo.* Will you now, sir?

*Trol.* I beseech you heartily, sir: I feel a horri-  
ble puking myself.

*Mel.* Am I stark mad?

*Trol.* No, no, you are but a little staring—  
there's difference between staring and stark mad.  
You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted, conun-  
drum'd, or so. *[Aside.*

*Mel.* Here's all my care; and I do often sigh  
For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded  
From all good people. But take heed; Amethus  
Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister;  
There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon  
Have not been very skillful to let all out.

*Cleo.* I am, alas! too griev'd to think of love;  
That must concern me least.

*Mel.* Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

*Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, PARTHENOPHILL, and  
RHETIA.*

*Trol.* Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise  
immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen; the more the  
merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a  
readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner  
now. *[Exit.*

*Amst.* My lord Meleander, Menaphon, your  
kinsman,  
Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender  
His duty to you; to you his love, fair mistress.

*Men.* I would I could as easily remove  
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study  
To do you faithful service.—My dear cousin,  
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!

*Cleo.* One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin,  
In you, and your well-doing. [lives]

*Men.* This young stranger  
Will well deserve your knowledge.

*Amet.* For my friend's sake,  
Lady, pray give him welcome.

*Cleo.* He has met it,  
If sorrows can look kindly.

*Par.* You much honour me.

*Rhe.* How he eyes the company! sure my pas-  
sion will betray my weakness.—O my master, my  
noble master, do not forget me; I am still the  
humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those  
that serve you. [Aside.]

*Mel.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Rhe.* There's wormwood in that laughter; 'tis  
the usher to a violent extremity. [Aside.]

*Mel.* I am a weak old man. All these are come,  
To jeer my ripe calamities.

*Men.* Good uncle!

*Mel.* But I'll outstare ye all: fools, desperate  
fools!

You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,  
And roll about the world to gather moss,  
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,  
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud  
roofs

Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!  
Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths  
That are bored thro' the crannies of the earth,  
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits,  
As, being gorg'd once, make you lean with plenty;  
And when you have skimm'd the vomit of your  
riots,

You are fat in no felicity but folly:  
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops  
Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich  
Dainty, delicious!—Here's Cleophila; [fare,  
All the poor stock of my remaining thrift:  
You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ye like her?  
Amethus, how d'ye like her?

*Amet.* My intents

Are just and honourable.

*Men.* Sir, believe him.

*Mel.* Take her!—We two must part; go to him,

*Par.* This sight is full of horror. [do.]

*Rhe.* There is sense yet,  
In this distraction.

*Mel.* In this jewel I have given away  
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,  
Save charge; let me be buried in a nook:  
No guns, no pompous whining; these are fooleries.  
If, whilst we live, we stalk about the streets  
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes  
In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on:  
It is not comely to be hale to the earth,  
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,  
In antick trappings. Scorn to useless tears!  
Eroclea was not coffin'd so; she perish'd,  
And no eye dropp'd save mine—and I am childish  
I talk like one that doats; laugh at me, Rhetias,  
Or rail at me.—They will not give me meat,  
They have starv'd me; but I'll henceforth be mine  
own cook.

Good-morrow! 'tis too early for my cares  
To revel; I will break my heart a little,  
And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry. [Exit.]

*Rhe.* I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use  
your time respectively; few words to purpose  
soonest prevail: study no long orations; be plain  
and short. I'll follow him. [Exit.]

*Amet.* Cleophila, although these blacker clouds  
Of sadness, thicken and make dark the sky  
Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow  
The stream of my affections; they are pure,  
Without all mixture of unnooble thoughts:  
Can you be ever mine?

*Cleo.* I am so low  
In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,  
That I want words to tell you, you deserve  
A worthier choice.

*Amet.* But give me leave to hope.

*Men.* My friend is serious.

*Cleo.* Sir, this for answer. If I ever thrive  
In any earthly happiness, the next  
To my good father's wish'd recovery,  
Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,  
Which I dare promise:—for the present time,  
You cannot urge more from me.

*Mel.* [within.] Ho, Cleophila!

*Cleo.* This gentleman is mov'd.

*Amet.* Your eyes, Parthenophil,  
Are guilty of some passion.

*Men.* Friend, what ails thee?

*Par.* All is not well within me, sir.

*Mel.* [within.] Cleophila!

*Amet.* Sweet maid, forget me not; we now must  
part.

*Cleo.* Still you shall have my prayer.

*Amet.* Still you my truth. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA, the former in a black Velvet  
Cap, and a white Feather, with a Paper in his hand.*

*Cuo.* Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of  
the trim?

*Gril.* As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-  
gartered.

*Cuo.* Here are my mistresses, mustered in white  
and black. [Reads.] "Kala, the waiting-woman." I  
will first begin at the foot: stand thou for  
Kala.

*Gril.* I stand for Kala; do your best and your  
worst.

*Cuo.* I must look big, and care little or nothing  
for her, because she is a creature that stands at  
livery. Thus I talk wisely, and to no purpose.  
"Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be  
either fair or honest, so, considering thy service,  
thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let  
them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and  
defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure  
thy baseness, 'tis more out of thy courtesy than my  
deserving; and so I expect thy answer."

*Gril.* I must confess—

*Cuc.* Well said.

*Gril.* You are—

*Cuc.* That's true too.

*Gril.* To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.

*Cuc.* Away, away!—dost think so?

*Gril.* A very foul-mouth'd and misshapen cox-

*Cuc.* I'll never believe it, by this hand. [comb.

*Gril.* A maggot, most unworthy to creep in  
To the least wrinkle of a gentlewoman's  
(What d'ye call) good conceit, or so, or what  
You will else—were you not refin'd by courtship,  
And education, which, in my blear eyes,  
Makes you appear as sweet as any nosegay,  
Or savoury cod of musk, new fall'n from the cat.

*Cuc.* This shall serve well enough for the wait-  
ing-woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the  
old madman's daughter. I must come to her in  
whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms,  
and blabber out my speech as thus: "Even as a  
kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare,  
when they are full paunched on the carrion of a  
dead horse; so, even so the gorge of my affections,  
being full crammed with the garboils of your con-  
dolements, doth tickle me with the prick (as it were)  
about me, and fellow-feeling of howling outright."—

*Gril.* This will do't, if we will hear.

*Cuc.* Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such  
another tender-hearted fool.

*Gril.* "Even as the snuff of a candle that is  
burnt in the socket goes out, and leaves a strong  
perfume behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese  
next the heart in a morning, is a restorative for a  
sweet breath: so, even so the odoriferous savour  
of your love doth perfume my heart (heigh ho!)  
with the pure scent of an intolerable content, and  
not to be endured."

*Cuc.* By this hand 'tis excellent! Have at  
thee, last of all, for the Princess Thamasta, she  
that is my mistress indeed. She is abominably  
proud, a lady of a damnable high, turbulent, and  
generous spirit; but I have a loud-mouth'd cannon  
of mine own to batter her, and a penned speech of  
purpose: observe it.

*Gril.* Thus I walk by, hear and mind you not.

*Cuc.* [reads.] "*Tho' haughty as the devil or  
his dam,*

*Thou dost appear, great mistress; yet I am  
Like to an ugly fire work, and can mount  
Above the region of thy sweet ao—count.  
Wert thou the moon herself, yet having seen thee,  
Behold the man ordain'd to move within thee.*"—  
Look to yourself, housewife! answer me in strong  
lines, you were best.

*Gril.* Keep off, poor fool, my beams will strike  
thee blind;

Else, if thou touch me, touch me but behind.

In palaces, such as pass in before,  
Must be great princes; for, at the back door,  
Tatteredmallions wait, who know not how  
To gain admittance; such a one—art thou.

*Cuc.* 'Sfoot, this is downright roaring.

*Gril.* I know how to present a big lady in her  
own cue.—But pray, in earnest, are you in love  
with all these?

*Cuc.* Fish! I have not a rag of love about me; 'tis  
only a foolish humour I am possessed with; to  
be surnamed the Conqueror. I will court any  
thing; be in love with nothing, nor no—thing.

*Gril.* A rare man you are, I protest.

*Cuc.* Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever  
held myself so.

*Enter PELIAS and CORAX.*

*Pel.* In amorous contemplation, on my life;  
Courting his page, by Helicon!

*Cuc.* 'Tis false.

*Gril.* A gross untruth; I'll justify it, sir,  
At any time, place, weapon.

*Cuc.* Marry, shall she.

*Cor.* No quarrels, goody Whiske! lay by your  
trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions  
are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader, follow  
him; get credit now or never. Vanish, doodles,  
vanish!

*Cuc.* For the device?

*Cor.* The same; get ye gone, and make no bawl-  
ing. [Exeunt all but CORAX.]

To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,  
And lose so many hours, as my studies  
Have hoarded up, is to be like a man,  
That creeps both on his hands and knees, to climb  
A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,  
One careless slip down-tumbles him again  
Into the bottom, whence he first began.  
I need no prince's favour; princes need  
My art: then, Corax, be no more a gull,  
The best of 'em cannot fool thee; nay, they shall  
not.

*Enter SOPHRONOS and ARSTUS.*

*Soph.* We find him timely now; let's learn the  
cause.

*Ar.* 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you  
learn'd,

And, since your skill can best discern the humours  
That are predominant, in bodies subject  
To alteration; tell us, pray, what devil  
This melancholy is, which can transform  
Men into monsters.

*Cor.* You are yourself a scholar,  
And quick of apprehension: Melancholy  
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition  
Of body, but the mind's disease. So Extasy,  
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rupture  
Of mere imagination, differ partly  
From melancholy; which is briefly this,  
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged  
With fear and sorrow; first begot i' th' brain,  
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd  
As suddenly into the heart, the seat  
Of our affection.

*Ar.* There are sundry kinds  
Of this disturbance?

*Cor.* Infinite; it were  
More easy to conjecture every hour  
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds,  
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

*Soph.* Thus you conclude, that, as the cause is  
The cure must be impossible; and then [doubtful,  
Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost for ever,  
As well unto himself, as to his subjects.

*Cor.* My lord, you are too quick; thus much I  
Promise and do; ere many minutes pass, [dare  
I will discover whence his sadness is,  
Or undergæ the censure of my ignorance.

*Ar.* You are a noble scholar.

*Soph.* For reward  
You shall make your own demand.

*Cor.* May I be sure?

*Are.* We both will pledge our truth.

*Cor.* 'Tis soon perform'd.

That I may be discharged from my attendance  
At court, and never more be sent for after :  
Or—if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,  
If I get home once, and come here again !  
Though my neck stretch a halter for't, I care not.

*Soph.* Come, come, you shall not fear it.

*Cor.* I'll acquaint you  
With what is to be done ; and you shall fashion it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in THAMASTA'S House.*

*Enter KALA and PARTHENOPIHLL.*

*Kala.* My lady does expect you, thinks all time

Too slow till you come to her : wherefore, young  
If you intend to love me, and me only, [man,  
Before we part, without more circumstance,  
Let us betroth ourselves.

*Par.* I dare not wrong you ;—  
You are too violent.

*Kala.* Wrong me no more  
Than I wrong you ; be mine, and I am yours ;  
I cannot stand on points.

*Par.* Then, to resolve  
All further hopes, you never can be mine,  
Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall  
not.

*Kala.* The thing is sure a gelding. [*Aside.*—  
*Shall not ! Well,*

You were best to prate unto my lady now,  
What proffer I have made.

*Par.* Never, I vow.

*Kala.* Do, do ! 'tis but a kind heart of my own,  
And ill luck can undo me.—Be refused !  
O scurvy !—Pray walk on, I'll overtake you.

[*Exit PAR.*]

What a green-sickness liver'd boy is this !  
My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale,  
That 'twill be mouldy ;—but I'll mar her market.

*Enter MENAPHON.*

*Men.* Parthenophill passed this way ; pritheee,  
Direct me to him. [Kala,

*Kala.* Yes, I can direct you ;  
But you, sir, must forbear.

*Men.* Forbear ?

*Kala.* I said so.  
Your bounty has engaged my truth, receive  
A secret, that will, as you are a man,  
Startle your reason ; 'tis but mere respect  
Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,  
The stranger, whom your courtesy received.  
For friend, is made your rival.

*Men.* Rival, Kala ?

Take heed ; thou art too credulous.

*Kala.* My lady,  
Doats on him : I will place you in a room,  
Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see  
Such passages as will confirm the truth  
Of my intelligence.

*Men.* 'Twill make me mad.

*Kala.* Yes, yes.

It makes me mad too, that a gentleman  
So excellently sweet, so liberal,  
So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd,  
By a young smooth-chinn'd straggler ; but, for  
love's sake,

Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word ;  
I am undone then.

*Men.* That were too much pity :  
Honest, most honest Kala ! 'tis thy care,  
Thy serviceable care.

*Kala.* You have ev'n spoken  
All can be said or thought.

*Men.* I will reward thee :  
But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip  
His falsehood with a vengeance.—

*Kala.* O speak little.

Walk up these stairs ; and take this key, it opens  
A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,  
You may see all their courtship.

*Men.* I am silent.

*Kala.* As little noise as may be, I beseech you ;  
There is a back stair to convey you forth  
Unseen or unsuspected.— [Exit MENAPHON.

He that cheats

A waiting-woman of a free good turn  
She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.  
Sheep-spirited boy ! altho' he had not married me,  
He might have proffer'd kindness in a corner,  
And ne'er have been the worse for't. They are  
On goes my set of faces most demurely. come :

*Enter THAMASTA and PARTHENOPIHLL.*

*Tha.* Forbear the room.

*Kala.* Yes, madam.

*Tha.* Whosoever

Requires access to me, deny him entrance  
Till I call thee ; and wait without.

*Kala.* I shall.

Sweet Venus, turn his courage to a snow-ball,  
I heartily beseech it ! [Aside, and exit.

*Tha.* I expose

The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,  
To hazard of much hard construction,  
In seeking an adventure of a parley,  
So private, with a stranger : if your thoughts  
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon  
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,  
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.

*Par.* Lady— to shorten long excuses—time  
And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd  
My apprehension, with a real taste  
Of your most noble nature, that to question  
The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,  
Which Heav'n hath with a plenty made you rich  
Would argue me uncivil ; which is more, [in,  
Base-bred ; and, which is most of all, unthankful.

*Tha.* The constant loadstone and the steel are  
found

In several mines ; yet is there such a league  
Between these minerals, as if one vein  
Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle  
Is not engraft upon an olive's stock ;  
Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret  
Of sympathy, that, being planted near,  
They will, both in their branches and their roots,  
Embrace each other : twines of ivy round  
The well-grown oak ; the vine doth court the elm ;  
Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,  
Consider this aright ; then these slight creatures  
Will fortify the reasons I should frame  
For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection,  
Which is submitted to a stranger's pity  
True love may blush, when shame repents too  
But in all actions, nature yields to fate. [late ;  
*Par.* Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed

The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,  
Not to be sensible of your intents ;  
I clearly understand them. Yet so much  
The difference between that height and lowness,  
Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,  
Dissuades me from ambition ; that I am  
Humbler in my desires, than love's own power  
Can any way raise up.

*Tha.* I am a princess,  
And know no law of slavery ; to sue,  
Yet be denied !

*Par.* I am so much a subject  
To every law of noble honesty,  
That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,  
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and curs'd,  
As if some holy temple had been robb'd,  
And I the thief.

*Tha.* Thou art unwise, young man,  
To enrage a lioness.

*Par.* It were unjust  
To falsify a faith ; and ever after,  
Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,  
A scorn to time and truth.

*Tha.* Remember well,  
Who I am, and what thou art.

*Par.* That remembrance  
Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,  
If some few days have tempted your free heart,  
To cast away affection on a stranger ;  
If that affection have so oversway'd  
Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath  
Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit ;  
How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,  
Wherein you may new trim, and settle right  
A memorable name ?

*Tha.* The youth is idle.

*Par.* Days, months, and years are past, since  
Menaphon

Hath loved and serv'd you truly ; Menaphon,  
A man of no large distance in his blood  
From your's ; in qualities deservful, graced  
With youth, experience, every happy gift  
That can by nature, or by education  
Improve a gentleman : for him, great lady,  
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last  
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care  
Have wisely treasur'd up, to enrich his life.

*Tha.* Thou hast a moving eloquence, Partheno-  
phill !—

Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross  
The destiny that guides us : my great heart  
Is stoop'd so much beneath that wonted pride,  
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer  
A miserable life with thee, before  
All other earthly comforts.

*Par.* Menaphon,

By me, repeats the self-same words to you :  
You are too cruel, if you can distrust  
His truth, or my report.

*Tha.* Go where thou wilt,  
I'll be an exile with thee ; I will learn  
To bear all change of fortunes.

*Par.* For my friend,  
I plead with grounds of reason.

*Tha.* For thy love,  
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts  
Of other hopes, of other entertainments —

*Par.* Stay, as you honour virtue.

*Tha.* When the proffers  
Of other greatness,—

*Par.* Lady !

*Tha.* When entreats  
Of friends,—

*Par.* I'll ease your grief.

*Tha.* Respect of kindred,—

*Par.* Pray, give me hearing.

*Tha.* Loss of fame,—

*Par.* I crave

But some few minutes.

*Tha.* Shall infringe my vows,

Let Heaven,—

*Par.* My love speaks t'ye : hear, then go on.

*Tha.* Thy love ? why, 'tis a charm to stop a  
vow

In its most violent course.

*Par.* Cupid had broke  
His arrows here ; and, like a child unarm'd,  
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,  
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

*Tha.* This is mere trifling.

*Par.* Lady, take a secret.

I am as you are ;—in a lower rank,  
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.  
And now, to use your own words, " if your thoughts  
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon  
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,  
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd."

*Tha.* Are you not mauling then ?

*Par.* When you shall read

The story of my sorrows, with the change  
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed  
From my unforged relation, I believe  
You will not think the shedding of one tear,  
A prodigality that misbecomes  
Your pity and my fortune.

*Tha.* Pray conceal

The errors of my passions.

*Par.* Would I had

Much more of honour (as for life, I value't not)  
To venture on your secrecy !

*Tha.* It will be

A hard task for my reason, to relinquish  
The affection, which was once devoted thine ;  
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth  
I loved so dearly.

*Par.* You shall find me ever,  
Your ready faithful servant.

*Tha.* O, the powers

Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies !  
We must not part yet.

*Par.* Let not my unworthiness  
Alter your good opinion.

*Tha.* I shall henceforth  
Be jealous of thy company with any ;  
My fears are strong and many.

*Re-enter KALA.*

*Kala.* Did your ladyship  
Call me ?

*Tha.* For what ?

*Kala.* Your servant Menaphon  
Desires admittance.

*Enter MENAPHON.*

*Men.* With your leave, great mistress,  
I come,—So private ! is this well, Parthenophill ?

*Par.* Sir, noble sir !

*Men.* You are unkind and treacherous ;  
This 'tis to trust a straggler !

*Tha.* Prithee, servant—

*Men.* I dare not question you, you are my mistress,

My prince's nearest kinswoman; but he—

*Tha.* Come, you are angry.

*Men.* Henceforth, I will bury

Unmanly passion in perpetual silence:

I'll court mine own distraction, doat on folly.

Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,

Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,

Which, in her best of constancy, is steadiest  
In change and scorn.

*Tha.* How dare you talk to me thus?

*Men.* Dare? Were you not own sister to my friend,

Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl you  
As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;

For I would never more look on you. Take

Your jewel t'ye!—and, youth, keep under wing,

Or—boy!—boy!

*Tha.* If commands be of no force,

Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

*Men.* 'Tis naught.

*Fie, fie, Parthenophill!* have I deserv'd  
To be thus used?

*Par.* I do protest—

*Men.* You shall not;

Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

*Enter AMETHUS.*

*Amet.* Away, away to court! The prince is pleas'd

To see a Masque to-night; we must attend him:

'Tis near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?

*Men.* The judge, your sister, will decide it shortly.

*Tha.* Parthenophill, I will not trust you from me. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and CORAX; Servants with Torches.*

*Cor.* Lights and attendance! I will shew your highness

A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,  
Imagine you were now in the university.

You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,

A quab; 'tis nothing else, a very quab.

*Pal.* We will observe it.

*Soph.* Yes, and grace it too, sir,

For Corax else is humorous and testy.

*Are.* By any means; men singular in art,

Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.

*Pal.* The name of this conceit.

*Cor.* Sir, it is called

The Masque of Melancholy.

*Are.* We must look for

Nothing but sadness here, then.

*Cor.* Madness rather

In several changes. Melancholy is

The root, as well of every apish frenzy,

Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,

Hold, and observe the plot; (*Gives PAL. a paper*)

'tis there express'd

In kind, what shall be now express'd in action.—

*Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, and PARTHENOPHILL.*

No interruption;—take your places quickly;

Nay, nay, leave ceremony. Sound to th' entrance!

[*Flourish.*]

*Enter RHETIAS, his Face whitened, black shag H. long Nails; with a piece of raw Meat.*

*Rhe.* Bow, bow! wov'n, wov'n! the moon's eclipsed; I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since I turn'd wolf, I bark, and howl, and dig up graves; I will never have the sun shine again: 'tis midnight, deep dark midnight,—get a prey, and fall to—I have catch'd thee now.—*Arre!*—

*Cor.* This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir; when men conceive themselves wolves.

*Pal.* Here I find it.

[*Looking at the paper.*]

*Enter PELLAS, with a Crown of Feathers, antickly rich.*

*Pel.* I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was I not an emp'ror? my hand was kiss'd, and ladies lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me; I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any man to name water, or wash his hands, throughout all my dominions: break all the looking-glasses, I will not see my horns; my wife cuckolds me; she is a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore!

*Pal.* Hydrophobia term you this?

*Cor.* And men possess'd so, shun all sight of water;

Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

*Enter a Philosopher in black Rags, with a Copper Chain, an old Gown half off, and a Book.*

*Phi.* Philosophers dwell in the moon. Speculation and theory girdle the world about, like a wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is the physic for the soul; my opinions are pure and perfect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the beast.

*Cor.* Delirium this is call'd, which is mere dotage.

Spring from ambition first, and singularity, Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

*Pal.* I not dislike the course.

*Enter GRILLA, in a rich Gown, great Fardingale, great Ruff, a Muff, Fan, and Coxcomb on her Head.*

*Gril.* Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this fine! I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here, here—did he give me a shough, and cut off's taily.

*Buss, buss, nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.*

*Cor.* You find this noted there, phrenitis.

*Pal.* True.

*Cor.* Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most in women.

*Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam, singing.*

*Cuc.* They that will learn to drink a health in hell,

Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,

To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;

For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,

But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.

*Rhe.* I'll swoop thee up.

*Pel.* Thou'st straight to execution.

*Gril.* Fool, fool, fool! catch me an thou canst.

*Phi.* Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

*Cuc.* [*sings.*] Hark, did you not hear a rumbling!

The goblins are now a tumbling:

I'll roar 'em, I'll roar 'em,

I'll roar 'em, I'll roar 'em!

Now, now, now! my brains are a jumbling,—

Bounce! the gun's off.

*Pal.* You name this here, hypochondriacal ?

*Cor.* Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing  
The head, thence deriv'd to the animal parts.  
To be too over-curious, loss of goods  
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

*Enter a SEA-NYMPH, big-bellied, singing and dancing*

*Nymph.* Good your honours,  
Pray your worships,  
Dear your beauties,—

*Cuc.* Hang thee!  
To lash your sides,  
To tame your hides,  
To scourge your prides;  
And bang thee.

*Nymph.* We're pretty and dainty, and I will begin;  
See! how they do jeer me, deride me, and grin.  
Come, sport me, come, court me, your topsail  
advance,  
And let us conclude our delights in a dance.

*All.* A dance, a dance, a dance!

*Cor.* This is the wanton melancholy. Women  
With child, possess'd with this strange fury, often  
Have danced three days together without ceasing.

*Pal.* 'Tis very strange: but Heaven is full of  
miracles.

THE DANCE.

[*Exeunt the Masquers in couples.*]

We are thy debtor, Corax, for the gift

Of this invention; but the plot deceives us:  
What means this empty space?

[*Pointing to the paper.*]

*Cor.* One kind of Melancholy  
Is only left untouch'd; 'twas not in art  
To personate the shadow of that fancy;  
'Tis nam'd Love-Melancholy. As, for instance,  
Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand-  
forth— [To PARTH

Entangled by the beauty of this lady,  
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart  
The weight of hopes and fears; it were impossible  
To limn his passions in such lively colours,  
As his own proper sufferance could express.

*Par.* You are not modest, sir.

*Tha.* Am I your mirth?

*Cor.* Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens  
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,  
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.  
O were your highness but touch'd home, and tho-  
With this (what shall I call it?) devil— [roughly,

*Pal.* Hold!

Let no man henceforth name the word again.—

Wait you my pleasure, youth.—'Tis late; to rest!—

[*Exit.*]

*Cor.* My lords—

*Soph.* Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.

*Cor.* Panthers may hide their heads, not change  
the skin;

And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in THAMASTA'S House.

*Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.*

*Amet.* Doat on a stranger?

*Men.* Court him; plead, and sue to him.

*Amet.* Affectionately?

*Men.* Servitely; and, pardon me,  
If I say, basely.

*Amet.* Women, in their passions,  
Like false fires, flash, to fright our trembling senses.  
Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat.  
My sister do this: she, whose pride did scorn  
All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,  
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now!—  
You are my friend.

*Men.* What I confirm, is truth.

*Amet.* Truth, Menaphon?

*Men.* If I conceived you were  
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,  
Then, sir —

*Amet.* What then, sir?

*Men.* I would then resolve  
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,  
As is Thamasta in her choice of love  
That sin is double, running in a blood,  
Which justifies another being worse.

*Amet.* My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,  
And would not, willingly, believe the truth  
Of my dishonour: she shall know how much  
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,  
By checking the contempt her poor desires  
Have sunk her fame in. Prithee tell me, friend,  
How did the youth receive her?

*Men.* With a coldness

As modest and as hopeless, as the trust  
I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

*Enter THAMASTA and KALA.*

*Amet.* I will esteem him dearly.

*Men.* Sir, your sister.

*Tha.* Servant, I have employment for you.

*Amet.* Hark ye!

The mask of your ambition is fallen off;  
Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject lowness.  
That you have now discover'd to report  
Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,—

*Tha.* You are turn'd Satire.

*Amet.* All the flatteries

Of greatness have expos'd you to contempt.

*Tha.* This is mere railing.

*Amet.* You have sold your birth  
For lust.

*Tha.* Lust?

*Amet.* Yes; and, at a dear expense,  
Purchased the only glories of a wanton.

*Tha.* A wanton!

*Amet.* Let repentance stop your mouth;  
Learn to redeem your fault.

*Kala.* I hope your tongue

Has not betray'd my honesty.

[*Aside to MEN.*]

*Men.* Fear nothing.

*Tha.* If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove  
To keep a wary guard about my fame;  
If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift  
The constancy of your protested love;  
You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,



Impute that to a coyness or neglect,  
Which my discretion and your service aim'd  
For noble purposes.

*Men.* Great mistress, no :

I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,  
That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope  
Of any least desert, that might entitle  
My duty to a pension from your favours.

*Amet.* And therefore, lady, (pray observe him  
He henceforth covets plain equality; [well,]  
Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,  
With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,  
Without offence or danger, he may cherish,  
Yes, and command too, as a wife; a wife;  
A wife, my most great lady!

*Kala.* All will out. [*Aside.*

*Tha.* Now I perceive the league of amity,  
Which you have long between you vow'd and kept,  
Is sacred and inviolable; secrets  
Of every nature are in common to you.  
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty;  
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,  
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

*Men.* Gracious and virtuous mistress!

*Amet.* 'Tis a trick;

There is no trust in female cunning, friend.  
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear  
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure  
Apparent testimony of her constancy;  
Or we will not believe these childish plots:  
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear  
To a reply.—Think on't!

*Men.* Pray, love your fame.

[*EXECUT MEN. and AMET.*

*Tha.* Gone! I am sure awak'd. *Kala*, I find  
You have not been so trusty as the duty  
You owed, required.

*Kala.* Not I? I do protest  
I have been, madam.

*Tha.* Be—no matter what!

I am pay'd in mine own coin; something I must,  
And speedily.—So!—seek out *Cuculus*,  
Bid him attend me instantly.

*Kala.* That antick!

The trim old youth shall wait you.

*Tha.* Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds  
indeed;

But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

[*Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.*

*Rhe.* Thou art an excellent fellow. *Diabolo!*  
O these lousy close-stool empirics, that will under-  
take all cures, yet know not the causes of any  
disease! *Dog-leeches!* By the four elements I  
honour thee; could find in my heart to turn knave,  
and be thy flatterer.

*Cor.* Sirrah, 'tis pity thou'dat not been a scholar;  
Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o'con-  
science!

But for thy lord now,—I have put him to't.

*Rhe.* He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot;  
is he not monstrously overgone in frenzy?

*Cor.* *Rhetias*, 'tis not a madness, but his sor-  
rows

(Close gripping grief, and anguish of the soul)  
That torture him; he carries hell on earth  
Within his bosom: 'twas a prince's tyranny

Caus'd his distraction; and a prince's sweetness  
Must qualify that tempest of his mind.

*Rhe.* *Corax*, to praise thy art, were to assure  
The misbelieving world, that the sun shines,  
When 'tis i' th' full meridian of his beauty:  
No cloud of black detraction can eclipse  
The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth,  
casting

All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,  
Call me your servant; only, for the present,  
I wish a happy blessing to your labours.—  
Heaven crown your undertakings! and believe me.  
Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,  
The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.

[*Exit*

*Cor.* Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd whoreson;  
there is pith  
In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

[*Enter TROLLIO, with a Morion on.*

*Trol.* Worshipful master doctor, I have a great  
deal of I cannot tell what, to say to you. My lord  
thunders, every word that comes out of his mouth  
roars like a cannon; the house shook once;—my  
young lady dares not be seen,

*Cor.* We will roar with him, *Trollio*, if he roar.

*Trol.* He has got a great pole-axe in his hand,  
and fences it up and down the house, as if he were  
to make room for the pageants. I have provided  
me a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

*Cor.* No matter for the morion; here's my cap:  
Thus I will pull it down, and thus outstare him.

[*He produces a frightful Mask and Head-piece.*

*Trol.* The physician is got as mad as my lord.  
—O brave! a man of worship.

*Cor.* Let him come, *Trollio*. I will firh his  
trangdido, and bounce, and bounce in metal, honest  
*Trollio*.

*Trol.* He vapours like a tinker, and struts like  
a juggler. [*Aside.*

*Mel.* (*within.*) So ho, so ho!

*Trol.* There, there, there! look to your right  
worshipful, look to yourself.

[*Enter MELANDER with a Pole-axe.*

*Mel.* Shew me the dog, whose triple-throated  
noise

Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,  
To tear the cur in pieces.

*Cor.* [*Putting on his Mask, and turning to*

*MEL.*] Stay thy paws,

Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's skull,  
That shall transform thee to that restless stone,  
Which *Sisyphus* rolls up against the hill;  
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,  
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

*Mel.* Hold, hold thy conquering breath; 'tis  
stronger far

Than gunpowder and garlic. If the fates  
Have spun my thread, and my spent clue of life  
Be not untwisted, let us part like friends:  
Lay up my weapon, *Trollio*, and be gone.

*Trol.* Yes, sir, with all my heart.

[*Exit, with the Pole-axe.*

*Mel.* This friend and I will walk, and gabble  
wisely.

*Cor.* I allow the motion; on!

[*Takes off his Mask.*

*Mel.* So politicians thrive,  
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,

Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,  
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in  
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state;  
Then the whole body follows.

*Cor.* Then they fill

Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and  
theirs  
The world runs round; yet these are square men  
still.

*Mel.* There are none poor, but such as engross  
offices.

*Cor.* None wise, but unthrifths, bankrupts, beg-  
gars, rascals.

*Mel.* The hangman is a rare physician.

*Cor.* That's not so good: (*Aside.*) it shall be

*Mel.* All [granted.

The buzz of drugs, and minerals and simples,  
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else  
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull  
Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are trash  
To a strong well-wrought halter; there the gout,  
The stone, yes, and the melancholy devil,  
Are cured in less time than a pair of minutes:  
Build me a gallows in this very plot,  
And I'll dispatch your business.

*Cor.* Fix the knot

Right under the left ear.

*Mel.* Sirrah, make ready.

*Cor.* Yet do not be so sudden; grant me leave,  
To give a farewell to a creature long  
Absented from me: 'tis a daughter, sir,  
Snatch'd from me in her youth, a handsome girl;  
She comes to ask a blessing.

*Mel.* Pray, where is she?

I cannot see her yet.

*Cor.* She makes more haste

In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,  
Which many griefs have weaken'd.

*Mel.* Cruel man!

How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already  
With injuries of time?—Whilst I am frantic,  
Whilst throngs of new divisions huddle on,  
And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep,  
So long—I am insensible of cares.  
As balls of wildfire may be safely touch'd,  
Not violently sundered, and thrown up;  
So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,  
Not hurried in the air of repetition,  
Or memory of my misfortunes past:  
Then are my griefs struck home, when they're  
reclaim'd

To their own pity of themselves.—Proceed;

What of your daughter now?

*Cor.* I cannot tell you,

'Tis now out of my head again; my brains  
Are crazy; I have scarce slept one sound sleep  
These twelve months.

*Mel.* 'Las, poor man! canst thou imagine  
To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand,  
By practising a cure upon my weakness,  
And yet be no physician for thyself?  
Go, go! turn over all thy books once more,  
And learn to thrive in modesty; for impudence  
Does least become a scholar. Thou'rt a fool,  
A kind of learned fool.

*Cor.* I do confess it.

*Mel.* If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat,  
Renounce the thought of greatness, tread on fate,  
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things,  
Done long ago, and ill done; and, when sighs

Are wearied, piece up what remains behind  
With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to death;  
Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,  
And we will sit together, like true friends,  
And never be divided. With what greediness  
Do I hug my afflictions! there's no mirth  
Which is not truly season'd with some madness:  
As, for example— [Exit hastily.

*Cor.* What new crotchet next?

There is so much sense in this wild distraction,  
That I am almost out of my wits too,  
To see and hear him: some few hours more  
Spent here, would turn me apish, if not frantic.

*Re-enter MELANDER with CLEOPHILA.*

*Mel.* In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou  
man

Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,  
Worthy thy contemplation, like to this?  
The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters,  
The harmony and sweet consent of times,  
Are not of such an excellence, in form  
Of their creation, as the infinite wonder  
That dwells within the compass of this face:  
And yet, I tell thee, scholar, under this  
Well-ordered sign, is lodg'd such an obedience  
As will hereafter, in another age,  
Strike all comparison into a silence.  
She had a sister too;—but as for her,  
If I were given to talk, I could describe  
A pretty piece of goodness—let that pass—  
We must be wise sometimes. What would you  
with her?

*Cor.* I with her? nothing by your leave, sir, I;  
It is not my profession.

*Mel.* You are saucy,

And, as I take it, scurvy in your sauciness,  
To use no more respect—good soul! be patient;  
We are a pair of things the world doth laugh at.  
Yet be content, Cleopbila; those clouds,  
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,  
Will never be chased off till I am dead;  
And then some charitable soul will take thee  
Into protection: I am hastening on;  
The time cannot be long.

*Cleo.* I do beseech you,

Sir, as you love your health, as you respect  
My safety, let not passion overrule you.

*Mel.* It shall not; I am friends with all the  
world.

Get me some wine; to witness that I will be  
An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.

*Cor.* Have you prepared his cup?

[*Aside to Cleo.*

*Cleo.* It is in readiness.

*Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA.*

*Cuc.* By your leave, gallants, I come to speak  
with a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's  
daughter of the house.

*Mel.* Your business with my lady-daughter,  
*Gril.* Toss-pot? O base! toss-pot? [toss-pot?

*Cuc.* Peace! dost not see in what case he is:—  
I would do my own commendations to her; that's  
all.

*Mel.* Do. Come, my Genius, we will quaff in  
Till we grow wise. [wine,

*Cor.* True nectar is divine.

[*Exeunt Mel. and Cor.*

*Cuo.* So! I am glad he is gone. Page, walk

aside.—Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from the mistress of my thoughts, to you, the mistress of my desires.

*Cleo.* So, sir! I pray be brief.

*Cuo.* That you may know I am not, as they say, an animal, which is, as they say, a kind of Cokes, which is, as the learned term it, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon, a dolt, a noddy, a—

*Cleo.* As you please.

*Cuo.* Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

*Cleo.* Well, to your embassy. What, and from whom?

*Cuo.* Marry, *what* is more than I know, for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what*:—but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

*Cleo.* From whom, then, are you sent?

*Cuo.* There you come to me again. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be great in ladies' favours.

*Cleo.* Good time o' day to you! I can stay no longer.

*Cuo.* By this light, but you must; for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady *Thamasta* commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. *[Delivers a letter.]*

*Cleo.* To me, from her? 'tis strange! I dare peruse it. *[Reads.]*

*Cuo.* Good. O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

*Cleo.* Is't possible? Heaven, thou art great and bountiful.

Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess, Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

*Cuo.* They shall, mad-dam.

*Cleo.* When we of hopes, or helps are quite be-reaven,

Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

*Cuo.* That's my opinion clearly and without doubt. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ARETUS and SOPHRONOS.*

*Are.* The prince is thoroughly mov'd.

*Soph.* I never saw him So much distemper'd.

*Are.* What should this young man be? Or whither can he be convey'd?

*Soph.* 'Tis to me

A mystery; I understand it not.

*Are.* Nor I.

*Enter PALADOR, AMETHUS, and PELIAS.*

*Pal.* You have consented all to work upon The softness of my nature; but take heed: Though I can sleep in silence, and look on The mockery you make of my dull patience, Yet you shall know, the best of ye, that in me There is a masculine, a stirring spirit, Which [once] provok'd, shall, like a bearded comet, Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

*Pal.* Good sir.

*Pal.* Good sir, 'tis not your active wit or language, Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare To check-mate, and controul my just demands.

*Enter MENAPHON.*

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found?  
*Men.* Not to be heard of. *[yet?]*

*Pal.* Fly then to the desert,  
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,  
This airy apparition; come no more  
In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays,  
Is not my friend.

*Amet.* 'Tis strange.

*Are.* *Soph.* We must obey.

*[Exeunt all but PALADOR.]*

*Pal.* Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,  
My credulous sense; the very soul of reason  
Is troubled in me:—the physician  
Presented a strange masque, the view of it  
Puzzled my understanding; but the boy—

*Enter RHETIAS.*

*Rhetias,* thou art acquainted with my griefs,  
*Parthenophill* is lost, and I would see him;  
For he is like to something I remember  
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

*Rhe.* I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some trick, I am confident.

*Pal.* There is; there is some practice, sleight, or plot.

*Rhe.* I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by possibility be discerned.

*Pal.* How, *Rhetias*?

*Rhe.* If it be not *Parthenophill* in long coats, 'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall see her.

*Pal.* The young man in disguise, upon my life, To steal out of the land.

*Rhe.* I'll send him to you.

*Pal.* Do, do, my *Rhetias.* *[Exit Ras]*

As there is by nature,

In every thing created, contrariety,  
So likewise is there unity and league  
Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract  
Of all perfection, which the workmanship  
Of heaven hath model'd, in himself contains  
Passions of several qualities.—

*Enter behind, ENOCLIA (Parthenophill) in female attire.*

The music

Of man's fair composition best accords  
When 'tis in consort, not in single strains:  
My heart has been untuned these many months,  
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love  
True harmony consisted. Living here,  
We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

*Ero.* Minutes are number'd by the fall of sands,  
As by an hourglass; the span of time  
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it:  
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home  
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,  
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,  
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;  
So to conclude calamity in rest.

*Pal.* What echo yields a voice to my com-  
Can I be nowhere private? *[plaints?]*

*Ero.* (*comes forward, and kneels.*) Let the sub-As suddenly be hurried from your eyes, [stance As the vain sound can pass [, sir, from] your ear, If no impression of a troth vow'd your's, Retain a constant memory.

*Pal.* Stand up!

'Tis not the figure stamped upon my cheeks, The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue, Can draw from me a secret, that hath been The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

*Ero.* I am so worn away with fears and sorrows, So winter'd with the tempests of affliction, That the bright sun of your life-quickening presence

Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once Apparell'd in fresh looks.

*Pal.* Cunning impostor!

Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade. If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced A free-born resolution, to attempt Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting My weary days off, wherefore, cruel-mercy! Hast thou assumed a shape that would make A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodahed [treason As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

*Ero.* The incense of my love-desires is flam'd Upon an altar of more constant proof. Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world, Command me to forget my name, my birth, My father's sadness, and my death alive, If all remembrance of my faith hath found A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

*Pal.* My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon un-weave

The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off; Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex, And so I may be gentle; as thou art, There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face, In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee! For my belief is arm'd else.—Yet, fair subtilty, Before we part, (for part we must,) be true; Tell me thy country.

*Ero.* Cyprus.

*Pal.* Ha! thy father?

*Ero.* Meleander.

*Pal.* Hast a name?

*Ero.* A name of misery;

The unfortunate Eroclea.

*Pal.* There is danger

In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness, Hath honesty and virtue left the time! Are we become so impious, that, to tread The path of impudence, is law and justice? Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred, Give me thy name.

*Ero.* Whilst I was lost to memory, Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now I am, before I die, return'd to claim A convoy to my grave, I must not blush To let Prince Palador, if I offend, Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea: I am that woeful maid.

*Pal.* Join not too fast

Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:— So dwell simplicity with virgin truth; So martyrdom and holiness are twins. As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue:— But, let me by degrees collect my senses; I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravish'd The contract of our hearts?

*Ero.* Dear sir, in Athens Have I been buried.

*Pal.* Buried? Right; as I In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

*Ero.* As I, Prince Palador in mine: this gift

[Shows him a Tablet.

His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic My solitary cares have hourly took, To keep me from despair.

*Pal.* We are but fools

To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle With that eternal mercy which protects us. Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd peace!

My extasy of joys would speak in passion, But that I would not lose that part of man, Which is reserv'd to entertain content. Eroclea, I am thine; O, let me seize thee As my inheritance. Hymen shall now Set all his torches burning, to give light Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

*Ero.* You are still gracious, sir. How I have liv'd,

By what means been convey'd, by what preserv'd, By what return'd, Rhetias, my trusty servant, Directed by the wisdom of my uncle, The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

*Pal.* Enough. Instead of music, every night, To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

*Ero.* O, but my father!

*Pal.* Fear not: to behold

Eroclea safe, will make him young again; It shall be our first task. Blush, sensual follies, Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure! There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts; 'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter CORAX and CLEOPHILA.*

*Cor.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; the hour is at hand, Which must conclude the business, that no art Could all this while make ripe for wish'd content. O lady! in the turmoils of our lives, Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,

Toss'd up and down with several storms and tempests, Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes; Till, labouring to the havens of our homes, We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.

*Cleo.* A happy end Heaven bless us with!

*Cor.* 'Tis well said.

The old man sleeps still soundly.

*Cleo.* May soft dreams  
Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,  
With comfort, he may, by degrees, digest  
The present blessings in a moderate joy!

*Cor.* I drench'd his cup to purpose; he ne'er  
At barber or at tailor. He will laugh [stirr'd  
At his own metamorphosis, and wonder,—  
We must be watchful. Does the couch stand  
ready?

*Enter TROLLIO.*

*Cleo.* All, [all] as you commanded. What's  
your haste for?

*Trol.* A brace of big women, usher'd by the  
young old ape with his she-clog at his bum, are  
enter'd the castle. Shall they come on?

*Cor.* By any means: the time is precious now;  
Lady, be quick and careful. Follow, Trollio! [*Exit.*

*Trol.* I owe all sir-reverence to your right  
worshipfulness. [*Exit.*

*Cleo.* So many fears, so many joys encounter  
My doubtful expectations, that I waver  
Between the resolution of my hopes  
And my obedience: 'tis not, O my fate!  
The apprehension of a timely blessing  
In pleasures, shakes my weakness; but the danger  
Of a mistaken duty, that confines  
The limits of my reason. Let me live,  
Virtue, to thee as chaste, as Truth to time!

*Enter THAMASTA, speaking to some one, without.*

*Tha.* Attend me till I call.—My sweet *Cleo.*  
*Cleo.* Great princess— [phila!

*Tha.* I bring peace, to sue a pardon  
For my neglect of all those noble virtues  
Thy mind and duty are apparell'd with:  
I have deserv'd ill from thee, and must say,  
Thou art too gentle, if thou can'st forget it.

*Cleo.* Alas! you have not wrong'd me; for,  
indeed,  
Acquaintance with my sorrows, and my fortune,  
Were grown to such familiarity,  
That 'twas an impudence, more than presumption,  
To wish so great a lady as you are,  
Should lose affection on my uncle's son:  
But that your brother, equal in your blood,  
Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love  
A cast-away, a poor despised maid,  
Only for me to hope was almost sin;—  
Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.

*Tha.* Chide not  
The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,  
In such an humble language: I have smarted  
Already in the wounds my-pride hath made  
Upon your sufferings: henceforth, 'tis in you  
To work my happiness.

*Cleo.* Call any service  
Of mine, a debt; for such it is. The letter,  
You lately sent me, in the blest contents  
It made me privy to, hath largely quitted  
Every suspicion of your Grace, or goodness.

*Tha.* Let me embrace thee with a sister's love,  
A sister's love, Cleophila! for should  
My brother henceforth study to forget  
The vows that he hath made thee, I would ever  
Solicit thy deserts.

*Amet. Men.* [*Within.*] We must have entrance.

*Tha.* Must! Who are they say must? you are  
unmannerly.—

*Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.*

Brother, is't you? and you too, sir?

*Amet.* Your ladyship  
Has had a time of scolding to your humour;  
Does the storm hold still?

*Cleo.* Never fell a shower  
More seasonably gentle on the barren  
Parch'd thirsty earth, than showers of courtesy  
Have from this princess been distill'd from me,  
To make my growth in quiet of my mind  
Secure and lasting.

*Tha.* You may both believe,  
That I was not uncivil.

*Amet.* Pish! I know  
Her spirit and her envy.

*Cleo.* Now, in troth, sir,—  
[Pray credit me, I do not use to swear]  
The virtuous princess hath, in words and carriage,  
Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush,  
I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient  
For her unequal'd bounty.—My good cousin,  
I have a suit to you.

*Men.* It shall be granted.

*Cleo.* That no time, no persuasion, no respects  
Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter  
By possibility to be conceiv'd,  
Draw you from that sincerity and pureness  
Of love, which you have oftentimes protested  
To this great worthy lady: she deserves  
A duty more than what the ties of marriage  
Can claim or warrant; be for ever her's, [forts:  
As she is yours, and Heaven increase your com-  
*Amet.* Cleophila hath play'd the churchman's  
I'll not forbid the bans. [part;

*Men.* Are you contented?

*Tha.* I have one task in charge first, which  
concerns me.

Brother, be not more cruel than this lady;  
She hath forgiv'n my follies, so may you.  
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,  
Without additions of estate or birth,  
Are dower for a prince, indeed. You lov'd her;  
For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,  
Here fix your heart; and thus resolve, if now  
You miss this heaven on earth, you cannot find  
In any other choice aught but a bell.

*Amet.* The ladies are turn'd lawyers, and plead  
handsomely

Their clients' cases: I am an easy judge,  
And so shalt thou be, Menaphon. I give thee  
My sister for a wife; a good one, friend.

*Men.* Lady, will you confirm the gift?

*Tha.* The errors  
Of my mistaken judgment being lost  
To your remembrance, I shall ever strive  
In my obedience to deserve your pity.

*Men.* My love, my care, my all!

*Amet.* What rests for me?  
I am still a bachelor: Sweet maid, resolve me,  
May I yet call you mine?

*Cleo.* My lord Amethus,  
Blame not my plainness; I am young and simple,  
And have not any power to dispose  
Mine own will, without warrant from my father;  
That purchased, I am yours.

*Amet.* It shall suffice me.

*Enter CUCULUS, PELIAS, and TROLLIO, plucking in GRILLA.*

*Cuo.* Revenge! I must have revenge; I will  
have revenge, bitter and abominable revenge; I

will have revenge. This unfashionable mongrel, this linsey-wolsey of mortality—by this hand, mistress, this she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments. Why do you not speak, gentlemen?

*Pel.* Some certain blows have past, an't like your highness.

*Trol.* Some few knocks of friendship; some love toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

*Gril.* I'll turn him away, he shall be my master no longer.

*Men.* Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 'tis a boy,

*Cuc.* A boy, an arrant boy in long coats. [sure.

*Trol.* He has mumbled his nose, that 'tis as big as a great cod-piece.

*Cuc.* Oh, thou cock-vermin of iniquity!

*Tha.* Pelias, take hence the wag, and school him for't.

For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

*Cuc.* Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.

Whilst I'm in office, the old garb shall agen

Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.

Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

*Trol.* Yes, and to scour it too.

[*Exeunt CUC. TROL. PEL. and GRIL.*]

*Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.*

*Rhe.* The prince and princess are at hand; give over

Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady, Henceforth forbear your sadness; are you ready To practise your instructions?

*Cleo.* I have studied

My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias, With all the skill I can.

*Cor.* I'll pass my word for her.

*A Flourish.—Enter PALADOR, SOPHONOS, ARETUS, and EROCLEA.*

*Pal.* Thus princes should be circled, with a guard

Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects.

O Rhetias, thou art just; the youth thou told'st That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last [me, To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

*Rhe.* My knowledge made me sure of my report, sir.

*Pal.* Eroclea, clear thy fears; when the sun shines,

Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky, Nor shall they here.—[*CLEO. and AMET. kneel.*]

Why do they kneel? Stand up;

The day and place is privileged.

*Soph.* Your presence,

Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

*Pal.* Wherefore does this young virgin use such In duty to us? Rise! [circumstance

*Ero.* 'Tis I must raise her.

Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,

In hiding from your knowledge any secret,

That should have been in common 'twixt our souls; But I was ruled by counsel.

*Cleo.* That I show

Myself a girl, sister, and bewray

Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,

I hope you cannot blame me.

[*Weeps, and falls into the arms of EAO.*]

*Pal.* We must part

The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets, With th' island of our arms.—(*Embraces EAO.*)—

*Cleophila,*

The custom of thy piety hath built,

Even to thy younger years, a monument

Of memorable fame; some great reward

Must wait on thy desert.

*Soph.* The prince speaks t'you, niece.

*Cor.* Chat low, I pray; let us about our business.

The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw; Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

*Pal.* Away then!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Soft Music.—Re-enter CORAX and RHETIAS, with MELANDER, asleep, on a Couch, his Hair and Beard trimmed, Habit and Gown changed.—While they are placing the Couch, a Boy sings, without.*

SONG.

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep  
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep!  
Though the eyes be overtaken,  
Yet the heart doth ever waken  
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy squares  
Of continual woes and cares:  
Love and griefs are so express'd,  
As they rather sigh than rest.  
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep  
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep.

*Mel.* (*awakes*) Where am I? ha! What sounds are these? 'Tis day, sure.

Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery  
Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not  
Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,  
But dream my dream out.

*Cor.* Morrow to your lordship!

You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

*Mel.* Away, beast! let me alone.

[*The Music ceases.*]

*Cor.* O, by your leave, sir,  
I must be bold to raise you; else your physic  
Will turn to further sickness.

[*He assists MEL. to sit up.*]

*Mel.* Physic, bear-leech?

*Cor.* Yes, physic; you are mad.

*Mel.* Trollio! Cleophila!

*Rhe.* Sir, I am here.

*Mel.* I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the room

Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,  
I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

*Rhe.* Sir, true, you have; and this most learned scholar

Apply'd t'ye. Oh, you were in dangerous plight,  
Before he took you [in] hand.

*Mel.* These things are drunk,  
Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

*Cor.* I never saw a body in the wane  
Of age, so overspread with several sorts  
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth  
Would groan under and sink.

*Rhe.* The more your glory

In the miraculous cure.

*Cor.* Bring me the cordial  
Prepared for him to take after his sleep,  
'Twill do him good at heart.

*Rhe.* I hope it will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Mel.* What dost [thou] think I am, that thou should'st fiddle

So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight  
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,  
That all the hands of art cannot remove  
One grain, to ease my grief. If thou could'st poison  
My memory, or wrap my senses up  
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;  
If thou could'st make me walk, speak, eat and  
laugh

Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,  
Why then perhaps, at marts, thou might'st make  
benefit

Of such an antic motion, and get credit  
From credulous gazers; but not profit me.  
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple  
To be wrought on.

*Cor.* I'll burn my books, old man,  
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

*Enter ARETUS, with a Patent.*

*Arc.* Most honour'd lord Meleander! our great  
Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me [master,  
Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd  
Not only confirmation of the honours  
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition  
Of the Marshalship of Cyprus; and ere long  
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;  
I must attend the prince. [Exit.

*Cor.* There's one pill works.

*Mel.* Doest know that spirit? tis a grave familiar,  
And talk'd I know not what.

*Cor.* He's like, methinks,  
The prince's tutor Aretus.

*Mel.* Yes, yes;

It may be I have seen such a formality;  
No matter where, or when.

*Enter AMSTRUS, with a Staff.*

*Amc.* The prince hath sent you,  
My lord, this staff of office, and withal  
Salutes you Grand Commander of the ports  
Throughout his principalities. He shortly  
Will visit you himself; I must attend him. [Exit.

*Cor.* D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?

*Mel.* A devil  
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,  
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne  
Of a pure soul.—

*Enter SOPHONOS, with a Tablet.*

Another! I will stand thee;

Be what thou canst, I care not.

*Soph.* From the prince,

Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,  
A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom:  
Henceforth, he bad me say, he does beseech you  
To call him son, for he will call you father;  
It is an honour, brother, that a subject  
Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.  
Be moderate in your joys; he will in person  
Confirm my errand, but commands my service. [Exit.

*Cor.* What hope now of your cure?

*Mel.* Stay, stay!—What earthquakes  
Roll in my flesh! Here's prince, and prince, and  
prince;

Prince upon prince! The dotage of my sorrows  
Revels in magic of ambitious scorn:  
Be they enchantments deadly as the grave,  
I'll look upon them. Patent, staff, and relic!  
To the last first. (Taking up the Miniature)  
Round me, ye guarding ministers,

And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs  
That overhang my sight, fall off, and leave  
These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust!

*Cor.* 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial  
Prithee,

Sit down; I'll instantly be here again. [Exit.

*Mel.* Good, give me leave; I will sit down:  
indeed,

Here's company enough for me to prate to.—

[Looks at the Picture.

Eroclea!—'tis the same; the cunning arts-man  
Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd  
A little hollow space here, and blown breath  
To have made it move and whisper, 't had been  
excellent:—

But 'faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;  
Passing, most passing well.

*Enter CLEOPHILA leading EROCLEA, and followed by  
RHETIAS.*

*Cleo.* The sovereign greatness,  
Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,  
Sways both this laud and us, our gracious prince,  
By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,  
A gift more precious to him than his birthright.  
Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty  
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home  
The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

*Ero.* [kneeling] Dear sir, you know me?

*Mel.* Yes, thou art my daughter;  
My eldest blessing. Know thee? why, Eroclea,  
I never did forget thee in thy absence;  
Poor soul, how dost?

*Ero.* The best of my well-being  
Consists in yours.

*Mel.* Stand up; the gods, who hitherto  
Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever!  
Cleopbila, I thank thee and the prince;  
I thank thee too, Eroclea, that thou would'st.  
In pity of my age, take so much pains  
To live, till I might once more look upon thee  
Before I broke my heart: O, 'twas a piece  
Of piety and duty unexampled.

*Rhe.* The good man relieth his comforts  
strangely;

The sight doth turn me child. [Aside.

*Ero.* I have not words  
That can express my joys.

*Cleo.* Nor I.

*Mel.* Nor I;

Yet let us gaze on one another freely,  
And surfeit with our eyes; let me be plain:  
If I should speak as much as I should speak,  
I should talk of a thousand things at once,  
And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!  
My tears, like ruffling winds lock'd up in caves,  
Do bustle for a vent;—on th' other side,  
To fly out into mirth were not so comely.

Come hither, let me kiss thee!—[To Ero.]—with  
a pride,

Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy  
presence

Hath stored me with, I kneel before their altars,  
Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety:  
Ask, ask thy sister, prithee, she will tell thee  
How I have been much mad.

*Cleo.* Much discontented,  
Shunning all means that might procure him com-

*Ero.* Heaven has at last been gracious. [fort.

*Mel.* So say I;

But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,  
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth  
With thy misfortunes? Understand me thoroughly;  
I would not have thee to report at large,  
From point to point, a journal of thy absence,  
'Twill take up too much time; I would securely  
Engross the little remnant of my life,  
That thou might'st every day be telling somewhat,  
Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.  
Let me bethink me; how we parted first,  
Puzzles my faint remembrance—but soft—  
Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince  
Sent me this present.

*Cleo.* From his own fair hands  
I did receive my sister.

*Mel.* To requite him,  
We will not dig his father's grave anew,  
Although the mention of him much concerns  
The business we inquire of:—as I said,  
We parted in a hurry at the court;  
I to this castle, after made my jail;  
But whether thou, dear heart?

*Rhe.* Now they fall to't;  
I look'd for this.

*Ero.* I, by my uncle's care,  
Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly  
Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a-shipboard,  
That very night.

*Mel.* A policy quick and strange.

*Ero.* The ship was bound for Corinth, whither  
first,

Attended only with your servant Rhetias,  
And all fit necessities, we arrived;  
From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd  
To Athens, where, till our return of late,  
Have we liv'd safe.

*Mel.* Oh, what a thing is man,  
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,  
Against the sacred Providence above him!  
Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,  
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mix'd.—  
And still thou wert a boy?

*Ero.* So I obey'd

My uncle's wise command.

*Mel.* 'Twas safely carried;  
I humbly thank thy fate.

*Ero.* If earthly treasures  
Are pour'd in plenty down from heaven on mortals,  
They reign amongst those oracles that flow  
In schools of sacred knowledge, such is Athens;  
Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison:  
The thoughts of you, my sister, country, fortunes,  
And something of the prince, barr'd all contents,  
Which else might ravish sense: for had not  
Rhetias

Been always comfortable to me, certainly  
Things had gone worse.

*Mel.* Speak low, Eroclea,  
That "something of the prince" bears danger in  
it:

Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for such endow-  
ments,

As might create a prince a wife fit for him,  
Had he the world to guide; but touch not there.  
How cam'st thou home?

*Rhe.* Sir, with your noble favour,  
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

*Mel.* Honest, right honest Rhetias!

*Rhe.* Your grave brother  
Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,

Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued  
Thamasta, cousin to our present prince;  
And, to remove the violence of affection,  
Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months'  
space,

Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,  
Enjoy'd each other's griefs; till by his father,  
The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

*Mel.* Enough, enough! the world shall hence-  
forth witness

My thankfulness to heaven, and those people  
Who have been pitiful to me and mine.  
Lend me a looking-glass.—How now! how came I  
So courtly, in fresh raiments?

*Rhe.* Here's the glass, sir.

*Mel.* I'm in the trim too.—O Cleophila,  
This was the goodness of thy care, and cunning—  
[*Loud Music.*]

Whence comes this noise?

*Rhe.* The prince, my lord, in person.

[*They kneel.*]

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS,  
MENAPHON, CORAX, THAMASTA, and KALA.*

*Pal.* You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge  
you.

Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms  
[*Embracing MEL.*]

And heart shall be your guard: we have o'erheard  
All passages of your united loves.  
Be young again, Melander, live to number  
A happy generation, and die old  
In comforts, as in years! The offices  
And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,  
Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;  
Enjoy them liberally.

*Mel.* My tears must thank you,  
For my tongue cannot.

*Cor.* I have kept my promise,  
And given you a sure cordial.

*Mel.* Oh, a rare one.

*Pal.* Good man! we both have shar'd enough  
of sadness,

Though thine has tasted deeper of the extreme,  
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture  
I sent you? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;  
And, in exchange of that, I seize on this,  
[*Takes ERO. by the hand.*]

The real substance: with this other hand  
I give away, before her father's face,  
His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,  
Cousin Amethus; take her, and be to her  
More than a father, a deserving husband.  
Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,  
Thy cares are taken off.

*Mel.* My brains are dull'd;  
I am entranced and know not what you mean.  
Great, gracious sir, alas! why do you mock me?  
I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,  
That my untoward joints can scarcely creep  
Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.

*Pal.* Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine;  
Cleophila my cousin's, by consent  
Of both their hearts; we both now claim our own:  
It only rests in you to give a blessing,  
For confirmation.

*Rhe.* Sir, 'tis truth and justice.

*Mel.* The gods, that lent you to me, bless your  
vows!

Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to heaven,



For they have shew'd much mercy. But Sophro-  
Thou art my brother—I can say no more— [nos,  
A good, good brother!

*Pal.* Leave the rest to time.  
Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too;  
She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetias, for thee,  
And Corax, I have more than common thanks,

On to the temple! there all solemn rites  
Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd.  
The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY hath found cure;  
Sorrows are chang'd to bride-songs. So they  
thrive,

Whom fate in spite of storms nath kept alive.

[*Exeunt*]

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EPILOGUE.

To be too confident, is as unjust  
In any work, as too much to distrust;  
Who from the laws of study have not swerv'd,  
Know begg'd applauses never were deserv'd;  
We must submit to censure: so doth he,  
Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,  
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then  
In this kind he'll not trouble you again.

# 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE

JOHN,

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, LORD MORDAUNT, BARON OF TURVEY.

My LORD,—Where a truth of merit hath a general warrant, there love is but a debt, acknowledgment a justice. Greatness cannot often claim virtue by inheritance; yet, in this, Your's appears most eminent, for that you are not more rightly heir to your fortunes than glory shall be to your memory. Sweetness of disposition ennobles a freedom of birth; in both, your lawful interest adds honour to your own name, and mercy to my presumption. Your noble allowance of these first fruits of my leisure, in the action, emboldens my confidence of your as noble construction in this presentment; especially since my service must ever owe particular duty to your favours, by a particular engagement. The gravity of the subject may easily excuse the lightness of the title, otherwise I had been a severe judge against mine own guilt. Princes have vouchsafed grace to trifles offered from a purity of devotion; your Lordship may likewise please to admit into your good opinion, with these weak endeavours, the constancy of affection from the sincere lover of your deserts in honour.

JOHN FORD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BONAVENTURA, a Friar.  
A Cardinal, Nuncio to the Pope  
SORANZO, a Nobleman.  
FLORIO, } Citizens of Parma.  
DONADO, }  
GRIMALDI, a Roman Gentleman.  
GIOVANNI, Son to FLORIO.  
BERGETTO, Nephew to DONADO.  
RICHARDETTO, a supposed Physician.  
VASQUES, Servant to SORANZO.

POGGIO, Servant to BERGETTO.  
Banditti.

ANNABELLA, Daughter to FLORIO.  
HIPPOLITA, Wife to RICHARDETTO.  
PHILOTE, his Niece.  
PUTANA, Tutorress to ANNABELLA.

Officers, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—PARMA.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Friar BONAVENTURA'S Cell.

Enter Friar and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Dispute no more in this; for know,  
young man,

These are no school points; nice philosophy  
May tolerate unlikely arguments,  
But Heaven admits no jest: wits that presumed  
On wit too much, by striving how to prove  
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,  
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell;  
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.  
Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis  
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;  
Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun.—  
No more! I may not hear it.

Gio. Gentle father,  
To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,  
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and  
heart,  
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left

Another word untold, which hath not spoke  
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;  
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?  
Must I not do what all men else may,—love?

Friar. Yes, you may love, fair son.

Gio. Must I not praise  
That beauty, which, if fram'd anew, the gods  
Would make a god of, if they had it there;  
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?

Friar. Why, foolish madman!—

Gio. Shall a peevish sound,  
A customary form, from man to man,  
Of brother and of sister, be a bar  
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?  
Say that we had one father, say one womb  
(Curse to my joys!) gave both us life and birth;  
Are we not, therefore, each to other bound  
So much the more by nature? by the links  
Of blood, of reason? nay, if you will have it,  
Even of religion, to be ever one,  
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all?

*Friar.* Have done, unhappy youth! for thou art lost.

*Gio.* Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,  
My joys be ever banished from her bed?  
No, father; in your eyes I see the change  
Of pity and compassion; from your age,  
As from a sacred oracle, distils

The life of counsel: tell me, holy man,  
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes?

*Friar.* Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:  
For thou hast mov'd a Majesty above,  
With thy unranged (almost) blasphemy.

*Gio.* O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

*Friar.* Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,  
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd  
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?  
How did the University applaud

Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,  
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!  
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose  
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee;  
I did so:—but the fruits of all my hopes  
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.

O Giovanni! hast thou left the schools  
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?  
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the  
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine [world,  
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:  
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin;  
Though in such games as those, they lose that win.

*Gio.* It were more ease to stop the ocean  
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

*Friar.* Then I have done, and in thy wilful  
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.— [flames  
Yet hear my counsel.

*Gio.* As a voice of life.

*Friar.* Hie to thy father's house, there lock  
thee fast

Alone within thy chamber; then fall down  
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;  
Cry to thy heart; wash every word thou utter'st  
In tears (and if't be possible) of blood:  
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust  
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,  
A wretch, a worm, a nothing; weep, sigh, pray  
Three times a-day, and three times every night:  
For seven days space do this; then, if thou find'st  
No change in thy desires, return to me;  
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself  
At home, whilst I pray for thee here.—Away!  
My blessing with thee! we have need to pray.

*Gio.* All this I'll do, to free me from the rod  
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.  
[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Street, before FLORIO'S  
House.*

Enter GRIMALDI and VASQUES, with their Swords drawn.

*Vas.* Come, sir, stand to your tackling; if you  
prove craven, I'll make you run quickly.

*Grim.* Thou art no equal match for me.

*Vas.* Indeed I never went to the wars to bring  
home news; nor I cannot play the mountebank  
for a meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in  
the field. See you these grey hairs? they'll not  
finch for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this  
gear?

*Grim.* Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance

my reputation with a cast-suit? Call thy master,  
he shall know that I dare—

*Vas.* Scold like a cot-quean:—that's your pro-  
fession. Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will  
make thee know my master keeps servants, thy  
betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou  
to fight or prate?

*Grim.* Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and  
a gentleman: one that have got mine honour with  
expense of blood.

*Vas.* You are a lying coward, and a fool. Fight,  
or by these hilts I'll kill thee:—brave my lord!  
You'll fight?

*Grim.* Provoke me not, for if thou dost—

*Vas.* Have at you.

[They fight, GRIMALDI is overrul'd.

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, and SORANZO, from opposite  
Sides.

*Flo.* What mean these sudden broils so near  
my doors?

Have you not other places, but my house,  
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?  
Must I be haunted still with such unrest,  
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?  
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie! 'tis naught.

*Don.* And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not  
well

To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward  
In seconding contentions.

Enter above ANNABELLA and PUTANA.

*Flo.* What's the ground?

*Sor.* That, with your patience, signiors, I'll  
resolve:

This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,  
(For else I know not) rivals me in love  
To Signior Florio's daughter; to whose ears  
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace;  
Thinking the way to recommend himself,  
Is to disparage me in his report.—  
But know, Grimaldi, though, may be, thou art  
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays  
A lowness in thy mind; which, wert thou noble,  
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee  
For this unworthiness; and on this ground  
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,  
Holding a man so base no match for me.

*Vas.* And had not your sudden coming pre-  
vented us, I had let my gentleman blood under the  
gills; I should have worm'd you, sir, for running  
mad.

*Grim.* I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

*Vas.* On a dish of warm broth to stay your  
stomach—do, honest innocence, do! spoon-meat  
is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

*Grim.* Remember this! [Exit.

*Sor.* I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

*Flo.* My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me;  
Why you should storm, having my word engaged:  
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?  
Losers may talk, by law of any game.

*Vas.* Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio,  
may be such, as would make any unspleen'd dove  
choleric. Blame not my lord in this.

*Flo.* Be you more silent;

I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love  
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.  
Vasques, put up: let's end this fray in wine.

[Exit.

*Put.* How like you this, child? here's threat-

ening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

*Ann.* But, tutoress, such a life gives no content To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends. Would you would leave me!

*Put.* Leave you! no marvel else; leave me no leaving, charge; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not; you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

*Ann.* Pray do not talk so much.

*Put.* Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well-timber'd fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato; they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese; but, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier: not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams: though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

*Ann.* Fie, how thou prat'st!

*Put.* As I am a very woman, I like Signior Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind; and what is more than all this, a nobleman: such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome, and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty: liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never have purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. An 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would he were thine! Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient, naked man; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life for't.

*Ann.* Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

*Enter BRUNETTO and POGGIO.*

*Put.* But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now! Here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number: Oh, brave old ape in a silken coat! Observe.

*Berg.* Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight!

*Pog.* No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

*Berg.* I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never heardst of an elder brother that was a coxcomb; didst, Poggio?

*Pog.* Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

*Berg.* Is it possible, Poggio? Oh, monstrous! Why, I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time: but, sirsrah, I have another purchase in hand; I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks; and then have at her, i'faith.—Mark my pace, Poggio! [*Passes over the stage.*]

*Pog.* Sir,—I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how often. [*Aside, and following him.*]

*Ann.* This idiot haunts me too.

*Put.* Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signior Donado, his uncle, for that he means to make this, his cousin, a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble is a lady's play-fellow; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent!

*GIOVANNI passes over the Stage.*

*Ann.* But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape Of some celestial creature now appears!—What man is he, that with such sad aspect Walks careless of himself?

*Put.* Where?

*Ann.* Look below.

*Put.* Oh, 'tis your brother, sweet.

*Ann.* Ha!

*Put.* 'Tis your brother.

*Ann.* Sure 'tis not he; this is some woeful thing

Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man. Alas! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes, Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh; Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause. I know my brother, in the love he bears me, Will not deny me partage in his sadness: My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

[*Aside, and exit with PUT.*]

SCENE III.—A Hall in FLORIO'S House.

*Gio.* Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd my death:

The more I strive, I love; the more I love, The less I hope: I see my ruin certain. What judgment or endeavours could apply To my incurable and restless wounds, I thoroughly have examined, but in vain. O, that it were not in religion sin To make our love a god, and worship it! I have even wearied heaven with pray'r's, dried up The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art Could counsel, I have practised; but, alas! I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales, To fright unsteady youth; I am still the same: Or I must speak, or burst. 'Tis not, I know, My lust, but 'tis my fate, that leads me on. Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves! I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart Were rated at the price of that attempt. Oh me! she comes.

*Enter ANNABELLA and PUTANA.*

*Ann.* Brother!

*Giov.* If such a thing As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers, Now double all that virtue in my tongue!

[*Aside.*]

*Ann.* Why, brother, Will you not speak to me?

*Giov.* Yes; how do you, sister?

*Ann.* How'er I am, methinks you are not well.

*Put.* Bless us! why are you so sad, sir?

*Giov.* Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Sister, I would be private with you. [*Putana.*]

*Ann.* Withdraw, Putana.

*Put.* I will.—If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

*Giov.* Come, sister, lend your hand; let's walk together;

I hope you need not blush to walk with me; Here's none but you and I.

*Ann.* How's this?

*Giov.* I'faith, I mean no harm.

*Ann.* Harm?

*Giov.* No, good faith.

How is it with thee?

*Ann.* I trust he be not frantic— [Aside.]  
I am very well, brother.

*Giov.* Traat me, but I am sick; I fear so sick, 'Twill cost my life.

*Ann.* Mercy forbid it! 'tis not so, I hope.

*Giov.* I think you love me, sister.

*Ann.* Yes, you know I do.

*Giov.* I know it, indeed—you are very fair.

*Ann.* Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

*Giov.* That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,

That Juno for her forehead did exceed  
All other goddesses; but I durst swear  
Your forehead exceeds her's, as her's did theirs.

*Ann.* 'Troth, this is pretty

*Giov.* Such a pair of stars

As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,  
If gently glanced, give life to senseless stones.

*Ann.* Fie upon you!

*Giov.* The lily and the rose, most sweetly  
strange,

Upon your dimple cheeks do strive for change:  
Such lips would tempt a saint: such hands as  
Would make an anchorite lascivious. [thoses]

*Ann.* Do you mock me, or flatter me?

*Giov.* If you would see a beauty more exact  
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,  
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

*Ann.* O, you are a trim youth!

*Giov.* Here! [Offers his dagger to her.]

*Ann.* What to do?

*Giov.* And here's my breast; strike home!  
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold  
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak—  
Why stand you?

*Ann.* Are you earnest?

*Giov.* Yes, most earnest.

You cannot love?

*Ann.* Whom?

*Giov.* Me. My tortured soul  
Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.  
O, Annabella, I am quite undone!  
The love of thee, my sister, and the view  
Of thy immortal beauty, have untuned  
All harmony both of my rest and life.  
Why do you not strike?

*Ann.* Forbid it, my just fears!

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

*Giov.* True! Annabella; 'tis no time to jest.  
I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,  
That almost have consum'd me; I have spent  
Many a silent night in sighs and groans;  
Ran over all my thoughts, despised my fate,  
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,  
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,

But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny  
That you must either love, or I must die.

*Ann.* Comes this in sadness from you?

*Giov.* Let some mischief

Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

*Ann.* You are my brother Giovanni.

*Giov.* You

My sister Annabella; I know this.

And could afford you instance why to love  
So much the more for this; to which intent  
Wise nature first in your creation meant  
To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul  
To share one beauty to a double soul.  
Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade  
A nearer nearness in affection.

I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,  
Who tells me I may love you; and, 'tis just,  
That, since I may, I should; and will, yes will:  
Must I now live, or die?

*Ann.* Live; thou hast won

The field, and never fought: what thou hast urged,  
My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.

I blush to tell thee,—but I'll tell thee now—  
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,  
I have sigh'd ten; for every tear, shed twenty:  
And not so much for that I loved, as that  
I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

*Giov.* Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,  
For pity's sake, I beg you!

*Ann.* On my knees, [She kneels.]

Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,  
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;  
Love me, or kill me, brother.

*Giov.* On my knees, [He kneels.]

Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,  
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;  
Love me, or kill me, sister.

*Ann.* You mean good sooth, then?

*Giov.* In good troth, I do;

And so do you, I hope: say, I'm in earnest.

*Ann.* I'll swear it, I.

*Giov.* And I; and by this kiss, [Kisses her.]  
(Once more, yet once more; now let's rise) [they  
rise] by this,

I would not change this minute for Elysium.

What must we now do?

*Ann.* What you will.

*Giov.* Come then;

After so many tears as we have wept,  
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter FLORIO and DONADO.

*Flor.* Signior Donado, you have said enough,  
I understand you; but would have you know,  
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.  
You see I have but two, a son and her;  
And he is so devoted to his book,  
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:  
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely  
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,  
I am, I thank my stars, bless'd with enough.  
My care is, how to match her to her liking;  
I would not have her marry wealth, but love,  
And if she like your nephew, let him have her;  
Here's all that I can say.

*Don.* Sir, you say well,

Like a true father; and, for my part, I,  
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)  
Will promise to assure my nephew presently  
Three thousand florins yearly, during life,  
And, after I am dead, my whole estate.

*Flo.* 'Tis a fair proffer, sir; meantime your  
nephew

Shall have free passage to commence his suit:  
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent;  
So for this time I'll leave you, signior. [*Exit.*]

*Don.* Well,  
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit;  
But he is such another dunce, I fear  
He'll never win the wench. When I was young,  
I could have don't, i'faith, and so shall he,  
If he will learn of me; and, in good time,  
He comes himself.

*Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.*

How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?

*Berg.* O uncle! I have heard the strangest  
news that ever came out of the mint; have I not,  
Poggio?

*Pog.* Yes, indeed, sir.

*Don.* What news, Bergetto?

*Berg.* Why, look ye, uncle, my barber told me  
just now, that there is a fellow come to town,  
who undertakes to make a mill go without the  
mortal help of any water or wind, only with sand-  
bags; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most  
excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber  
says; whose head, to the wonder of all Christian  
people, stands just behind where his tail is. Is't  
not true, Poggio?

*Pog.* So the barber swore, forsooth.

*Don.* And you are running thither?

*Berg.* Ay, forsooth, uncle.

*Don.* Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, sir, you  
shall not go; you have more mind of a puppet-  
play than on the business I told you: why, thou  
great baby, wilt never have wit? wilt make thyself  
a May-game to all the world?

*Pog.* Answer for yourself, master.

*Berg.* Why, uncle, should I sit at home still,  
and not go abroad to see fashions like other gal-  
lants?

*Don.* To see hobby-horses! what wise talk, I  
pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at  
Signior Florio's house?

*Berg.* Oh, the wench!—Uds sa'me, uncle, I  
tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her  
almost burst her belly with laughing.

*Don.* Nay, I think so; and what speech was't?

*Berg.* What did I say, Poggio?

*Pog.* Forsooth, my master said, that he loved  
her almost as well as he loved parmesent; and  
swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but  
such a nose as his was, to be as pretty a young  
woman as any was in Parma.

*Don.* Oh gross!

*Berg.* Nay, uncle;—then she ask'd me, whether  
my father had more children than myself? and I  
said no; 'twere better he should have had his  
brains knock'd out first.

*Don.* This is intolerable.

*Berg.* Then said she, will Signior Donado, your  
uncle, leave you all his wealth?

*Don.* Ha! that was good; did she harp upon  
that string?

*Berg.* Did she harp upon that string! ay, that  
she did. I answered, "Leave me all his wealth?  
why, woman, he hath no other wit; if he had, he  
should hear on't to his everlasting glory and  
confusion: I know, quoth I, I am his white boy,  
and will not be gull'd;" and with that she fell  
into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit  
her.

*Don.* Ah, sirrah, then I see there's no changing  
of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a  
very ass still.

*Berg.* I should be sorry for that, uncle.

*Don.* Come, come you home with me: since  
you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to  
her after some courtly manner, and enclose some  
rich jewel in the letter.

*Berg.* Ay marry, that will be excellent.

*Don.* Peace, innocent!

Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,  
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

*Berg.* Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in FLORIO'S House.

*Enter GIOVANNI and ANNABELLA.*

*Giov.* Come, Annabella, no more Sister now,  
But Love, a name more gracious; do not blush,  
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know  
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflamed  
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life.

*Ann.* And mine is his. Oh, how these stolen  
contents

Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,  
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd!

*Giov.* I marvel why the chaster of your sex  
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead,  
So strange a loss; when, being lost, 'tis nothing,  
And you are still the same.

*Ann.* 'Tis well for you;  
Now you can talk.

*Giov.* Music as well consists  
In th' ear, as in the playing.

*Ann.* Oh, you are wanton!—  
Tell on't, you were best; do.

*Giov.* Thou wilt chide me then.  
Kiss me—so! thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,  
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.  
I envy not the mightiest man alive;  
But hold myself, in being king of thee,  
More great than were I king of all the world:  
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

*Ann.* But you shall not.

*Giov.* You must be married, mistress.

*Ann.* Yes! to whom?

*Giov.* Some one must have you.

*Ann.* You must.

*Giov.* Nay, some other.

*Ann.* Now prithee do not speak so ; without  
You'll make me weep in earnest. [jesting]

*Giov.* What, you will not !

But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dared to swear  
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other ?

*Ann.* By both our loves I dare ; for didst thou  
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem [know,  
To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.

*Giov.* Enough, I take thy word : sweet, we must  
part ;

Remember what thou vow'st ; keep well my heart.

*Ann.* Will you be gone ?

*Giov.* I must.

*Ann.* When to return ?

*Giov.* Soon.

*Ann.* Look you do.

*Giov.* Farewell. [Exit.]

*Ann.* Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep  
thee here,

And where thou art, I know I shall be there.  
Guardian !

*Enter PUTANA.*

*Put.* Child, how is't, child ? well, thank heav'n,  
ha ?

*Ann.* O guardian, what a paradise of joy  
Have I past over !

*Put.* Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past  
under ! why, now I commend thee, charge. Fear  
nothing, sweet-heart ; what though he be your  
brother ? your brother's a man, I hope ; and I say  
still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her  
take any body, father or brother, all is one.

*Ann.* I would not have it known for all the  
world.

*Put.* Nor I indeed ; for the speech of the  
people ; else 'twere nothing.

*Flo.* [within] Daughter Annabella !

*Ann.* O me ! my father, — Here, sir : — reach  
my work.

*Flo.* [within] What are you doing ?

*Ann.* So ; let him come now.

*Enter FLORIO, followed by RICCARDETTO as a Doctor of  
Physic, and PHILOTIS, with a Lute.*

*Flo.* So hard at work ! that's well ; you lose no  
time.

Look, I have brought you company ; here's one,  
A learned doctor, lately come from Padua,  
Much skill'd in physic ; and, for that I see  
You have of late been sickly, I entreated  
This reverend man to visit you some time.

*Ann.* You are very welcome, sir.

*Rich.* I thank you, mistress :

Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,  
As well for virtue as perfection ;  
For which I have been bold to bring with me  
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song  
And music, one perhaps will give content ;  
Please you to know her.

*Ann.* They are parts I love,  
And she for them most welcome.

*Phi.* Thank you, lady.

*Flo.* Sir, now you know my house, pray make  
not strange ;

And if you find my daughter need your art,  
I'll be your pay-master.

*Rich.* Sir, what I am  
She shall command.

*Flo.* You shall bind me to you.

Daughter, I must have conference with you  
About some matters that concern us both.  
Good master doctor, please you but walk in,  
We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning ;  
I think my girl hath not quite forgot  
To touch an instrument ; she could have don't ;  
We'll hear them both.

*Rich.* I'll wait upon you, sir. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in SORANZO'S House.

*Enter SORANZO, with a Book.*

Love's measure is extreme, the comfort pain ;  
The life unrest, and the reward disdain.

What's here ? look't o'er again. — 'Tis so ; so  
writes

This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes :  
But, Sannazar, thou ly'st ; for, had thy bosom  
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,  
Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made  
the[e] smart.

To work then, happy muse, and contradict  
What Sannazar hath in his envy writ. [Writes]

Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys ;  
His pleasures life, and his reward all joys.

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar  
Did, in his brief Eucoumum, celebrate  
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left  
That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,  
And for one only look from Annabel,  
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.  
O, how my thoughts are —

*Vas.* [within] Pray forbear ; in rules of civility,  
let me give notice on't : I shall be tax'd of my  
neglect of duty and service.

*Sor.* What rude intrusion interrupts my peace ?  
Can I be no where private ?

*Vas.* [within] Troth, you wrong your modesty.

*Sor.* What's the matter, Vasques ? who is't ?

*Enter HIPPOLITA and VASQUES.*

*Hip.* 'Tis I ;

Do you know me now ? Look, perjurd man, on her  
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd.  
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth  
A scorn to men and angels ; and shall I  
Be now a foil to thy unsated change ?  
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame  
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms  
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail  
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.  
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,  
Such, and so many, that a heart of steel  
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine ;  
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,  
My husband's death, urg'd on by his disgrace,  
My loss of womanhood, be ill-rewarded  
With hatred and contempt ? No ; know, Soranzo,  
I have a spirit doth as much distaste  
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou  
Dost loath the memory of what hath past.

*Sor.* Nay, dear Hippolita —

*Hip.* Call me not dear,  
Nor think with supple words to smoothe the  
grossness  
Of my abuses ; 'tis not your new mistress,

Your goodly madam-merchant, shall triumph  
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,  
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

*Sor.* You are too violent.

*Hip.* You are too double

In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,  
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care?  
'Tis thou art cause of this; and hast divorced  
My husband from his life, and me from him,  
And made me widow in my widowhood.

*Sor.* Will you yet hear?

*Hip.* More of thy perjuries?

Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;  
Thou need'st not add to thy' number.

*Sor.* Then I'll leave you;

You are past all rules of sense.

*Hip.* And thou of grace.

*Vas.* Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits  
of reason; if my lord had a resolution as noble as  
virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all.  
Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her; griefs, alas,  
will have a vent: I dare undertake madam Hip-  
politita will now freely hear you.

*Sor.* Talk to a woman frantic!—Are these the  
fruits of your love?

*Hip.* They are the fruits of thy untruth, false  
man!

Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband  
liv'd,

That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth  
More than to call me wife? did'st thou not vow,  
When he should die, to marry me? for which.

The devil in my blood, and thy protests,  
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake  
A voyage to Ligorne, for that we heard  
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter  
Young and unfriended, whom, with much ado,  
I wish'd him to bring hither: he did so,  
And went; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.  
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear.

With my advice! yet thou, for whom I did it,  
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

*Sor.* Who could help this?

*Hip.* Who? perjur'd man! thou could'st,  
If thou had'st faith or love.

*Sor.* You are deceived:

The vows I made, if you remember well,  
Were wicked and unlawful; 'twere more sin  
To keep them than to break them: as for me,  
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou  
How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame,  
In bringing of a gentleman to death,  
Who was thy husband; such a one as he,  
So noble in his quality, condition,  
Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,  
As Parma could not show a braver man.

*Vas.* You do not well; this was not your  
promise.

*Sor.* I care not; let her know her monstrous life.  
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,  
I'll be a curse.—Woman, come here no more;  
Learn to repent, and die; for, by my honour,  
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.

[Exit.

*Vas.* This part has been scurvily play'd. [Aside.

*Hip.* How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,  
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn  
Than I once lov'd, his love! but let him go,  
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

[Going.

*Vas.* Mistress, mistress, madam Hippolitita!  
pray, a word or two.

*Hip.* With me, sir?

*Vas.* With you, if you please.

*Hip.* What is't?

*Vas.* I know you are infinitely moved now, and  
you think you have cause; some I confess you  
have, but sure not so much as you imagine.

*Hip.* Indeed!

*Vas.* O you were miserably bitter, which you  
followed even to the last syllable; 'faith, you were  
somewhat too shrewd: by my life, you could not  
have took my lord in a worse time since I first  
knew him; to-morrow, you shall find him a new  
man.

*Hip.* Well, I shall wait his leisure.

*Vas.* Fie, this is not a hearty patience; it comes  
sourly from you; 'troth, let me persuade you for  
once.

*Hip.* I have it, and it shall be so; thanks oppor-  
tunity—[Aside.]—Persuade me! to what?

*Vas.* Visit him in some milder temper. O, if  
you could but master a little your female spleen,  
how might you win him!

*Hip.* He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast  
been a too trusty servant to such a master, and  
I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like  
mine.

*Vas.* So perhaps too.

*Hip.* Resolve thyself it will. Had I one so  
true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as  
thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a  
slight acquittance, not only to make him master  
of all I have, but even of myself.

*Vas.* O you are a noble gentlewoman!

*Hip.* Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well,  
I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an  
old servant daily, what it is.

*Vas.* Beggary and neglect.

*Hip.* True; but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and  
would'st be private to me and my designs, I here  
protest, myself, and all what I can else call mine,  
should be at thy disposal.

*Vas.* Work you that way, old mole? then I have  
the wind of you—[Aside.]—I were not worthy of  
it by any desert that could lie—within my compass;  
if I could—

*Hip.* What then?

*Vas.* I should then hope to live in these my old  
years with rest and security.

*Hip.* Give me thy hand: now promise but thy  
silence,

And help to bring to pass a plot I have;  
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,  
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

*Vas.* Come, you are merry; this is such a hap-  
piness that I can neither think or believe.

*Hip.* Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

*Vas.* Then here I call our good genii for wit-  
nesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against  
whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor  
therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

*Hip.* I take thy word, and, with that, thee for  
mine;

Come then, let's more confer of this anon.—  
On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,  
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[Aside, and exit with VAS.



SCENE III.—*The Street.**Enter RICHARDETTO and PHILOTA.*

*Rich.* Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,

How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace ;  
Wherein I am but as a looker-on,  
Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.

*Phi.* But, uncle, wherein can this borrow'd shape  
Give you content ?

*Rich.* I'll tell thee, gentle niece :  
Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots  
Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead,  
In my late journey to Ligorne for you ;  
As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out.  
Now would I see with what an impudence  
She gives scope to her loose adultery,  
And how the common voice allows hereof ;  
Thus far I have prevail'd.

*Phi.* Alas, I fear  
You mean some strange revenge.

*Rich.* O be not troubled,  
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all—  
But to our business.—What ! you learn'd for  
certain,

How Signior Florio means to give his daughter  
In marriage to Soranzo ?

*Phi.* Yes, for certain.

*Rich.* But how find you young Annabella's love  
Inclined to him ?

*Phi.* For aught I could perceive,  
She neither fancies him or any else.

*Rich.* There's mystery in that, which time must  
shew.

She us'd you kindly ?

*Phi.* Yes.

*Rich.* And crav'd your company ?

*Phi.* Often.

*Rich.* 'Tis well ; it goes as I could wish.

I am the doctor now, and as for you,  
None knows you ; if all fail not, we shall thrive.  
But who comes here ?—I know him ; 'tis Grimaldi,  
A Roman and a soldier, near allied  
Unto the Duke of Montferrato, one  
Attending on the nuncio of the pope  
That now resides in Parma ; by which means  
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

*Enter GRIMALDI.*

*Grim.* Save you, sir.

*Rich.* And you, sir.

*Grim.* I have heard  
Of your approved skill, which through the city  
Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

*Rich.* For what, sir ?

*Grim.* Marry, sir, for this—  
But I would speak in private.

*Rich.* Leave us, cousin.

[*Part. retires.*]

*Grim.* I love fair Annabella, and would know  
Whether in arts there may not be receipts  
To move affection.

*Rich.* Sir, perhaps there may ;  
But these will nothing profit you.

*Grim.* Not me ?

*Rich.* Unless I be mistook, you are a man  
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

*Grim.* What of that ?

*Rich.* In duty to his grace,  
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek

To marry Florio's daughter, you must first  
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

*Grim.* Who's that ?

*Rich.* Soranzo is the man that b'eth her heart,  
And while he lives, be sure you ca not speed.

*Grim.* Soranzo ! what, mine enemy ? is it he ?

*Rich.* Is he your enemy ?

*Grim.* The man I hate

Worse than confusion ; I will tell 'him straight.—

*Rich.* Nay, then take my advice,  
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal ;  
I'll find a time when he and she do meet,  
Of which I'll give you notice ; and, to be sure  
He shall not scape you, I'll provide a poison  
To dip your rapier's point in ; if he had  
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

*Grim.* But shall I trust thee, doctor ?

*Rich.* As yourself ;

Doubt not in aught.—[*Exit GRIM.*].—Thus shall  
the fates decree,

By me Soranzo falls, that ruin'd me. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Street.**Enter DONADO, with a Letter, BENEDETTO, and POGGIO.*

*Don.* Well, sir, I must be content to be both  
your secretary and your messenger myself. I  
cannot tell what this letter may work ; but, as  
sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with  
her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

*Ber.* You make, uncle ! why am not I big enough  
to carry mine own letter, I pray ?

*Don.* Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own !  
why, thou dunce, would'st thou write a letter, and  
carry it thyself ?

*Ber.* Yes, that I would, and read it to her with  
mine own mouth ; for you must think, if she will  
not believe me myself when she hears me speak,  
she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh,  
you think I am a blockhead, uncle. No, sir,  
Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself ; so  
I have.

*Pog.* Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

*Don.* A sweet one, no doubt ; pray let's see it.

*Ber.* I cannot read my own hand very well,  
Poggio ; read it, Poggio.

*Don.* Begin.

*Pog.* [*reads*] Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I  
could call you fair, and lo as fast as any that loves you ;  
but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as  
more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am  
wise enough to tell you I can bourn where I see occasion ;  
or if you like my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall  
marry me ; if you like mine better than his, I will marry  
you, in spite of your teeth. So commending my best parts  
to you, I rest

Yours, upwards and downwards, or you may choose.  
BENEDETTO.

*Ber.* Ah, ha ! here's stuff, uncle !

*Don.* Here's stuff indeed—to shame us all. Pray  
whose advice did you take in this learned letter ?

*Pog.* None, upon my word, but mine own.

*Ber.* And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody's else ;  
'twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for't.

*Don.* Get you home, sir, and look you keep  
within doors till I return.

*Ber.* How ? that were a jest indeed ! I scorn it,  
't'faith.

*Don.* What ! you do not ?

*Ber.* Judge me, but I do now.

*Pog.* Indeed, sir, 'tis very unhealthy.

*Don.* Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not: look to't. [*Exit.*]

*Ber.* Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail?

*Pog.* Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

*Ber.* Dost take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest Poggio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Friar BONAVENTURA's Cell.

*Enter Friar and GIOVANNI.*

*Friar.* Peace! thou hast told a tale, whose every Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul; [word I'm sorry I have heard it: would mine ears Had been one minute deaf, before the hour That thou cam'st to me! O young man, castaway, By the religious number of mine order, I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf: But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd; Thou art a man remark'd to taste a mischief. Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

*Gio.* Father, in this you are uncharitable; What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good. It is a principle which you have taught, When I was yet your scholar, that the frame And composition of the mind doth follow The frame and composition of [the] body So, where the body's furniture is beauty, The mind's must needs be *virtue*; which allow'd, *Virtue* itself is reason but refined, And love the quintessence of that: this proves My sister's beauty, being rarely fair, Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love, And chiefly, in that love, her love to me: If her's to me, then so is mine to her; Since in like causes are effects alike.

*Friar.* O ignorance in knowledge! long ago, How often have I warn'd thee this before? Indeed, if we were sure there were no Deity, Nor heaven nor hell; then to be led alone By nature's light (as were philosophers Of elder times) might instance some defence. But 'tis not so: then, madman, thou wilt find, That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

*Gio.* Your age o'errules you; had you youth like mine, You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

*Friar.* Nay, then I see thou'rt too far sold to It lies not in the compass of my prayers [hell: To call thee back, yet let me counsel thee; Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

*Gio.* Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's Her greedy of variety of lust. [to prove

*Friar.* O fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave To shrieve her, lest she should die unabsolved.

*Gio.* At your best leisure, father: then she'll tell you,

How dearly she doth prize my matchless love; Then you will know what pity 'twere we two Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms. View well her face, and in that little round You may observe a world's variety; For colour, lips: for sweet perfumes, her breath; For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold, Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks! Wonder in every portion of that throne.—

Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres Make music to the citizens in heaven.—

But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd, Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

*Friar.* The more I hear, I pity thee the more; That one so excellent should give those parts All to a second death. What I can do, Is but to pray; and yet—I could advise thee, Wouldst thou be ruled.

*Gio.* In what?

*Friar.* Why leave her yet?

The throne of mercy is above your trespass; Yet time is left you both—

*Gio.* To embrace each other, Else let all time be struck quite out of number; She is like me, and I like her, resolv'd.

*Friar.* No more! I'll visit her;—this grieves me most, Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Room in FLORIO's House.

*Enter FLORIO, DONADO, ANNABELLA, and PUTANA.*

*Flo.* Where is Giovanni?

*Ann.* Newly walk'd abroad, And, as I heard him say, gone to the friar, His reverend tutor.

*Flo.* That's a blessed man, A man made up of holiness; I hope He'll teach him how to gain another world.

*Don.* Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter, sent To you from my young cousin; I dare swear He loves you in his soul: would you could hear Sometimes, what I see daily, sighs and tears, As if his breast were prison to his heart.

*Flo.* Receive it, Annabella.

*Ann.* Alas, good man! [*Takes the Letter.*]

*Don.* What's that she said?

*Put.* An't please you, sir, she said, "Alas, good man!" Truly I do commend him to her every night before her first sleep, because I would have her dream of him; and she hearkens to that most religiously.

*Don.* Say'st so? God a' mercy, Putana! there is something for thee—[*Gives her money*]—and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; it shall not be lost labour, take my word for it.

*Put.* Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

*Ann.* Guardian.

*Put.* Did you call?

*Ann.* Keep this letter.

*Don.* Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

*Flo.* Keep it! for what? pray read it me here-right.

*Ann.* I shall, sir. [*She reads the Letter.*]

*Don.* How do you find her inclined, signior?

*Flo.* Troth, sir, I know not how; not all so well As I could wish.

*Ann.* Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's The jewel I'll return; for if he love, [debtor. I'll count that love a jewel.

*Don.* Mark you that?

Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

*Ann.* You must excuse me,

Indeed I will not keep it.

*Flo.* Where's the ring, That which your mother, in her will, bequeath'd,

And charged you on her blessing not to give it  
To any but your husband? send back that.

*Ann.* I have it not.

*Flo.* Ha! have it not; where is it?

*Ann.* My brother in the morning took it from  
Said he would wear it to-day. [me,

*Flo.* Well, what do you say

To young Bergetto's love! are you content to  
Match with him? speak.

*Don.* There is the point, indeed.

*Ann.* What shall I do? I must say something  
now. [Aside.

*Flo.* What say? why do you not speak?

*Ann.* Sir, with your leave—

Please you to give me freedom?

*Flo.* Yes, you have [it.]

*Ann.* Signior Donado, if your nephew mean  
To raise his better fortunes in his match,  
The hope of me will hinder such a hope:  
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,  
Find one more worthy of his choice than me;  
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

*Don.* Why here's plain dealing; I commend thee  
for't;

And all the worst I wish thee, is, heaven bless  
Your father yet and I will still be friends; [thee!  
Shall we not, Signior Florio?

*Flo.* Yes; why not?

Look, here your cousin comes.

*Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.*

*Don.* Oh coxcomb! what doth he make here?

*Ber.* Where is my uncle, sirs?

*Don.* What is the news now?

*Ber.* Save you, uncle, save you! You must not  
think I come for nothing, masters; and how, and  
how is it? what, you have read my letter? ah,  
there I—tickled you, i'faith.

*Pog.* But 'twere better you had tickled her in  
another place.

*Ber.* Sirrah sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest;  
and riddle what it is.

*Ann.* You say you'll tell me.

*Ber.* As I was walking just now in the street,  
I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the  
wall of me; and because he did thrust me, I very  
valiantly call'd him rogue; he hereupon bade me  
draw, I told him I had more wit than so: but  
when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me  
with the hilts of his rapier, that my head sung  
whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

*Don.* Was ever the like ass seen!

*Ann.* And what did you all this while?

*Ber.* Laugh at him for a gull, till I saw the blood  
run about mine ears, and then I could not choose  
but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a  
broad beard (they say he is a new-come doctor)  
call'd me into his house, and gave me a plaster,  
look you, here 'tis;—and, sir, there was a young  
wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently;  
i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for it—did  
she not, Poggio?

*Pog.* Yes, and kiss'd him too.

*Ber.* Why la now, you think I tell a lie, uncle,  
I warrant.

*Don.* Would he that beat thy blood out of thy  
head, had beaten some wit into it! for I fear thou  
never wilt have any.

*Ber.* Oh uncle, but there was a wench would  
have done a man's heart good to have look'd on  
her. By this light, she had a face methinks worth  
twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

*Don.* Was ever such a fool born?

*Ann.* I am glad she liked you, sir.

*Ber.* Are you so? by my troth I thank you,  
forsooth.

*Flo.* Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was  
last day with us here.

*Ber.* 'Twas she, 'twas she.

*Don.* How do you know that, Simplicity?

*Ber.* Why does he not say so? if I should have  
said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle,  
and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll  
none of that.

*Flo.* A very modest well-behav'd young maid,  
as I have seen.

*Don.* Is she indeed?

*Flo.* Indeed she is, if I have any judgment.

*Don.* Well, sir, now you are free: you need not  
care for sending letters now; you are dismiss'd,  
your mistress here will none of you.

*Ber.* No! why what care I for that? I can  
have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown  
a-piece; cannot I, Poggio?

*Pog.* I'll warrant you, sir.

*Don.* Signior Florio, I thank you for your free  
recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you,  
fair maid, that jewel I will give you against your  
marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

*Ber.* Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell,  
mistress; I'll come again to-morrow—farewell,  
mistress.

[*Exeunt DONADO, BERGETTO, and POGGIO.*

*Enter GIOVANNI.*

*Flo.* Son, where have you been? what alone,  
alone still?

I would not have it so; you must forsake  
This over-bookish humour. Well; your sister  
Hath shook the fool off.

*Gio.* 'Twas no match for her.

*Flo.* 'Twas not indeed; I meant it nothing  
less;

Soranzo is the man I only like;  
Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time.  
And it grows late. [*Exit.*

*Gio.* Whose jewel's that?

*Ann.* Some sweetheart's.

*Gio.* So I think.

*Ann.* A lusty youth,  
Signior Donado, gave it me to wear  
Against my marriage.

*Gio.* But you shall not wear it;  
Send it him back again.

*Ann.* What, you are jealous?

*Gio.* That you shall know anon, at better  
leisure.

Welcome sweet night! the evening crowns the day.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in DONADO'S House.*

*Enter BRASSETTO and POGGIO.*

*Ber.* Does my uncle think to make me a baby still? No, Poggio; he shall know I have a sponce now.

*Pog.* Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

*Ber.* 'Sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

*Pog.* Hold him to the grindstone, and give not a jot of ground; she hath in a manner promised you already.

*Ber.* True, Poggio; and her uncle, the doctor, swore I should marry her.

*Pog.* He swore; I remember.

*Ber.* And I will have her, that's more: didst see the codpiece-point she gave me, and the box of marmalade?

*Pog.* Very well; and kiss'd you, that my chops water'd at the sight on't: there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger-mugger.

*Ber.* I will do it; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

*Pog.* Should you be afraid of your uncle?

*Ber.* Hang him, old doating rascal! no; I say I will have her.

*Pog.* Lose no time then.

*Ber.* I will beget a race of wise men and constables that shall cart whores at their own charges; and break the duke's peace ere I have done, myself.—Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in FLORIO'S House.*

*Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, SORANZO, ANNABELLA, PUTANA, and VASQUES.*

*Flo.* My lord Soranzo, though I must confess The proffers that are made me have been great, In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope Of your still rising honours has prevail'd Above all other jointures: here she is; She knows my mind; speak for yourself to her, And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly: For any private speech, I'll give you time. Come, son, and you the rest; let them alone; Agree [they] as they may.

*Sor.* I thank you, sir.

*Gio.* Sister, be not all woman, think on me. [*Aside to ANN.*]

*Sor.* Vasques.

*Vas.* My lord.

*Sor.* Attend me without—

[*Exeunt all but SORANZO and ANNABELLA.*]

*Ann.* Sir, what's your will with me?

*Sor.* Do you not know

What I should tell you?

*Ann.* Yes; you'll say you love me.

*Sor.* And I will swear it too; will you believe it?

*Ann.* 'Tis no point of faith.

*Enter GIOVANNI, in the Gallery above.*

*Sor.* Have you not will to love?

*Ann.* Not you.

*Sor.* Whom then?

*Ann.* That's as the fates infer.

*Gio.* Of those I'm regent now. \*

*Sor.* What mean you, sweet?

*Ann.* To live and die a maid.

*Sor.* Oh, that's unfit.

*Gio.* Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.

*Sor.* Did you but see my heart, then would you

*Ann.* That you were dead. [swear—

*Gio.* That's true, or somewhat near it.

*Sor.* See you these true love's tears?

*Ann.* No.

*Gio.* Now she winks.

*Sor.* They plead to you for grace.

*Ann.* Yet nothing speak.

*Sor.* Oh, grant my suit.

*Ann.* What is't?

*Sor.* To let me live—

*Ann.* Take it.

*Sor.* Still yours.

*Ann.* That is not mine to give.

*Gio.* One such another word would kill his hopes.

*Sor.* Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,

Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly: Not hope of what you have, but what you are, Hath drawn me on; then let me not in vain Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain: I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

*Ann.* Help, aqua vitæ!

*Sor.* What mean you?

*Ann.* Why, I thought you had been sick.

*Sor.* Do you mock my love?

*Gio.* There, sir, she was too nimble.

*Sor.* 'Tis plain; she laughs at me.—[*Aside.*]

These scornful taunts

Neither become your modesty or years.

*Ann.* You are no looking-glass; or if you were, I would dress my language by you.

*Gio.* I am confirm'd.

*Ann.* To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks

Your common sense should make you understand, That if I lov'd you, or desired your love, Some way I should have given you better taste: But since you are a nobleman, and one I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes, Let me advise you to forbear your suit, And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

*Sor.* Is't you speak this?

*Ann.* Yes, I myself; yet know, (Thus far I give you comfort,) if mine eyes Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all those That sued to me, to make a husband of, You should have been that man; let this suffice, Be noble in your secrecy, and wise.

*Gio.* Why, now I see she loves me.

*Ann.* One word more.

As ever virtue liv'd within your mind, As ever noble courses were your guide, As ever you would have me know you lov'd me, Let not my father know hereof by you: If I hereafter find that I must marry,

It shall be you or none.

*Sor.* I take that promise.

*Ann.* Oh, oh my head!

*Sor.* What's the matter, not well?

*Ann.* Oh, I begin to sicken.

*Gio.* Heaven forbid! [*Exit from above.*]

*Sor.* Help, help, within there, ho!

*Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, and PUTANA.*

Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.

*Flo.* Hold her up, she swoons.

*Gio.* Sister, how do you?

*Ann.* Sick,—brother, are you there?

*Flo.* Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly, I say.

*Put.* Alas, poor child! [*Exeunt all but Sor.*]

*Re-enter VASQUES.*

*Vas.* My lord.

*Sor.* Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone, Both in my present and my future hopes: She plainly told me that she could not love, And thereupon soon sicken'd; and I fear Her life's in danger.

*Vas.* By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. [*Aside.*—] 'Las, sir, I am sorry for that; may be, 'tis but the maids-sickness, an over-flux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial?

*Sor.* She hath, and she hath not; I'm full of But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go. [*Grief;* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter GIOVANNI and PUTANA.*

*Put.* Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, oh your sister!

*Gio.* What of her? for heaven's sake, speak; how does she?

*Put.* Oh that ever I was born to see this day!

*Gio.* She is not dead, ha! is she?

*Put.* Dead! no, she is quick;—'tis worse, she is with child. You know what you have done; heaven forgive you! 'tis too late to repent now, heaven help us!

*Gio.* With child! how dost thou know't?

*Put.* How do I know't? am I at these years ignorant what the meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? of changing of colours, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word; if you let a physician see her water, you are undone.

*Gio.* But in what case is she?

*Put.* Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon epied, and she must look for it henceforward.

*Gio.* Commend me to her, bid her take no care; Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you; Make some excuse, till I return.—Oh me! I have a world of business in my head. Do not discomfort her— How do these news perplex me! If my father Come to her, tell him she's recover'd well; Say 'twas but some ill diet—d'ye hear, woman? Look you to't.

*Put.* I will, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter FLORIO and RICHARDETTO.*

*Flo.* And how do you find her, sir?

*Rich.* Indifferent well;

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick, But that she told me, she had lately eaten Melons, and, as she thought, those disagree'd With her young stomach.

*Flo.* Did you give her aught?

*Rich.* An easy surfeit-water, nothing else; Yo need not doubt her health; I rather think Her sickness is a fulness of her blood— You understand me?

*Flo.* I do; you counsel well;

And once, within these few days, will so order it, She shall be married ere she know the time.

*Rich.* Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy That were dishonour. [*choice;*]

*Flo.* Master doctor, no;

I will not do so neither: in plain words, My lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

*Rich.* A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

*Flo.* As any is in Parma: not far hence,

Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar,

Once tutor to my son; now at his cell

I'll have them married.

*Rich.* You have plotted wisely.

*Flo.* I'll send one straight to speak with him to-night.

*Rich.* Soranzo's wise; he will delay no time.

*Flo.* It shall be so.

*Enter FRIAR and GIOVANNI.*

*Friar.* Good peace be here, and love!

*Flo.* Welcome, religious friar; you are one That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

*Gio.* Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best To draw this holy man from forth his cell, To visit my sick sister; that with words Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need, He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

*Flo.* 'Twas well done, Giovanni; thou herein Hast shew'd a Christian's care, a brother's love: Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber, And one thing would entreat you.

*Friar.* Say on, sir.

*Flo.* I have a father's dear impression, And wish, before I fall into my grave, That I might see her married, as 'tis fit; A word from you, grave man, will win her more Than all our best persuasions.

*Friar.* Gentle sir,

All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in RICHARDETTO'S House.*

*Enter GRIMALDI.*

*Grim.* Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo, Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know 'Tis an unnoable act, and not becomes A soldier's valour; but in terms of love, Where merit cannot sway, policy must: I am resolv'd, if this physician Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

*Enter RICHARDETTO.*

*Rich.* You are come as I could wish; this very Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd must be affianced [*night*]

To Annabella, and, for aught I know,  
Married.

*Grim.* How!

*Rich.* Yet your patience;

The place, 'tis friar Bonaventure's cell.

Now I would wish you to bestow this night

In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night:—

If you miss now, to-morrow I'll know all.

*Grim.* Have you the poison?

*Rich.* Here 'tis, in this box;

Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case.

As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

*Grim.* I'll speed him.

*Rich.* Do.—Away; for 'tis not safe

You should be seen much here,—ever my love!

*Grim.* And mine to you. [Exit.]

*Rich.* So! if this hit, I'll laugh and hug revenge;

And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,

May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin:

But to my other business—niece Philotis!

*Enter PHILOTIS.*

*Phi.* Uncle.

*Rich.* My lovely niece,  
You have bethought you?

*Phi.* Yes,—and, as you counsell'd,  
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears  
He will to-night be married; for he fears  
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,  
Will hinder all, and call his coz to shrift.

*Rich.* To-night? why best of all; but let me see,  
I—ha!—yes,—so it shall be; in disguise  
We'll early to the friar's—I have thought on't.

*Phi.* Uncle, he comes.

*Enter BERNETTO and POGGIO.*

*Rich.* Welcome, my worthy coz.

*Ber.* Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass! A-ha,  
Poggio! [Kisses her.]

*Rich.* There's hope of this yet. [Aside.]  
You shall have time enough; withdraw a little,  
We must confer at large.

*Ber.* Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty de-  
vices for me?

*Phi.* You shall [have] enough, sweetheart.

*Ber.* Sweetheart! mark that, Poggio. By my  
troth I cannot choose but kiss thee once more for  
that word, *sweetheart*. Poggio, I have a mon-  
strous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the  
matter be.

*Pog.* You shall have physic for't, sir.

*Rich.* Time runs apace.

*Ber.* Time's a blockhead.

*Rich.* Be ruled; when we have done what's fit  
to do,  
Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—FLORIO'S House.

*ANNABELLA'S Chamber. A Table with Wax Lights:  
ANNABELLA at Confession before the Friar; she weeps  
and wrings her hands.*

*Friar.* I am glad to see this penance; for, be-  
lieve me,  
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,  
As I must tell you true, I marvel how  
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,  
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,  
Whilst I do read a lecture.

*Ann.* Wretched creature!

*Friar.* Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,  
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,  
List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires,  
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness: in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls  
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders; there is burning oil  
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer  
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;  
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,  
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.—

*Ann.* Mercy! oh mercy!

*Friar.* There stand these wretched things,  
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless  
And secret incests, cursing one another: [sheets  
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave,  
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear  
How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister  
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to  
lust!"—

But soft, methinks I see repentance work  
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with you?

*Ann.* Is there no way left to redeem my mi-  
series?

*Friar.* There is, despair not; Heaven is merci-  
ful,

And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:  
First, for your honour's safety, that you marry  
My lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,  
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

*Ann.* Ah me!

*Friar.* Sigh not; I know the baits of sin  
Are hard to leave; oh, 'tis a death to do't.

Remember what must come: are you content?

*Ann.* I am.

*Friar.* I like it well; we'll take the time.  
Who's near us there?

*Enter FLORIO and GIOVANNI.*

*Flo.* Did you call, father?

*Friar.* Is lord Soranzo come?

*Flo.* He stays below.

*Friar.* Have you acquainted him at full?

*Flo.* I have,

And he is overjoy'd.

*Friar.* And so are we:

Bid him come near.

*Gio.* My sister weeping?—Ha!

I fear this friar's falsehood.—[*Aside.*]—I will call  
him. [Exit.]

*Flo.* Daughter, are you resolv'd?

*Ann.* Father, I am.

• *Re-enter GIOVANNI, with SORANZO and VASQUEZ.*

*Flo.* My lord Soranzo, here  
Give me your hand; for that, I give you this.

[Joins their hands.]

*Sor.* Lady, say you so too?

*Ann.* I do, and vow

To live with you and your's.

*Friar.* Timely resolv'd;

My blessing rest on both! more to be done,  
You may perform it on the morning-sun.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*The Street before the Monastery.*

*Enter GRIMALDI with his Rapier drawn, and a dark Lantern.*

*Grim.* 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon  
To finish such a work; here I will lie  
To listen who comes next. [*He lies down.*]

*Enter BERGETTO and PHILOTTA disguised: and followed, at a distance, by RICARDETTO and POGGIO.*

*Ber.* We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

*Grim.* I hear them near, and heard one say  
"sweetheart."

'Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice,  
Home to his bosom.—Now have at you, sir!

[*Stabs BERGETTO, and exit.*]

*Ber.* Oh help, help! here's a stitch fallen in  
my guts; oh for a flesh-tailor quickly—Poggio!

*Phi.* What ails my love?

*Ber.* I am sure I cannot piss forward and back-  
ward, and yet I am wet before and behind; lights!  
lights! ho, lights!

*Phi.* Alas, some villain here has slain my love.

*Rich.* Oh Heaven forbid it; raise up the next  
neighbours

Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights. [*Exit Poo.*]

How is't, Bergetto? slain! It cannot be;

Are you sure you are hurt?

*Ber.* O my belly seethes like a porridge-pot;  
some cold water, I shall boil over else: my whole  
body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt;  
feel here—why, Poggio!

*Re-enter Poggio, with Officers, and Lights.*

*Pog.* Here; alas! how do you?

*Rich.* Give me a light. What's here? all blood!  
O sirs,

Signior Donado's nephew now is slain.

Follow the murderer with all the haste

Up to the city, he cannot be far hence;

Follow, I beseech you.

*Officers.* Follow, follow, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

*Rich.* Tear off thy linen, coz, to stop his  
Be of good comfort, man. [*wounds;*]

*Ber.* Is all this mine own blood? nay, then,  
good night with me. Poggio, commend me to my  
uncle, dost hear? bid him, for my sake, make  
much of this wench: oh—I am going the wrong  
way sure, my belly aches so—oh farewell, Poggio!  
—oh!—oh!— [*Dies.*]

*Phi.* O, he is dead.

*Pog.* How! dead!

*Rich.* He's dead indeed;

'Tis now too late to weep: let's have him home,  
And, with what speed we may, find out the mur-  
derer.

*Pog.* Oh my master! my master! my master!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in HIPPOLITA'S House.*

*Enter VASQUES and HIPPOLITA.*

*Hip.* Betroth'd?

*Vas.* I saw it.

*Hip.* And when's the marriage-day?

*Vas.* Some two days hence.

*Hip.* Two days! why, man, I would but wish  
two hours,

To send him to his last, and lasting sleep;  
And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

*Vas.* I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust,  
you my secrecy; I am infinitely yours.

*Hip.* I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.  
So soon? O wicked man! I durst be sworn,  
He'd laugh to see me weep.

*Vas.* And that's a villainous fault in him.

*Hip.* No, let him laugh; I am arm'd in my  
Be thou still true. [*resolves:*]

*Vas.* I should get little by treachery against so  
hopeful a preferment, as I am like to climb to—

*Hip.* Even to—my bosom, Vasques. Let my  
youth

Revel in these new pleasures; if we thrive,  
He now hath but a pair of days to live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Street before the Cardinal's Gates.*

*Enter FLORIO, DONADO, RICARDETTO, POGGIO, and Officers.*

*Flo.* 'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child.  
Signior Donado, what is done, is done;  
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

*Rich.* I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,  
That had not first acquainted you what love  
Past 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live,  
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

*Don.* Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm.  
That I am sure of.

*Flo.* I believe that too.

But stay, my masters; are you sure you saw  
The murderer pass here?

*Officer.* An it please you, sir, we are sure we  
saw a ruffian, with a naked weapon in his hand all  
bloody, get into my lord Cardinal's Grace's gate:  
that we are sure of; but for fear of his grace (bless  
us!) we durst go no farther.

*Don.* Know you what manner of man he was?

*Officer.* Yes sure, I know the man; they say he  
is a soldier: he that lov'd your daughter, sir, an't  
please ye; 'twas he for certain.

*Flo.* Grimaldi, on my life.

*Officer.* Ay, ay, the same.

*Rich.* The Cardinal is noble; he no doubt  
Will give true justice.

*Don.* Knock some one at the gate.

*Pog.* I'll knock, sir. [*Knocks*]

*Serv.* [*Within.*] What would ye?

*Flo.* We require speech with the lord Cardinal  
About some present business; pray inform  
His grace that we are here.

*Enter Cardinal, followed by GRIMALDI.*

*Car.* Why how now, friends! what saucy mates  
That know nor duty nor civility? [*are you,*]

Are we a person fit to be your host;  
Or is our house become your common inn,

To beat our doors at pleasure? What such haste  
Is yours, as that it cannot wait fit times?

Are you the masters of this common wealth,  
And know no more discretion? Oh, your news  
Is here before you; you have lost a nephew,  
Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain:  
Is that your business? well, sir, we have knowledge  
Let that suffice. [*on't,*]

*Grim.* In presence of your grace,  
In thought, I never meant Bergetto harm:  
But, Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn

Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,  
Hath often wrong'd me; I to be reveng'd,  
(For that I could not win him else to fight)  
Had thought, by way of ambush, to have kill'd him,  
But was, unluckily, therein mistook;  
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:  
And though my fault to him were merely chance,  
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace, [*Kneeling*.  
To do with me as you please.

*Car.* Rise up, Grimaldi. [*He rises*.  
You citizens of Parma, if you seek  
For justice, know, as Nuñcio from the pope,  
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi  
Into his Holiness' protection:  
He is no common man, but nobly born,  
Of princes' blood, though you, sir Florio,

Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.  
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,  
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.—  
Bury your dead:—away, Grimaldi—leave 'em!  
[*Exeunt Cardinal and GRIMALDI*.

*Don.* Is this a churchman's voice? dwells justice here?

*Flo.* Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.

Soranzo?—was't for him? O impudence!  
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?  
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,  
When cardinals think murder's not amiss:  
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,  
But Heaven will judge them for't, another day.  
[*Exeunt*.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in FLORIO's House. A Banquet set out. Hautboys.*

*Enter the Friar, GIOVANNI, ANNABELLA, PHILOTIS, SORANZO, DONADO, FLORIO, RICHADETTO, PUTANA, and VASQUES.*

*Friar.* These holy rites perform'd, now take your times

To spend the remnant of the day in feast;  
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,  
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes  
To be beheld.—Long prosper in this day,  
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

*Sor.* Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness

Hath been a shield for me against my death;  
And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life  
With this most precious jewel; such a prize  
As earth hath not another like to this.  
Cheer up, my love; and, gentlemen, my friends,  
Rejoice with me in mirth: this day we'll crown  
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

*Gio.* Oh torture! were the marriage yet undone,  
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love  
Clipt by another, I would dare confusion,  
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

[*Aside*.

*Vas.* Are you not well, sir?

*Gio.* Prithce, fellow, wait;

I need not thy officious diligence.

*Flo.* Signior Donado, come, you must forget  
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

*Sor.* Vasques!

*Vas.* My lord.

*Sor.* Reach me that weighty bowl.

Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you,  
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor;  
Here's to your sister's happiness, and mine!

[*Drinks, and offers him the bowl*.

*Gio.* I cannot drink.

*Sor.* What!

*Gio.* 'Twill indeed offend me.

*Ann.* Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.

[*Hautboys*.

*Flo.* How now! what noise is this?

*Vas.* O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain  
young maidens of Parma, in honour to madam  
Annabella's marriage, have sent their loves to her

in a Masque, for which they humbly crave your  
patience and silence.

*Sor.* We are much bound to them; so much  
the more,  
As it comes unexpected: guide them in.

*Enter HIPPOLITA, followed by Ladies in white Robes, with  
Garlands of Willows, all masked.*

MUSIC AND A DANCE.

*Sor.* Thanks, lovely virgins! now might we but  
know

To whom we have been beholding for [this] love,  
We shall acknowledge it.

*Hip.* Yes, you shall know:

What think you now?

[*Unmasks*.

*Omnes.* Hippolita!

*Hip.* 'Tis she;

Be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,  
I come not to defraud you of your man:

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk  
What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both;  
Let rash report run on! the breath that vents it  
Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

But now to you, sweet creature:—lend your  
hand—

Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim  
Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord;  
What I have right to do, his soul knows best:  
But in my duty to your noble worth,  
Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,  
Here, take, Soranzo, take this hand from me,  
I'll once more join, what by the holy church  
Is finished and allow'd.—Have I done well?

*Sor.* You have too much engaged us.

*Hip.* One thing more.

That you may know my single charity,  
Freely I here remit all interest  
I'er could claim, and give you back your vows;  
And to confirm't,—reach me a cup of wine—

[*Vas. gives her a poisoned cup*.

My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink  
Long rest 't ye!—(*she drinks*)—look to it, Vasques.

[*Aside*.

*Vas.* Fear nothing—

*Sor.* Hippolita, I thank you; and will pledge  
This happy union as another life.  
Wine, there!



*Vas.* You shall have none; neither shall you pledge her.

*Hip.* How!

*Vas.* Know now, mistress she-devil, your own mischievous treachery hath kill'd you; I must not marry you.

*Hip.* Villain!

*Omnes.* What's the matter?

*Vas.* Foolish woman, thou art now like a fire-brand, that hath kindled others and burnt thyself:—*troppe sperar, inganna*,—thy vain hope hath deceived thee; thou art but dead; if thou hast any grace, pray.

*Hip.* Monster!

*Vas.* Die in charity, for shame.—This thing of malice, this woman, hath privately corrupted me with promise of [marriage,] under this politic reconciliation, to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage-day. I promised her fair; but I knew what my reward should have been, and would willingly have spared her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin: there she is, she hath yet—and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

*Omnes.* Wonderful justice!

*Rich.* Heaven, thou art righteous.

*Hip.* O 'tis true,

I feel my minute coming. Had that slave Kept promise,—O my torment!—thou, this hour, Hadst dy'd, Soranzo—heat above hell-fire!— Yet, ere I pass away—cruel, cruel flames!— Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart, Burn blood, and boil in vengeance—O my heart, My flame's intolerable—may'st thou live To father bastards; may her womb bring forth Monsters—and die together in your sin, Hated, scorn'd, and unpitied!—oh—oh— [Dies.

*Flo.* Was e'er so vile a creature!

*Rich.* Here's the end Of lust and pride.

*Ann.* It is a fearful sight.

*Sor.* Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,

And never will forget thee.—Come, my love, We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape. Father and friends, we must break up this mirth; it is too sad a feast.

*Don.* Bear hence the body.

*Friar.* [Aside to Gio.] Here's an ominous change!

Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed!—

I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good, Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in RICHARDETTO'S House.

Enter RICHARDETTO and PHILLOS.

*Rich.* My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame

Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon The forfeit of her modesty and life.

And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover, Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall, Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight. I need not now (my heart persuades me so) To further his confusion; there is One

Above begins to work; for, as I hear, Debates already 'twixt his wife and him Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said, Slightens his love, and he abandons her's: Much talk I hear. Since things go thus, my niece, In tender love and pity of your youth, My counsel is, that you should free your years From hazard of these woes, by flying hence To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul In holiness, a holy votaress; Leave me to see the end of these extremes. All human worldly courses are uneven, No life is blessed but the way to heaven.

*Phi.* Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

*Rich.* Ay, gentle niece; and in your hourly prayers

Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.

Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads, Your home your cloister, your best friends your beads;

Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth, Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

*Phi.* Then farewell, world, and worldly thoughts, adieu!

Welcome, chaste vows, myself I yield to you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in Soranzo's House.

Enter Soranzo unbraced, and dragging in ANABELLA.

*Sor.* Come, strumpet, famous whore! were every drop

Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins A life, this sword (dost see't?) should in one blow Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot, That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin, Was there no man in Parma to be bawd To your loose cunning whoredom else but I? Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust, The heyday of your luxury, be fed Up to a surfeit, and could none but I Be pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks, Your belly-sports!—Now I must be the dad To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb!— Why, must I?

*Ann.* Beately man! Why?—'tis thy fate.

I sued not to thee; for, but that I thought Your over-loving lordship would have run Mad on denial, had you lent me time, I would have told you in what case I was: But you would needs be doing.

*Sor.* Whore of whores!

Darest thou tell me this?

*Ann.* O yes; why not?

Were deceived in me; 'twas not for love I chose you, but for honour; yet know this, Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame, I'd see whether I could love you.

*Sor.* Excellent quean!

Why, art thou not with child?

*Ann.* What needs all this,

When 'tis superfluous! I confess I am.

*Sor.* Tell me by whom.

*Ann.* Soft, 'twas not in my bargain.

Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach I am content 't acquaint you with; *THE MAN*, The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,— (For 'tis a boy, [and] therefore glory, sir, Your heir shall be a son)—

*Sor.* Damnable monster!

*Ann.* Nay, an you will not hear, I'll speak no

*Sor.* Yes speak, and speak thy last. [more.]

*Ann.* A match, a match!

This noble creature was in every part  
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,  
Who had not been but human, as was I,  
Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for  
love.—

You! why you are not worthy once to name  
His name without true worship, or, indeed,  
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

*Sor.* What was he call'd!

*Ann.* We are not come to that;

Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory  
To father what so brave a father got.  
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,  
I never had been troubled with a thought  
That you had been a creature;—but for marriage,  
I scarce dream yet of that.

*Sor.* Tell me his name.

*Ann.* Alas, alas, there's all! will you believe?

*Sor.* What!

*Ann.* You shall never know.

*Sor.* How!

*Ann.* Never; if

You do, let me be curs'd.

*Sor.* Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy  
And find it there. [heart,

*Ann.* Do, do.

*Sor.* And with my teeth,

Tear the prodigious letcher joint by joint.

*Ann.* Ha, ha, ha! the man's merry.

*Sor.* Dost thou laugh?

Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth

I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

*Ann.* *Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore?*

[Sings.

*Sor.* Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag  
Thy lust be-leper'd body through the dust—

[Hales her up and down.

Yet tell his name.

*Ann.* *Morendo in grazia dee morire senza  
dolore?* [Sings.

*Sor.* Dost thou triumph! the treasure of the  
earth

Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings

Did beg thy life, or angels did come down

To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail

Against my rage: dost thou not tremble yet?

*Ann.* At what? to die! no, be a gallant hang-  
man;

I dare thee to the worst: strike, and strike home;

I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel it.

*Sor.* Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,

Knows thy old father this?

*Ann.* No, by my life.

*Sor.* Will thou confess, and I will spare thy life!

*Ann.* My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

*Sor.* I will not slack my vengeance.

[Draws his sword.

Enter VASQUES.

*Vas.* What do you mean, sir?

*Sor.* Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore  
Deserves no pity.

*Vas.* Now the gods forefend!

And would you be her executioner, and kill her  
in your rage too? O 'twere most unmanlike; she  
is your wife, what faults have been done by her  
before she married you, were not against you:

alas! poor lady, what hath she committed, which  
any lady in Italy in the like case would not? sir,  
you must be ruled by your reason, and not by your  
fury; that were inhuman and beastly.

*Sor.* She shall not live.

*Vas.* Come, she must: you would have her  
confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I  
warrant you; 'tis an unconcionable demand, and  
she should lose the estimation that I, for my part,  
hold of her worth, if she had done it: why, sir,  
you ought not, of all men living, to know it. Good  
sir, be reconciled; alas, good gentlewoman!

*Ann.* Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life  
As nothing; if the man will needs be mad,  
Why let him take it.

*Sor.* Vasques, hear'st thou this?

*Vas.* Yes, and commend her for it; in this she  
shews the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and be-  
shrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely.—

[Aside to *Sor.*—Sir, in any case smother your  
revenge; leave the scenting out your wrongs to  
me; be ruled, as you respect your honour, or you  
marr all.—[Aloud.]—Sir, if ever my service were  
of any credit with you, be not so violent in your  
distractions: you are married now; what a triumph  
might the report of this give to other neglected  
suitors! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as  
godlike to forgive.

*Sor.* O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,  
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up  
The treasure of my heart. Hadst thou been  
virtuous,

Fair, wicked woman, not the wishless joys

Of life itself, had made me wish to live

With any saint but thee: deceitful creature,

How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame

Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!

I did too dearly love thee.

*Vas.* This is well; follow this temper with some  
passion; be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.

[Aside to *Sor.*

*Sor.* Be witness to my words thy soul and  
thoughts;

And tell me, didst not think that in my heart

I did too superstitiously adore thee?

*Ann.* I must confess, I know you lov'd me well.

*Sor.* And would'st thou use me thus! O  
Annabella,

Be thou assured, who'er the villain was

That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,

Well he might lust, but never loved like me.

He doted on the picture that hung out

Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;

For on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,

And, as I thought, thy virtues.

*Ann.* O, my lord! [do.

These words wound deeper than your sword could

*Vas.* Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin  
to weep myself, so much I pity him; why, madam,  
I knew, when his rage was over-past, what it would  
come to.

*Sor.* Forgive me, Annabella: though thy youth  
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,

Yet will I not forget what I should be,

And what I am, a husband; in that name

Is hid divinity: if I do find

That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit

All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

*Vas.* By my troth, and that's a point of noble  
charity.

*Ann.* Sir, on my knees—

*Sor.* Rise up, you shall not kneel.

Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew  
Of alteration; I'll be with you straight:  
My reason tells me now, that "'tis as common  
To err in frailty as to be a woman."  
Go to your chamber. [Exit ANN.]

*Vas.* So! this was somewhat to the matter:  
what do you think of your heaven of happiness  
now, sir?

*Sor.* I carry hell about me, all my blood  
Is fired in swift revenge.

*Vas.* That may be; but know you how, or on  
whom? Alas! to marry a great woman, being  
made great in the stock to your hand, is a usual  
sport in these days; but to know what ferret it  
was that hunted your coney-burrow,—there is the  
cunning.

*Sor.* I'll make her tell herself, or—

*Vas.* Or what? you must not do so; let me yet  
persuade your sufferance a little while: go to her,  
use her mildly; win her, if it be possible, to a  
voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all  
hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in;  
the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

*Sor.* Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

[Exit.]  
*Vas.* Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! I  
had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a  
pretty while ago; but after my madam's scurvy  
looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and  
loud fault-finding, then I remembered the proverb,  
that "where hens crow, and cocks hold their  
peace, there are sorry houses." 'Sfoot, if the  
lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover  
such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a  
false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again. Up, and  
up so quick? and so quickly too? 'twere a fine  
policy to learn by whom: this must be known; and  
I have thought on't—

[Enter PUTANA, in tears.]

Here's the way, or none.—What, crying, old mis-  
tress! alas, alas, I cannot blame you; we have a  
lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil him-  
self, the more shame for him.

*Put.* O Vasques, that ever I was born to see  
this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes,  
Vasques?

*Vas.* Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if  
some were of my mind, I know what we would do.  
As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to  
kill my lady with unkindness: say she be with  
child, is that such a matter for a young woman of  
her years to be blamed for?

*Put.* Alas, good heart, it is against her will full  
sore.

*Vas.* I durst be sworn, all his madness is for  
that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will  
know; and when he doth know it, I am so well  
acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all  
strait: well, I could wish she would in plain terms  
tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

*Put.* Do you think so?

*Vas.* Foh, I know it; provided that he did not  
win her to it by force. He was once in a mind  
that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it  
out of you; but I somewhat pacified him from  
that; yet sure you know a great deal.

*Put.* Heaven forgive us all! I know a little,  
Vasques.

*Vas.* Why should you not? who else should?  
Upon my conscience she loves you dearly; and  
you would not betray her to any affliction for the  
world.

*Put.* Not for all the world, by my faith and  
troth, Vasques.

*Vas.* 'Twere pity of your life if you should; but  
in this you should both relieve her present discom-  
forts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting  
love and preferment.

*Put.* Dost think so, Vasques?

*Vas.* Nay, I know it; sure it was some near and  
entire friend.

*Put.* 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but—

*Vas.* But what? fear not to name him; my life  
between you and danger: 'faith, I think it was no  
base fellow.

*Put.* Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

*Vas.* 'Uds pity, what else? you shall be re-  
warded too, trust me.

*Put.* 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

*Vas.* Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you!

*Put.* Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman  
as ever kiss'd fair lady. O they love most perpetu-  
ally.

*Vas.* A brave gentleman indeed! why therein I  
commend her choice—better and better—[Aside.]  
You are sure 'twas he?

*Put.* Sure; and you shall see he will not be long  
from her too.

*Vas.* He were to blame if he would; but may I  
believe thee?

*Put.* Believe me! why, dost think I am a Turk  
or a Jew? No, Vasques, I have known their deal-  
ings too long, to belie them now.

*Vas.* Where are you? there, within, sirs!

[Enter BANDITTI.]

*Put.* How now, what are these?

*Vas.* You shall know presently. Come, sirs,  
take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly,  
and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly!

*Put.* Vasques! Vasques!

*Vas.* Gag her, I say; 'sfoot, do you suffer her to  
prate? what do you fumble about? let me come to  
her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied  
bitch! [they gag her.] Sirs, carry her closely into  
the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if  
she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy  
and sure.

[Exit BANDITTI with PUT.]  
Why this is excellent, and above expectation—her  
own brother! O horrible! to what a height of  
liberty in damnation hath the devil trained our age!  
her brother, well! there's yet but a beginning; I  
must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points  
of vengeance: now I see how a smooth tale goes  
beyond a smooth tail; but soft—what thing comes  
next? Giovanni! as I could wish; my belief is  
strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

[Enter GIOVANNI.]

*Gio.* Where's my sister?

*Vas.* Troubled with a new sickness, my lord;  
she's somewhat ill.

*Gio.* Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

*Vas.* Troth, sir, and you I think have even hit  
it; but my virtuous lady—

*Gio.* Where is she?

*Vas.* In her chamber; please you visit her; she  
is alone. [Gio. gives him money.] Your liberality

bath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall,  
ever— [Exit Gio.

*Re-enter SORANZO.*

Sir, I am made a man; I have plied my cue with cunning and success; I beseech you let us be private.

*Sor.* My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

*Vas.* Let him know it; I have made some of them fast enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

*Sor.* Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; O my soul

Runs circular in sorrow for revenge;  
But, Vasques, thou shalt know—

*Vas.* Nay, I will know no more, for now comes your turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you—let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him.—Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

*Sor.* No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Street before SORANZO's House.*

*ANNABELLA appears at a Window, above.*

*Ann.* Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes

Wherein false joys have spun a weary life!  
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.  
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post  
Over the world, to finish up the race  
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,  
And bear to ages that are yet unborn  
A wretched, woeful woman's tragedy!  
My conscience now stands up against my lust,  
With depositions character'd in guilt,

*Enter Friar, below.*

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;  
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,  
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.  
Here like a turtle, (mew'd up in a cage,)  
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,  
And descant on my vile unhappiness.  
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil  
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame;  
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars  
That luckless reign'd at my nativity!  
O would the scourge, due to my black offence,  
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel  
The torment of an uncontrolled flame!

*Friar.* What's this I hear?

*Ann.* That man, that blessed friar,  
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand  
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,  
I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.  
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,  
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;  
And so did I.

*Friar.* Here's music to the soul!

*Ann.* Forgive me, my good Genius, and this  
Be helpful to my ends; let some good man [once  
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit  
This paper, double lined with tears and blood;  
Which being granted, here I sadly vow  
Repentance, and a leaving of that life  
I long have died in.

*Friar.* Lady, Heaven hath heard you,  
And hath by providence ordain'd, that I  
Should be his minister for your behoof.

*Ann.* Ha, what are you?

*Friar.* Your brother's friend, the Friar;  
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear  
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you:  
What would you, or to whom? fear not to speak.

*Ann.* Is Heaven so bountiful?—then I have found  
More favour than I hoped; here, holy man—

[*Throws down a letter.*

Commend me to my brother, give him that,  
That letter; bid him read it, and repent.  
Tell him that I, imprison'd in my chamber,  
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,  
(Which gives me cause of much suspect) have time  
To blush at what hath past; bid him be wise,  
And not believe the friendship of my lord;  
I fear much more than I can speak: good father,  
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy.  
I must break off.—you'll do't?

*Friar.* Be sure I will,  
And fly with speed:—my blessing ever rest  
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest!

[*Exit.*

*Ann.* Thanks to the heavens, who have pro-  
long'd my breath  
To this good use! now I can welcome death.

[*Withdraws from the window.*

### SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter SORANZO and VASQUES.*

*Vas.* Am I to be believed now? first, marry a  
strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to  
laugh at your horns! to feast on your disgrace, riot  
in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed,  
waste your estate upon panders and bawds!—

*Sor.* No more, I say, no more.

*Vas.* A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord!  
*Sor.* I am resolv'd; urge not another word;  
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute  
As thunder; in mean time, I'll cause our lady  
To deck herself in all her bridal robes;  
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.  
Begone—yet hear you, are the banditti ready  
To wait in ambush?

*Vas.* Good sir, trouble not yourself about other  
business than your own resolution; remember that  
time lost cannot be recalled.

*Sor.* With all the cunning words thou canst,  
invite

The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast:  
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,  
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail;  
Be speedy, and return.

*Vas.* Let not your pity betray you, till my coming  
back; think upon incest and cuckoldry.

*Sor.* Revenge is all the ambition I aspire,  
To that I'll climb or fall; my blood's on fire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Florio's House.**Enter GIOVANNI.*

*Gio.* Busy opinion is an idle fool,  
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,  
Frights th' unexperienced temper of the mind :  
So did it me ; who, ere my precious sister  
Was married, thought all taste of love would die  
In such a contract ; but I find no change  
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.  
She is still one to me, and every kiss  
As sweet and as delicious as the first  
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth  
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory  
Of two united hearts like hers and mine !  
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds ;  
My world, and all of happiness, is here,  
And I'd not change it for the best to come :  
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

*Enter FRIAR.*

Father, you enter on the jubilee  
Of my retired delights ; now I can tell you,  
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else  
But slavish and fond superstitious fear ;  
And I could prove it too—

*Friar.* Thy blindness slays thee :  
Lock there, 'tis writ to thee. [*Gives him the letter.*]

*Gio.* From whom ?

*Friar.* Unrip the seals and see ;  
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon  
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.—  
Why d'ye change colour, son ?

*Gio.* Fore heaven, you make  
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love  
And your religion-masked sorceries.  
Where had you this ?

*Friar.* Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd,  
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

*Gio.* 'Tis her hand,  
I know't ; and 'tis all written in her blood.  
She writes I know not what. *Death!* I'll not fear  
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.  
She writes, we are discover'd—pox on dreams  
Of low faint-hearted cowardice !—discover'd ?  
The devil we are ! which way is't possible ?  
Are we grown traitors to our own delights ?  
Confusion take such dotage ! 'tis but forged ;  
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man !—  
Now, sir, what news bring you ?

*Enter VASQUEZ.*

*Vas.* My lord, according to his yearly custom,  
keeping this day a feast in honour of his birth-day,  
by me invites you thither. Your worthy father,  
with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other magni-  
ficoes of Parma, have promised their presence ;  
will't please you to be of the number ?

*Gio.* Yes, tell [him] I dare come.*Vas.* Dare come ?*Gio.* So I said ; and tell him more, I will come.*Vas.* These words are strange to me.*Gio.* Say, I will come.*Vas.* You will not miss ?*Gio.* Yet more ! I'll come, sir. Are you an-  
swered ?*Vas.* So I'll say—my service to you. [*Exit.*]*Friar.* You will not go, I trust.*Gio.* Not go ! for what !

*Friar.* O, do not go ; this feast, I'll gage my  
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin ; [*life,*  
Be ruled, you shall not go.

*Gio.* Not go ! stood death  
Threatening his armies of confounding plagues,  
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,  
I would be there ; not go ! yes, and resolve  
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all ;  
For I will go.

*Friar.* Go where thou wilt ;—I see  
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,  
To a bad fearful end !—I must not stay  
To know thy fall ; back to Bononia I  
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.  
Parma, farewell ; would I had never known thee,  
Or aught of thine ! Well, young man, since no  
prayer

Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. [*Exit.*  
*Go.* Despair, or tortures of a thousand bells,  
All's one to me ; I have set up my rest.

Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots ;  
Be all a man, my soul ; let not the curse  
Of old prescription rend from me the gall  
Of courage, which enrolls a glorious death :  
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,  
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall  
Be crush'd to splints ; with me they all shall perish !  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Soranzo's House.**Enter SORANZO, VASQUEZ with Masks, and Banditti.**Sor.* You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt ?

*Vas.* I will undertake for their parts ; be sure,  
my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmer-  
ciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on  
the very mountains of Liguria : for your pardons,  
trust to my lord ; but for reward, you shall trust  
none but your own pockets.

*Banditti.* We'll make a murder.

*Sor.* Here's gold,—[*Gives them money*—]—here's  
more ; want nothing ; what you do  
Is noble, and an act of brave revenge :  
I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

*Omnes.* Liberty ! liberty !

*Vas.* Hold, take every man a vizard ; when you  
are withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can  
possibly. You know the watch-word, till which  
be spoken, move not ; but when you hear that,  
rush in like a stormy flood : I need not instruct  
you in your own profession.

*Omnes.* No, no, no.

*Vas.* In, then ; your ends are profit and prefer-  
ment.—Away ! [*Exeunt Ban.*]

*Sor.* The guests will all come, Vasquez !

*Vas.* Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge  
your resolution : you see nothing is unready to  
this great work, but a great mind in you ; call to  
your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of  
honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage  
in your own wrongs ; so shall you best right those  
wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call  
your own.

*Sor.* 'Tis well ; the less I speak, the more I burn,  
And blood shall quench that flame.

*Vas.* Now you begin to turn Italian. This be-  
side ; when my young incest-monger comes, he  
will be sharp set on his old bit : give him time  
enough, let him have your chamber and bed at

liberty; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.

*Sor.* It shall be so; and see, as we would wish, He comes himself first—

*Enter GIOVANNI.*

Welcome, my much-lov'd brother; Now I perceive you honour me; you are welcome— But where's my father?

*Gio.* With the other states, Attending on the nuncio of the pope, To wait upon him hither. How's my sister!

*Sor.* Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet; You were best walk to her chamber.

*Gio.* If you will.

*Sor.* I must expect my honourable friends; Good brother, get her forth.

*Gio.* You are busy, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Vas.* Even as the great devil himself would have it! let him go and glut himself in his own destruction—[*Flourish.*—Hark, the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.

*Enter Cardinal, FLORIO, DONADO, RICHADETTO, and Attendants.*

*Sor.* Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,

That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest Your humble servant for this noble favour.

*Car.* You are our friend, my lord; his Holiness Shall understand how zealously you honour Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute: Our special love to you.

*Sor.* Signiors, to you

My welcome, and my ever best of thanks For this so memorable courtesy. Pleaseth your grace, walk near?

*Car.* My lord, we come

To celebrate your feast with civil mirth, As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

*Sor.* Attend his grace there. Signiors, keep your way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANNABELLA'S Bed Chamber in the same.

*ANNABELLA, richly dressed, and GIOVANNI.*

*Gio.* What, chang'd so soon! hath your new sprightly lord

Found out a trick in night-games more than we Could know, in our simplicity?—Ha! is't so? Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous To your past vows and oaths?

*Ann.* Why should you jest

At my calamity, without all sense Of the approaching dangers you are in!

*Gio.* What dangers half so great as thy revolt?

Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st, Malice, or any treachery beside, Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.

And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd!

*Ann.* Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,

And know that now there's but a dining-time 'Twixt us and our confusion; let's not waste

These precious hours in vain and useless speech. Alas! these gay attires were not put on But to some end; this sudden solemn feast Was not ordain'd to riot in expense; I that have now been chamber'd here alone, Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else, Am not for nothing at an instant freed To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother, This banquet is an harbinger of death To you and me; resolve yourself it is, And be prepared to welcome it.

*Gio.* Well, then;

The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

*Ann.* So I have read too.

*Gio.* But 'twere somewhat strange To see the waters burn; could I believe This might be true, I could believe as well There might be hell or heaven.

*Ann.* That's most certain.

*Gio.* A dream, a dream! else in this other world We should know one another.

*Ann.* So we shall.

*Gio.* Have you heard so?

*Ann.* For certain.

*Gio.* But do you think,

That I shall see you there? You look on me.— May we kiss one another, prate, or laugh, Or do as we do here?

*Ann.* I know not that;

But—brother, for the present, what d'ye mean To free yourself from danger? some way think How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

*Gio.* Look up, look here; what see you in my face!

*Ann.* Distraction and a troubled conscience.

*Gio.* Death, and a swift repining wrath:—yet What see you in mine eyes? [look;

*Ann.* Methinks you weep.

*Gio.* I do indeed; these are the funeral tears Shed on your grave; these furrow'd up my cheeks When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo. Fair Annabella, should I here repeat The story of my life, we might lose time. Be record all the spirits of the air, And all things else that are, that day and night, Early and late, the tribute which my heart Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love, Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now!

Never till now did nature do her best, To shew a matchless beauty to the world, Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen, The jealous destinies required again.

Pray, Annabella, pray! since we must part, Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.

Pray, pray, my sister!

*Ann.* Then I see your drift—

Ye blessed angels guard me!

*Gio.* So say I;

Kiss me. If ever aftertimes should hear Of our fast knit affections, though perhaps The laws of conscience and of civil use May justly blame us, yet when they but know Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour, Which would in other incests be abhorr'd.

Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run In these well-colour'd veins! how constantly These palms do promise health! but I could chide

With nature for this cunning flattery—

Kiss me again—forgive me.

*Ann.* With my heart.

*Gio.* Farewell!

*Ann.* Will you be gone?

*Gio.* Be dark, bright sun,

And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays  
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour  
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!  
One other kiss, my sister.

*Ann.* What means this!

*Gio.* To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.

[*Stabs her.*]

Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!

Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

*Ann.* Oh brother, by your hand!

*Gio.* When thou art dead

I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute  
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,  
Would make me stagger to perform this act  
Which I most glory in.

*Ann.* Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins!  
farewell,

Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven  
oh—oh!

[*Dies.*]

*Gio.* She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless  
That in her womb received its life from me, [fruit  
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.  
I must not dally—this sad marriage-bed  
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.  
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this!  
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,  
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood  
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,  
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,  
Triumphing over infamy and hate!  
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,  
And boldly act my last, and greater part!

[*The scene closes.*]

#### SCENE VI.—*A Banqueting Room in the same.*

*A Banquet.*—*Enter the Cardinal, FLORIO, DONADO, SORANZO, RICHARDETTO, VASQUEZ, and Attendants.*

*Vas.* (*apart to SOR.*) Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

*Sor.* Enough—my heart is fix'd.—Pleaseth your grace

To taste these coarse confections: though the use  
Of such set entertainments more consists  
In custom, than in cause, yet, reverend sir,  
I am still made your servant by your presence.

*Car.* And we your friend.

*Sor.* But where's my brother Giovanni?

*Enter GIOVANNI, with a Heart upon his Dagger.*

*Gio.* Here, here, Soranzo! trimm'd in reeking  
blood,

That triumphs over death! proud in the spoil  
Of love and vengeance! fate, or all the powers  
That guide the motions of immortal souls,  
Could not prevent me.

*Car.* What means this?

*Flo.* Son Giovanni!

*Sor.* Shall I be forestall'd?

[*Aside.*]

*Gio.* Be not amazed: if your misgiving hearts  
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear  
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,  
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty  
Which I have acted?—my sister, oh my sister!

*Flo.* Ha! what of her!

*Gio.* The glory of my deed

Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.  
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare,  
I came to feast too; but I digg'd for food  
In a much richer mine, than gold or stone  
Of any value balanced; 'tis a heart,  
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd:  
Look well upon't; do you know it?

*Vas.* What strange riddle's this?

[*Aside.*]

*Gio.* 'Tis Annabella's heart. 'tis; why do you  
stare!

I vow 'tis hers;—this dagger's point plough'd up  
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame  
Of a most glorious executioner.

*Flo.* Why, madman, art thyself?

*Gio.* Yes, father; and, that times to come may  
How, as my fate, I honour'd my revenge, [know.  
List, father; to your ears I will yield up  
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

*Flo.* What is't thou say'st?

*Gio.* Nine moons have had their changes,  
Since I first thoroughly view'd, and truly lov'd,  
Your daughter and my sister.

*Flo.* How? Alas, my lords,

He is a frantic madman!

*Gio.* Father, no.

For nine months space, in secret, I enjoy'd  
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I lived  
A happy monarch of her heart and her;  
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek  
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;  
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd  
The happy passage of our stolen delights,  
And made her mother to a child unborn.

*Car.* Incestuous villain!

*Flo.* Oh, his rage belies him.

*Gio.* It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;

I vow it is so.

*Sor.* I shall burst with fury—

Bring the strumpet forth!

*Vas.* I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Gio.* Do, sir; have you all no faith

To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear  
By all that you call sacred, by the love  
I bore my Annabella whilst she lived,  
These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this  
heart.

*Re-enter Vasquez.*

Is't true or no, sir?

*Vas.* 'Tis most strangely true.

*Flo.* Cursed man—have I lived to—

[*Dies.*]

*Car.* Hold up, Florio.

Monster of children! see what thou hast done,  
Broke thy old father's heart! is none of you  
Dares venture on him?

*Gio.* Let them! O my father,

How well his death becomes him in his griefs!  
Why this was done with courage; now survives  
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood  
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

*Sor.* Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought  
T' outlive thy murders!

[*Drum.*]

*Gio.* Yes, I tell thee yes;

For in my fists I bear the twists of life.

Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;  
Thus I exchange it royally for thine. [*They fight.*  
And thus and thus! now brave revenge is mine.

[*SORANZO falls.*]

*Vas.* I cannot hold any longer. You, sir, are you grown insolent in your butcheries? have at you.

*Gio.* Come, I am arm'd to meet thee. *[They fight.]*

*Vas.* No! will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon—  
VENGEANCE!

*The Banditti rush in*

*Gio.* Welcome! come more of you; whate'er you be,

I dare your worst—

*[They surround and wound him.]*

Oh I can stand no longer; feeble arms,  
Have you so soon lost strength?

*[Falls.]*

*Vas.* Now, you are welcome, sir!—Away, my masters, all is done; shift for yourselves, your reward is your own; shift for yourselves.

*[Aside to Band.]*

*Band.* Away, away!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Vas.* How do you, my lord? See you this? *[pointing to Gio.]* how is't?

*Sor.* Dead; but in death well pleas'd, that I have liv'd

To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil—  
O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give

My last of breath; let not that lecher live—

Oh!—

*[Dies.]*

*Vas.* The reward of peace and rest be with *[you],* my ever dearest lord and master!

*Gio.* Whose hand gave me this wound?

*Vas.* Mine, sir; I was your first man; have you enough?

*Gio.* I thank thee, thou hast done for me  
But what I would have else done on myself.  
Art sure thy lord is dead?

*Vas.* Oh impudent slave!

As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

*Car.* Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

*Gio.* Mercy? why, I have found it in this justice.

*Car.* Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

*Gio.* Oh I bleed fast.

Death, thou'rt a guest long look'd for, I embrace  
Thee and thy wounds; oh, my last minute comes!  
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,  
Freely to view my Annabella's face. *[Dies.]*

*Don.* Strange miracle of justice!

*Car.* Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd all!

*Vas.* You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son, which I have vowed to the father.

*Car.* Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate  
Hath led thee on to this? *[fiend]*

*Vas.* Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs:

for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by lord Soranzo's father; whom, whilst he lived, I served faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him. What I have done, was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransomed his.

*Car.* Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet un-Of council in this incest? *[nam'd,*

*Vas.* Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to this murder'd lady.

*Car.* And what's become of her?

*Vas.* Within this room she is; whose eyes, after her confession, I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of; and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

*Car.* Peace! first this woman, chief in these My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en [effects, Out of the city, for example's sake, There to be burnt to ashes.

*Don.* 'Tis most just.

*Car.* Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

*Don.* I shall.

*Vas.* What for me? if death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

*Car.* Fellow, for thee, since what thou didst Not for thyself, being no Italian, *[was done]*  
We banish thee for ever; to depart  
Within three days: in this we do dispense  
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

*Vas.* 'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. *[Exit.]*

*Car.* Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see them buried;

And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,  
Confiscate by the canons of the church,  
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

*Rich.* *[Discovers himself.]* Your grace's pardon; thus long I liv'd disguised,  
To see the effect of pride and lust at once  
Brought both to shameful ends.

*Car.* What! Richardetto, whom we thought for

*Don.* Sir, was it you— *[dead?]*

*Rich.* Your friend.

*Car.* We shall have time

To talk at large of all; but never yet

Incest and murder have so strangely met.

Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,

Who could not say, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE?

*[Exeunt.]*



# THE BROKEN HEART.

TO THE MOST WORTHY DESERVER OF THE NOBLEST TITLES IN HONOUR,

WILLIAM,

LORD CRAVEN, BARON OF HAMSTEED-MARSHALL.

MY LORD,—The glory of a great name, acquired by a greater glory of action, hath in all ages lived the truest chronicle to his own memory. In the practice of which argument, your growth to perfection, even in youth, hath appeared so sincere, so unflattering a penman, that posterity cannot with more delight read the merit of noble endeavours, than noble endeavours merit thanks from posterity to be read with delight. Many nations, many eyes have been witnesses of your deserts, and loved them; be pleased, then, with the freedom of your own name, to admit one amongst all, particularly into the list of such as honour a fair example of nobility. There is a kind of humble ambition, not uncommendable, when the silence of study breaks forth into discourse, coveting rather encouragement than applause; yet herein censure commonly is too severe an auditor, without the moderation of an able patronage. I have ever been slow in courtship of greatness, not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to opinion: but the justice of your inclination to industry, emboldens my weakness of confidence to relish an experience of your mercy, as many brave dangers have tasted of your courage. Your Lordship strove to be known to the world, when the world knew you least, by voluntary, but excellent attempts: Like allowance I plead of being known to your Lordship (in this low presumption,) by tendering, to a favourable entertainment, a devotion offered from a heart, that can be as truly sensible of any least respect, as ever profess the owner in my best, my readiest services, a lover of your natural love to virtue,

JOHN FORD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMYCLAS, *King of Laconia.*  
ITHOCLES, *a Favourite.*  
ORGIUS, *Son to CROTOLON.*  
BASSANES, *a Jealous Nobleman.*  
ARMOSTES, *a Counsellor of State.*  
CROTOLON, *another Counsellor.*  
PROPHILUS, *Friend to ITHOCLES.*  
NEARCHUS, *Prince of Argos.*  
TECNICUS, *a Philosopher.*  
HEMOPHIL, }  
GRONEAS, } *Courtiers.*

AMELUS, *Friend to NEARCHUS.*  
PHULAS, *Servant to BASSANES.*  
CALANTHA, *the King's Daughter.*  
PENTHEA, *Sister to ITHOCLES.*  
EUPHRANEA, *a Maid of Honour.*  
CHRISTALLA, }  
PHILEMA, } *Maids of Honour.*  
GRAUBIS, *Overseer of PENTHEA.*

Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—SPARTA.

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS FITTED TO THEIR QUALITIES.

ITHOCLES, *Honour of Loveliness.*  
ORGIUS, *Angry.*  
BASSANES, *Vexation.*  
ARMOSTES, *an Appeaser.*  
CROTOLON, *Noise.*  
PROPHILUS, *Dear.*  
NEARCHUS, *Young Prince.*  
TECNICUS, *Artist.*  
HEMOPHIL, *Glutton.*  
GRONEAS, *Tavern-haunter.*  
AMELUS, *Trusty.*  
PHULAS, *Watchful.*

CALANTHA, *Flower of Beauty.*  
PENTHEA, *Complaint.*  
EUPHRANEA, *Joy.*  
CHRISTALLA, *Crystal.*  
PHILEMA, *a Kiss.*  
GRAUBIS, *Old Beldam.*

PERSONS INCLUDED.

THRASUS, *Fierceness.*  
APLOTES, *Simplicity.*

## PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is SPARTA. He whose best of art  
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the BROKEN HEART.  
The title lends no expectation here  
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer  
At place or persons; no pretended clause  
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause  
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,  
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.  
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays  
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays;

Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce  
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.  
This law we keep in our presentment now,  
Not to take freedom more than we allow;  
What may be here thought FICTION, when time's  
youth  
Wanted some riper years, was known A TRUTH:  
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right,  
You may partake a pity, with delight.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Room in CROTOLON'S House.

*Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.*

*Crot.* Dally not further; I will know the reason  
That speeds thee to this journey.

*Org.* "Reason?" good sir,  
I can yield many.

*Crot.* Give me one, a good one;  
Such I expect, and ere we part must have:  
"Athens!" pray, why to Athens? you intend not  
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,  
Or read the logic lecture, or become  
An Arcopagite, and judge in cases  
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it,  
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate  
So grave an honour.

*Org.* All this I acknowledge.

*Crot.* You do! then, son, if books and love of  
knowledge

Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta  
You may as freely study.

*Org.* 'Tis not that, sir.

*Crot.* Not that, sir! As a father, I command  
To acquaint me with the truth. [thee

*Org.* Thus, I obey you.

After so many quarrels, as dissension,  
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and some-  
With death to such confederates, as sided [times  
With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord;  
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled  
Our eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace:  
Friends you profess'd yourselves; which to con-  
A resolution for a lasting league [firm.  
Betwixt your families, was entertained,  
By joining, in a Hymenean bond,  
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter  
To Thrasus.

*Crot.* What of this?

*Org.* Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange  
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls  
In a firm growth of union, that no time  
Can eat into the pledge:—we had enjoy'd  
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty  
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,  
By Thrasus his untimely death.

*Crot.* Most certain.

*Org.* From this time sprouted up that poisonous  
stalk  
Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravish'd  
All health, all comfort of a happy life:

For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,  
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely  
The memory of former discontents,  
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,  
Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces  
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage  
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour  
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—  
*Crot.* All this is no sound reason to importune  
My leave for thy departure.

*Org.* Now it follows.

Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture  
By an insulting brother, being secretly  
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up  
To him, who never can usurp her heart,  
Before contracted mine; is now so yoked  
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,  
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,  
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,  
In hearing but her name.

*Crot.* As how, pray?

*Org.* Bassanes,

The man that calls her wife, considers truly  
What heaven of perfections he is lord of,  
By thinking fair Penthea his; this thought  
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love  
Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,  
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.  
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,  
He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle;  
Some one, he is assured, may now or then  
(If opportunity but sort) prevail:  
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,  
His fears transport him!—not that he finds cause  
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

*Crot.* You spin out your discourse.

*Org.* My griefs are violent—

For knowing how the maid was heretofore  
Court'd by me, his jealousies grow wild  
That I should steal again into her favours,  
And undermine her virtues; which the gods  
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from  
I undertake a voluntary exile; [hence,  
First, by my absence to take off the cares  
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,  
To free Penthea from a hell on earth:  
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,  
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

*Crot.* Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,  
I give a full consent;—alas, good lady!—  
We shall hear from thee often?

*Org.* Often.

*Crot.* See,

Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

*Enter EUPHRANEA.*

*Euph.* Brother!

*Org.* Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print  
A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour,  
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.

Before we part, in presence of our father,  
I must prefer a suit t' you.

*Euph.* You may stile it,  
My brother, a command.

*Org.* That you will promise  
Never to pass to any man, however  
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,  
I give a free consent.

*Crot.* An easy motion!  
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

*Org.* Your pardon;  
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

*Euph.* By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.  
*Crot.* And I,

By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow;  
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her  
On any living.

*Org.* Dear Euphranea,  
Mistake me not; far, far 'tis from my thought,  
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder  
Preferment to an honourable bed,  
Or fitting fortune; thou art young and handsome;  
And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,  
Not to advance thy merit: trust me, sister,  
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd  
As may become thy choice, and our contents.  
I have your oath.

*Euph.* You have; but mean you, brother,  
To leave us, as you say?

*Crot.* Aye, aye, Euphranea.  
He has just grounds direct him; I will prove  
A father and a brother to thee.

*Euph.* Heaven  
Does look into the secrets of all hearts:  
Gods! you have mercy with you, else—

*Crot.* Doubt nothing,  
Thy brother will return in safety to us.

*Org.* Souls sunk in sorrows never are without  
them;

They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about  
them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.* *Enter* AMYCLAS, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS,  
Courtiers and Attendants.

*Amyc.* The Spartan gods are gracious; our  
humility

Shall bend before their altars, and perfume  
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.  
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering  
Into his youth again! I shall shake off  
This silver badge of age, and change this snow  
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;  
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

*Arm.* May old time

Run back to double your long life, great sir!

*Amyc.* It will, it must, Armostes; thy bold  
nephew,

Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates

Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.  
Laconia is a monarchy at length;  
Hath in this latter war trod under foot  
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck  
To Lacedemon's royalty. O, 'twas  
A glorious victory, and doth deserve  
More than a chronicle; a temple, lords,  
A temple to the name of Ithocles.  
Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?

*Pro.* At Peppon,  
Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest  
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,  
For such conditions as you shall propose,  
In settling peace, and liberty of life.

*Amyc.* When comes your friend the general?  
*Pro.* He promised

To follow with all speed convenient.

*Enter* CROTOLON, CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA,  
and PHILEMA with a garland.

*Amyc.* Our daughter! dear Calantha, the happy  
The conquest of Messene, hath already [*news,*  
Enrich'd thy knowledge.

*Cal.* With the circumstance  
And manner of the fight, related faithfully  
By Prophilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,  
How doth the youthful general demean  
His actions in these fortunes?

*Pro.* Excellent princess,  
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth  
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,  
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits  
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest  
Such amplitude of his success, as would,  
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,  
Advance them to comparison with heaven:  
But Ithocles—

*Cal.* Your friend—

*Pro.* He is so, madam,  
In which the period of my fate consists—  
He, in this firmament of honour, stands  
Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder  
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning  
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,  
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

*Crot.* You describe  
A miracle of man.

*Amyc.* Such, Crotolon, [*Flourish.*  
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.  
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him.

*Enter* ITHOCLES, ushered in by the Lords, and followed by  
HEMOPHIL and GONERAS.

*Amyc.* Return into these arms, thy home, thy  
sanctuary,

Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,  
Mine own, own Ithocles!

*Ith.* Your humblest subject.

*Arm.* Proud of the blood I claim an interest in.  
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,  
Right noble nephew.

*Ith.* Sir, your love's too partial.

*Crot.* Our country speaks by me, who by thy  
valour,

Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;  
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,  
A general welcome.

*Ith.* You exceed in bounty.

*Cal.* Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. [*Takes  
the chaplet from them.*] Ithocles,

Upon the wings of fame, the singular

And chosen fortune of an high attempt,  
Is borne so past the view of common sight,  
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought  
To crown thy temples, this Provincial garland;  
Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift  
Deserv'd, not purchased.

*Ith.* You are a royal maid.

*Amyc.* She is, in all, our daughter.

*Ith.* Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,  
What nothings I have done, compared with the  
Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind; [honours  
In that lay mine ability, that only:  
For who is he so sluggish from his birth,  
So little worthy of a name or country,  
That owes not out of gratitude for life  
A debt of service, in what kind soever,  
Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth  
Requires, for payment?

*Cal.* He speaks truth.

*Ith.* Whom heaven

Is pleased to style victorious, there, to such,  
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests  
In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,  
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;  
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood  
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,  
As his, whose much more delicate condition  
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment commands,  
But resolution executes. I use not,  
Before this royal presence, these fit slights,  
As in contempt of such as can direct;  
My speech hath other end; not to attribute  
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strength-  
en'd

By many hands:—for instance, here is Prophilus,  
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)  
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,  
Both Hemophil and Gronneas were not missing  
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,  
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

*Amyc.* Courtiers turn soldiers!—We vouchsafe  
our hand; [*Hem. and Gron. kiss his hand.*]

Observe your great example.

*Hem.* With all diligence.

*Gron.* Obsequiously and hourly,

*Amyc.* Some repose

After these toils is needful. We must think on  
Conditions for the conquer'd; they expect them.  
On!—Come, my Ithocles.

*Euph.* Sir, with your favour,

I need not a supporter.

*Pro.* Fate instructs me.

[*Exit AMYC. attended; ITH., CAL., &c.—As CHRIS. and  
PHIL. are following CAL., they are detained by HEM.  
and GRON.*]

*Chris.* With me?

*Phil.* Indeed I dare not stay.

*Hem.* Sweet lady,

Soldiers are blunt,—your lip. [*Places her.*]

*Chris.* Fye, this is rudeness;  
You went not hence such creatures.

*Gron.* Spirit of valour

Is of a mounting nature.

*Phil.* It appears so.—

Pray [now], in earnest, how many men apiece  
Have you two been the death of?

*Gron.* 'Faith, not many;

We were composed of mercy.

*Hem.* For our daring,

You heard the general's approbation  
Before the king.

*Chris.* You "wish'd your country's peace;"  
That show'd your charity: where are your spoils,  
Such as the soldier fights for?

*Phil.* They are coming.

*Chris.* By the next carrier, are they not?

*Gron.* Sweet Philema,

When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,  
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,  
Another's arms and legs,—

*Phil.* And all together.

*Gron.* Then I would with a sigh remember thee,  
And cry, "Dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake  
I do these deeds of wonder!"—dost not love me,  
With all thy heart now?

*Phil.* Now, as heretofore.

I have not put my love to use; the principal  
Will hardly yield an interest.

*Gron.* By Mars,

I'll marry thee!

*Phil.* By Vulcan, you're foresworn,  
Except my mind do alter strangely.

*Gron.* One word.

*Chris.* You lie beyond all modesty:—forbear me.  
*Hem.* I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis  
Mine own by conquest.

*Chris.* By petition;—sue for't  
In *forma pauperis*.—"City?" kennel.—Gallants!  
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;  
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,  
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!

*Hem.* Christalla!

*Gron.* Practise to drill hogs, in hope  
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,  
But not so valiant; they oft times draw blood,  
Which you durst never do. When you have prac-  
More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you [tis'd  
I' th' list of men; till then, brave things at arms,  
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Gronneas!

*Phil.* And Hemophil the hardy—at your ser-  
vices. [*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

*Gron.* They scorn us as they did before we went.

*Hem.* Hang them, let us scorn them; and be

*Gron.* Shall we? [*revenged.*]

*Hem.* We will; and when we slight them thus,  
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;  
It is a woman's nature.

*Gron.* 'Tis a scurvy one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace. A  
Grove.*

*Enter TERNICUS, and ORGILUS, disguised, like one of his  
Scholars.*

*Tec.* Tempt not the stars, young man, thou  
canst not play  
With the severity of fate; this change  
Of habit and disguise in outward view  
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee  
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all  
times  
Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note  
A consequence of danger.

*Org.* Give me leave,  
Grave Ternicus, without foredooming destiny,  
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,  
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm  
Of thy oraculous lectures: if my fortune

Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest  
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts  
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.  
I will not court the world.

*Tec.* Ah, Orgilus,  
Neglects in young men of delights and life,  
Run often to extremities; they care not  
For harms to others, who condemn their own.

*Org.* But I, most learned artist, am not so much  
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift  
Of any true deserfer; nor doth malice  
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,  
As that I yield to thought of more affliction  
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore  
Impute not this retired course of living  
Some little time, to any other cause  
Than what I justly render; the information  
Of an unsettled mind; as the effect  
Must clearly witness.

*Tec.* Spirit of truth inspire thee!  
On these conditions I conceal thy change,  
And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—  
I'll to my study.

[Exit.]

*Org.* I to contemplations,  
In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,  
I may without suspicion hearken after  
Penthea's usage, and Euphranea's faith.  
Love, thou art full of mystery! the deities  
Themselves are not secure, in searching out  
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste  
A breast, made tributary to the laws  
Of beauty; physic yet hath never found  
A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—  
Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk  
Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

*PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA pass by, arm in arm, and  
whispering.*

My sister; O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea  
With Propphilus; supported too! I would  
It were an apparition! Propphilus  
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—

*Re-enter PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA.*

Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit  
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,  
Mine eyes and ears are open.

[Walks aside, pretending to read.]

*Pro.* Do not waste  
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods  
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,  
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,  
For purchase of belief to my desires,—

*Org.* Desires!

*Pro.* My service, my integrity.—

*Org.* That's better.

*Pro.* I should but repeat a lesson  
Of conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes:  
My love is honourable.—

*Org.* So was mine

To my Penthea; chastely honourable.

*Pro.* Nor wants there more addition to my wish  
Of happiness, than having thee a wife;  
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend  
Firm and unalterable.

*Org.* But a brother

More cruel than the grave.

*Euph.* What can you look for  
In answer to your noble protestations,  
From an unskilful maid, but language suited  
To a divided mind?

*Org.* Hold out, Euphranea!

*Euph.* Know, Propphilus, I never undervalued,  
From the first time you mention'd worthy love.  
Your merit, means, or person; it had been  
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness  
In my affections, not to weigh and thank  
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace  
Of so much blissfulness: for, to speak truth,  
The law of my desires kept equal pace  
With yours; nor have I left that resolution:  
But only, in a word, whatever choice  
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure  
Consent, both from my father and my brother,  
Ere he can own me his.

*Org.* She is foresworn else.

*Pro.* Leave me that task.

*Euph.* My brother, ere he parted  
To Athens, had my oath.

*Org.* Yes, yes, he had sure.

*Pro.* I doubt not, with the means the court  
supplies,  
But to prevail at pleasure.

*Org.* Very likely!

*Pro.* Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my  
hopes

On the foundation of thy constant sufferance.  
In any opposition.

*Euph.* Death shall sooner  
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,  
Than my chaste vows from truth.

*Pro.* On thy fair hand  
I seal the like.

*Org.* There is no faith in woman.  
Passion, O be contain'd!—my very heart-strings  
Are on the tenters.

*Euph.* We are overheard.  
Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, air,  
Of some one near.

*Pro.* Your fears are needless, lady;  
None have access into these private pleasures,  
Except some near in court, or bosom student  
From Tecnicus his Oratory; granted  
By special favour lately from the king  
Unto the grave philosopher.

*Euph.* Methinks  
I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

*Pro.* 'Tis a poor scholar; as I told you, lady.

*Org.* I am discover'd.—Say it; is it possible.  
[Half aloud to himself, as if studying.]

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,  
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—  
To turn or to appease the raging sea?  
Answer to that.—Your art!—what art? to catch  
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?  
No, no; they'll out, they'll out; you may as easily  
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,  
As—fiddle-fiddle so! peace, or speak sense.

*Euph.* Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's  
lunatic.

*Pro.* Observe him, sweet; 'tis but his recreation.

*Org.* But will you hear a little? You are so  
tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument; philosophy  
Works not upon impossibilities,

But natural conclusions.—Mew!—*absurd!*

The metaphysics are but speculations  
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents

As not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,

Appear to us unnatural; that's all.  
Prove it;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,

I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting  
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

*Pro.* Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*]

*Org.* Ha, ha, ha!

These apish boys, when they but taste the gram-  
And principles of theory, imagine [mates,  
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence  
Leads many into errors.

*Pro.* By your leave, sir.

*Euph.* Are you a scholar, friend?

*Org.* I am, gay creature,

With pardon of your deities, a mushroom  
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then;  
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!  
Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and sleep.

*Pro.* Does Tecnicus read to thee?

*Org.* Yea, forsooth,

He is my master surely; yonder door  
Opens upon his study.

*Pro.* Happy creatures!

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,  
Nor sink in thaws of greatness: their affections  
Keep order with the limits of their modesty;  
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name?

*Org.* Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

*Euph.* Dost thou want anything?

*Org.* Books, Venus, books.

*Pro.* Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,  
And most available for both our comforts.

*Euph.* My lord,—

*Pro.* While I endeavour to deserve

Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar  
May daily at some certain hours attend,  
What notice I can write of my success,  
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands;  
The like from you to me: so can we never,  
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence;  
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues  
cannot.

*Euph.* Occasion is most favourable; use it.

*Pro.* Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day,  
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,  
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters  
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,  
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish  
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

*Org.* Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I be-  
seech thee.

Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:  
You will not fail me books?

*Pro.* Nor ought besides,

Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphra-  
Mine Prophilus. [uea,

*Org.* I have a pretty memory;

It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss  
One minute of the hours appointed.

*Pro.* Write

The books thou would'st have bought thee, in a  
note,

Or take thyself some money.

*Org.* No, no money:

Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,  
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

*Pro.* Books of what sort thou wilt: do not for-  
Our names. [get

*Org.* I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

*Pro.* Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our  
desires;

We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt Pro. and Euph.*]

*Org.* Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light  
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!

Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.

Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,  
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality  
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach  
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.

Great arts best write themselves in their own  
stories;

They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in BASSANES' House.

*Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.*

*Bass.* I'll have that window next the street  
damm'd up;

It gives too full a prospect to temptation,  
And courts a gazer's glances: there's a lust  
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,  
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-  
Adultery, be lick'd into the act, [whelp,  
The very act:—that light shall be damm'd up;  
D'ye hear, sir?

*Phu.* I do hear, my lord; a mason  
Shall be provided suddenly.

*Bass.* Some rogue,  
Some rogue of your confederacy, (factor  
For slaves and strumpets!) to convey close packets  
From this spruce springal, and the t'other young-  
ster;

That gawdy earwig, or my lord your patron,  
Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat out,  
Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up  
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,

A scroll, but half as big as what can cover  
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,  
Directed to my lady; it may prove  
A mystical preparative to lewdness.

*Phu.* Care shall be had.—I will turn every  
thread

About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life! [*Aside.*]

*Bass.* The city housewives, cunning in the traffic  
Of chamber merchandize, set all at price  
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and  
simper,

Coll, kiss, and cry "sweetheart," and stroke the  
head

Which they have branch'd; and all is well again!  
Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs  
Stuck on the forehead.

*Phu.* 'Tis a villainous world;  
One cannot hold his own in't.

*Bass.* Dames at court

Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:  
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers  
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;  
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.

Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to death

By such unlawful hire. The country mistress  
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides  
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt;  
But all are false: on this truth I am bold,  
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—  
Now, for the newest news about the city;  
What blab the voices, sirrah?

*Phu.* O, my lord,  
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,  
That ever—

*Bass.* Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!  
What is't?

*Phu.* Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd  
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded  
Another of a pure carnation colour,  
Speckled with green and russet.

*Bass.* Ignorant block!  
*Phu.* Yes truly; and 'tis talk'd about the streets,  
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions  
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears  
Have danced their very hearts out.

*Bass.* Dance out thine too.  
*Phu.* Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens  
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought  
He never can return.

*Bass.* Grant it, Apollo!  
*Phu.* Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis  
reported

For certain, that whoever is found jealous  
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,  
Shall be divorced;—but this is but she-news,  
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

*Bass.* Antick, no more! ideots and stupid fools  
Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,  
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—  
Look to the doors.

*Phu.* The horn of plenty crest him!  
[*Aside, and exit.*]

*Bass.* Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts  
In rare distemper.—Beauty! oh, it is  
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse.  
She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning  
forth,

Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.—  
The way to poverty is to be rich;  
As I in her am wealthy; but for her,  
In all contents, a bankrupt.

*Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS.*

Lo'vd Penthea!  
How fares my heart's best joy?

*Grau.* In sooth not well,  
She is so over-sad.

*Bass.* Leave chattering, magpie.—  
Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and honour'd  
With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him;  
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,  
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre  
Of jewels above value, that the dames  
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,  
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen  
Fret in their tears; whilst every wond'ring eye  
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.  
Choose thine own recreations; be a queen  
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,  
What place, what times; do anything, do all things  
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds  
From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

*Grau.* Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What, lady!  
Be merry; time is precious. [Laugh,

*Bass.* Furias whip thee! [Aside.]  
*Pen.* Alas, my lord! this language to your  
handmaid

Sounds as would music to the deaf; I need  
No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw  
The whiteness of my name into offence:  
Let such, if any such there are, who covet  
A curiosity of admiration,  
By laying out their plenty to full view,  
Appear in gaudy outwardies; my attires  
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;  
From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,  
Change not the livery your words bestow,  
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

*Bass.* This house, methinks, stands somewhat  
too much inward,  
It is too melancholy; we'll remove  
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea  
Of the delightful island we command?  
Rule me as thou canst wish.

*Pen.* I am no mistress:  
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways  
Are alike pleasant to me.

*Grau.* "Island!" prison;  
A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands;  
Marry, out upon 'em! whom shall we see there?  
Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,  
And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish; goodly gear  
For a young lady's dealing,—or an old one's!  
On no terms, islands; I'll be stew'd first.

*Bass.* [*aside to GRAU.*] Grausis,  
You are a juggling bawd.—This sadness, sweetest,  
Becomes not youthful blood;—I'll have you  
pounded—

For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;  
Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.  
Damnable bitch-fox! [To GRAU.]

*Grau.* I am thick of hearing,  
Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think  
you,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord!  
Would not a chopping boy do you good at heart?  
But, as you said—

*Bass.* I'll spit thee on a stake,  
Or chop thee into collops! [Aside to GRAU.]

*Grau.* Pray, speak louder.  
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

*Pen.* Thou prat'st madly.  
*Bass.* 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?

*Enter PHULAS.*

*Phu.* A herd of lords, sir.

*Bass.* Ha!  
*Phu.* A flock of ladies.

*Bass.* Where?

*Phu.* Shoals of horses.

*Bass.* Peasant, how?

*Phu.* Caroches

In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without,  
sir;

And now I vanish. [Exit.]

*Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONWAS, CHRISTALLA and  
PHILEMA.*

*Pro.* Noble Bassanes!  
*Bass.* Most welcome, Prophilus: ladies, gentle  
men,  
To all, my heart is open; you all honour me.—

(A tympany swells in my head already) [*Aside.*]  
Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,  
Wagtails and jays together! [*Aside.*]

*Pro.* From your brother,  
By virtue of your love to him, I require  
Your instant presence, fairest.

*Pen.* He is well, sir?

*Pro.* The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear  
I find some alteration in him lately, [*beauty,*]  
Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,  
I pray, use no delay.

*Bass.* We had not needed  
An invitation, if his sister's health  
Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,  
Slack not a minute; lead the way, good Prophilus,  
I'll follow step by step.

*Pro.* Your arm, fair madam.

[*Exeunt all but Bass. and Grau.*]

*Bass.* One word with your old bawdship: thou  
hadst better

Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st than have  
My will; I'll use thee cursedly. [*thwarted*]

*Grau.* You doat,  
You are beside yourself. A politician  
In jealousy? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.  
Fish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue:  
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,  
By which I shall know all; my trade's a sure one.

*Bass.* Forgive me, Grauisis, 'twas consideration  
I relish'd not; but have a care now.

*Grau.* Fear not,

I am no new-come-to't.

*Bass.* Thy life's upon it.

And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.*

[*Enter ITHOCLES.*]

*Ith.* Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws  
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.  
Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,  
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,  
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.  
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,  
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish  
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied  
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,  
At whose sweet music all our actions dance:  
But this is form ['d] of books, and school-tradition;  
It physics not the sickness of a mind  
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased  
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means;  
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

[*Enter ARMOSTES and CROTON.*]

*Arm.* You stick, lord Croton, upon a point  
Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus  
Is every way desertful. I am confident  
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction  
From your son's tutelage.

*Crot.* Yet not so ripe,  
My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote  
Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,  
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

*Ith.* Not yet  
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent  
Be so available, we'll write to Athens  
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand  
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.

*Arm.* Yes, and the king himself importuned  
Croton

For a dispatch.

*Crot.* Kings may command; their wills  
Are laws not to be question'd.

*Ith.* By this marriage

You knit an union so devout, so hearty,  
Between your loves to me, and mine to yours,  
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;  
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.

*Crot.* My lord, my lord!

*Ith.* What, good sir? speak your thought.

*Crot.* Had this sincerity been real once,  
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,  
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed:  
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;  
For had your father Thrasus liv'd,—but peace  
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

*Arm.* You are bold and bitter.

*Ith.* He presses home the injury; it smarts.—  
[*Aside.*]

No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.  
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat  
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,  
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,  
Rawsness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,  
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,  
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,  
A capital fault; for then I could not dive  
Into the secrets of commanding love;  
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,  
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Cro-  
tolon,

I will redeem those wrongs with any service  
Your satisfaction can require for current.

*Arm.* The acknowledgment is satisfaction:  
What would you more?

*Crot.* I am conquer'd: if Euphranea  
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;  
I doubt not my son's liking.

*Ith.* Use my fortunes,  
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

*Arm.* The princess, with your sister.

[*Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA,  
EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.*]

*Cal.* I present you

A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not  
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,  
We had not been made happy in her company.

*Ith.* You are a gracious princess—Sister,  
wedlock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,  
Which can engross all duty to your husband,  
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.  
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume.

[*To Bass.*]

T'immure her in a chamber.

*Bass.* 'Tis her will;  
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,  
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:  
Our lady has of late been indisposed,  
Else we had waited on you with the first.

*Ith.* How does Penthea now?

*Pen.* You best know, brother,  
From whom my health and comforts are derived.

*Bass.* [*aside*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad  
and modest.

There may be tricks yet, tricks—Have an eye,  
Grauisis!



*Cal.* Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must  
Fall by too long demur. [not

*Crot.* 'Tis granted, princess,  
For my part.

*Arm.* With condition, that his son  
Favour the contract.

*Cal.* Such delay is easy.  
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,  
A proud deserfer of Euphranea's love,  
And her of thy desert!

*Pro.* Most sweetly gracious!

*Bass.* The joys of marriage are the heaven on  
earth,

Life's paradise, great princeas, the soul's quiet,  
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,  
Eternity of pleasures;—no restoratives  
Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she?  
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create  
Such a new monster) (*aside*)—I can speak by proof,  
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.

*Crot.* Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, speak  
In thy affections to this gentleman! [freely,

*Euph.* Nor more, nor less than as his love as-  
sures me;

Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)  
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

*Crot.* So, so! I know your answer. [To *Pro.*

*Ith.* 'T had been pity,  
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

*Enter HERMOPHIL.*

*Hem.* The king, lord Ithocles, commands your  
And, fairest princess, yours. [presence;

*Cal.* We will attend him.

*Enter GRONNAS.*

*Gron.* Where are the lords? all must unto the  
Without delay; the prince of Argos— [king

*Cal.* Well, sir?

*Gron.* Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

*Cal.* How!

The prince of Argos?

*Gron.* 'Twas my fortune, madam,  
'T enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

*Ith.* Penthea!

*Pen.* Brother.

*Ith.* Let me an hour hence  
Meet you alone, within the palace grove,  
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,  
Conduct her thither, and have special care  
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

*Pro.* I shall.

*Bass.* How's that!

*Ith.* Alone, pray be alone.—  
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

[*Exeunt all but Bass.*

*Bass.* Alone! alone! what means that word  
alone?

Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her  
brother.

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,  
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation  
To a rebellion in the veins;—besides,  
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian:  
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly  
Before the other come?—or—pand'ring, pand'ring  
For one another—(be't to sister, mother,  
Wife, cousin, anything,) 'mongst youths of metal  
Is in request; it is so—stubborn fate!  
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,  
I will be fell, and fell.

*Re-enter GRONNAS.*

*Gron.* My lord, you are called for.

*Bass.* Most heartily I thank you; where's my  
wife, pray?

*Gron.* Retired amongst the ladies.

*Bass.* Still I thank you:

There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?

*Gron.* She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,

*Bass.* Asleep? asleep, sir! [sir.

*Gron.* Is your lordship troubled?

You will not to the king?

*Bass.* Your humblest vassal.

*Gron.* Your servant, my good lord.

*Bass.* I wait your footsteps. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace.*  
*A Grove.*

*Enter PROPHILUS and PENTHEA.*

*Pro.* In this walk, lady, will your brother find  
you;

And, with your favour, give me leave a little  
To work a preparation: in his fashion  
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness  
To such alacrity as nature [once]  
And custom took delight in; sadness grows  
Upon his recreations, which he hoards  
In such a willing silence, that to question  
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,  
And less good manners.

*Pen.* Sir, I am not inquisitive  
Of secrecies, without an invitation.

*Pro.* With pardon, lady, not a syllable  
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

*Enter ONALUS, as before.*

Do thy best [To *Ona.*

To make this lady merry for an hour.

*Org.* Your will shall be a law, sir. [Exit *Pro.*

*Pen.* Prithee, leave me,

I have some private thoughts I would account with;  
Use thou thine own.

*Org.* Speak on, fair nymph, our souls  
Can dance as well to music of the spheres,  
As any's who have feasted with the gods.

*Pen.* Your school-terms are too troublesome.

*Org.* What heaven  
Refines mortality from dross of earth,  
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows  
With glorified perfection!

*Pen.* Set thy wits

In a less wild proportion.

*Org.* Time can never

On the white table of unguilty faith  
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes  
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,  
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,  
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking  
On Vesta's altars, \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* the holiest odours, virgin's tears,  
\* \* \* \* \* sprinkled, like dews, to feed them  
And to increase their fervour.

*Pen.* Be not frantic.

*Org.* All pleasures are but mere imagination,  
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,  
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,  
Not relishing the real taste of food:  
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided  
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;

No horror should deface that precious figure  
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

*Pen.* Away! some fury hath bewitch'd thy  
tongue :

The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,  
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,  
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,  
Begone, without reply!

*Org.* Be just, Penthea,  
In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom  
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.  
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares  
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[*Throws off his scholar's dress.*]

What is thy sentence next?

*Pen.* Raah man! thou lay'st  
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard  
Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,  
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,  
I have not given admittance to one thought  
Of female change, since cruelty enforced  
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.  
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

*Org.* O, rather  
Examine me, how I could live to say  
I have been much, much wrong'd. 'Tis for thy sake  
I put on this imposture; wear Penthea,  
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,  
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest  
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

*Pen.* Lend your hand;  
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,  
Thus kneel before ye. [PEN. KNEELS.]

*Org.* You instruct my duty. [ORG. KNEELS.]

*Pen.* We may stand up. (*They rise.*) Have  
you ought else to urge  
Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;  
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,  
And shall be, shall be ever: what more would  
you?

*Org.* I would possess my wife; the equity  
Of very reason bids me.

*Pen.* Is that all?

*Org.* Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

*Pen.* Remove  
Your steps some distance from me; at this pace  
A few words I dare change; but first put on  
Your borrow'd shape.

*Org.* You are obey'd; 'tis done.  
[*He resumes his disguise.*]

*Pen.* How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,  
The heavens do witness; they can witness too  
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee  
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear  
In tendering thy freedom; for I find  
The constant preservation of thy merit,  
By thy not daring to attempt my fame  
With injury of any loose conceit,  
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.  
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot  
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often  
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,  
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,  
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people  
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!  
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me  
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,  
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—  
Now let us part.

*Org.* Part! yet advise thee better:

Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,  
And ever shall be.

*Pen.* Never shall, nor will.

*Org.* How!

*Pen.* Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.  
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,  
Is ravish'd by another; my true love  
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd  
No better favours than a second bed.

*Org.* I must not take this reason.

*Pen.* To confirm it;  
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet  
Another worse than this, and less desired,  
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch  
My lip, or hand again!

*Org.* Penthea, now  
I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;  
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

*Pen.* Uncivil sir, forbear,  
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;  
Your reputation, if you value any,  
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,  
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,  
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,  
I'll call thy former protestations lust,  
And cure my stars for forfeit of my judgment.  
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,  
To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.  
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows  
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes;  
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,  
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,  
That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!

*Org.* I'll tear my veil of politic French off,  
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:—  
Action, not words, shall shew me.—Oh Penthea!

[*Exit.*]

*Pen.* He sigh'd my name sure, as he parted  
from me;

I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!  
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,  
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,  
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee!  
[*Walks aside.*]

*Enter BARRANES and GRAUIS.*

*Barr.* Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten maggot,  
damn thee! [vulsions,  
Sleep, sleep at court? and now? Aches, con-  
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy  
A dozen years more yet! [bones

*Grav.* Now you are in humours.

*Barr.* She's by herself, there's hope of that;  
she's sad too;

She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fix'd!  
The signs are wholesome.

*Grav.* Very wholesome, truly.

*Barr.* Hold your chops, nightmare!—Lady,  
come; your brother

Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

*Pen.* Not well, my lord?

*Barr.* A sudden fit, 'twill off;  
Some surfeit of disorder.—How dost, dearest?

*Pen.* Your news is none o' th' best.

*Enter PROPHILUS.*

*Pro.* The chief of men,  
The excellentest Ithocles, desires  
Your presence, madam.

*Barr.* We are hasting to him.

*Pen.* In vain we labour in this course of life

To piece our journey out at length, or crave  
Respite of breath ; our home is in the grave.

*Bass.* Perfect philosophy !

*Pen.* Then let us care

To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,  
When we're to make account.

*Pro.* He cannot fear

Who builds on noble grounds : sickness or pain  
Is the deserfer's exercise ; and such  
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.  
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle ;  
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,  
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Study of TECNICUS.*

*Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS in his usual Dress.*

*Tec.* Be well advised ; let not a resolution  
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

*Org.* It shall not, most sage master.

*Tec.* I am jealous ;

For if the borrow'd shape so late put on,  
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude  
Some violent design of sudden nature  
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon  
A new-hatch'd execution. *Orgilus,*  
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,  
Shrowded unlawful plots ; our mortal eyes  
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods  
Are only privy to them.

*Org.* Learned *Tecnicus,*  
Such doubts are causeless ; and, to clear the truth  
From misconceit, — the present state commands  
me.

The prince of Argos comes himself in person  
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,  
Our kingdom's heir ; besides, mine only sister,  
Euphranea, is disposed to *Prophilus* :  
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me  
To Athens, for my quick repair to court ;  
Please to accept these reasons.

*Tec.* Just ones, *Orgilus,*  
Not to be contradicted : yet, beware  
Of an unsure foundation ; no fair colours  
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.  
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect  
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and — look to't —  
I might add, certain —

*Org.* My aspect ! could art  
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not  
sift

An inclination there, more than what suited  
With justice of mine honour.

*Tec.* I believe it.

But know then, *Orgilus,* what honour is :  
Honour consists not in a bare opinion  
By doing any act that feeds content,  
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;  
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,  
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,  
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour  
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired  
By justice, or by valour which, for bases,  
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails  
In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,  
Commits thefts, murder, treasons, and adulteries,  
With such like, by intrrenching on just laws,  
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.  
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded  
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion  
Relies on probability and accident,

But knowledge on necessity and truth,)  
I leave thee to the fit consideration  
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,  
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

*Org.* The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend  
oracle,

And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty ! [*Exit.*]

*Tec.* I thank thy wish. — Much mystery of fate  
Lies hid in that man's fortunes ; curiosity  
May lead his actions into rare attempts : —  
But let the gods be moderators still ;  
No human power can prevent their will.

*Enter ARMOSTES, with a Casket.*

From whence come you ?

*Arm.* From king *Amyclas,* — pardon  
My interruption of your studies. — Here,  
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you].  
Dear to him as his crown ; he prays your gravity,  
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt  
The pith and circumstance of every tittle  
The scroll within contains.

*Tec.* What is't, *Armotes* ?

*Arm.* It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,  
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth ;  
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,  
When last he visited the prophetic temple  
At Delphos : what his reasons are, for which,  
After so long a silence, he requires  
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty  
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

*Tec.* Apollo [*He takes the casket.*]  
Inspire my intellect ! — The prince of Argos  
Is entertain'd ?

*Arm.* He is ; and has demanded  
Our princess for his wife ; which I conceive  
One special cause the king importunes you  
For resolution of the oracle.

*Tec.* My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,  
And fair day to *Armotes* !

*Arm.* Like to *Tecnicus.*

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—*A Room in ITHOCLES' House.*

*Soft Music.* — *A Song within, during which PROPHILUS,  
HABANES, PENTHRA, and GRAUBIS pass over the Stage.  
BARRANUS and GRAUBIS re-enter softly, and listen in dif-  
ferent places.*

#### SONG.

Can you paint a thought ? or number  
Every fancy in a slumber ?  
Can you count soft minutes roving  
From a dial's point by moving ?  
Can you grasp a sigh ? or, lastly,  
Rob a virgin's honour chastly ?

No, oh no ! yet you may  
Sooner do both that and this,  
This and that, and never miss,  
Than by any praise display  
Beauty's beauty ; such a glory,  
As beyond all fate, all story,  
All arms, all arts,  
All loves, all hearts,  
Greater than those, or they,  
Do, shall, and must obey.

*Bass.* All silent, calm, secure.—Graisus, no  
No noise ; dost [thou] hear nothing ? [creaking,  
*Grau.* Not a mouse,  
Or whisper of the wind.

*Bass.* The floor is matted ;  
The bed-posts sure are steel or marble.—Soldiers  
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate ;  
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings  
Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten  
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.

*Grau.* What do you mean, my lord ?—speak  
low ; that gabbling  
Of your's will but undo us.  
*Bass.* Chamber-combats  
Are felt, not heard.

*Pro.* [within] He wakes.

*Bass.* What's that ?

*Ith.* [within] Who's there ?  
Sister?—All quit the room else.

*Bass.* 'Tis consented !

*Enter PROPHILUS.*

*Pro.* Lord Bassanes, your brother would be  
private,

We must forbear ; his sleep hath newly left him.  
Please you, withdraw !

*Bass.* By any means ; 'tis fit.

*Pro.* Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

*Grau.* Yes, I will, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene opens ; ITHOCLES is discovered in a Chair, and  
PERTHEA beside him.*

*Ith.* Sit nearer, sister, to me ; nearer yet :  
We had one father, in one womb took life,  
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd  
At distance, like two strangers ; I could wish  
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,  
Had prov'd to me a grave.

*Pen.* You had been happy :  
Then had you never known that sin of life,  
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,  
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,  
From whom you had your being.

*Ith.* Sad Penthea,  
Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen  
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom  
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust ;  
For which mine's now a-breaking.

*Pen.* Not yet, heaven,  
I do beseech thee ! first, let some wild fires  
Scorch, not consume it ! may the heat be cherish'd  
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible !

*Ith.* Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

*Pen.* Here, lo, I breathe,  
A miserable creature, led to ruin  
By an unnatural brother !

*Ith.* I consume  
In languishing affections for that trespass ;  
Yet cannot die.

*Pen.* The handmaid to the wages  
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams

With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,  
And so allays her thirst secure ; whilst I  
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

*Ith.* The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,  
Earn'd with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep ;  
While every bit I touch turns in digestion  
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.  
Put me to any penance for my tyranny ;  
And I will call thee merciful.

*Pen.* Pray kill me,  
Rid me from living with a jealous husband ;  
Then we will join in friendship, be again  
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray ; nay, will you ?

*Ith.* How does thy lord esteem thee ?

*Pen.* Such an one  
As only you have made me ; a faith-breaker,  
A spotted whore ;—forgive me, I am one—  
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

*Ith.* Thou dost bely thy friend.

*Pen.* I do not, Ithocles ;  
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives  
In known adultery with Bassanes,  
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now ?  
The ashes of our parents will assume  
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge  
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name  
To infamy, in this reproachful match.

*Ith.* After my victories abroad, at home  
I meet despair ; ingratitude of nature  
Hath made my actions monstrous : thou shalt stand  
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd  
For thy resolved martyrdom ; wrong'd maids  
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine  
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice  
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle ; if thy pity  
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend  
One finger but to ease it.

*Pen.* Oh, no more !

*Ith.* Death waits to wait me to the Stygian banks,  
And free me from this chaos of my bondage ;  
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

*Pen.* Who is the saint you serve ?

*Ith.* Friendship, or [nearness]  
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not  
Have mov'd this question ; 'tis a secret, sister,  
I dare not murmur to myself.

*Pen.* Let me,  
By your new protestations I conjure you,  
Partake her name.

*Ith.* Her name ?—'tis,—'tis—I dare not.

*Pen.* All your respects are forged.

*Ith.* They are not.—Peace !

Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—  
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable !  
Do I now love thee ? for my injuries  
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip  
My treasons to the king's ears, do ;—Calantha  
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

*Pen.* Suppose you were contracted to her, would  
it not

Split even your very soul to see her father  
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,  
And force her on the prince of Argos ?

*Ith.* Trouble not

The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story ;  
I sweat in blood for't.

*Pen.* We are reconciled.  
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches  
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide ;  
Have comfort, you may find it.

*Ith.* Yes, in thee;  
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

*Pen.* If sorrows  
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,  
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.

*Ith.* Mad man!—Why have I wrong'd a maid  
so excellent?

*BARRANES rushes in with a Pontard, followed by PRO-  
PHILUS, GRONKAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRAUUS.*

*Bass.* I can forbear no longer; more, I will not:  
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.—  
Patience is tired,—for, like a slow-paced ass,  
You ride my easy nature, and proclaim  
My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and property.

*Ith.* The meaning of this rudeness?

*Pro.* He's distracted.

*Pen.* Oh, my griev'd lord.

*Grav.* Sweet lady, come not near him;  
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand  
To prick he cares not whom, nor where,—see,  
see, see!

*Bass.* My birth is noble: though the popular  
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth, [blast  
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,  
Or progress in the chariot of the sun;  
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,  
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait  
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle  
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.

*Gron.* Fine humours! they become him.

*Hem.* How he stares,

Struts, puffs, and sweats! most admirable lunacy!

*Ith.* But that I may conceive the spirit of wine  
Has took possession of your soberer custom,  
I'd say you were unmannerly.

*Pen.* Dear brother!

*Bass.* Unmannerly!—mew, kitling!—smooth  
formality

Is usher to the rankness of the blood,  
But impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,  
Your fiery metal, or your springal blaze  
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty  
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuckold."

*Ith.* His jealousy hath robb'd him of his wits;  
He talks he knows not what.

*Bass.* Yes, and he knows

To whom he talks; to one that franks his lust  
In swine-security of bestial incest.

*Ith.* Ha, devil!

*Bass.* I will haloo't; though I blush more  
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.

*Ith.* Monster! [Draws his sword.

*Pro.* Sir, by our friendship—

*Pen.* By our bloods!

Will you quite both undo us, brother?

*Grav.* Out on him!

These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.

*Hem.* Well said, old touch-hole.

*Gron.* Kick him out at doors.

*Pen.* With favour, let me speak.—My lord,  
what slackness

In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?

Except humility and silent duty

Hath drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity  
Ne'er studied your vexation.

*Bass.* Light of beauty,

Deal not ungenerously with a desperate wound!

No breach of reason dares make war with her

Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm:

Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition  
As in devotion!

*Pen.* Sir, may every evil,  
Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your presence,  
On my unhappy head, if, since you maden  
A partner in your bed, I have been faint  
In one unseemly thought, against your honour.

*Ith.* Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

*Bass.* Yes, say on,

Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hinderance  
To peace, and praise of virtue, [to ITH.]—Oh, my  
senses

Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on:  
I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?  
Indeed I did not.

*Pen.* Nor, by Juno's forehead,  
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

*Bass.* A goddess! let me kneel.

*Grav.* Alas, kind animal!

*Ith.* No; but for penance.

*Bass.* Noble sir, what is it?

With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not  
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

*Ith.* When you shall shew good proof, that  
manly wisdom,

Not overway'd by passion or opinion,  
Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this lady,  
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety  
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first  
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,  
She shall be my care.

*Bass.* Rip my bosom up.  
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;  
This torture is insufferable.

*Ith.* Well, sir,

I dare not trust her to your fury.

*Bass.* But

Penthea says not so.

*Pen.* She needs no tongue

To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong.

[Exit with ITH. and PRO.]

*Hem.* Virgin of reverence and antiquity,  
Stay you behind. [To GRAV. who is followed by PEN.]

*Gron.* The court wants not your diligence.

[Exit HEM. and GRON.]

*Grav.* What will you do, my lord? my lady's  
I am denied to follow. [gone;

*Bass.* I may see her,

Or speak to her once more?

*Grav.* And feel her too, man;

Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.

*Bass.* Diseases desperate must find cures alike;  
She swore she has been true.

*Grav.* True, on my modesty.

*Bass.* Let him want truth who credits not her  
vows!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;  
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,  
Should I run on thus; some way I must try  
To outdo art, and jealousy decry. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter ANYCLAS, NEARCUS leading CALANTRA,  
ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANKA, CHRISTALLA, PHIL-  
LEMA, and AMELUS.

*Amyc.* Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have  
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude [pleas'd,  
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:

For can we be unthankful to their bounties,  
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,  
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth, our hope  
Continues of succession. As you are  
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,  
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest  
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd  
Not to enforce affection by our will,  
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

*Near.* You speak the nature of a right just  
I come not hither roughly to demand [father.  
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own:  
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,  
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted  
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd  
By constant truth; from which, if any service  
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,  
This lady must command it.

*Cal.* Princely sir,  
So well you know how to profess observance,  
That you instruct your hearers to become  
Practitioners in duty; of which number  
I'll study to be chief.

*Near.* Chief, glorious virgin,  
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.  
*Amyc.* Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty:  
Use thine own opportunities. — Armostes,  
We must consult with the philosophers;  
The business is of weight.

*Arm.* Sir, at your pleasure.  
*Amyc.* You told me, Crotolon, your son's re-  
turn'd

From Athens; wherefore comes he not to court,  
As we commanded?

*Crot.* He shall soon attend  
Your royal will, great sir.

*Amyc.* The marriage  
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea,  
Tastes of too much delay.

*Crot.* My lord—  
*Amyc.* Some pleasures  
At celebration of it, would give life

To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman;  
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

*Arm.* Yet the heavens smile on all your high at-  
tempts, Without a cloud.

*Crot.* So may the gods protect us!  
*Cal.* A prince, a subject?

*Near.* Yes, to beauty's sceptre;  
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

*Cal.* You are too courtly.

*Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.*

*Ith.* Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:  
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion  
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons  
Why I should covet to deserve the title  
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,  
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

*Org.* Your lordship may command me, your  
poor servant.

*Ith.* So amorously close!—so soon—my heart!  
[*Aside.*

*Pro.* What sudden change is next?

*Ith.* Life to the king!  
To whom I here present this noble gentleman,  
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe  
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The King gives Ona. His hand to his.*

*Crot.* My son prefer'd by Ithocles!  
[*Aside.*

*Amyc.* Our bounties  
Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,  
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions,  
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrossed  
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials  
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court  
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor  
To thy conceit: think on't.

*Org.* Your highness honours me.  
*Near.* My tongue and heart are twins.

*Cal.* A noble birth,  
Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,  
You are a guest most wish'd for.

*Org.* May my duty  
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!  
*Ith.* Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman  
Well worthy of your knowledge.

*Near.* We embrace him,  
Proud of so dear acquaintance.

*Amyc.* All prepare  
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,  
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight  
All mists of dulness; crown the hours with glad-  
ness:

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!  
*Cal.* Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good  
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

*Near.* I dare not disobey.  
*Ith.* Most heavenly lady!  
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of CROTOLON.*

*Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.*

*Crot.* The king hath spoke his mind.  
*Org.* His will he hath;  
But were it lawful to hold plea against  
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply  
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might  
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform  
That licence sovereignty holds, without check,  
Over a meek obedience.

*Crot.* How resolve you  
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus  
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

*Org.* I envy not his merit, but applaud it;  
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires.  
And, with a willingness, inleague our blood  
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.  
He never touch'd on any wrong that maliced  
The honour of our house, nor stir'd our peace;  
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget  
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,  
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must  
live so.

*Crot.* Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,  
No courtesy can win it; 'tis too rancorous.

*Org.* Good sir, be not severe in your construc-  
tion I am no stranger to such easy calms  
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles  
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance;  
Too humbly hath descended from that height  
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape  
On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn  
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd  
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:—  
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

*Crot.* Since I will have it so! friend, I will have  
it so,

Without our ruin by your politic plots,

Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.  
You have a spirit, sir, have you? a familiar  
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?  
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,  
For yet you come unsent for.

*Org.* If unwelcome,  
I might have found a grave there.

*Crot.* Sure your business  
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

*Org.* 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short  
my journey;  
For there, a general infection  
Threatens a desolation.

*Crot.* And I fear  
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with  
thee,

Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,  
Threatens the desolation of our family.

*Org.* Forbid it, our dear Genius! I will rather  
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,  
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,  
Than woo a father's curse: my sister's marriage  
With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd;  
May I live hated, may I die despaired,  
If I omit to further it in all  
That can concern me!

*Crot.* I have been too rough.  
My duty to my king made me so earnest;  
Excuse it, Orgilus.

*Org.* Dear sir!

*Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRONNAS, and  
HEMOPHIL.*

*Crot.* Here comes  
Euphranea, with Prophilus and Ithocles.

*Org.* Most honour'd!—ever famous!

*Ith.* Your true friend;  
On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes  
Look on this worthy couple; your consent  
Can only make them one.

*Org.* They have it.—Sister,  
Thou pawnd'st to me an oath, of which engagement  
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st  
At any other choice than this.

*Euph.* Dear brother,  
At him, or none.

*Crot.* To which my blessing's added.

*Org.* Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—  
Euphranea, lend thy hand;—here, take her, Pro-  
philus,

Live long a happy man and wife; and further,  
That these in presence may conclude an omen,  
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,  
Like soft hours never ceasing;  
Plenty's pleasure, peace comply'n t,  
Without jars, or tongues envying;  
Hearts by holy union wedded,  
More than their's by custom bedded;  
Fruitful issues; life so graced,  
Not by age to be defaced;  
Budding, as the year ensu'th,  
Every spring another youth:  
All what thought can add beside,  
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride!

*Pro.* You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—  
Euphranea,

Now I may call thee mine.

*Ith.* I but exchange  
One good friend for another.

*Org.* If these gallants  
Will please to grace a poor invention  
By joining with me in some slight device,  
I'll venture on a strain my younger days  
Have studied for delight.

*Hem.* With thankful willingness  
I offer my attendance.

*Gron.* No endeavour  
Of mine shall fail to shew itself.

*Ith.* We will

All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

*Org.* Oh, my good lord, your favours flow to-  
wards

A too unworthy worm;—but, as you please,  
I am what you will shape me.

*Ith.* A fast friend.

*Crot.* I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,  
It is a sight of gladness.

*Org.* But my duty.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.—CALANTHA'S Apartment in the  
Palace.

*Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, and PHILENA.*

*Cal.* Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his  
Be careful of our charge. [*Entrance;*

*Chris.* We shall, madam.

*Cal.* Except the king himself, give none admit-  
Not any. [*tance;*

*Phil.* Madam, it shall be our care.

[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*

*Cal.* Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,  
The opportunity you sought, and might  
At all times have commanded.

*Pen.* 'Tis a benefit  
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death  
for:

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes  
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;  
For by an inward messenger I feel  
The summons of departure short and certain.

*Cal.* You feed too much your melancholy.

*Pen.* Glories  
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,  
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage  
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted  
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length  
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,  
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,  
With every sensuality our giddiness  
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,  
When any troubled passion makes assault  
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

*Cal.* Contemn not your condition, for the proof  
Of bare opinion only: to what end  
Reach all these moral texts?

*Pen.* To place before you  
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see  
How weary I am of a lingering life,  
Who count the beat a misery.

*Cal.* Indeed

You have no little cause; yet none so great  
As to distrust a remedy.

*Pen.* That remedy

Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,  
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—  
Not to detain your expectation, princess,  
I have an humble suit.

*Cal.* Speak; I enjoy it.

*Pen.* Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,  
And take that trouble on you, to dispose  
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially;  
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;  
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it  
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;  
I hope I cannot.

*Cal.* Now, beshrew thy sadness,  
Thou turn'st me too much woman. [Weeps.]

*Pen.* Her fair eyes  
Melt into passion. [*Aside.*—Then I have assur-  
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper [ance  
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,  
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

*Cal.* Talk on, prithee;

It is a pretty earnest.

*Pen.* I have left me  
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is  
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,  
In years I am a child.

*Cal.* To whom that?

*Pen.* To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock  
By freedom of desires; but covet chiefly  
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,  
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next  
To married maids, such as prefer the number  
Of honourable issue in their virtues  
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;  
May those be ever young!

*Cal.* A second jewel  
You mean to part with?

*Pen.* 'Tis my Fame; I trust,  
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath  
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.  
If ever my unhappy name find mention,  
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve  
Beseeching charity without dishonour!

*Cal.* How handsomely thou play'st with harm-  
less sport  
Of mere imagination! speak the last;  
I strangely like thy Will.

*Pen.* This jewel, madam,  
Is dearly precious to me; you must use  
The best of your discretion to employ  
This gift as I intend it.

*Cal.* Do not doubt me.

*Pen.* 'Tis long agony since first I lost my heart:  
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain  
I should have given that too; but instead  
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,  
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,

I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,  
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

*Cal.* What said'st thou?

*Pen.* Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition  
A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers  
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:  
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;  
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,  
He moves before you!

*Cal.* Shall I answer here,  
Or lend my ear too grossly?

*Pen.* First his heart  
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,  
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye  
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts  
Accusing such presumption; as for words,  
He dares not utter any but of service:  
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess  
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,  
Or raise him up to comfort.

*Cal.* What new change  
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st  
Tempt my displeasure?

*Pen.* I must leave the world  
To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just  
To wish my brother some advantage here;  
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant  
Of this pursuit: but if you please to kill him,  
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,  
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power  
Your absolute authority holds over  
His life and end.

*Cal.* You have forgot, Penthea,  
How still I have a father.

*Pen.* But remember  
I am a sister, though to me this brother  
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh, most unkind!

*Cal.* Christalla, Philema, where are you?—  
Lady,  
Your check lies in my silence.

*Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.*

*Both.* Madam, here.

*Cal.* I think you sleep, you drones: wait on  
Penthea  
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles? wrong'd lady!

*Pen.* My reckonings are made even; death or  
fate

Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.*

*Enter ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.*

*Ith.* Forbear your inquisition; curiosity  
Is of too subtle and too searching nature:  
In fears of love too quick; too slow of credit—  
I am not what you doubt me.

*Arm.* Nephew, be then  
As I would wish;—all is not right.—Good Heaven  
Confirm your resolutions for dependence  
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!

*Ith.* I did the noble Orgilus much injury,  
But grieved Penthea more; I now repent it,

Now, uncle, now; this Now is now too late.  
So provident is folly in sad issue,  
That afterwit, like bankrupt's debts, stands tallied,  
Without all possibilities of payment.  
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman;  
A man of single meaning.

*Arm.* I believe it:  
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears;  
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,  
For they are lodged too inward:—but I question  
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

*Ith.* The princess? ha!

*Arm.* With her the prince of Argos.



*Enter NEARCHUS, leading CALANTHA ; AMELUS, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.*

*Near.* Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance

Of livery, from the allowance of your favour ;  
This little spark—

*[Attempts to take a ring from her finger.*

*Cal.* A toy !

*Near.* Love feasts on toys,  
For Cupid is a child ;—vouchsafe this bounty :  
It cannot be denied.

*Cal.* You shall not value,  
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap ;  
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop for't,  
And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress :  
She'll thank him for't, perhaps.

*[Casts the ring before ITHOCLES, who takes it up.*

*Ame.* The ring, sir, is  
The princess's ; I could have took it up.

*Ith.* Learn manners, pritheer.—To the blessed  
Upon my knees—

*[owner,*

*[Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.*

*Near.* You are saucy.

*Cal.* This is pretty !  
I am, belike, “ a mistress ”—wondrous pretty !  
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it ;  
He's worthy on't.—On, cousin !

*[Exit NEAR, CAL, CHRIS, and PHIL.*

*Ith.* *(to AME.)* Follow, spaniel ;  
I'll force you to a fawning else.

*Ame.* You dare not.

*[Exit.*

*Arm.* My lord, you were too forward.

*Ith.* Look ye, uncle,

Some such there are, whose liberal contents  
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty ;  
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down  
To sleep ; and they sleep, uncle : in which silence  
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,  
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object :  
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,  
Now change of garments, then the votes of people ;  
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,  
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance ;  
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity  
Of which my senses waking are partakers,  
A real, visible, material happiness ;  
And then, too, when I stagger in expectation  
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—  
I saw it, sir, I saw it ; for it came  
From her own hand.

*Arm.* The princess threw it to you.

*Ith.* True ; and she said—well I remember  
Her cousin prince would beg it. *[what—*

*Arm.* Yes, and parted

In anger at your taking on't.

*Ith.* Penthea,

Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language !  
I want a fee to gratify thy merit ;  
But I will do—

*Arm.* What is't you say ?

*Ith.* “ In anger ! ”

In anger let him part ; for could his breath,  
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick  
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,  
It durst not stir a hair of mine ; it should not ;  
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be anything  
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing  
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos  
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

*Arm.* Contain yourself, my lord ; Ixion, aiming

To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,  
And begat Centaurs ; 'tis an useful moral :  
Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion,  
Proves but in birth a prodigy.

*Ith.* I thank you ;

Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable  
To gentler fate, if relishing the dainties  
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble  
Not to digest it.

*Arm.* He deserves small trust,  
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

*Re-enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, and AMELUS*

*Near.* Brave me ?

*Org.* Your excellence mistakes his temper,  
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,  
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror  
Of absolute perfection !

*Ame.* Was't your modesty

Term'd any of the prince's servants “ spaniel ? ”  
Your nurse sure taught you other language.

*Ith.* Language !

*Near.* A gallant man at arms is here ; a doctor  
In feats of chivalry ; blunt and rough-spoken,  
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,  
Which [less] rash spirits stile good manners.

*Ith.* Manners ?

*Org.* No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless  
Ithocles.

*Near.* You might have understood who I am.

*Ith.* Yes,—

I did,—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—  
You are cousin to the princess.

*Near.* To the king too ;

A certain instrument that lent supportance  
To your Colossic greatness—to that king too,  
You might have added.

*Ith.* There is more divinity

In beauty than in majesty.

*Arm.* O fye, fye !

*Near.* This odd youth's pride turns heretic in  
loyalty.

Sirrah ! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

*[Exit NEARCHUS and AMELUS.*

*Ith.* Come back ;—what pitiful dull thing am I  
So to be tamely scolded at ! come back.—  
Let him come back, and echo once again  
That scornful sound of *mushroom* ! painted colts  
*(Like heralds' coats, gilt o'er with crowns and  
sceptres)*

May bait a muzzled lion.

*Arm.* Cousin, cousin,  
Thy tongue is not thy friend.

*Org.* In point of honour,  
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me  
'Twas all about a little ring.

*Ith.* A ring

The princess threw away, and I took up—  
Admit she threw't to me, what arm of brass  
Can snatch it hence ? No ; could he grind the hoop  
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart,  
Than steal and wear one dust on't.—Orgilus,  
I am extremely wrong'd.

*Org.* A lady's favour

Is not to be so slighted.

*Ith.* Slighted !

*Arm.* Quiet

These vain unruly passions, which will render you  
Into a madness.

*Org.* Grievs will have their vent.

*Enter TACTICUS, with a scroll.*

*Arm.* Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend  
To pour the balsam of a suppling patience [man,  
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

*Org.* What makes he here? [*Aside.*

*Tec.* The hurts are yet but mortal,  
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,  
Armotes, see in safety thou deliver  
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a constancy  
Peruse the secrets of the Gods.—O Sparta,  
O Lacedemon! double named, but one  
In fate!—when kingdoms reel, (mark well my saw)  
Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the king,  
That henceforth he no more must inquire after  
My aged head; Apollo wills it so:  
I am for Delphos.

*Arm.* Not without some conference  
With our great master?

*Tec.* Never more to see him;

A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,  
When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,  
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

*Ith.* What's this, if understood?

*Tec.* List, Orgilus;

Remember what I told thee long before,  
These tears shall be my witness.

*Arm.* 'Las, good man!

*Tec.* [*Aside to Org.*] Let craft with courtesy a  
while confer,

Revenge proves its own executioner.

*Org.* Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests;  
I am not Œdipus.

*Tec.* My hour is come;

Cheer up the king; farewell to all.—O Sparta,  
O Lacedemon [*Exit.*

*Arm.* If prophetic fire

Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might con-  
His words to fatal sense. [*strue*

*Ith.* Leave to the powers

Above us, the effects of their decrees;  
My burthen lies within me: servile fears  
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!

*Arm.* The gods be still propitious.

[*Exeunt ITHOCLES and ARMOTES.*

*Org.* Something oddly

The book-man prated, yet he talk'd it weeping;  
Let craft with courtesy a while confer,  
Revenge proves its own executioner.

Con it again;—for what? It shall not puzzle me;  
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea  
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,  
And gaze my fill. Why see her then I may,  
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in BASSANES' House.

*Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, and PHULAS.*

*Bass.* Pray, use your recreations, all the service  
I will expect is quietness amongst ye;  
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,  
And in your charities appease the gods  
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

*Grau.* Fair blessings on thy heart!

*Phu.* Here's a rare change!

My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;  
The cuckold in conceit, hath cast his horns. [*Aside.*

*Bass.* Betake you to your several occasions;  
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,

Let your constructions mildly pass it over;  
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more,  
I have not for employment.

*Grau.* O, sweet man!

Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

*Phu.* The Garland of Good-will.—Old lady,  
hold up

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,  
As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.

[*Exeunt GRAUSIS and PHULAS.*

*Bass.* Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy  
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness:  
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not  
Against the portion nature hath bestow'd;  
But men, endow'd with reason, and the use  
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff  
Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,  
Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,  
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,  
Repining at these glories of creation,  
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts  
The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch  
Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,  
Endeavour'd, what in me lay, to pull down  
That temple built for adoration only,  
And level't in the dust of causeless scandal:—  
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,  
Humility shall pour before the deities  
I have incens'd, a largess of more patience  
Than their displeas'd altars can require.  
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet  
The calms of my composure.

*Enter ORGILUS.*

*Org.* I have found thee,

Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk  
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,  
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,  
Curs'd by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,  
Is left a prey to words.

*Bass.* Exercise

Your trials for addition to my penance;  
I am resolv'd.

*Org.* Play not with misery

Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath  
Depos'd the empress of her soul, her reason,  
From its most proper throne; but—what's the  
miracle

More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live!

*Bass.* You may delude my senses, not my judg-  
'Tis anchor'd into a firm resolution; [*ment;*  
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:  
Practice yet further.

*Org.* May thy death of love to her,  
Damn all thy comforts for a lasting fast  
From every joy of life! thou barren rock,  
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

*Enter PENTHEA, with her hair loose, ITHOCLES, PHILENA,  
and CHRISTALLA.*

*Ith.* Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother  
Speaks to you; why d'you weep! dear, turn not  
from me.—

Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,  
A lamentable object!

*Org.* Man, dost see it?

Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment?  
Why dost not laugh?

*Bass.* Divine and best of ladies,  
Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever

Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:  
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy  
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled  
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

*Org.* Was I in earnest?

*Pen.* Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing pitifully,

And 'twere a comely music, when in parts  
One sung another's knell; the turtle sighs  
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say  
He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit  
To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept  
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood  
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair  
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,  
It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;  
The journey is not long.

*Ith.* But thou, Penthea,  
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,  
Ere thou canst travel that way.

*Bass.* Let the sun first

Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,  
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd  
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse  
So universal!

*Org.* Wisdom, look ye,

Begins to rave!—art thou mad too, antiquity?

*Pen.* Since I was first a wife, I might have been  
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;  
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for certain,  
I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother,

My father would have pick'd me out a husband,  
And then my little ones had been no bastards;  
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,  
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

*Bass.* Fall on me, if there be a burning *Aetna*,  
And bury me in flames! I sweat, hot as sulphur,  
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store  
No torture like to this.

*Org.* Behold a patience!

Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,  
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice  
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out  
The jealousies that hatch'd this thralldom first  
With thine own poniard: every antick rapture  
Can roar as thine does.

*Ith.* Orgilus, forbear.

*Bass.* Disturb him not; it is a talking motion  
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I  
To bawdy passion! ere I'll speak a word,  
I will look on and burst.

*Pen.* I loved you once. [To *Org.*]

*Org.* Thou didst, wrong'd creature: in despite  
For it I'll love thee ever. [of malice,

*Pen.* Spare your hand;  
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

*Org.* My heart too.

*Pen.* Complain not though I wring it hard: I'll  
kiss it;

Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;  
Like whom do I look, prithee!—nay, no whispering.

Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness

Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—  
[Pointing to *IRACLES.*]

And yet he paid for't home; alas! his heart  
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;

We shall have points and bride-laces Remember,  
When we last gather'd roses in the garden,  
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.  
That's he, and still 'tis he. [Again pointing to *IRA.*]

*Ith.* Poor soul, how idly

Her fancies guide her tongue!

*Bass.* Keep in, vexation,

And break not into clamour. [Aside]

*Org.* She has tutor'd me;

Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness:

Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

*Pen.* Kiss it—

Alack, alack, his lips be wonderous cold;

Dear soul, he has lost his colour: have you seen

A straying heart? 'all crannies! every drop

Of blood is turned to an amethyst,

Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

*Org.* Peace usher her into Elysium!

If this be madness, madness is an oracle. [Exit.]

*Ith.* Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,

Her ravings are so wild?

*Chris.* Sir, not these ten days.

*Phil.* We watch by her continually; besides,  
We can not any way pray her to eat.

*Bass.* Oh,—misery of miseries!

*Pen.* Take comfort,

You may live well, and die a good old man:

By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,

If you had join'd our hands once in the temple,

('Twas since my father died, for had he lived

He would have done't,) I must have called you  
father.—

Oh, my wreck'd honour! ruin'd by those tyrants,

A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.

There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife

Widow'd by lawless marriage; to all memory,

Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:

But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit

Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution, [en'd

Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never height-

With taste of sustenance! starve; let that fullness

Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty—

Forgive me; Oh! I faint.

[Falls into the arms of her attendants]

*Arm.* Be not so wilful,

Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

*Ith.* Nature

Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat!

Refuse the only ordinary means

Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,

A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bas-  
sanus?

*Bass.* Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts  
Enough to think: all shall be well anon.

'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery

In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;

Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits

Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—

Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out

The trick on't. [Aside.]

*Pen.* Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.

Griefs are sure friends; they leave, without control,

Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[Exit, supported by *CHAM.* and *PEN.*]

*Bass.* I grant ye; and will put in practice in-  
stantly

What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,

'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd;

Yet, when I've done't, I've done't:—ye shall all  
thank me. [Exit.]

*Arm.* The sight is full of terror.

*Ith.* On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dullness,  
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—  
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,  
Shall's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,  
And must use exorcism to conjure down  
This spirit of malevolence.

*Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.*

*Arm.* Mildly, nephew.

*Near.* I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder;

Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness  
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,  
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off  
The custom of the war, in hours of leisure;  
Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render  
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,  
Who in her private gallery expects it  
From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger  
But to her pleasure.

*Ith.* Excellent Nearchus,

Be prince still of my services, and conquer,  
Without the combat of dispute; I honour you.

*Near.* The king is on a sudden indisposed,  
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, Armostes,  
You should be near him.

*Arm.* Sir, I kiss your hands.

*[Exit ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]*

*Near.* Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom  
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can  
Take strength from any fuel of the love  
I might address to her; young Ithocles,  
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant  
Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly,  
In every disposition nobly fashion'd.

*Amc.* But can your highness brook to be so  
rivall'd,

Considering th' inequality of the persons?

*Near.* I can, Amelus; for affections, injured  
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,  
Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,  
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for  
instance,

Life-spent Peatheas, and unhappy Orgilus.

*Amc.* How does your grace determine?

*Near.* To be jealous

In public, of what privately I'll further;  
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall  
find it. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter the KING, led by HEMOPHIL and GRONKAS, followed  
by ARMOSTES, with a Box, CROTOLON, and PROPHILUS.  
The KING is placed in a Chair.*

*Amyc.* Our daughter is not near?

*Arm.* She is retired, sir,  
Into her gallery.

*Amyc.* Where's the prince our cousin?

*Pro.* New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

*Amyc.* All leave us

Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon;  
We would be private.

*Pro.* Health unto your majesty.

*[Exit PRO., HEM., and GRON.]*

*Amyc.* What! Tecnicus is gone?

*Arm.* He is, to Delphos;

And to your royal hands presents this box.

*Amyc.* Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie  
The secrets of the oracle; out with it;

*[ARM. takes out the scroll.]*

Apollo live our patron! Read, Armostes.

*Arm.* The plot in which the Vine takes root  
Begins to dry from head to foot;  
The stalks, soon withering, want of sap  
Doth cause to quail the budding grape:  
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew  
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

*Amyc.* That is the oracle; what exposition  
Makes the philosopher?

*Arm.* This brief one, only.

The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king;  
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing  
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,  
Is a near prince, the Elm: the rest conceal'd.

*TECNICUS.*

*Amyc.* Enough; although the opening of this  
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe *[riddle]*  
How near our labouring age draws to a rest:  
But must Calantha quail too? that young grape  
Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;  
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour  
So to be crost by fate.

*Arm.* You misapply, sir,  
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo  
Hath clouded in hid sense; I here conjecture  
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the  
dew

Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen  
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

*Crot.* Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of  
Is to be then digested, when the events *[oracles]*  
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light  
As utter'd; Truth is child of Time; and herein  
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,  
With unity of kingdoms.

*Amyc.* May it prove so,  
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Itho-  
cles?—

Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine  
Of my frail carcase, on the funeral pile,  
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man  
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;  
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—  
Let such as wait come in now.

*Arm.* All attend here!

*Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,  
EUPHRANEAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRONKAS.*

*Cal.* Dear sir! king! father!

*Ith.* Oh, my royal master!

*Amyc.* Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my  
life's solace,

With your fore-judging fears: there is no physic  
So cunningly restorative to cherish  
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,  
As your consents in duty; I will shake off  
This languishing disease of time, to quicken  
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness:  
Is fair Euphraneas married yet to Prophilus?

*Crot.* This morning, gracious lord.

*Org.* This very morning;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may ob-  
serve too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,  
As if her chaster fancy could already  
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing  
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.

Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but honest change  
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,  
And so the modest maid is made a wife.

Shrewd business—is't not, sister!

*Euph.* You are pleasant.

*Amyc.* We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth be-  
comes thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?  
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

*Cal.* Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

*Amyc.* Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward  
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;  
If not, at least consenting: mine own Ithocles,  
I have done little for thee yet.

*Ith.* You have built me.

To the full height I stand in.

*Cal.* Now or never!—

[*Aside.*]

May I propose a suit?

*Amyc.* Demand, and have it.

*Cal.* Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no  
further

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things  
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him  
According to his merit.

*Amyc.* Still thou'rt my daughter,  
Still grow'at upon my heart. Give me thine hand;  
[*To Ith.*]

Calantha, take thine own; in noble actions  
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not  
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any  
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

*Ith.* A change, great king, most wish'd for,  
cause the same.

*Cal.* Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my word?

*Ith.* Divinely.

*Org.* Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a prin-  
cess,

Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty!—  
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.  
Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!

The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble. [*Aside.*]

*Amyc.* On to your recreations.—Now convey me  
Unto my bed-chamber; none on his forehead  
Wear a distemper'd look.

*All.* The gods preserve you!

*Cal.* Sweet, be not from my sight.

*Ith.* My whole felicity!

[*AMYCLAS is carried out.—Exit all but ITHOCLES,  
detained by ORGILUS.*]

*Org.* Shall I be bold, my lord?

*Ith.* Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own; for Prophilus must henceforth  
Be all thy sister's; friendship, though it cease not  
In marriage, yet is oft at less command  
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

*Org.* Most right, my most good lord, my most  
great lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

*Ith.* Royal! A subject royal?

*Org.* Why not, pray sir!

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,  
Stoop'd to desert, not birth; there's as much merit  
In clearness of affection, as in puddle  
Of generation; you have conquer'd love  
Even in the loveliest: if I greatly err not,  
The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver  
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows  
Calantha's breast is open'd.

*Ith.* Can it be possible?

*Org.* I was myself a piece of a suitor once,

And forward in preferment too; so forward  
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,  
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye!)  
My certainty of marriage stood assured  
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's,  
Now, at this very instant—but—

*Ith.* 'Tis granted:

And for a league of privacy between us,  
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret;  
The princess is contracted mine.

*Org.* Still, why not?

I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom  
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,  
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch;  
Greece must admire and tremble.

*Ith.* Then the sweetness

Of so imparadis'd a comfort, Orgilus!  
It is to banquet with the gods.

*Org.* The glory

Of numerous children, potency of nobles,  
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on!

*Ith.* With a friendship

So dear, so fast as thine.

*Org.* I am unfitting

For office; but for service—

*Ith.* We'll distinguish

Our fortunes merely in the title; partners  
In all respects else but the bed.—

*Org.* The bed?

Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy:—till lastly  
We slip down in the common earth together.

And there our beds are equal; save some monument  
To shew this was the king, and this the subject—

[*Soft sad Music.*]

List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad

*Ith.* Sure from Penthea's lodgings. [ones.]

*Org.* Hark! a voice too.

A SONG (*within*).

Oh, no more, no more, too late  
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers  
Of a life as chaste as fate,

Pure as are unwritten papers.

Are burnt out: no heat, no light

Now remains; 'tis ever night.

Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,

Lock'd in endless dreams,

Th' extremes of all extremes,

Open no more, for now Love dies.

Now Love dies,—implying

Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

*Ith.* Oh my misgiving heart

*Org.* A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air; let's know the reason:  
Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*Apartment of PENTHEA in the  
Same.*

PENTHEA discovered in a Chair, veiled; CHRISTALLA and  
PHILENA at her feet, mourning. Enter two SERVANTS,  
with two other Chairs, one with an Engine.

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

I Serv. (*Aside to ORG.*) 'Tis done; that on he  
right hand.

*Org.* Good! begone.

[*Exeunt Servants*]

*Ith.* Soft peace enrich this room!

*Org.* How fares the lady?

*Phil.* Dead.

*Chris.* Dead!

*Phil.* Starv'd.

*Chris.* Starv'd!

*Ith.* Me miserable!

*Org.* Tell us

How parted she from life?

*Phil.* She call'd for music,

And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell  
To life and griefs; Christalla touch'd the lute,  
I went the funeral song.

*Chris.* Which scarce was ended,

But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds:

"Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus!"

So down she drew her veil, so died.

*Ith.* So died!

*Org.* Up! you are messengers of death, go  
from us; [CHRIS and PHIL. rise.

Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.

Away; and,—hark ye!—till you see us next,

No syllable that she is dead.—Away,

Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*

*Ith.* Mine only sister! [My lord.—

Another is not left me.

*Org.* Take that chair,

I'll seat me here in this: between us sits

The object of our sorrows; some few tears

We'll part among us: I perhaps can mix

One lamentable story to prepare them.—

There, there! sit there, my lord.

*Ith.* Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*

What means this treachery?

*Org.* Caught! you are caught,

Young master! 'tis thy throne of coronation,

Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off;

Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames

Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

*Ith.* Thou mean'st to kill me basely?

*Org.* I foreknew

The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither,

To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.

You dreamt of kingdoms, did you! how to bosom

The delicacies of a youngling princess!

How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,

How with that frown to make this noble tremble,

And so forth; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,

Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,

Ne'er touch'd upon your thought! as for my

injuries,

Alas! they were beneath your royal pity;

But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound  
thee.

Behold thy fate; this steel: [Draws a dagger.]

*Ith.* Strike home! A courage

As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome

But prithee faint not; if the wound close up,

Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.

Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg com-  
passion,

As loath to leave the vainness of my glories;

A statelier resolution arms my confidence,

To cozen thee of honour; neither could I,

With equal trial of unequal fortune,

By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery

Too mighty for a slave intending murder.

On to the execution, and inherit

A conflict with thy horrors.

*Org.* By Apollo,

Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital

I will report thee to thy mistress richly;

And take this peace along: some few short minutes

Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow

Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,

Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.

Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting

From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it.

[*Stabs him.*

*Ith.* Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

*Org.* Keep up thy spirit:

I will be gentle even in blood; to linger

Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel

[*Stabs him again.*

*Ith.* Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow

Safety, with best success; oh, may it prosper!—

Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds;

The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.

Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet

With beauty, youth, and love, together perish

In my last breath, which on the sacred altar

Of a long look'd for peace—now—moves—to

heaven. [Dies.

*Org.* Farewell, fair spring of manhood! hence-

forth welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow

Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for

ever!—

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,

No monument lasts but a happy name.

[*Locks the door, and exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Room in BASSANES' House.

*Enter BASSANES.*

*Bass.* Athens—to Athens I have sent, the  
nursery

Of Greece for learning, and the fount of know-  
ledge;

For here, in Sparta, there's not left amongst us  
One wise man to direct; we are all turn'd mad-  
caps.

'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,  
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:  
To Delphos I have sent too; if there can be  
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

*Enter ORGILLUS.*

*Org.* Honour

Attend thy counsels ever.

*Bass.* I beseech thee,

With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;

I will not ought to do with thee, of all men.

The doubles of a hare,—or, in a morning,

Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop

Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more,—

Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,

Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing

My private meditations: shun me, pritheee;

And if I cannot love thee heartily,

I'll love thee as well as I can.

*Org.* Noble Bassanes,  
Mistake me not.

*Bass.* Phew! then we shall be troubled.  
Thou wert ordain'd my plague—heaven make me  
thankful,

And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee!

*Org.* Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,  
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,  
Never to speak vexation; I will study  
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow  
For my past incivility towards you.

*Bass.* Hey-day, good words, good words! I must  
And be a coxcomb for my labour. [believe 'em,

*Org.* Use not

So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless:  
For instance, if you promise to put on  
A constancy of patience, such a patience  
As chronicle or history ne'er mention'd,  
As follows not example, but shall stand  
A wonder, and a theme for imitation,  
The first, the index pointing to a second,  
I will acquaint you with an unmatch'd secret,  
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

*Bass.* Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power  
Of the gods only; yet, for satisfaction,  
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,  
Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute,  
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning  
With a more careless danger, than my constancy  
The full of thy relation; could it move  
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,  
It should find me a rock: I do expect now  
Some truth of unheard moment.

*Org.* To your patience  
You must add privacy, as strong in silence  
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.

*Bass.* A scull hid in the earth a treble age,  
Shall sooner prate.

*Org.* Lastly, to such direction  
As the severity of a glorious action  
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,  
You ought to yield obedience.

*Bass.* With assurance  
Of will and thankfulness.

*Org.* With manly courage  
Please then to follow me.

*Bass.* Where'er, I fear not. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—A State Room in the Palace.

*A Floutish.* Enter EUPHRANEA, led by GRONAS and HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, led by CHRISTALLA and PHILENA; NEARCHUS supporting CALANTHA; CROTOLON and AMELUS.

We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;  
On whom attend they?

*Crot.* My son, gracious princess,  
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels  
Should be but usher; wherein I conceive  
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

*Cal.* A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,  
Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes  
Is with the king?

*Crot.* He is.

*Cal.* On to the dance!

Cou-in, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must  
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous, [be  
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—  
Fall to our dance.

### THE REVELS.

*Music.*—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with HEMOPHIL, PHILENA with GRONAS.

THEY DANCE THE FIRST CHANGE; during which ARMOSTES enters.

*Arm.* [whispers CAL.] The king your father's  
Cal. To the other change. [dead.

*Arm.* Is't possible?

THEY DANCE THE SECOND CHANGE.

Enter BASSANES.

*Bass.* [whispers CAL.] Oh madam!  
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

*Cal.* Beshrew thee!—  
Lead to the next.

*Bass.* Amazement dulls my senses.

THEY DANCE THE THIRD CHANGE.

Enter ORGILUS.

*Org.* [whispers CAL.] Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

*Cal.* How dull this music sounds! Strike up  
more sprightly;

Our footings are not active like our heart,  
Which treads the nimble measure.

*Org.* I am thunderstruck!

THE LAST CHANGE.

*Cal.* So! let us breathe a while.—[Music ceases.]  
—Hath not this motion

Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?

*Near.* Sweet princess,  
A perfect purity of blood enamels  
The beauty of your white.

*Cal.* We all look cheerfully:  
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption  
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures  
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt  
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

*Near.* None dares, lady.

*Cal.* Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to  
How that the king was dead. [me

*Arm.* The king is dead:  
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms  
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd  
you

Your mother's wedding ring; which here I tender.  
*Crot.* Most strange!

*Cal.* Peace crown his ashes! We are queen then.  
*Near.* Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign  
All. Long live the queen! [queen!

*Cal.* What whisper'd Bassanes?  
*Bass.* That my Penthea, miserable soul,  
Was starv'd to death.

*Cal.* She's happy; she hath finish'd  
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur  
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

*Org.* That Ithocles  
Was murder'd;—rather butcher'd, had not bravery  
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,  
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

*Arm.* How! murder'd!

*Cal.* By whose hand?

*Org.* By mine; this weapon  
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons  
Are just, and known; quit him of these, and then  
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,  
Hope or abilitment to steer a kingdom.

*Crot.* Fye, Orgilus!

*Euph.* Fye, brother!

*Cal.* You have done it?

*Bass.* How it was done, let him report, the forfeit

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet  
Rigour of justice; but, that done it is,  
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit  
Too sure to be convinced. Armostes, read not  
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances  
Of these calamities; thou hast lost a nephew,  
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;  
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,  
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking  
At such a pressure as would sink a soul  
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.  
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,  
And enter'd into bonds without condition,  
To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,  
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!  
Excellent misery!

*Cal.* We begin our reign

With a first act of justice: thy confession,  
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;  
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence  
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing  
To thy lost son; Euphranes, take a farewell,  
And both be gone.

*Crot.* [to ORG.] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,  
In worthy resolution!

*Euph.* Could my tears speak,  
My griefs were slight.

*Org.* All goodness dwell amongst ye!  
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus; my vengeance  
Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

*Cal.* Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt CROT. PRO. and EUPH.*]

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,  
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes  
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from  
him,

With honourable mention, make thy choice  
Of what death likes thee best; there's all our  
bounty,

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,  
Intreat you and these lords see execution,  
Instant, before you part.

*Near.* Your will commands us.

*Org.* One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe  
your clemency,  
That by no common hand I be divided  
From this my humble frailty.

*Cal.* To their wisdoms

Who are to be spectators of thine end,  
I make the reference: those that are dead,  
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity  
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,  
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords;  
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL. PHIL. and CHRIS.*]

*Arm.* 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never  
touch on

Her female pity.

*Bass.* She has a masculine spirit:  
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,  
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,  
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

*Near.* Now, Orgilus, thy choice?

*Org.* To bleed to death.

*Arm.* The executioner?

*Org.* Myself, no surgeon;  
I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast  
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits  
Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument:  
[*Shows his dagger.*]

Only I am a beggar to some charity  
To speed me in this execution,  
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,  
When this is bubbling life out.

*Bass.* I am for you,  
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit;  
Quick, fillet both his arms.

*Org.* Gramercy, friendship!  
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully  
Without an expectation of requital.  
Reach me a staff in this hand.—[*They give him a  
staff.*—If a proneness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,  
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,  
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,  
Would have betray'd me to ignoble flight,  
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:  
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not  
The sickness of my fortune; which, since Bassanes  
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.  
We trifle time in words:—thus I shew cunning  
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*]

*Arm.* Desperate courage!

*Near.* Honourable infamy!

*Hem.* I tremble at the sight.

*Gron.* 'Would I were loose!

*Bass.* It sparkles like a lusty wine new brew'd;  
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.  
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—  
But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye! stretch out  
Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.

[*Opens the vein.*]

Good! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted  
To conquer in extremities: this pastime  
Appears majestical; some high-tuned poem,  
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity  
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.  
How is't, man?—droop not yet.

*Org.* I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death:  
My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress,  
As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,  
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy:  
Nor did I use an engine to entrap  
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat  
Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I durst  
not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,  
By which his name might have outfaced my  
vengeance.

Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phoebus' fire!  
I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect;  
*Revenge proves its own executioner.*

When feeble man is bending to his mother,  
The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—  
*Bass.* Life's fountain is dried up.

*Org.* So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature!  
A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright  
splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow:  
Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,  
No heat can ever thaw thee. [Dies.]

*Near.* Speech hath left him.



*Bass.* He hath shook hands with time ; his funeral urn  
Shall be my charge ; remove the bloodless body.  
The Coronation must require attendance ;  
That past, my few days can be but one mourning.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Temple.*

*An Altar, covered with white : two lights of virgin wax upon it.—Recorders, during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLAS on a Hearse, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head ; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white ; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, PROPHILUS, AMELIUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.*

*CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.*

*Cal.* Our orisons are heard ; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute  
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful  
Your duties, or obedience is, to render  
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,  
Who have been ever fortunate in princes  
Of masculine and stirring composition ?  
A woman has enough to govern wisely  
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.  
A nation warlike, and enured to practice  
Of policy and labour, cannot brook  
A feminate authority ; we therefore  
Command your counsel, how you may advise us  
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities  
Can better guide this kingdom.

*Near.* Royal lady,  
Your law is in your will

*Arm.* We have seen tokens  
Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

*Crot.* Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,  
By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,  
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed  
To an increasing height.

*Cal.* Hold you the same mind ?

*Bass.* Alas, great mistress ! reason is so clouded  
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,  
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.  
Give me some corner of the world to wear out  
The remnant of the minutes I must number,  
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints  
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners ;  
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd  
By some untimely fate ; of friends divided  
By churlish opposition ; or of fathers  
Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd car-  
casses ;

Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,  
And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort  
As musical as their's. What can you look for  
From an old, foolish, peevish, dotting man,  
But craziness of age ?

*Cal.* Cousin of Argos.

*Near.* Madam.

*Cal.* Were I presently  
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely  
What articles I would propose to treat on,  
Before our marriage.

*Near.* Name them, virtuous lady.

*Cal.* I would presume you would retain the  
royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds ; then in Argos  
Armotes might be viceroy ; in Messene  
Might Crotolon bear sway ; and Bassance—  
*Bass.* I, queen ? alas ! what I ?

*Cal.* Be Sparta's marshal ;  
The multitudes of high employments could not  
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,  
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,  
Should wait upon your person, in your chamber :  
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,  
She'll prove a constant wife ; and Philema  
Should into Vesta's temple.

*Bass.* This is a testament !  
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.  
*Near.* All this should be perform'd.

*Cal.* Lastly, for Propilius ;  
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested  
In all those honours, titles, and preferments  
Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,  
Too short a time enjoy'd.

*Pro.* I am unworthy  
To live in your remembrance.

*Euph.* Excellent lady !

*Near.* Madam, what means that word, " neg-  
lected husband ?"

*Cal.* Forgive me :—now I turn to thee, thou  
shadow

Of my contracted lord ! Bear witness all,  
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon  
His finger ; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[*Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLAS.*]

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am ;  
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,  
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,  
When one news straight came budding on another,  
Of death ! and death ! and death ! still I danced  
forward :

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.  
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-  
cries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows.  
Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive  
them :

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-  
strings ;  
Let me die smiling.

*Near.* 'Tis a truth too ominous.

*Cal.* One kiss on these cold lips, my last !—

[*Kisses ITH.*]—crack, crack—

Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices  
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song  
I fitted for my end.

*Near.* Sirs, the song !

## DIBBLE.

*Cho.* Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,  
Can but please

[*The*] outward senses, when the mind  
Is [or] untroubled, or by peace refined.

*First voice.* Crowns may flourish and decay,  
Beauties shine, but fade away.

*Second.* Youth may revel, yet it must  
Lie down in a bed of dust.

*Third.* Earthly honours flow and waste,  
Time alone doth change and last.

*Cho.* Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare  
Rest for care ;

Love only reigns in death ; though art  
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN HEART.

*Arm.* Look to the queen !

*Hass.* Her " heart is broke " indeed.

Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part !  
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see  
Her smile in death.

*Arm.* Wise Tecnicus ! thus said he :

When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,  
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

'Tis here fulfill'd.

*Near.* I am your king.

*All.* Long live

Nearchus, king of Sparta !

*Near.* Her last will

Shall never be digress'd from ; wait in order

Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—

The counsels of the gods are never known,

Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt*]

#### EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fix'd  
To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd  
With ignorance ; those censures may command  
Belief, which talk not, till they understand.  
Let some say, *This was flat* ; some, *Here the scens*  
*Fell from its height* ; another, *That the mean*  
*Was ill observed, in such a growing passion,*  
*As it transcended either state or fashion.*  
Some few may cry, '*Twas pretty well,* or so,  
*But*— and there shrug in silence : yet we know  
Our writer's aim was, in the whole, address  
Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST :  
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,  
THE BROKEN HEART may be pleas'd again.

# LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

TO MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,  
JOHN FORD,  
OF GRAYE'S INNE, ESQUIRE.

THE title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication; which, being in most writers a custom, in many a compliment, I question not but your clear knowledge of my intents will, in me, read as the earnest of affection. My ambition herein aims at a fair flight, borne up on the double wings of gratitude for a received, and acknowledgement for a continued love. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, and amongst them some friends, as to presume on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in every fulness of these particulars, I do not more partake through you, my cousin, the delight, than enjoy the benefit of them. This Inscription to your name is only a faithful deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal in honour with virtue, desert. The contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfac'd invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein. Let me be bold to tell the severity of censure, how willingly I neglect their practise, so long as I digress from no becoming thankfulness. Accept, then, my cousin, this witness to posterity of my constancy to your merits; for no ties of blood, no engagements of friendship, shall more justly live a precedent, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

JOHN FORD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, *Duke of Pavy*  
PAULO BAGLIONE, *Uncle to the Duchess*  
FERNANDO, *Favourite to the Duke*  
FERENTES, *a Wanton Courtier*  
ROSELLI, *a young Nobleman*  
PETRUCHIO, } *two Counsellors of State*  
NIBRASSA, }  
RODERICO D'AVOLOS, *Secretary to the Duke*  
MAURUCCIO, *an old Antick*

GIACCOPO, *Servant to MAURUCCIO*

BIANCA, *the Duchess*  
FIORMONDA, *the Duke's Sister*  
COLONA, *Daughter to PETRUCHIO*  
JULIA, *Daughter to NIBRASSA*  
MORONA, *an old Lady*

Attendants, Courtiers, Officers, &c.

SCENE,—PAVY (PAVIA).

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ROSELLI and RODERICO D'AVOLOS.*

*Ros.* Depart the court?

*D'Av.* Such was the duke's command.

*Ros.* You are secretary to the state and him,  
Great in his counsels, wise, and, I think, honest;  
Have you, in turning over old Records,  
Read but one name descended of the house  
Of Lesui, in his loyalty remiss?

*D'Av.* Never, my lord.

[*peace*]

*Ros.* Why then should I now, now, when glorious  
Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wiped off,  
Like to a useless moth, from courtly ease?—  
And whither must I go?

*D'Av.* You have the open world before you.

*Ros.* Why, then 'tis like I'm banish'd?

*D'Av.* Not so; my warrant is only to command  
you from the court; within five hours to depart

after notice taken, and not to live within thirty  
miles of it, until it be thought meet by his Excel-  
lence to call you back. Now I have warn'd you,  
my lord, at your peril be it, if you disobey; I shall  
inform the duke of your discontent. — [*Exit*]

*Ros.* Do, politician, do! I scent the plot  
Of this disgrace; 'tis Fiormonda, she,  
That glorious widow, whose commanding cheek  
Ruins my love: like foolish beasts, thus they  
Find danger, that prey too near the lion's den.

*Enter FERNANDO and PETRUCHIO.*

*Fern.* My noble lord, Roselli!

*Ros.* Sir, the joy

I should have welcomed you with, is wrapt up  
In clouds of my disgrace; yet, honour'd sir,  
Howsoever frowns of great ones cast me down,  
My service shall pay tribute, in my lowness,  
To your unpriasing virtues.

*Fern.* Sir, I know  
You are so well acquainted with your own,  
You need not flatter mine; trust me, my lord,  
I'll be a suitor for you.

*Pet.* And I'll second  
My nephew's suit, with importunity.

*Ros.* You are, my lord Fernando, late return'd  
From travels; pray instruct me:—since the voice  
Of most supreme authority commands  
My absence, I determine to bestow  
Some time in learning languages abroad;  
Perhaps the change of air may change in me  
Remembrance of my wrongs at home: good sir,  
Inform me; say I meant to live in Spain,  
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure?

*Fern.* Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have  
found.

In Spain you lose experience; 'tis a climate  
Too hot to nourish arts; the nation proud,  
And in their pride unsociable; the court  
More pliable to glorify itself  
Than do a stranger grace: if you intend  
To traffic like a merchant, 'twere a place  
Might better much your trade; but as for me,  
I soon took surfeit on it.

*Ros.* What for France?

*Fern.* France I more praise and love. You are  
my lord,

Yourself for horsemanship much famed; and there,  
You shall have many proofs to shew your skill.  
The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,  
Kind, but extreme dissemblers; you shall have  
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,  
At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.  
To give the country due, it is on earth  
A paradise; and if you can neglect  
Your own appropriations, but praising that  
In others, wherein you excel yourself,  
You shall be much beloved there.

*Ros.* Yet, methought,  
I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,  
Discoursing of an island thereabouts,  
Call'd—let me think—'twas—

*Fern.* England?

*Ros.* That: pray sir—

You have been there, methought I heard you  
praise it.

*Fern.* I'll tell you what I found there; men as  
As courtly as the French, but in condition [neat,  
Quite opposite. Put case that you, my lord,  
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,  
If there (as there are many) one excell'd  
You in your art as much as you do others,  
Yet will the English think their own is nothing  
Compared with you a stranger; in their habits  
They are not more fantastic than uncertain;  
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,  
No nation can disparage but itself.

*Ros.* My lord, you have much eased me; I re-

*Fern.* And whither are you bent? [solve.

*Ros.* My lord, for travel;

To speed for England.

*Fern.* No, my lord, you must not;  
I have yet some private conference  
To impart unto you for your good; at night  
I'll meet you at my lord Petruchio's house,  
Till then, be secret.

*Ros.* Dares my cousin trust me?

*Pet.* Dare I, my lord! yes, 'less your fact were  
Than a bold woman's spleen. [greater

*Ros.* The duke's at hand,  
And I must hence; my service to your lordships.  
[Exit.

*Pet.* Now, nephew, as I told you, since the duke  
Hath held the reins of state in his own hand,  
Much altered from the man he was before,  
\* \* \* \* \*

(As if he were transformed in his mind,)  
To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom  
Is fond Ferentes; one whose pride takes pride  
In nothing more than to delight his lust;  
And he (with grief I speak it) hath, I fear,  
Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,  
My poor Colona; whom, for kindred's sake,  
As you are noble, as you honour virtue,  
Persuade to love herself: a word from you  
May win her more than my intreats or frowns.

*Fern.* Uncle, I'll do my best; mean time, pray  
tell me,

Whose mediation wrought the marriage  
Betwixt the duke and duchess, who was agent?

*Pet.* His roving eye and her enchanting face,  
The only dower nature had ordained  
T' advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter  
Unto a gentleman of Milan—no better—  
Preferr'd to serve i' th' Duke of Milan's court;  
Where for her beauty she was greatly famed:  
And passing late from thence to Monaco,  
To visit there her uncle, Paul Baglione,  
The abbot, Fortune (queen to such blind matches)  
Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way,  
As he pursues the deer: in short, my lord,  
He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd  
No counsel could divert him. [her;

*Fern.* She is fair.

*Pet.* She is; and, to speak truth, I think right  
In her conditions. [noble

*Fern.* If, when I should choose,  
Beauty and virtue were the fee proposed,  
I should not pass for parentage.

*Pet.* The duke  
Doth come.

*Fern.* Let's break off talk; if ever, now,  
Good angel of my soul, protect my truth! [Aside.

Enter the Duke, BIANCA, FERONDA, NIBRASSI,  
FERENTES, JULIA, and D'AVOLO.

*Duke.* Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms;  
Whilst I, wrapt in my admiration, view  
Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.  
Fernando! oh, thou half myself! no joy  
Could make my pleasures full without thy presence:  
I am a monarch of felicity,  
Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful;  
A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

*Fern.* Sir,—if a man so low in rank may hope,  
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,  
To hold a correspondency in friendship  
With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,  
My uttermost ambition is to climb  
To those deserts may give the stile of servant.

*Duke.* Of partner in my dukedom, in my heart,  
As freely as the privilege of blood  
Hath made them mine;—Philippo and Fernando  
Shall be without distinction. Look, Bianca,  
On this good man; in all respects to him  
Be as to me: only the name of husband,  
And reverent observance of our bed,  
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul  
We are all one.

*Bian.* I shall, in best of love,  
Regard the bosom-partner of my lord.

*Fior.* Ferentes.

[*Aside to Fern.*]

*Fer.* Madam?

*Fior.* You are one loves courtship;  
He hath some change of words, 'twere no lost labour

To stuff your table-books; the man speaks wisely!

*Fer.* I am glad your highness is so pleasant.

*Duke.* Sister!

*Fior.* My lord and brother.

*Duke.* You are too silent,

Quicken your sad remembrance: though the loss  
Of your dead husband be of more account  
Than slight neglect, yet 'tis a sin against  
The state of princes, to exceed a mean  
In mourning for the dead.

*Fior.* Should form, my lord,  
Prevail above affection? no, it cannot.

You have yourself here a right noble duchess,  
Virtuous at least, and should your grace now pay,  
Which heaven forbid! the debt you owe to nature,  
I dare presume, she'd not so soon forget  
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could you  
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could you  
Bitter and shrewd.

*D'Av.* Bitter and shrewd.

[*Aside.*]

*Bian.* Sister, I should too much bewray my  
weakness,

To give a resolution on a passion  
I never felt nor fear'd.

*Nib.* A modest answer.

*Fern.* If credit may be given to a face,  
My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;  
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

*Fior.* [*Aside to D'Av.*] Exceeding good; the  
Observe it, D'Avolos. [man will "undertake!"]

*D'Av.* Lady, I do;

'Tis a smooth praise.

*Duke.* Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy  
love,

And love thee better for thy judging mine.  
Though my gray-headed senate, in the laws  
Of strict opinion and severe dispute,  
Would tie the limits of our free affects,  
(Like superstitious Jews, to match with none  
But in a tribe of princes like ourselves,)  
Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched  
souls

To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,  
Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;  
Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,  
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves:—  
But why should princes do so, that command  
The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals?—  
No, my Bianca, thou art to me as dear  
As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;  
Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.  
Set on; they shall be strangers to my heart,  
That envy thee thy fortunes.—Come, Fernando,  
My but divided self; what we have done  
We are only debtor to heaven for.—On!

*Fior.* [*Aside to D'Av.*] Now take thy time, or  
never, D'Avolos;

Prevail, and I will raise thee high in grace.

*D'Av.* Madam, I will omit no art.

[*Exeunt all but D'Av. who recalls Fern.*]

My honour'd lord Fernando!

*Fern.* To me, sir?

*D'Av.* Let me beseech your lordship to excuse  
me in the nobleness of your wisdom, if I exceed

good manners: I am one, my lord, who, in the  
admiration of your perfect virtues, do so truly  
honour and reverence your deserts, that there is  
not a creature bears life, shall more faithfully  
study to do you service in all offices of duty, and  
vows of due respect.

*Fern.* Good sir, you bind me to you; is this all?

*D'Av.* I beseech your ear a little; good my  
lord, what I have to speak, concerns your reputa-  
tion and best fortune.

*Fern.* How's that! my reputation? lay aside  
Superfluous ceremony; speak, what is it?

*D'Av.* I do repute myself the blesseddest man  
alive, that I shall be the first gives your lordship  
news of your perpetual comfort.

*Fern.* As how?

*D'Av.* If singular beauty, unimitable virtues,  
honour, youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune,  
all those are at once offered to your particular  
choice.

*Fern.* Without delays, which way?

*D'Av.* The great and gracious lady Fioromonda  
loves you, infinitely loves you.—But, my lord, as  
ever you tendered a servant to your pleasures, let  
me not be revealed, that I gave you notice on't.

*Fern.* Sure you are strangely out of tune, sir.

*D'Av.* Please but to speak to her; be but  
courtylly ceremonious with her, use once but the  
language of affection, if I misreport ought besides  
my knowledge, let me never have place in your  
good opinion. Oh, these women, my lord, are as  
brittle metal as your glasses, as smooth, as slip-  
pery,—their very first substance was quicksands:  
let them look never so demurely, one filipp chokes  
them. My lord, she loves you; I know it.—But  
I beseech your lordship not to discover me; I  
would not for the world she should know that you  
know it by me.

*Fern.* I understand you, and to thank your care,  
Will study to requite it; and I vow  
She never shall have notice of your news  
By me, or by my means. And, worthy sir,  
Let me alike enjoin you not to speak  
A word of that I understand her love;  
And as for me, my word shall be your surety,  
I'll not as much as give her cause to think  
I ever heard it.

*D'Av.* Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you  
may break with her in it, if you please; for, rather  
than silence should hinder you one step to such a  
fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for  
your sake, my good lord.

*Fern.* You shall not, indeed, sir; I am still  
your friend, and will prove so; for the present I  
am forced to attend the duke. Good hours befall  
you! I must leave you. [*Exit.*]

*D'Av.* Gone already? 'sfoot, I have marr'd all!  
this is worse and worse; he's as cold as hemlock.  
If her highness knows how I have gone to work,  
she'll thank me scurvily. A pox of all dull brains!  
I took the clean contrary course: there is a mys-  
tery in this slight carelessness of his; I must sift  
it, and I will find it. Uds me, fool myself out of  
my wit! well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity  
to inveigle him, and, till then, smooth her up that  
he is a man overjoyed with the report. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter FERENTES and COLONA.*

*Fer.* Madam, by this light I vow myself your servant; only yours, inespacially yours. Time, like a turn-coat, may order and disorder the outward fashions of our bodies, but shall never enforce a change on the constancy of my mind. Sweet Colona, fair Colona, young and sprightly lady, do not let me, in the best of my youth, languish in my earnest affections.

*Col.* Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory,

By the disgrace[s] of a silly maid?

*Fer.* That I confess too. I am every way so unworthy of the first fruits of thy embraces, so far beneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no honour to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy servants; yet prove me how true, how firm I will stand to thy pleasures, to thy command; and, as time shall serve, be ever thine. Now, prithee, dear Colona—

*Col.* Well, my lord, I have no heart of flint;

Or if I had, you know by cunning words

How to outwear it:—but—

*Fer.* But what? do not pity thy own gentleness, lovely Colona. Shall I? Speak, shall I?—say but aye, and our wishes are made up.

*Col.* How shall I say aye, when my fears say no?

*Fer.* You will not fail to meet [me] two hours hence, sweet?

*Col.* No,

Yes, yes, I would have said; how my tongue trips!

*Fer.* I take that promise, and that double yes as an assurance of thy faith. In the grove; good, sweet, remember; in any case alone,—do you mark, love?—not as much as your duchess' little dog;—you'll not forget?—two hours hence—think on't, and miss not: till then—

*Col.* Oh, if you should prove false, and love another!

*Fer.* Defy me then! I'll be all thine, and a servant only to thee; only to thee. [*Exit COLONA.*]—Very passing good! three honest women in our courts here of Italy, are enough to discredit a whole nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, or a mother that never slept awry, are wonders, wonders in Italy. 'Slife! I have got the feat on't, and am every day more active in my trade; 'tis a sweet sin this slip of mortality, and I have tasted enough for one passion of my senses. Here comes more work for me.

*Enter JULIA.*

And how does mine own Julia? Mew upon this sadness! what's the matter, you are melancholy?—Whither away, wench?

*Jul.* 'Tis well; the time has been when your smooth tongue

Would not have mock'd my griefs; and had I been more chary of mine own honour, you had still been lowly as you were.

*Fer.* Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much more lowly than I am to thee; thou bring'at me on my bare knees, wench, twice in every four-and-twenty hours, besides half turns instead of bevers. What must we next do, sweetheart?

*Jul.* Break vows on your side, I expect no other;

But every day look when some newer choice  
May violate your honour and my trust.

*Fer.* Indeed, forsooth! how say you by that, la? I hope I neglect no opportunity to your *nunquam satis*, to be call'd in question for. Go, thou art as fretting as an old grogam; by this hand I love you for't; it becomes thee so prettily to be angry; well, if thou should'st die, farewell all love with me for ever! go, I'll meet thee soon in thy lady's back-lobby, I will, wench; look for me.

*Jul.* But shall I be resolved you will be mine?

*Fer.* All thine; I will reserve my best ability, my heart, my honour only to thee, only to thee. Pity of my blood, away! I hear company coming on; remember, soon I am all thine, I will live perpetually only to thee; away!—[*Exit JULIA.*] 'Sfoot! I wonder about what time of the year I was begot; sure it was when the moon was in conjunction, and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance; I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as infinite to do, as my occasions are proffered of doing. Chastity! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men; for I never found it in a woman thoroughly tempted yet. I have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. Who comes now?

*Enter FERNANDO.*

My lord, the duke's friend! I will strive to be inward with him.—My lord Fernando!

*Fern.* My lord Ferentes, I should change some words

Of consequence with you; but since I am, For this time, busied in more serious thoughts, I'll pick some fitter opportunity.

*Fer.* I will wait your pleasure, my lord. Good day to your lordship! [*Exit.*]

*Fern.* Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run, That lost to reason, cannot away the float Of the unruly faction in my blood! The duchess, oh the duchess! in her smiles Are all my joys abstracted:—death to my thoughts! My other plague comes to me.

*Enter FIORMONDA and JULIA.*

*Fior.* My lord Fernando, what, so hard at study! You are a kind companion to yourself, That love to be alone so.

*Fern.* Madam, no; I rather chose this leisure to admire The glories of this little world, the court, Where, like so many stars, on several thrones, Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs; Sweet matter for my meditation.

*Fior.* So, so, sir! (leave us, Julia) [*Exit JUL.*] your own proof,

By travel and prompt observation, Instructs you how to place the use of speech.— But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit; We'll pass the time a little in discourse: What have you seen abroad?

*Fern.* No wonders, lady, Like these I see at home.

*Fior.* At home! as how?

*Fern.* Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of Report but what is warranted by sight. [*truth,* *Fior.* But what sight?

*Fern.* Look in your glass, and you shall see  
A miracle.

*Fior.* What miracle?

*Fern.* Your beauty,

So far above all beauties else abroad,

As you are, in your own, superlative.

*Fior.* Fy, fy! your wit hath too much edge.

*Fern.* Would that,

Or anything, that I could challenge mine,

Were but of value to express how much

I serve, in love, the sister of my prince!

*Fior.* 'Tis for your prince's sake then, not for mine?

*Fern.* For you in him, and much for him in you.

I must acknowledge, madam, I observe,

In your affects, a thing to me most strange,

Which makes me so much honour you the more.

*Fior.* Pray tell it.

*Fern.* Gladly, lady:

I see how opposite to youth and custom,

You set before you, in the tablature

Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs

Of a most loyal lady, for the loss

Of so renown'd a prince as was your lord.

*Fior.* Now, good my lord, no more of him.

*Fern.* Of him!

I know it is a needless task in me,

To set him forth in his deserved praise,

You better can record it; for you find,

How much more he exceeded other men

In most heroic virtues of account,

So much more was your loss in losing him.

Of him! his praise should be a field too large,

Too spacious, for so mean an orator

As I to range in.

*Fior.* Sir, enough: 'tis true

He well deserv'd your labour; on his death-bed

This ring he gave me, bade me never part

With this, but to the man I lov'd as dearly

As I loved him; yet since you know which way

To blaze his worth so rightly, in return

To your deserts, wear this for him and me.

[Offers him the ring.]

*Fern.* Madam?

*Fior.* 'Tis yours.

*Fern.* Methought you said, he charged you

Not to impart it but to him you loved

As dearly as you loved him.

*Fern.* True, I said so.

*Fern.* Oh, then far be it my unhallow'd hand,

With any rude intrusion, should unveil

A testament enacted by the dead.

*Fior.* Why man, that testament is disannull'd,

And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,

My blood is not yet freed; for better instance,

Be judge yourself; experience is no danger—

Cold are my sighs; but feel, my lips are warm.

[Kisses him.]

*Fern.* What means the virtuous marquess?

*Fior.* To new-kiss

The oath to thee, which whilst he lived was his:

Hast thou yet power to love?

*Fern.* To love!

*Fior.* To meet

Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?

*Fern.* Madam, 'twere dulness, past the ignorance

Of common blockheads, not to understand

Whereto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune

So much above my fate, that I could wish

No greater happiness on earth; but know,  
Long since, I vow'd to live a single life.

*Fior.* What was't you said?

*Fern.* I said, I made a vow—

Enter BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, COLONA, and D'AVOLOS.

Blessed deliverance!

*Fior.* Prevented? mischief on this interruption!

[Aside.]

*Bian.* My lord Fernando, you encounter fitly,  
I have a suit t'ye.

*Fern.* 'Tis my duty, madam,  
To be commanded.

*Bian.* Since my lord, the duke,  
Is now dispos'd to mirth, the time serves well

For mediation, that he would be pleased

To take the lord Roselli to his grace.

He is a noble gentleman; I dare

Engage my credit, loyal to the state;

And, sister, one that ever strove, methought,

By special service, and obsequious care,

To win respect from you: it were a part

Of gracious favour, if you pleas'd to join

With us, in being suitors to the duke

For his return to court.

*Fior.* To court! indeed,

You have some cause to speak; he undertook,

Most champion-like, to win the prize at tilt,

In honour of your picture;—marry did he.

There's not a groom o' th' querry could have  
match'd

The jolly riding man; pray get him back;

I do not need his service, madam, I.

*Bian.* Not need it, sister? why, I hope you

'Tis no necessity in me to move it, [think

More than respect of honour.

*Fior.* Honour? puh!

Honour is talk'd of more than known by some.

*Bian.* Sister, these words I understand not.

*Fern.* (aside.) Swell not, unruly thoughts!—

Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds

From the true touch of goodness; 'tis a plea

Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive

To beg his highness for Roselli's cause.

Your judgment rightly speaks him; there is not,

In any court of Christendom, a man

For quality or trust more absolute.

*Fior.* How! is't even so?

[Aside.]

*Pet.* I shall for ever bless

Your highness, for your gracious kind esteem

Of my dishearten'd kinsman; and to add

Encouragement to what you undertake,

I dare affirm, 'tis no important fault

Hath caus'd the duke's distaste.

*Bian.* I hope so too.

*D'Av.* Let your highness, and you all, my lords,

take advice how you motion his excellency on

Roselli's behalf; there is more danger in that man

than is fit to be publicly reported. I could wish

things were otherwise for his own sake; but I'll

assure you, you will exceedingly alter his excellency's

disposition he now is in, if you but mention

the name of Roselli to his ear; I am so much

acquainted in the process of his actions.

*Bian.* If it be so, I am the sorrier, sir.

I am loth to move my lord unto offence;

Yet I'll adventure chiding.

*Fern.* Oh, had I India's gold, I'd give it all

T'exchange one private word, one minute's breath,

With this heart-wounding beauty! [Aside.]

*Enter the DUKE, FERENTES, and NIBRASA.*

**Duke.** Prithee, no more, Ferentes; by the faith I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh Beside my spleen. Fernando, hadst thou heard The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage Discours'd, how, in the winter of his age, He is become a lover, thou would'st swear A morris-dance were but a tragedy Compared to that: well, we will see the youth.— What Council hold you now, sirs?

**Bian.** We, my lord, Were talking of the horsemanship in France Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds All other nations.

**Duke.** How! why, have not we As gallant riders here?

**Fern.** None that I know.

**Duke.** Pish, your affection leads you; I dare A thousand ducats, not a man in France [wage Outrides Rosecilli.

**Fior.** I shall quit this wrong. [Aside.

**Bian.** I said as much, my lord.

**Fern.** I have not seen His practice since my coming back.

**Duke.** Where is he?

How is't we see him not?

**Pet.** What's this? what's this?

**Fern.** I hear he was commanded from the court.

**D'Av.** Oh, confusion on this villainous occasion! [Aside.

**Duke.** True; but we meant a day or two at most,

Should be his farthest term. Not yet return'd? Where's D'Avolos?

**D'Av.** My lord.

**Duke.** You know our mind, How comes it thus to pass we miss Rosecilli?

**D'Av.** My lord, in a sudden discontent I hear he departed towards Benevento, determining, as I am given to understand, to pass to Seville, minding to visit his cousin, Don Pedro de Toledo, in the Spanish court.

**Duke.** The Spanish court! now, by the blessed bones

Of good St. Francis, let there posts be sent To call him back, or I will post thy head Beneath my foot: ha, you! you know my mind; Look that you get him back: the Spanish court! And without our commission!—

**Pet.** Here's fine juggling!

**Bian.** Good sir, be not so moved.

**Duke.** Fie, fie, Bianca, 'Tis such a gross indignity; I'd rather Have lost seven years' revenue:—the Spanish How now, what ails our sister? [court!—

**Fior.** On the sudden

I fall a bleeding; 'tis an ominous sign, Pray heaven, it turn to good!—your highness' leave. [Exit.

**Duke.** Look to her. Come, Fernando, come, Bianca,

Let's strive to overpass this choleric heat:— Sirrah, see that you trifle not. [To D'Av.] How Who sway the manage of authority, [we, May be abused by smooth officious agents!— But look well to our sister.

[Exit all but PET. and FERN.

**Pet.** Nephew, please you To see your friend to-night?

**Fern.** Yes, uncle, yes.— [Exit PET.

Thus bodies walk unsoul'd! mine eyes but follow My heart entomb'd in yonder goodly shrine; Life without her is but death's subtle snares, And I am but a coffin to my cares. [Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in MAURUCCIO'S House.

*MAURUCCIO, looking in a glass, trimming his beard; GIACOPO brushing him.*

**Maur.** Beard, be confined to neatness, that no May stover up to prick my mistress' lip, [hair More rude than bristles of a porcupine.— Giacopo!

**Gia.** My lord.

**Maur.** Am I all sweet behind?

**Gia.** I have no poultier's nose; but your apparel sits about you most debonairly.

**Maur.** But, Giacopo, with what grace do my words proceed out of my mouth? Have I a moving countenance? is there harmony in my voice? canst thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness of shape in my very breath, as it is formed into syllables, Giacopo?

*Enter above, DUKE, BIANCA, FIORONDA, FERNANDO, Courtiers, and Attendants.*

**Gia.** Yes, indeed, sir, I do feel a savour as pleasant as—a glister-pipe,—calamus, or civet.

**Duke.** Observe him, and be silent.

**Maur.** Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady marquesse, if it come to the push.

**Duke.** Sister, you are his aim.

**Fior.** A subject fit

To be the stale of laughter!

**Bian.** That's your music.

**Maur.** Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalkingly in courtly gait, I advance, one, two, and three.—Good! I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my countenance, and thus begin.—Hold up the glass higher, Giacopo!

**Gia.** Thus high, sir?

**Maur.** 'Tis well; now mark me.

Most excellent Marquesse, most fair la-dy,

Let not old age, or hairs that are sil-*ver*,

Disparage my desire; for it may be

I am than other green youth nimble-er:

Since I am your gra-cè's servànt so true,

Great lady, then, love me for my ver-tue.

Oh, Giacopo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jig-maker, Sanazzar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist, to me. I tell thee, Giacopo, I am rapt with fury; and have been for these six nights together drunk with the pure liquor of Helicon.

**Gia.** I think no less, sir; for you look as wild, and talk as idly, as if you had not slept these nine years.

**Duke.** What think you of this language, sister?

**Fior.** Sir,

I think, in prince's courts, no age nor greatness



But must admit the fool; in me 'twere folly,  
To scorn what greater states than I have been.

*Bian.* O, but you are too general—

*Fior.* A fool!

I thank your highness; many a woman's wit,  
Have thought themselves much better, was much  
worse.

*Bian.* You still mistake me.

*Duke.* Silence! note the rest.

*Maur.* God-a'-mercy, brains! *Giaco*po, I have  
it.

*Gia.* What, my lord?

*Maur.* A conceit, *Giaco*po, and a fine one—  
down on thy knees, *Giaco*po, and worship my wit.  
Give me both thy ears. Thus it is; I will have  
my picture drawn most composituously, in a  
square table of some two foot long, from the  
crown of the head to the waste downward; no  
further.

*Gia.* Then you'll look like a dwarf, sir, being  
cut off by the middle.

*Maur.* Speak not thou, but wonder at the conceit  
that follows. In my bosom, on my left side,  
I will have a leaf of blood-red crimson velvet (as  
it were part of my doublet) open; which being  
opened, *Giaco*po,—now mark!—I will have a clear  
and most transparent crystal in the form of a heart.  
—Singular admirable!—When I have framed this,  
I will, as some rare outlandish piece of workman-  
ship, bestow it on the most fair and illustrious  
*Fiormonda*.

*Gia.* But now, sir, for the conceit.

*Maur.* Simplicity and ignorance, prate no more!  
blockhead, dost not understand yet? Why, this  
being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall  
no oftener powder her hair, surfeit her cheeks,  
cleans her teeth, or conform the hairs of her eye-  
brows, but having occasion to use this glass, (which  
for the rareness and richness of it she will hourly  
do,) but she shall as often gaze on my picture,  
remember me, and behold the excellence of her  
excellency's beauty, in the prospective and mirror,  
as it were, in my heart.

*Gia.* Aye, marry, sir, this is something.

*All above.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Fior.*]

*Bian.* My sister's gone in anger.

*Maur.* Who's that laughs? search with thine  
eyes, *Giaco*po.

*Gia.* Oh, my lord, my lord, you have gotten an  
everlasting fame; the duke's grace, and the duchess'  
grace, and my lord *Fernando*'s grace, with all the  
rabble of courtiers, have heard every word; look  
where they stand! Now, you shall be made a  
count for your wit, and I lord for my counsel.

*Duke.* Beshrew the chance! we are discovered.

*Maur.* Pity—oh my wisdom! I must speak to  
them.—

O! duke most great, and most renowned duchess!  
Excuse my apprehension, which not much-is;  
'Tis love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see;  
Angelica herself [doth] plead for me.

*Duke.* We pardon you, most wise and learned  
And that we may all glorify your wit. [lord,

Entreat your wisdom's company to-day,

To grace our table with your grave discourse:

What says your mighty eloquence?

*Maur.* *Giaco*po, help me; his grace has put me  
out [of] my own bias, and I know not what to  
answer in form.

*Gia.* Ud's me; tell him you'll come.

*Maur.* Yes, I will come, my lord the duke, I  
will.

*Duke.* We take your word, and wish your  
honour health.

Away then; come, *Bianca*, we have found

A salve for melancholy;—mirth and ease.

[*Exit the DUKE, followed by all but BIANCA and  
FERNANDO.*]

*Bian.* I'll see the jolly lover and his glass  
Take leave of one another.

*Maur.* Are they gone?

*Gia.* Oh, my lord, I do now smell news.

*Maur.* What news, *Giaco*po?

*Gia.* The duke has a smacking towards you,  
and you shall clap up with his sister, the widow,  
suddenly.

*Maur.* She is mine, *Giaco*po, she is mine!  
Advance the glass, *Giaco*po, that I may practise,  
as I pass, to walk a portly grace like a marquis,  
to which degree I am now a-climbing.  
Thus do we march to honour's haven of bliss.  
To ride in triumph through *Persepolis*.

[*Exit GIACOPO, going backward with the glass, followed  
by MAURUCCIO complimenting.*]

*Bian.* Now, as I live, here's laughter

Worthy our presence! I'll not lose him so.

[*Going.*]

*Fern.* Madam.

*Bian.* To me, my lord!

*Fern.* Please but to hear

The story of a cast-away in love;

And, oh! let not the passage of a jest  
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed  
All happiness in your diviner eyes.

*Bian.* My lord, the time—

*Fern.* The time! yet hear me speak,

For I must speak, or burst: I have a soul  
So anchor'd down with cares in seas of woe,  
That passion, and the vows I owe to you,  
Have changed me to a lean anatomy.

Sweet princess of my life—

*Bian.* Forbear, or I shall—

*Fern.* Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze  
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,  
My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns  
The composition of a well-built mind,  
As pity: hear me out.

*Bian.* No more! I spare

To tell you what you are, and must confess,  
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once  
Thought goodness dwell in you. Remember now,  
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue  
Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;  
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,  
I have not voiced your follies: if you dare  
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;  
'Tis all no better:—learn, and love yourself.

[*Exit.*]

*Fern.* Gone! oh, my sorrows! how am I un-  
done!

Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast  
Virtue and resolution have discharged

All female weakness: I have sued and sued,  
Knelt, wept, and begg'd; but tears, and vows, and  
words,

Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.

I must resolve to check this rage of blood,

And will; she is all icy to my fires,

Yet even that ice inflames in me desires. [Exit

## SCENE II.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and ROSSKILL.

Rose. Is't possible the duke should be so mov'd?

Pet. 'Tis true; you have no enemy at court  
But her, for whom you pine so much in love;  
Then master your affections: I am sorry  
You bug your ruin so.—

What say you to the project I proposed?

Rose. I entertain it, with a greater joy  
Than shame can check.

Enter FERNANDO

Pet. You're come as I could wish;

My cousin is resolv'd.

Fern. Without delay

Prepare yourself, and meet at court anon,  
Some half hour hence; and Cupid bless your joy!

Rose. If ever man was bounden to a friend—

Fern. No more; away. [Exit PETR. and ROSE.]

Love's rage is yet unknown;

In his—ah me! too well I feel my own.—

So, now I am alone; now let me think.

She is the duchess;—say she be: a creature,

Sew'd up in a painted cloth, might so be stiled;

That's but a name: she's married too; she is,

And therefore better might distinguish love:—

She's young and fair; why, madam, that's the bait

Invites me more to hope:—she's the duke's wife;

Who knows not this?—she's bosom'd to my

friend;

There, there, I am quite lost:—will not be won;

Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;

Eternal mischief. I must urge no more;

For, were I not beleper'd in my soul,

Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.

What then? pish,—[if] I must not speak, I'll

Come then, sad secretary to my plaints, [write.]

Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs.

What says this paper?

[Takes out a letter, and reads to himself.]

Enter D'AVOLOS behind with two pictures.

D'Av. Now is the time. Alone? reading a letter? good; how now? striking his breast! what, in the name of policy, should this mean? tearing his hair! passion; by all the hopes of my life, plain passion! now I perceive it. If this be not a fit of some violent affection, I am an ass in understanding; why, 'tis plain,—plainer and plainer; love in the extremest. Oh, for the party who, now! The greatness of his spirits is too high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary stuff, and if it be my lady Fiormonda, I am strangely mistook. Well, that I have fit occasion soon to understand. I have here two pictures, newly drawn, to be sent for a present to the abbot of Monaco, the duchess's uncle, her own and my lady's; I'll observe which of these may, perhaps, betray him—he turns about. My noble lord.

Fern. You are welcome, sir; I thank you.

D'Av. Me, my lord! for what, my lord?

Fern. Who's there? I cry you mercy, D'Avolos,

I took you for another; pray excuse me:

What is't you bear there?

D'Av. No secret, my lord, but may be imparted to you. A couple of pictures, my good lord,—please you see them?

Fern. I care not much for pictures; but whose are they?

D'Av. The one is for my lord's sister, the other is the duchess.

Fern. Ha, D'Avolos! the duchess's?

D'Av. Yes, my lord. Sure the word startled him—observe that. [Aside.]

Fern. You told me, master secretary, once, You owed me love.

D'Av. Service, my honour'd lord; howsoever you please to term it.

Fern. 'Twere rudeness to be suitor for a sight; Yet trust me, sir, I'll be all secret.

D'Av. I beseech your lordship;—they are, as I am, constant to your pleasure. [Shows FIORMONDA'S picture.] This, my lord, is the widow marquess's, as it now newly came from the picture-drawer's; the oil yet green: a sweet picture; and, in my judgment, art hath not been a niggard in striving to equal the life. Michael Angelo himself needed not blush to own the workmanship.

Fern. A very pretty picture; but, kind signior, To whose use is it?

D'Av. For the duke's, my lord, who determines to send it with all speed as a present to Paulo Baglione, uncle to the duchess, that he may see the riches of two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

Fern. Pray, sir, the other?

D'Av. [Shows the picture of the Duchess.]—This, my lord, is for the duchess Bianca; a wondrous sweet picture, if you well observe with what singularity the artsman hath strove to set forth each limb in exquisitest proportion, not missing a hair.

Fern. A hair!

D'Av. She cannot more formally, or (if it may be lawful to use the word) more really, behold her own symmetry in her glass, than in taking a sensible view of this counterfeit. When I first saw it, I verily almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

Fern. Lip!

D'Av. How constantly he dwells upon this portraiture! [Aside.]—Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is no defect of cunning.—His eye is fix'd as if it were incorporated there. [Aside.]—Were not the party herself alive to witness that there is a creature composed of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such harmony of admirable beauty, as is here artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade a substantial love in a settled heart.

Fern. Love! heart!

D'Av. My honour'd lord.

Fern. Oh heavens!

D'Av. I am confirmed. [Aside.]—What ails your lordship?

Fern. You need not praise it, sir; itself is praise. How near had I forgot myself! [Aside.]—I thank 'Tis such a picture as might well become [you. The shrine of some famed Venus; I am dazzled With looking on't:—pray, sir, convey it hence.

D'Av. I am all your servant:—blessed discovery! [Aside.]—Please you to command me?

Fern. No, gentle sir.—I am all lost beyond my senses.—

Dy'e hear, sir? good, where dwells the picture-maker?

D'Av. By the castle's farther drawbridge, near

Galiazzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Trinultio.  
—Happy above all fate!

*Fern.* You say enough; my thanks t'ye! [*Exit D'Av.*]

But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.  
I fear I spoke or did I know not what;  
All sense of providence was in mine eye.

*Enter FERENTES, MAURUCCIO, and GIACOPO.*

*Fer.* Youth in three-score years and ten! [*Aside.*  
Trust me, my lord Mauruccio, you are now  
younger in the judgment of those that compare  
your former age with your latter, by seven-and-  
twenty years, than you were three years ago;  
by all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle! the ladies wonder  
at you.

*Maur.* Let them wonder; I am wise as I am  
courtly.

*Gia.* The ladies, my lord, call him the Green  
Broom of the court, he sweeps all before him; and  
swear he has a stabbing wit: it is a very clyster to  
laughter.

*Maur.* Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my plea-  
sure; I am stiff and strong, Ferentes.

*Gia.* A radish root is a spear of steel in com-  
parison of I know what. [*Aside.*

*Fer.* The marquess doth love you.

*Maur.* She doth love me.

*Fer.* And begins to do you infinite grace, Mau-  
ruccio, infinite grace.

*Fern.* I'll take this time. [*Comes forward.*  
Good hour, my lords, to both!

*Maur.* Right princely Fernando, the best of the  
Fernandos; by the pith of generation, the man I  
look for. His highness hath sent to find you out;  
he is determined to weather his own proper indi-  
vidual person, for two days space, in my lord  
Nibrassa's forest, to hunt the deer, the buck, the  
roe, and eke the barren doe.

*Fern.* Is his highness preparing to hunt?

*Maur.* Yes, my lord, and resolved to lie forth  
for the brevitating prolixity of some superfluous  
transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the  
western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

*Fern.* Oh, sir, let me beseech you to speak in  
your own mother-tongue—two days absence, well—  
[*Aside.*]

—my lord Mauruccio, I have a suit to you.

*Maur.* My lord Fernando, I have a suit to you.

*Fern.* That you will accept from me a very  
choice token of my love; will you grant it?

*Maur.* Will you grant mine?

*Fern.* What is't.

*Maur.* Only to know what the suit is you please  
to prefer to me.

*Fern.* Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.

*Maur.* A fool?

*Fern.* As very a fool as your lordship is—hope-  
ful to see in any time of your life.

*Gia.* Now, good my lord, part not with the fool  
on any terms.

*Maur.* I beseech you, my lord, has the fool  
qualities?

*Fern.* Very rare ones: you shall not hear him  
speak one wise word in a month's converse; pas-  
sing temperate of diet; for, keep him from meat  
four-and-twenty hours, and he will fast a whole  
day and a night together: unless you urge him to  
swear, these seldom comes an oath from his mouth;  
and of a fool, my lord, to tell you the plain truth,  
had he but half as much wit as you, my lord, he

would be in short time three quarters as arrant  
wise as your lordship.

*Maur.* Giacopo, these are very rare elements in  
a creature of little understanding. Oh, that I long  
to see him?

*Enter PATRUCCHIO and ROSELLA, dressed like a Fool.*

*Fern.* A very harmless idiot; and, as you could  
wish, look where he comes.

*Pet.* Nephew, here is the thing you sent for.  
Come hither, fool; come, 'tis a good fool.

*Fern.* Here, my lord; I freely give you the fool,  
pray use him well for my sake.

*Maur.* I take the fool most thankfully at your  
hands, my lord.—Hast any qualities, my pretty  
fool? wilt dwell with me?

*Ros.* A, a, a, aye.

*Pet.* I never beheld a more natural creature in  
my life.

*Fern.* Uncle, the duke, I hear, prepares to hunt;  
Let's in and wait. Farewell, Mauruccio.

[*Exit FERN. and PET.*

*Maur.* Beast that I am, not to ask the fool's  
name! 'tis no matter; fool is a sufficient title to  
call the greatest lord in the court by, if he be no  
wiser than he.

*Gia.* Oh my lord, what an arrant excellent  
pretty creature 'tis! come, honey, honey, honey,  
come.

*Fer.* You are beholding to my lord Fernando  
for this gift.

*Maur.* True; oh, that he could but speak me-  
thodically! Canst speak, fool?

*Ros.* Can speak; de e e e e—

*Fer.* 'Tis a present for an emperor. What an  
excellent instrument were this to purchase a suit,  
or a monopoly from the duke's ear!

*Maur.* I have it, I am wise and fortunate.  
Giacopo, I will leave all conceits, and instead of  
my picture, offer the lady marquess this mortal  
man of weak brain.

*Gia.* My lord, you have most rarely bethought  
you; for so shall she no oftener see the fool, but  
she shall remember you better than by a thousand  
looking-glasses.

*Fer.* She will most graciously entertain it.

*Maur.* I may tell you Ferentes, there's not a  
great woman amongst forty, but knows how to  
make sport with a fool.—Doat know how old thou  
art, sirrah?

*Ros.* Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake, gaffer;  
hee e e e e.

*Fer.* Alas, you must ask him no questions, but  
clap him on the cheek; I understand his language:  
your fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is.

*Enter FIORMONDA and D'AVOLOS, in close conversation.*

*Fior.* No more, thou hast, in this discovery,  
Exceeded all my favours, D'Avolos.

Is't mistress madam duchess? brave revenge.

*D'Av.* But had your grace seen the infinite  
appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye,  
you would—

*Fior.* Or change him, or confound him:—prompt  
dissembler!

Is here the bond of his religious vow?

And that, "now when the duke is rid abroad,  
My gentleman will stay behind, is sick—or so:"

*D'Av.* "Not altogether in health;"—it was the  
excuse he made.

*Maur.* [*Seeing them.*] Most fit opportunity! her grace comes just i'th' nick; let me study.

*Fer.* Lose no time, my lord.

*Gia.* To her, sir.

*Maur.* Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cynthian hue,

And from a creature, ever vow'd thy servant,  
Accept this gift; most rare, most fine, most new,  
The earnest-penny of a love so fervent.

*Fior.* What means the jolly youth?

*Maur.* Nothing, sweet princess, but only to present your grace with this sweet-faced fool; please you to accept him to make you merry: I'll assure your grace he is a very wholesome fool.

*Fior.* A fool! you might as well have given Whence is he? [*yourself.*]

*Maur.* Now, just very now, given me out of special favour, by the lord Fernando, madam.

*Fior.* By him? well, I accept him; thank you for't;

And, in requital, take that tooth-picker;  
'Tis yours.

*Maur.* A tooth-picker! I kiss your bounty: no quibble now?—And, madam,

If I grow sick, to make my spirits quicker,  
I will revive them with this sweet tooth-picker.

*Fior.* Make use on't as you list; here, D'Avolos, Take in the fool.

*D'Av.* Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

*Ros.* U u umh,—u u umh,—wonnnot, wonnot—u u umh.

*Fior.* Wilt go with me, chick?

*Ros.* Will go, te e e—go will go—

*Fior.* Come, D'Avolos, observe to-night; 'tis late:

Or I will win my choice, or curse my fate.

[*Exeunt Fior, Ros. and D'Av.*]

*Fer.* This was wisely done now. S'foot, you purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

*Maur.* Giacopo!

*Gia.* My lord.

*Maur.* Come behind me, Giacopo; I am big with conceit, and must be delivered of poetry, in the eternal commendation of this gracious tooth-picker:—but, first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make a slight supper—

For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,  
And now's the time when mortals whet their knives—

On thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c. Away,  
Giacopo. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Palace.—The Duchess's Apartment.

*Enter COLONA with lights, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, JULIA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS; COLONA places the lights on a table, and sets down a chess-board.*

*Bian.* 'Tis yet but early night, too soon to sleep; Sister, shall's have a mate at chess?

*Fior.* A mate!

No, madam, you are grown too hard for me;  
My lord Fernando is a fitter match.

*Bian.* He's a well-practis'd gamester—well, I care not

How cunning soe'er he be.—To pass an hour  
I'll try your skill, my lord: reach here the chess-board.

*D'Av.* Are you so apt to try his skill, madam duchess? Very good! [*Aside.*]

*Fern.* I shall bewray too much my ignorance  
In striving with your highness; 'tis a game  
I lose at still, by oversight.

*Bian.* Well, well,  
I fear you not; let's to't.

[*FERNANDO and the Duchess play.*]

*Fior.* You need not, madam!

*D'Av.* [*Aside to FIOR.*] Marry needs she not; how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rank to a queen she heaves a pawn to a knight's place; by'r lady, if all be truly noted, to a duke's place; and that's beside the play, I can tell ye.

*Fior.* Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feel  
The temper of my body not in case  
To judge the strife.

*Bian.* Lights for our sister, sirs!  
Good rest t'ye; I'll but end my game, and follow.

*Fior.* [*Aside to D'AV.*] Let 'em have time  
enough; and, as thou canst,  
Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

*D'Av.* Madam, I shall observe them with all cunning secrecy.

*Bian.* Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

*Col.* I shall, madam—

[*Exit FIOR, followed by COL. JUL. and D'AV.*]

*Bian.* Play.

*Fern.* I must not lose the advantage of the game;  
Madam, your queen is lost.

*Bian.* My clergy help me;

My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?

Why then the game's lost too: but play.

*Fern.* What, madam? [*FERNANDO often looks about.*]

*Bian.* You must needs play well, you are so studious.—

Fie upon't! you study past patience:—

What do you dream on? here's demurring  
Would weary out a statue!—Good now, play.

*Fern.* Forgive me; let my knees for ever stick  
[*Kneels.*]

Nail'd to the ground, as earthy as my fears,  
Ere I arise, to part away so curst

In my unbounded anguish, as the rage  
Of flames, beyond all utterance of words,  
Devour me, lighten'd by your sacred eyes.

*Bian.* What means the man?

*Fern.* To lay before your feet

In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart  
That sighs the tender of a suit disdain'd.  
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;  
And do not think that I have cull'd this time  
From motion's swiftest measure, to unclasp  
The book of lust: If purity of love  
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,  
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,  
I beg compassion to a love, as chaste  
As softness of desire can intimate.

*Re-enter D'AVOLOS behind.*

*D'Av.* At it already! admirable haste.

*Bian.* Am I again betray'd? bad man.—

*Fern.* Keep in,

Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool  
That heat of cruelty, which ways the temple  
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge  
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,  
Which I have not, with many nights' expense  
Examined; but, oh, madam, still I find  
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,  
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

*D'Av.* Not kissing yet? still on your knees?  
O for a plump bed and clean sheets, to comfort the  
aching of his shins! we shall have them clip anon,  
and hiss kisses; here's ceremony, with a vengeance!

*Bian.* Rise up, we charge you, rise: [*he rises*]  
look on our face.

What see you there that may persuade a hope  
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,  
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,  
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,  
We had much rather prostitute our blood  
To some envenom'd serpent, than admit  
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak  
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,  
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope  
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,  
We shall not only certify our lord  
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge  
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.  
Think on't.

*D'Av.* Now, now, now the game's a-foot! your  
gray jennet with the white face is curried, forsooth;  
—please your lordship leap up into the saddle,  
forsooth?—Poor duke, how must thy head ach  
now!

*Fern.* Stay, go not hence in choler, blessed  
woman!

You have school'd me; lend me hearing: though  
the float

Of infinite desires swell to a tide  
Too high so soon to ebb, yet by this hand,

[*Kisses her hand.*]

This glorious, gracious hand of your's—

*D'Av.* Aye, marry, the match is made; clap  
hands and to't, ho!

*Fern.* I swear,  
Henceforth I never will as much in word,  
In letter, or in syllable, presume  
To make a repetition of my griefs.  
Good night t'ye! if, when I am dead, you rip  
This coffin of my heart, there shall you read  
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,  
Bianca's name carv'd out in bloody lines.  
For ever, lady, now good night!

*Bian.* Good night!  
Rest in your goodness; lights there.

*Enter Attendants with lights.*

Sir, good night. [*Exeunt sundry ways.*]

*D'Av.* So, via!—To be cuckold'd (mercy and  
providence) is as natural to a married man as to  
eat, sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends!—I will  
rather trust mine arm in the throat of a lion, my  
purse with a courtesan, my neck with the chance  
on a dye, or my religion in a synagogue of Jews,  
than my wife with a friend. Wherein do princes  
exceed the poorest peasant that ever was yoked to  
a sixpenny strumpet, but that the horns of the one  
are mounted some two inches higher by a choppine  
than the other? Oh Acteon! the goodliest headed  
beast of the forest amongst wild cattle is a stag;  
and the goodliest beast amongst tame fools in a  
corporation is a cuckold.

*Re-enter FIORONDA*

*Fior.* Speak, D'Avolos, how thrives intelligence?

*D'Av.* Above the prevention of fate, madam.  
I saw him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands  
and forefingers, rise,—and by this time he is up,  
up, madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be

duke, for he is gotten into the duke's seat an  
hour ago.

*Fior.* Is't true?

*D'Av.* Oracle, oracle! siege was laid, parley  
admitted, composition offered, and the fort en-  
tered; there's no interruption. The duke will be  
at home to-morrow, gentle animal!—what do you  
resolve?

*Fior.* To stir up tragedies as black as brave,  
And send the lecher panting to his grave.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Bed-chamber in the same.*

*Enter BIANCA, her hair loose, in her night-mantle. She  
draws a curtain, FERNANDO is discovered in bed, sleeping.  
She sets down the candle, and goes to the bed-side.*

*Bian.* Resolve, and do; 'tis done.—What! are  
those eyes,

Which lately were so overdrawn'd in tears,  
So easy to take rest? Oh happy man!  
How sweetly sleep hath seal'd up sorrows here!  
But I will call him.—What, my lord, my lord,  
My lord Fernando!

*Fern.* Who calls me?

*Bian.* My lord,  
Sleeping or waking?

*Fern.* Ha! who is't?

*Bian.* 'Tis I:  
Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear  
But useful to your eye?

*Fern.* Madam, the duchess!

*Bian.* She, 'tis she; sit up,  
Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:  
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

*Fern.* Is't possible 'tis you?

*Bian.* 'Tis possible:  
Why do you think I come?

*Fern.* Why? to crown joys,  
And make me master of my best desires.

*Bian.* 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up, and  
listen.

With shame and passion now I must confess,  
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart  
You have been only king; if there can be  
A violence in love, then I have felt  
That tyranny: be record to my soul,  
The justice which I for this folly fear!  
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue  
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st  
Was music to my ear; was never poor,  
Poor wretched woman lived, that loved like me,  
So truly, so unfeignedly.

*Fern.* Oh, madam!

*Bian.* To witness that I speak is truth,—look  
here!

Thus singly I adventure to thy bed,  
And do confess my weakness; if thou tempt'st  
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

*Fern.* Perpetual happiness!

*Bian.* Now hear me out.  
When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,  
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect  
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom;  
'Advanced me to the titles I possess,  
Not mov'd by counsel, or removed by greatness;  
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven,  
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife;  
I have done so: nor was there in the world  
A man created, could have broke that truth

For all the glories of the earth, but thou ;  
But thou, Fernando!—Do I love thee now?

*Fern.* Beyond imagination.

*Bian.* True, I do,

Beyond imagination: if no pledge  
Of love can instance what I speak is true,  
But loss of my best joys; here, here, Fernando,  
Be satisfied, and ruin me.

*Fern.* What do you mean?

*Bian.* To give my body up to thy embraces,  
A pleasure that I never wish'd to thrive in,  
Before this fatal minute: mark me now;  
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,  
By my best comforts, here I vow again,  
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,  
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,  
I'll kill myself!

*Fern.* How, madam, how!

*Bian.* I will:

Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice; what say  
you?

*Fern.* Pish! do you come to try me? tell me,  
Will you but grant a kiss? [first,

*Bian.* Yes, take it; that,

Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.

[*FERN. kisses her.*]

*Fern.* Oh, me!—Come, come; how many  
women, pray,

Were ever heard or read of, granted love,  
And did as you protest you will?

*Bian.* Fernando,

Jest not at my calamity.—I kneel— [Kneels.

By these dishevell'd hairs, these wretched tears,  
By all that's good, if what I speak, my heart  
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,  
Was never man sued to me I denied;

Think me a common and most cunning whore,  
And let my sins be written on my grave,  
My name rest in reproof!—[*Rises*] Do as you  
list.

*Fern.* I must believe you,—yet I hope, anon,  
When you are parted from me, you will say  
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,  
Nay, laugh at my simplicity; say, will you?

*Bian.* No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!  
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far,  
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

*Fern.* You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid  
that I

Should by a wanton appetite profane  
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me  
You'll please to call me servant.

*Bian.* Nay, be thine:

Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write  
This love within the tables of my heart.

*Fern.* Enough; I'll master passion, and triumph  
In being conquered; adding to it this,  
In you my love, as it begun, shall end.

*Bian.* The latter I new-vow—but day comes on:  
What now we leave unfinished of content,  
Each hour shall perfect up: Sweet, let us part.

*Fern.* This kiss,—best life, good rest!

[*Kisses her.*]

*Bian.* All mine to thee!

Remember this, and think I speak thy words:  
"When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read  
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,  
Fernando's name carv'd out in bloody lines."  
Once more good rest, sweet!

*Fern.* Your most faithful servant.

[*The scene closes.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter NIBRASSA, followed by JULIA, weeping.*

*Nib.* Get from me, strumpet, infamous whore,  
leprosy of my blood! make thy moan to ballad-  
singers and rhymers; they'll jig out thy wretched-  
ness and abominations to new tunes: as for me, I  
renounce thee; thou'rt no daughter of mine, I  
disclaim the legitimation of thy birth, and curse  
the hour of thy nativity.

*Jul.* Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

*Nib.* With child! shame to my grave! Oh whore,  
wretched beyond utterance or reformation, what  
woud'st say?

*Jul.* Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse,  
He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith;  
If vows have any force, I am his wife.

*Nib.* His faith? Why, thou fool, thou wickedly  
credulous fool, canst thou imagine luxury is observ-  
ant of religion? no, no; it's with a frequent  
letcher as usual to forswear as to swear; their  
piety is in making idolatry a worship: their hearts  
and their tongues are as different as thou, thou  
whore! and a virgin.

*Jul.* You are too violent; his truth will prove  
His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

*Nib.* Shameless woman! this belief will damn  
thee. How will thy lady marquess justly reprove

me, for preferring to her service a monster of so  
lewd and impudent a life! look to't; if thy smooth  
devil leave thee to thine infamy, I will never pity  
thy mortal pangs, never lodge thee under my roof,  
never own thee for my child; mercy be my wit-  
ness!—

*Enter PETRUCHIO leading COLONA.*

*Pet.* Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse,  
Thou art undone, Colona; no entreaties,  
No warning, no persuasion, could put off  
The habit of thy dotage on that man  
Of much deceit, Ferentes. Would thine eyes  
Had seen me in my grave, ere I had known  
The stain of this thine honour!

*Col.* Good, my lord,  
Reclaim your incredulity; my fault  
Proceeds from lawful composition  
Of wedlock, he hath seal'd his oath to mine,  
To be my husband.

*Nib.* Husband? hey-day! is't even so? nay,  
then, we have partners in affliction; if my jolly  
gallant's long clapper have struck on both sides,  
all is well. Petruccio, thou art not wise enough  
to be a parator; come hither, man, come hither;  
speak softly, is thy daughter with child?

*Pet.* With child, Nibrassa?

*Nib.* Foh! do not trick me off; I overheard

your gabbling. Hark in thine ear, so is mine too.

*Pet.* Alas, my lord, by whom?

*Nib.* Innocent! by whom? what an idle question is that? One cock hath trod both our hens. Ferentes, Ferentes, who else! how dost take it? methinks thou art wondrous patient; why, I am mad, stark mad.

*Pet.* How like you this, Colona? 'tis too true: Did not this man protest to be your husband?

*Col.* Ah me! to me he did.

*Nib.* What else, what else, Petruccio! and, madam, my quondam daughter, I hope he has past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

*Jul.* Alas! to me he did.

*Nib.* And how many more, the great Incubus of hell knows best. Petruccio, give me your hand; mine own daughter in this arm, and yours, Colona, in this:—there, there, sit ye down together. Never rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you have plotted some brave revenge; think upon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it; be secret one to another. Come, Petruccio, let 'em alone; the wenches will demur on't, and, for the process, we'll give 'em courage.

*Pet.* You counsel wisely, I approve your plot; Think on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

*Nib.* Aye, aye, aye, leave them alone: to work, wenches, to work! [*Exeunt Nib. and Pet.*]

*Col.* We are quite ruin'd.

*Jul.* True, Colona,

Betray'd to infamy, deceived, and mock'd,  
By an unconstant villain: what shall's do?  
I am with child.

*Col.* Hey-ho! and so am I;  
But what shall's do now?

*Jul.* This: with cunning words  
First prove his love; he knows I am with child.

*Col.* And so he knows I am; I told him on't  
Last meeting in the lobby, and, in troth,  
The false deceiver laugh'd.

*Jul.* Now, by the stars,  
He did the like to me, and said, 'twas well  
I was so happily sped.

*Col.* Those very words  
He used to me, it fretted me to th' heart;  
I'll be revenged.

*Jul.* Peace! here's a noise, methinks.  
Let's rise; we'll take a time to talk of this.

[*They walk aside.*]

*Enter FERENTES and MORONA.*

*Fer.* Will you hold? death of my delights, have you lost all sense of shame? You were bear roar about the court, that I have been your woman's barber, and trimm'd you, kind Morona.

*Mor.* Defiance to thy kindness! thou hast robb'd me of my good name; did'st promise to love none but me, me, only me: swor'st, like an unconscionable villain, to marry me the twelfth day of the month, two months since; did'st make my bed thine own, mine house thine own, mine all and every thing, thine own: I will exclaim to the world on thee, and beg justice of the duke himself, villain! I will.

*Fer.* You again! nay, an if you be in that mood, shut up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no longer. Why, wise madam Dry-fist, could your mouldy brain be so addle, to imagine I would marry

a stale widow at six-and-forty? Marry gip! are there not varieties enough of thirteen! come, stop your clap-dish, or I'll purchase a carting for you. By this light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion hen, than with ten quails scarce grown into their first feathers.

*Mor.* O treason to all honesty or religion!—Speak, thou perjured, damnable, ungracious defiler of women, who shall father my child which thou hast begotten?

*Fer.* Why, thee, country-woman; thou'st a larger purse to pay for the nursing. Nay, if you'll needs have the world know how you, reputed a grave, matron-like, motherly-madam, kick'd up your heels like a jennet whose mark is new come into her mouth, e'en do, do! the worst can be said of me is, that I was ill-advised to dig for gold in a coal-pit. Are you answer'd?

*Mor.* Answer'd?

*Jul.* Let's fall amongst 'em.—[*Comes forward with Col.*—Love—how is't, chick? ha?

*Col.* My dear Ferentes, my betrothed lord.

*Fer.* Excellent! oh, for three Barbary stone-horses to top three Flanders mares!—[*Aside.*—Why, how now, wenches! what means this?

*Mor.* Out upon me! here's more of his tralls.

*Jul.* Love, you must go with me.

*Col.* Good love, let's walk.

*Fer.* I must rid my hands of them, or they'll ride on by my shoulders.—By your leave, ladies; here's none but is of common counsel one with another; in short there are three of ye with child, you tell me, by me; all of you I cannot satisfy, nor, indeed, handsomely any of you. You all hope I should marry you; which, for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to have neither of you: for your looking big on the matter, keep your own counsels, I'll not bewray ye; but for marriage.—heaven bless you, and me from you! this is my resolution.

*Col.* How, not me!

*Jul.* Not me!

*Mor.* Not me!

*Fer.* Nor you, nor you, nor you; and to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield you reasons. You, Colona, had a pretty art in your dalliance, but your fault was, you were too suddenly won; you, madam Morona, could have pleased well enough some three or four-and-thirty years ago, but you are too old: you, Julia, were young enough; but your fault is, you have a scurvy face. Now, every one knowing her proper defect, thank me that I ever vouchsafed you the honour of my bed once in your lives. If you want clouts, all I'll promise, is to rip up an old shirt or two; so, wishing a speedy deliverance to all your burdens, I commend you to your patience. [*Exit.*]

*Mor.* Excellent!

*Jul.* Notable!

*Col.* Unmatch'd villain! [*stand*]

*Jul.* Madam, though strangers, yet we understand your wrongs do equal ours; which to revenge, Please but to join with us, and we'll redeem Our loss of honour by a brave exploit.

*Mor.* I embrace your motion, ladies, with gladness, and will strive by any action to rank with you in any danger.

*Col.* Come, gentlewomen, let's together then. Thrice happy maids that never trusted men!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The State-room in the Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, BIANCA, supported by FERNANDO, FIORMONDA, PATRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FERENTES, and D'AVOLOS.*

*Duke.* Roseilli will not come then! will not? well;

His pride shall ruin him.—Our letters speak  
The duchess' uncle will be here to-morrow;  
To-morrow, D'Avolos.

*D'Av.* To-morrow night, my lord, but not to make more than one day's abode here; for his holiness has commanded him to be at Rome the tenth of this month, the conclave of cardinals not being resolved to sit till his coming.

*Duke.* Your uncle, sweetheart, at his next return, Must be saluted cardinal. Ferentes, Be it your charge to think on some device To entertain the present with delight.

*Fern.* My lord, in honour to the court of Pavy, I'll join with you. Ferentes, not long since, I saw in Brussels, at my being there, The duke of Brabant welcome the archbishop Of Mentz with rare conceit, even on a sudden Perform'd by knights and ladies of his court, In nature of an antic; which methought, (For that I ne'er before saw women-antics) Was for the newness strange, and much commended.

*Bian.* Now good, my lord Fernando, further In any wise; it cannot but content. [this]

*Fior.* If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man Is won beforehand. [Aside.]

*Duke.* Friend, thou honour'st me; But can it be so speedily perform'd?

*Fern.* I'll undertake it, if the ladies please, To exercise in person only that:

And we must have a fool, or such a one As can with art well act him.

*Fior.* I shall fit ye; I have a natural.

*Fern.* Beat of all, madam; Then, nothing wants: you must make one, Ferentes.

*Fer.* With my best service and dexterity, My lord.

*Pet.* [Aside to NIB.] This falls out happily, Nibrassa.

*Nib.* We could not wish it better: Heaven is an unbribed justice.

*Duke.* We'll meet our uncle in a solemn grace Of zealous presence, as becomes the church: See all the choir be ready, D'Avolos.

*D'Av.* I have already made your highness' pleasure known to them.

*Bian.* Your lip, my lord!

*Fern.* Madam.

*Bian.* Perhaps your teeth have bled; wipe it with my handkerchief: give me, I'll do't myself—speak, shall I steal a kiss? believe me, my lord, I long. [Apart to FERN.]

*Fern.* Not for the world.

*Fior.* Apparent impudence!

*D'Av.* Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

*Duke.* Ha, what's that thou mislikest, D'Avolos?

*D'Av.* Nothing, my lord;—but I was hammering a conceit of mine own, which cannot, I find, in so short a time thrive, as a day's practice.

*Fior.* Well put off, secretary. [Aside.]

*Duke.* We are too sad; methinks, the life of mirth

Should still be fed where we are; where's Mauruccio?

*Fer.* An't please your highness, he's of late grown so affectionately inward with my lady marquess's fool, that I presume he is confident there are few wise men worthy of his society, who are not as innocently harmless as that creature. It is almost impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

*Duke.* 'Would he were here! I have a kind of dulness

Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel,

As 'twere, a disposition to be sick;

My head is ever aching.

*D'Av.* A shrewd ominous token; I like not that neither.

*Duke.* Again! what is't you like not?

*D'Av.* I beseech your highness excuse me; I am so busy with this frivolous project, and can bring it to no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

*Bian.* My lord, you were best to try to set a I and your friend, to pass away the time, [maw]; Will undertake your highness and your sister.

*Duke.* The game's too tedious.

*Fior.* 'Tis a peevish play, Your knave will heave the queen out, or your king; Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

*Enter MAURUCCIO with ROSEILLA, and GIACOPO.*

*Maur.* Bless thee, most excellent Duke: I here present thee as worthy and learned a gentleman, as ever I (and yet I have lived threescore years) convers'd with. Take it from me, I have tried him, and [he] is worthy to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in Christendom; of a most apparent and deep understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose. Come forward, sir, and appear before his highness in your own proper elements.

*Ros.* Will—tye—to da new toate sure la now.

*Gia.* A very senseless gentleman, and, please your highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as they say.

*Maur.* Oh, sir, had you heard him as I did, deliver whole histories in the Tangay tongue, you would swear there were not such a linguist breath'd again; and did I but perfectly understand his language, I would be confident, in less than two hours, to distinguish the meaning of bird, beast, or fish, naturally, as I myself speak Italian, my lord.—Well, he has rare qualities.

*Duke.* Now, prithee, question him, Mauruccio.

*Maur.* I will, my lord.

Tell me, rare scholar, which, in thy opinion,

Doth cause the strongest breath—garlic or onion?

*Gia.* Answer him, brother fool; do, do, speak thy mind, chuck, do.

*Ros.* Have bid seen all da fine knack, and de, e, naghtye tat-tle of da kna-ve dad la have so.

*Duke.* We understand him not.

*Maur.* Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, oh duke, mark! What did I ask him, Giacopo?

*Gia.* What caused the strongest breath, garlic or onions, I take it, sir.

*Maur.* Right, right by Helicon! and his answer is, that a knave has a stronger breath than any of



them: wisdom (or I am an ass) in the highest; a direct figure; put it down, Giacopo.

*Duke.* How happy is that idiot, whose ambition is but to eat, and sleep, and shun the rod! Men that have more of wit, and use it ill, Are fools in proof.

*Bian.* True, my lord, there's many Who think themselves most wise, that are most fools.

*D'Av.* Bitter girds, if all were known;—but—

*Duke.* But what? speak out; plague on your muttering, grumbling!

I hear you, sir, what is't?

*D'Av.* Nothing, I protest, to your highness, pertinent to any moment.

*Duke.* Well, sir, remember.—Friend, you promised study.

I am not well in temper; come, Bianca:

Attend our friend, Ferentes.

[*Exeunt all but FER. ROS. FER. and MAUR.*]

*Fern.* Ferentes, take Mauruccio in with you, He must be one in action.

*Fer.* Come, my lord,

I shall entreat your help.

*Fern.* I'll stay the fool, And follow instantly.

*Maur.* Yes, pray, my lord.

[*Exeunt FER. and MAUR.*]

*Fern.* How thrives your hopes now, cousin?

*Ros.* Are we safe?

Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot, True, virtuous lord. Know then, sir, her proud is only fix'd on you in such extremes [heart Of violence and passion, that I fear, Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

*Fern.* Me, coz? by all the joys I wish to taste, She is as far beneath my thought, as I In soul above her malice.

*Ros.* I observ'd

Even now, a kind of dangerous pretence. In an unjointed phrase from D'Avolos. I know not her intent; but this I know, He has a working brain, is minister To all my lady's counsels; and, my lord, Pray heaven there have not anything befallen Within the knowledge of his subtle art, To do you mischief!

*Fern.* Pish! should he or hell Affront me in the passage of my fate, I'd crush them into atomies.

*Ros.* I do admit you could; meantime, my lord, Be nearest to yourself; what I can learn, You shall be soon inform'd of: here is all We fools can catch the wise in; to unknott, By privilege of coxcombs, what they plot.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter DUKE and D'AVOLOS.*

*Duke.* Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests, And coinage of your politician's brain, Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will. Did not I note your dark abrupted ends Of words half spoke? your "wells, if all were known?" Your short, "I like not that?" your girds and "but's?"

Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues More matter than your subtlety shall hide; Tell me, what is't? by honour's self, I'll know.

*D'Av.* What would you know, my lord? I confess I owe my life and service to you, as to my prince; the one you have, the other you may take from me at your pleasure. Should I devise matter to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods without appearance?—what would you have me say? I know nothing.

*Duke.* Thou liest, dissembler; on thy brow I read Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.

On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold What by the party-halting of thy speech Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith We bear to sacred justice, we protest,

Be it or good or evil, thy reward Shall be our special thanks, and love unterm'd: Speak, on thy duty; we, thy prince, command.

*D'Av.* Oh my disaster! my lord, I am so charmed by those powerful repetitions of love and duty, that I cannot conceal what I know of your dishonour.

*Duke.* "Dishonour!" then my soul is cleft with I half prestage my misery; say on, [fear; Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

*D'Av.* I trust your highness will pardon me; yet I will not deliver a syllable which shall be less innocent than truth itself.

*Duke.* By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee. *D'Av.* Get from me, cowardly servility! my service is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass: in short, my lord, and plain discovery, you are a cuckold.

*Duke.* Keep in the word,—a cuckold?

*D'Av.* Fernando is your rival, has stolen your duchess's heart, murder'd friendship; horns your head, and laughs at your horns.

*Duke.* My heart is split.

*D'Av.* Take courage, be a prince in resolution: I knew it would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was loth to have given the first report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all patience or moderation; but, oh my lord, what would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to his sovereign? Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as you can; I must needs say 'tis a foul fault, but what man is he under the sun, that is free from the career of his destiny? May be she will in time reclaim the errors of her youth; or 'twere a great happiness in you, if you could not believe it; that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.

*Duke.* The icy current of my blood Is kindled up in agonies as hot As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate!

A cuckold? had my dukedom's whole inheritance Been rent, mine honours levell'd in the dust, So she, that wicked woman, might have slept Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.—

And he, that villain, viper to my heart, That he should be the man! death above utter. Take heed you prove this true. [ance!—

*D'Av.* My lord.

*Duke.* If not, I'll tear thee joint by joint.—Phew! methinks It should not be:—Bianca! why, I took her From lower than a bondage;—hell of hells! See that you make it good.

*D'Av.* As for that, 'would it were as good as I

would make it! I can, if you will temper your distractions, out bring you where you shall see it; no more.

*Duke.* See it?

*D'Av.* Aye, see it, if that be proof sufficient. I, for my part, will slack no service that may testify my simplicity.

*Enter FERNANDO.*

*Duke.* Enough.—What news, Fernando?

*Fern.* Sir, the abbot

Is now upon arrival: all your servants Attend your presence.

*Duke.* We will give him welcome

As shall befit our love and his respect;

Come, mine own best Fernando, my dear friend.

[*Exit with FERN.*

*D'Av.* Excellent! now for a horned moon.

[*Music within.*

But I hear the preparation for the entertainment of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that matters nothing to this; whilst he rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall as earnestly heat the pericranium of his noddle with a yellow hood at home. I hear them coming.

LOUD MUSIC.

*Enter SERVANTS with Torches: then the DUKE, followed by FERNANDO, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, and NIBERASSA, at one door; two Friars, the Abbot, and Attendants, at the other. The DUKE and Abbot meet and salute; BIANCA and the rest salute, and are saluted; they rank themselves, and pass over the Stage; the Choir singing.*

*D'Av.* On to your victuals; some of you, I know,  
Feed upon wormwood. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Apartment in the same.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and NIBERASSA with Napkins.*

*Pet.* The duke's on rising; are you ready? ho! [*Within.*] All ready.

*Nib.* Then, Petruccio, arm thyself with courage and resolution; and do not shrink from being stayed on thy own virtue.

*Pet.* I am resolved:—fresh lights! I hear 'em coming.

*Enter Attendants with Lights, before the DUKE, Abbot, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS.*

*Duke.* Right reverend uncle, though our minds be scanted

In giving welcome as our hearts would wish, Yet we will strive to show how much we joy Your presence, with a courtly shew of mirth. Please you to sit?

*Abbot.* Great duke, your worthy honours To me, shall still have place in my best thanks: Since you in me so much respect the church, Thus much I'll promise; at my next return, His Holiness shall grant [you] an indulgence Both large and general.

*Duke.* Our humble duty.

Seat you, my lords; now let the masquers enter.

*Enter, in an antick fashion, FERENTES, ROSELLI, and MAURUCCIO, at several doors; they dance a short time. Suddenly enter to them COLONA, JULIA, and MORONA, in odd shapes, and dance; the men gaze at them, are at a stand, and are invited by the women to dance. They dance together sundry changes; at last they close FERENTES in,—MAURUCCIO and ROSELLI being shook off, and standing at several ends of the Stage gazing. The women hold hands and dance about FERENTES in divers complimentary offers of courtship; at length they suddenly fall upon him and stab him; he falls, and they run out at several doors. The Music ceases.*

*Fer.* Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon your outlandish feminine anticks! pull off my visor; I shall bleed to death ere I have time to feel where I am hurt. *Duke.* I am slain: off with my visor, for heaven's sake, off with my visor!

*Duke.* Slain? take his visor off:—(they unmask him)—we are betray'd;

Seize on them! two are yonder: hold Ferentes; Follow the rest: apparent treachery!

*Abbot.* Holy St. Bennet, what a sight is this!

*Re-enter JULIA, COLONA, and MORONA, unmasked, each with a Child in her arms.*

*Jul.* Be not amaz'd, great princes, but vouchsafe Your audience; we are they have done this deed.

Look here, the pledges of this false man's lust, Betray'd in our simplicities: he swore,

And pawn'd his truth, to marry each of us;

Abused us all; unable to revenge

Our public shames, but by his public fall,

Which thus we have contrived: nor do we blush

To call the glory of this murder ours;

We did it, and we'll justify the deed,

For when in sad complaints we claim'd his vows,

His answer was reproach; villain, is't true?

*Col.* I was too quickly won, you slave.

*Mor.* I was too old, you dog.

*Jul.* I (and I never shall forget the wrong)

I was not fair enough; not fair enough

For thee, thou monster! let me cut his gall.

Not fair enough! oh scorn! not fair enough!

[*Stabs him.*

*Fer.* O, O, oh!—

*Duke.* Forbear, you monstrous women! do not add

Murther to lust; your lives shall pay this forfeit.

*Fer.* Pox upon all cod-piece extravagancy! I am pepper'd—oh, oh, oh!—Duke, forgive me!

Had I rid any tame beasts but Barbary wild colts,

I had not thus been jerk'd out of the saddle. My

forfeit was in my blood; and my life hath answer'd it.

Vengeance on all wild whores, I say!—oh 'tis

true—farewell, generation of hacknies,—oh!

[*Dies.*

*Duke.* He is dead.

To prison with those monstrous strumpets.

*Pet.* Stay,

I'll answer for my daughter.

*Nib.* And I for mine.

Oh well done, girls!

*Fern.* I for you gentlewoman, sir.

*Maur.* Good my lord, I am an innocent in the business.

*Duke.* To prison with him! Bear the body hence.

*Abbot.* Here's fatal sad presages; but 'tis just, He dies by murder that hath lived in lust.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, FERMONDA, and D'AVOLOS.*

*Fior.* Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins  
One drop of blood that issued from the loins  
Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit  
On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father.  
And canst not blush to be so far beneath  
The spirit of heroic ancestors?  
Canst thou ingross a slavish shame, which men,  
Far, far below the region of thy state,  
Not more abhor, than study to revenge?  
Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage,  
To think I have a brother so befool'd,  
In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

*D'Av.* One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so  
apparently make her adulteries a trophy, whiles  
The potting-stick to her unsatiate and more than  
goatish abomination jeers at, and flouts your sleep-  
ish, and more than sleepish security.

*Fior.* What is she, but the sallow-colour'd brat  
Of some unlanded bankrupt, taught to catch  
The easy fancy of young prodigal bloods,  
In springes of her stew-instructed art?—  
Here's your most virtuous duchess! your rare  
piece!

*D'Av.* More base in the infiniteness of her sen-  
suality than corruption can infect:—to clip and  
inveigle your friend too! oh unsufferable!—a  
friend! how of all men are you most unfortunate:  
—to pour out your soul into the bosom of such a  
creature, as holds it religion to make your own  
trust a key to open the passage to your own wife's  
womb, to be drunk in the privacies of your bed!  
—think upon that, sir.

*Duke.* Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for  
pity;

For pity's cause, I beg it.

*Fior.* Be a prince!

Thou hadst better, duke, thou hadst, been born a  
peasant.

Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,  
Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money  
By making pageants of thee, and invent  
Some strangely-shaped man-beast, that may for  
Resemble thee, and call it Pavy's duke. [horns]

*Duke.* Endless immortal plague!

*D'Av.* There's the mischief, sir: in the mean-  
time you shall be sure to have a bastard (of whom  
you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left ear,  
or half the farther side of an upper lip) inherit  
both your throne and name; this would kill the  
soul of very patience itself.

*Duke.* Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek  
Is scarletted in ruddy flakes of wrath;  
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,  
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists  
That overcloud compassion in our breast.  
You have rous'd a sleeping lion, whom no art,  
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim; but blood.  
And sister thou, thou Roderico, thou,  
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,  
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,  
To what my dulness; you shall see Caraffa  
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

*Fior.* Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

*D'Av.* And it becomes my lord most princely.

*Duke.* Does it? come hither, sister; thou art  
near

In nature, and as near to me in love.

I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,  
I love thee dearly; but observe me well:  
If any private grudge, or female spleen,  
Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,  
Have spurr'd thee on to set my soul on fire,  
Without apparent certainty; I vow,  
And vow again, by all [our] princely blood,  
Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives  
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearty  
Of all our tribes in thine, I would unrip  
That womb of bloody mischief with these nails,  
Where such a cursed plot as this was hatch'd.  
But, D'Avolos, for thee—no more; to work  
A yet more strong impression in my brain,  
You must produce an instance to mine eye,  
Both present and apparent—nay, you shall—or—

*Fior.* Or what? you will be mad? be rather  
wise;

Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom  
The harmless youth was slaughter'd; had he liv'd,  
He would have told you tales: Fernando fear'd it;  
And to prevent him, under shew, forsooth,  
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.  
Have you yet eyes, duke?

*Duke.* Shrewdly urged,—'tis piercing.

*Fior.* For looking on a sight shall split your  
soul.

You shall not care; I'll undertake myself  
To do't some two days hence; for need, to-night—  
But that you are in court.

*D'Av.* Right. Would you desire, my lord, to  
see them exchange kisses, sucking one another's  
lips, nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom,  
or practising more than the very act of adultery itself?  
Give but a little way by a feigned absence, and  
you shall find 'em—I blush to speak doing what;  
I am mad to think on't, you are most shamefully,  
most sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

*Duke.* D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince,  
There's some shall roar for this! Why, what  
was I,

Both to be thought or made so vile a thing?  
Stay—madam marquess:—ho, Roderico, you, sir,  
Bear witness that if ever I neglect

One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out  
With toil of plot, or practice of conceit,  
My busy skull, till I have found a death  
More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,  
Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips;  
If ever I take rest, or force a smile  
Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,  
Before I know which way to satisfy  
Fury and wrong,—nay, kneel down—[*They kneel.*]

let me die  
More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt,  
Laughter, and poverty itself can make me!  
Let's rise on all sides, friends;—[*They rise.*—]  
now all's agreed:

If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

*Enter FERNANDO, BIANCA, and MORONA.*

*Bian.* My lord the duke.

*Duke.* Bianca! ha, how is't?  
How is't, Bianca? what, Fernando! come,

Shall's shake hands, sirs?—'faith, this is kindly done.

Here's three as one; welcome, dear wife, sweet friend!

*D'Av.* I do not like this now; it shews scurvily to me. *[Aside to Fior.]*

*Bian.* My lord, we have a suit, Your friend and I—

*Duke.* She puts my friend before, most kindly still. *[Aside.]*

*Bian.* Must join—

*Duke.* What, must?

*Bian.* My lord!

*Duke.* Must join, you say—

*Bian.* That you will please to set Mauruccio At liberty; this gentlewoman here, Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two, Obtain'd him for her husband: good, my lord, Let me entreat; I dare engage mine honour, He's innocent in any wilful fault.

*Duke.* Your honour, madam! now beshrew you T' engage your honour on so slight a ground: [for't, Honour's a precious jewel, I can tell you: Nay 'tis, Bianca; go to.—D'Avolos, Bring us Mauruccio hither.

*D'Av.* I shall, my lord.— *[Exit.]*

*Mor.* I humbly thank your grace.

*Fern.* And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona, Chief actors in Ferentes' tragic end, Were, through their ladies' mediation, Freed by your gracious pardon: I, in pity, Tender'd this widow's friendless misery; For whose reprieve I shall, in humblest duty, Be ever thankful.

*Re-enter D'AVOLOS with MAURUCCIO in rags, and GIACOCO weeping.*

*Maur.* Come you my learned counsel, do not If I must hang, why then lament therefore; [roar; You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great To serve your prince, when I am turn'd worms' I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd. [meat, Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd?

*D'Av.* Come on, sir, the duke stays for you.

*Maur.* O how my stomach doth begin to puke, When I do hear that only word, the duke!

*Duke.* You, sir, look on that woman; are you If we remit your body from the jail, [pleas'd To take her for your wife?

*Maur.* On that condition, prince, with all my heart.

*Mor.* Yes, I warrant your grace, he is content.

*Duke.* Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon The public shame of her abused womb, [forgot Her being mother to a bastard's birth? Or cans't thou but imagine she will be True to thy bed, who to herself was false?

*Gia.* [To MAUR.] Phew, sir, do not stand upon that; that's a matter of nothing, you know.

*Maur.* Nay, an't shall please your good grace, and it come to that, I care not; as good men as I have lain in foul sheets, I am sure; the linen has not been much the worse for the wearing a little: I will have her with all my heart.

*Duke.* And shalt. Fernando, thou shalt have the grace

To join their hands; put them together, friend.

*Bian.* Yes, do, my lord; bring you the bride—I'll give the bride myself. [groom hither,

*D'Av.* Here's argument to jealousy, as good as

drink to the dropsy; she will share any disgrace with him: I could not wish it better. *[Aside.]*

*Duke.* Even so; well, do it.

*Fern.* Here, Mauruccio; Long live a happy couple!

*[He and BIAN. join their hands.]*

*Duke.* 'Tis enough; Now know our pleasure henceforth: 'tis our will, If ever thou, Mauruccio, or thy wife, Be seen within a dozen miles o' th' court, We will recall our mercy; no entreat Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life: We'll have no servile slavery of lust Shall breathe near us; dispatch, and get ye hence. Bianca, come with me.—Oh my cleft soul!

*[Exit DUKE and BIAN.]*

*Maur.* How's that? must I come no more near the court?

*Gia.* O pitiful! not near the court, sir?

*D'Av.* Not by a dozen miles, indeed, sir. Your only course I can advise you, is to pass to Naples, and set up a house of carnality; there are very fair and frequent suburbs, and you need not fear the contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst is very proper to the place.

*Fern.* 'Tis a strange sentence.

*Fior.* 'Tis, and sudden too, And not without some mystery.

*D'Av.* Will you go, sir?

*Maur.* Not near the court!

*Mor.* What matter is it, sweet-heart; fear nothing, love, you shall have new change of apparel, good diet, wholesome attendance; and we will live like pigeons, my lord.

*Maur.* Wilt thou forsake me, Giacopo?

*Gia.* I forsake you! no, not as long as I have a whole ear on my head, come what will come.

*Fior.* Mauruccio, you did once proffer true love To me, but since you are more thrifter sped, For old affection's sake here take this gold; Spend it for my sake.

*Fern.* Madam, you do nobly;

And that's for me, Mauruccio.

*[They give him money.]*

*D'Av.* Will you go, sir?

*Maur.* Yes, I will go, and humbly thank your lordship and ladyship. Pavy, sweet Pavy, farewell! Come, wife, come, Giacopo;

Now is the time that we away must lag, And march in pomp with baggage and with bag.

O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdone,

To end thy life when life was new begun?

Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see

My woeful plight, and squires of low degree!

*D'Av.* Away, away, sirs—

*[Exit all but FIOR. and FERN.]*

*Fior.* My lord Fernando.

*Fern.* Madam.

*Fior.* Do you note

My brother's odd distractions? You were wont To bosom in his counsels; I am sure You know the ground of it.

*Fern.* Not I, in troth.

*Fior.* Is't possible! What would you say, my If he, out of some melancholy spleen, [lord, Edged on by some thank-picking parasite, Should now prove jealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

*Fern.* What, madam! jealous?

*Fior.* Yes; for but observe;

A prince, whose eye is chooser to his heart,

Is seldom steady in the lists of love,  
Unless the party he affects do match  
His rank in equal portion, or in friends :  
I never yet, out of report, or else  
By warranted description, have observ'd  
The nature of fantastic jealousy,  
If not in him ; yet on my conscience now,  
He has no cause.

*Fern.* Cause, madam ! by this light,  
I'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

*Fior.* I never thought her less ; yet trust me,  
No merit can be greater than your praise : [Sir,  
Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man  
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,  
Should so much defy the saints, from whom  
You have disclaim'd devotion.

*Fern.* Madam, 'tis true ;  
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

*Fior.* You are too wise, Fernando. To be plain,  
You are in love ; nay, shrink not, man, you are ;  
Bianca is your aim : why do you blush ?  
She is, I know she is.

*Fern.* My aim ?  
*Fior.* Yes, yours ;  
I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know  
Thou runn'st at thy confusion, if, in time,  
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.  
Unkindest man ! I have too long conceal'd  
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs  
I courted thee for love, without respect  
To youth or state ; and yet thou art unkind ;  
Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not  
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

*Fern.* [Walks aside.] Injurious woman, I defy  
thy lust.

'Tis not your subtle sifting [that] shall creep  
Into the secrets of a heart unsoil'd.—  
You are my prince's sister, else your malice  
Had rail'd itself to death ; but as for me,  
Be record, all my fate ! I do detest  
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. [Exit.

*Fior.* What, gone ! well, go thy ways ; I see the  
I humble my firm love, the more he shuns [more  
Both it and me. So plain ! then 'tis too late  
To hope ; change, peevish passion, to contempt :  
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,  
Fool, he shall know, I was not born to kneel. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter D'AVOLAS and JULIA.

*D'Av.* Julia, mine own—speak softly. What,  
hast thou learn'd out anything of this pale widgeon ?  
speak soft ; what does she say ?

*Jul.* Foh, more than all ; there's not an hour  
shall pass,

But I shall have intelligence, she swears.  
Whole nights—you know my mind ; I hope you'll  
The gown you promised me. [give

*D'Av.* Honest Julia, peace ; thou art a woman  
worth a kingdom. Let me never be believed now,  
but I think it will be my destiny to be thy husband  
at last : what though thou have a child,—or per-  
haps two !

*Jul.* Never but one, I swear.

*D'Av.* Well, one ; is that such a matter ? I  
like thee the better for't ; it shows thou hast a good  
tenantable and fertile womb, worth twenty of your

barren, dry, bloodless devourers of youth :—but  
come, I will talk with thee more privately ; the  
duke has a journey in hand, and will not be long  
absent : see, he is come already—let's pass away  
easily. [Exeunt.

Enter DUKE and BIANCA.

*Duke.* Troubled ? yes, I have cause.—O Bianca !  
Here was my fate engraven in thy brow,  
This smooth, fair, polish'd table in thy cheeks  
Nature summ'd up thy dower : 'twas not wealth.  
The miser's god, or royalty of blood,  
Advanced thee to my bed ; but love, and hope  
Of virtue, that might equal those sweet looks :  
If then thou should'st betray my trust, thy faith,  
To the pollution of a base desire.  
Thou wert a wretched creature.

*Bian.* Speaks your love,  
Or fear, my lord ?

*Duke.* Both, both ; Bianca, know,  
The nightly languish of my dull unrest,  
Hath stamp'd a strong opinion ; for, methought—  
Mark what I say—as I in glorious pomp  
Was sitting on my throne, while I had hemm'd  
My best belov'd Bianca in mine arms,  
She reach'd my cap of state, and cast it down  
Beneath her foot, and spurr'd it in the dust ;  
While I—oh, 'twas a dream too full of fate !—  
Was stooping down to reach it, on my head,  
Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,  
Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns.  
But by the honour of anointed kings,  
Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,  
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,  
I have a sword—('tis here)—should make my  
way

Through fire, through darkness, death, [and hell]  
and all,

To hew your lust-engender'd flesh to shreds,  
Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince  
Your flesh to mites ; I will,—start not—I will.

*Bian.* Mercy protect me, will you murder me ?  
*Duke.* Yes.—Oh ! I cry thee mercy.—How the  
rage

Of my own dream'd of wrongs, made me forget  
All sense of sufferance !—Blame me not, Bianca ;  
One such another dream would quite distract  
Reason and self-humanity : yet tell me,  
Was't not an ominous vision ?

*Bian.* 'Twas, my lord,  
Yet but a vision ; for did such a guilt  
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you,  
If you did stab me to the heart.

*Duke.* The heart ?  
Nay, strumpet, to the soul ; and tear it off  
From life, to damn it in immortal death.

*Bian.* Alas ! what do you mean, sir ?

*Duke.* I am mad.—  
Forgive me, good Bianca ; still methinks  
I dream, and dream anew : now, prithee chide me  
Sickness, and these divisions, so distract  
My senses, that I take things possible  
As if they were ; which to remove, I mean  
To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps,  
Absence and bathing in those healthful springs  
May soon recover me ; meantime, dear sweet,  
Pity my troubled heart ; griefs are extreme :  
Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream.—  
Who waits without, ho ! is provision ready,  
To pass to Lucca !

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, NIBRAMA, FIORMONDA, D'AVOLOS,  
ROSELLI, and FERNANDO.

*Pet.* It attends your highness.

*Duke.* Friend, hold; take here from me this  
jewel, this: [*Gives him* BLANCA.

Be she your care till my return from Lucca,  
Honest Fernando.—Wife, respect my friend.  
Let's go; but hear you, wife, think on my dream.  
[*Exeunt all but Ros. and Pet.*

*Pet.* Cousin, one word with you; doth not this  
cloud

Acquaint you with strange novelties? The duke  
Is lately much distemper'd; what he means  
By journeying now to Lucca, is to me  
A riddle; can you clear my doubt?

*Ros.* Oh, sir,  
My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note  
No less than you infer; all is not well,  
Would 'twere! whoever thrive, I shall be sure  
Never to rise to my unhop'd desires:  
But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon;  
Meantime, pray send my lord Fernando to me,  
I covet much to speak with him.

*Enter* FERNANDO.

*Pet.* And see,  
He comes himself; I'll leave you both together.  
[*Exit.*

*Fern.* The duke is hors'd for Lucca: how now,  
How prosper you in love? [*coz,*

*Ros.* As still I hop'd.—  
My lord, you are undone.

*Fern.* Undone! in what?

*Ros.* Lost; and I fear your life is bought and  
sold;

I'll tell you how: late in my lady's chamber,  
As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,  
In comes the lady marquess, and with her,  
Julia and D'Avolos; where sitting down,

Not doubting me, "Madam," quoth D'Avolos,  
"We have discover'd now the nest of shame."—  
In short, my lord, (for you already know  
As much as they reported,) there was told  
The circumstance of all your private love.  
And meetings with the duchess; when, at last,  
False D'Avolos concluded with an oath,  
"We'll make," quoth he, "his heart-strings crack  
for this."

*Fern.* Speaking of me?

*Ros.* Of you; "aye," quoth the marquess,  
"Were not the duke a baby, he would seek  
Swift vengeance; for he knew it long ago."

*Fern.* Let him know it; yet I vow  
She is as loyal in her plighted faith,  
As is the sun in heaven: but put case  
She were not, and the duke did know she were not;  
This sword lift up, and guided by this arm,  
Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends,  
And all the earth beside.

*Ros.* You are too safe  
In your destruction.

*Fern.* Damn him!—he shall feel—  
But peace, who comes?

*Enter* COLONA.

*Col.* My lord, the duchess craves a word with  
*Fern.* Where is she? [*you.*

*Col.* In her chamber.

*Ros.* Here, have a plum for e'ee—

*Col.* Come, fool, I'll give thee plums enow;  
come, fool.

*Fern.* Let slaves in mind be servile to their  
fears,

Our heart is high instarr'd in brighter spheres.

[*Exeunt* FERN. and *Col.*

*Ros.* I see him lost already.  
If all prevail not, we shall know too late,  
No toil can shun the violence of fate. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Palace.—The Duchess's Bed- chamber.

BLANCA in her Night Attire, leaning on a Cushion at a  
Table, holding FERNANDO by the hand.—*Enter* above  
FIORMONDA.

*Fior.* Now fly, revenge, and wound the lower  
That I inhaled above, may cross the race [earth,  
Of love despised, and triumph o'er their graves,  
Who scorn the low-bent thralldom of my heart!

*Bian.* Why should'st thou not be mine! why  
The iron laws of ceremony, bar [*should the laws,*  
Mutual embraces? what's a vow? a vow?

Can there be sin in unity? could I  
As well dispense with conscience, as renounce

The outside of my titles, the poor style  
Of duchess, I had rather change my life  
With any waiting-woman in the land,  
To purchase one night's rest with thee, Fernando,  
Than be Caraffa's spouse a thousand years.

*Fior.* Treason to wedlock! this would make  
you sweat.

*Fern.* Lady, of all \* \* \* as before,  
\* \* \* what I am, \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

To survive you, or I will see you first  
Or widowed or buried: if the last,  
By all the comfort I can wish to taste,  
By your fair eyes, that sepulchre that holds  
Your coffin, shall incoffin me alive;  
I sign it with this seal. [*Kisses her.*

*Fior.* Ignoble strumpet!

*Bian.* You shall not swear; take off that oath  
again,

Or thus I will enforce it. [*Kisses him.*

*Fern.* Use that force,  
And make me perjured; for whilst your lips  
Are made the book, it is a sport to swear,  
And glory to forswear.

*Fior.* Here's fast and loose!  
Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot?

[*Whilst they are kissing, the DUKE and D'AVOLOS, with  
their swords drawn, appear at the door.*

*Col.* [*Within.*] Help, help! madam, you are  
betrayed, madam; help, help!

*D'Av.* Is there confidence in credit, now, sir?  
belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you see,  
sir? can you behold it without lightning?

*Col.* [*Within.*] Help, madam, help!

*Fern.* What noise is that? I heard one cry.

*Duke.* [Comes forward.] Ha! did you?  
Know you who I am?

*Fern.* Yes; thou art Pavy's duke,  
Drest like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd,  
Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt  
Of what I could have done hath made thee steal  
The advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare  
Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks:  
To't, man.

*Duke.* I am too angry in my rage,  
To scourge thee unprovided; [*Enter PETRUCHIO  
and NIBRASSA with a guard*] take him  
hence:

Away with him. [*They seize FERN.*]

*Fern.* Unhand me!

*D'Av.* You must go, sir.

*Fern.* Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay  
On that most innocent lady. [*hands*]

*Duke.* Yet again!

Confine him to his chamber.

[*Exeunt D'AV. and the guard with FERN.*]

Leave us all;

None stay, not one; shut up the doors.

[*Exeunt PET. and NIB.*]

*Fior.* Now show thyself my brother, brave  
Caraffa.

*Duke.* Woman, stand forth before me;—wretch-  
What canst thou hope for? [*ed whore,*]

*Bian.* Death; I wish no less.

You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke,  
Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.

*Duke.* Strumpet, I am; and in my hand hold up  
The edge that must uncut thy twist of life:  
Dost thou not shake?

*Bian.* For what? to see a weak,  
Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade?  
Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes  
Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike;  
What would you do now, pray?

*Duke.* What? shameless harlot!  
Rip up the cradle of thy cursed womb,  
In which the mixture of that traitor's lust  
Imposathumes for a birth of bastardy.  
Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve  
One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen  
Of just-consuming wrath o'erswell my reason,  
Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move  
Thy heart to crave variety of youth.

*Bian.* I'll tell you, if you needs would be re-  
I held Fernando much the properer man. [*solv'd;*]

*Duke.* Shameless, intolerable whore!

*Bian.* What ails you?

Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke  
Could make a crooked leg, a scambling foot,  
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,  
A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard  
As your's, fit for a lady's pleasure? no:  
I wonder you could think 'twere possible,  
When I had once but look'd on your Fernando,  
I ever could love you again; fie, fie!  
Now, by my life, I thought that long ago  
You'd known it; and been glad you had a friend  
Your wife did think so well of.

*Duke.* O my stars!  
Here's impudence above all history.  
Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,  
Dar'st thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,  
Speak such immodest language?

*Bian.* Dare? yes, 'faith,  
You see I dare: I know what you would say now;

You would fain tell me how exceeding much  
I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed  
Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,  
The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did;  
But why? 'twas but because you thought I had  
A spark of beauty more than you had seen.  
To answer this, my reason is the like;  
The self-same appetite which led you on  
To marry me, led me to love your friend:  
O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet  
Mine eyes beheld a miracle, composed  
Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.  
I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,  
Handsome enough you are, [and—] and no more;  
But to compare yourself with him! trust me,  
You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you?  
Hark, in your ear; thank heaven he was so slow,  
As not to wrong your sheets; for as I live,  
The fault was his, not mine.

*Fior.* Take this, take all.

*Duke.* Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death  
Are music to this.—

Forgive me, my good Genius, I had thought  
I match'd a woman, but I find she is  
A devil, worse than the worst in hell.  
Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;  
I mark you to a syllable: you say,  
The fault was his, not your's; why, virtuous mis-  
Can you imagine you have so much art [*tres,*]  
Which may persuade me, you and your close  
Did not a little traffic in my right! [*mark man*]

*Bian.* Look, what I said, 'tis true; for, know it  
now:

I must confess I miss'd no means, no time,  
To win him to my bosom; but so much,  
So holily, with such religion,  
He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit  
Was held but, in comparison, a jest;  
Nor did I often urge the violence  
Of my affection, but as oft he urged  
The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend:  
Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language  
Of cunning servile flatteries, entreaties,  
Or what in me is, could procure his love,  
I would not blush to speak it.

*Duke.* Such another

As thou art, miserable creature, would  
Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess  
What witchcraft used the wretch to charm the  
heart

Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?  
For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.

*Bian.* Phew!—an you be in these tunes, sir,  
I'll leave [you];

You know the best, and worst, and all.

*Duke.* Nay, then

Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,  
Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up  
The sum in gross of all thy veined follies;  
There, amongst other, weep in tears of blood,  
For one above the rest, adultery!  
Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt,  
As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,  
Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide  
Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,  
But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,  
Thy husband's bed; his, in whose breast thou  
sleep'st,

His, that did prize thee more than all the trash  
Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.

When thou shalt find the catalogue enroll'd  
Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text,  
Thy bastarding the issues of a prince.  
Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,  
And do not hope for life; would angels sing  
A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense  
With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:  
Prepare to die!

*Bian.* (*opens her bosom.*) I do: and to the point

Of thy sharp sword, with open breast, I'll run:  
Half way thus naked; do not shrink, Caraffa,  
This daunts not me: but in the latter act  
Of thy revenge, 'tis all the suit I ask—  
At my last gasp,—to spare thy noble friend;  
For life to me, without him, were a death.

*Duke.* Not this, I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit.—

Why should I kill her? she may live and change,  
Or—— [*Throws down his sword.*]

*Fior.* (*above.*) Dost thou halt? faint coward,  
dost thou wish  
To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?  
Is this thy courage?

*Duke.* Ha! say you so too?  
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

*Bian.* Here.  
*Duke.* Farewell;

Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell!  
[*Draws his dagger and stabs her.*]

Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

*Bian.* 'Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home  
at once:

Live to repent too late. Commend my love  
To thy true friend, my love to him that owes it;  
My tragedy to thee; my heart to—to—Fernando,  
O—oh! [*Dies.*]

*Duke.* Sister, she's dead.

*Fior.* Then, while thy rage is warm,  
Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

*Duke.* Good:  
I'll slack no time whilst I am hot in blood.

[*Takes up his sword, and exits.*]  
*Fior.* Here's royal vengeance! this becomes the state

Of his disgrace, and my unbounded hate. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter FERNANDO, NERASSA, and PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* May we give credit to your words, my lord?  
Speak, on your honour.

*Fern.* Let me die accurst,  
If ever, through the progress of my life,  
I did as much as reap the benefit  
Of any favour from her save a kiss:  
A better woman never blest the earth.

*Nib.* Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I believe thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to a dozen of points, but the jealous madman will in his fury offer her some violence.

*Pet.* If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept  
A guard about you for your own defence,  
Than to be guarded for security  
Of his revenge; he is extremely moved.

*Nib.* Passion of my body, my lord, if he come  
in his odd fits to you, in the case you are, he  
might cut your throat ere you could provide a  
weapon of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so,

hold, take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of  
the sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox will not fail his  
master, come what will come. Take it; I'll  
answer't, I: in the mean time, Petruccio and I  
will bick to the duchess' lodging.

[*Gives Fern. his sword.*]

*Pet.* Well thought on;—and in despite of all  
Rescue the virtuous lady. [*his rage,*]

*Nib.* Look to yourself, my lord! the duke  
comes.

*Enter the DUKE, a sword in one hand, and a bloody dagger  
in the other.*

*Duke.* Stand, and behold thy executioner,  
Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form  
Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt:  
Look here, 'tis written on my poniard's point,  
The bloody evidence of thy untruth,  
Wherein thy conscience, and the wrathful rod  
Of heaven's scourge for lust, at once give up  
The verdict of thy crying villanies.  
I see thou art arm'd; prepare, I crave no odds,  
Greater than is the justice of my cause;  
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

*Fern.* Duke, I fear thee not:  
But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,  
Tell me, how hast thou used thy duchess?

*Duke.* How?  
To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,  
Look on my dagger's crimson dye, and judge.

*Fern.* Not dead?

*Duke.* Not dead? yes, by my honour's truth:  
why, fool,

Dost think I'll hug my injuries? no, traitor!  
I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,  
As you did both your bodies in her life.—  
Have at thee!

*Fern.* Stay; I yield my weapon up.  
[*He drops his sword.*]

Here, here's my bosom; as thou art a duke,  
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca  
Be murder'd, murder me.

*Duke.* Faint-hearted coward,  
Art thou so poor in spirit! rise and fight;  
Or by the glories of my house and name,  
I'll kill thee basely.

*Fern.* Do but hear me first:  
Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butcher'd  
An innocent, a wife as free from lust  
As any terms of art can deify.

*Duke.* Fish, this is stale dissimulation;  
I'll hear no more.

*Fern.* If ever I unshrined  
The altar of her purity, or tasted  
More of her love, than what, without controul  
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,  
Rack me to atoms. I must confess  
I have too much abused thee; did exceed  
In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:  
But by the honour which I owe to goodness,  
For any actual folly, I am free.

*Duke.* 'Tis false: as much, in death, for thee  
she spake.

*Fern.* By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!  
Couldst thou rear up another world like this,  
Another like to that, and more, or more,  
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth  
Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss  
Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,  
Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,  
Earth was unworthy of thee!



*Nib. Pet.* Now, on our lives, we both believe him.

*Duke.* Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my To justify thy words? [sword]

*Fern.* I dare; look here. [Kisses the sword.]  
'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,  
For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,  
Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,  
I'll hold all life a hell.

*Duke.* Bianca chaste!

*Fern.* As virtue's self is good.

*Duke.* Chaste, chaste, and kill'd by me! to her  
I offer up this remnant of my—

[Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by Fern.]

*Fern.* Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

*Pet.* Alas, my lord,

Is this a wise man's carriage?

*Duke.* Whither now

Shall I run from the day, where never man,  
Nor eye, nor eye of heaven may see a dog  
So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!  
Had not the fury of some hellish rage  
Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen  
Her clearness in her confidence to die.  
Your leave—

[Kneels, holds up his hands, and, after speaking to himself a little, rises.]

'Tis done: come, friend, now for her love,  
Her love that prais'd thee in the pangs of death,  
I'll hold thee dear; lords, do not care for me,  
I am too wise to die yet.—Oh, Bianca!

Enter D'AVOLOS.

*D'Av.* The lord Abbot of Monaco, sir, is in his  
return from Rome, lodged last night late in the  
city very privately; and hearing the report of your  
journey, only intends to visit your duchess to-  
morrow.

*Duke.* Slave, torture me no more! Note him, my.  
If you would choose a devil in the shape [lords,  
Of man, an arch-arch-devil, there stands one.—  
We'll meet our uncle.—Order straight, Petruccio,  
Our duchess may be coffin'd; 'tis our will  
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed  
And privacy you may, i' th' college church,  
Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments.  
Some three days hence we'll keep her funeral.—  
Damn'd villain! bloody villain!—Oh, Bianca!  
No counsel from our cruel wills can win us,  
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.

[Exeunt all but D'AVOLOS.]

*D'Av.* Good b'ye! Arch-arch-devil! why, I am  
paid. Here's bounty for good service! beshrew  
my heart, it is a right princely reward. Now  
must I say my prayers, that I have lived to so  
ripe an age to have my head stricken off. I can-  
not tell; it may be my lady Fiormonda will stand  
on my behalf to the duke: that's but a single  
hope; a disgraced courtier oftener finds enemies  
to sink him when he's falling, than friends to re-  
lieve him. I must resolve to stand to the hazard  
of all brunts now. Come what may, I will not  
die like a cow, and the world shall know it. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Apartment in the same.

Enter FIORMONDA, and ROSELLI discovering himself.

*Ros.* Wonder not, madam; here behold the man  
Whom your disdain hath metamorphosed.

Thus long have I been clouded in this shape,  
Led on by love; and in that love, despair:  
If not the sight of our distracted court,  
Nor pity of my bondage, can reclaim  
The greatness of your scorn, yet let me know  
My latest doom from you.

*Fior.* Strange miracle!

*Roselli.* I must honour thee; thy truth,  
Like a transparent mirror, represents  
My reason with my errors. Noble lord,  
That better dost deserve a better fate,  
Forgive me; if my heart can entertain  
Another thought of love, it shall be thine.

*Ros.* Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!  
In death you have revived me.

Enter D'AVOLOS.

*D'Av.* Whom have we here? Roseilli, the sup-  
posed fool? 'tis he; nay, then help me a brazen  
face!—My honourable lord.

*Ros.* Bear off, blood-thirsty man! come not  
near me.

*D'Av.* Madam, I trust the service—

*Fior.* Fellow, learn to new live: the way to  
thrift,

For thee, in grace, is a repentant shrift.

*Ros.* Ill has thy life been, worse will be thy end;  
Men flesh'd in blood know seldom to amend.

Enter Servant

*Ser.* His highness commends his love to you,  
and expects your presence; he is ready to pass to  
the church, only staying for my lord abbot to as-  
sociate him. Withal, his pleasure is, that you,  
D'Avolos, forbear to rank in this solemnity in the  
place of secretary; else to be there as a private  
man. Pleaseth you to go! [Exeunt all but D'Av.]

*D'Av.* As a private man! what remedy? This  
way they must come, and here I will stand to fall  
amongst 'em in the rear.

A solemn strain of soft Music. The Scene opens, and  
discovers the Church, with a Tomb in the back ground.

Enter Attendants with Torches, after them Two Friars;  
then the DUKE in mourning manner; after him the  
Abbot, FIORMONDA, COLONA, JULIA, ROSELLI, PETRU-  
CCIO, NIBASSA, and a Guard.—D'AVOLOS following.  
When the Procession approaches the Tomb they all kneel.  
The DUKE goes to the Tomb, and lays his hand on it.  
The Music ceases.

*Duke.* Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let  
not the touch

Of this my impious hand profane the shrine  
Of fairest purity, which hovers yet  
About these blessed bones inhears'd within.  
If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,  
Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,  
Behold, I offer up the sacrifice  
Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;  
Pouring oblations of a mourning heart  
To thee, offended spirit! I confess  
I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,  
That butcher, who, in my enraged spleen,  
Slaughter'd the life of innocence and beauty.  
Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds  
Which I digg'd up, and reconcile the wrongs  
My fury wrought; and my contrition mourns.  
So chaste, so dear a wife was never man,  
But I, enjoyed; yet in the bloom and pride  
Of all her years, untimely took her life.—

Enough: set ope the tomb, that I may take  
My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

*[The Tomb is opened, out of which rises FERNANDO in his winding-sheet, and, as CARAFFA is going in, puts him back.]*

*Fern.* Forbear! what art thou that dost rudely  
Into the confines of forsaken graves? *[press]*  
Hath death no privilege? Com'st thou, Caraffa,  
To practise yet a rape upon the dead?  
Inhuman tyrant!—

What's ever thou intendest, know this place  
Is pointed out for my inheritance;  
Here lies the monument of all my hopes.  
Had eager lust intrunk'd my conquer'd soul,  
I had not buried living joys in death:  
Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud  
To boast thy famous murders; let thy smooth,  
Low-fawning parasites renown thy act;  
Thou com'st not here.

*Duke.* Fernando, man of darkness,  
Never till now, before these dreadful sights,  
Did I abhor thy friendship; but thou hast robb'd  
My resolution of a glorious name.  
Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,  
Thou diest a death more fearful than the scourge  
Of death can whip thee with.

*Fern.* Of death? poor duke!  
Why that's the aim I shoot at; 'tis not threats  
(Maugre thy power, or the spite of hell)  
Shall rend that honour: let life-hugging slaves,  
Whose hands imbrued in butcheries like thine,  
Shake terror to their souls, be loath to die!  
See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the grave:  
I pity thy defiance.

*Duke.* Guard—lay hands,  
And drag him out.

*Fern.* Yes, let 'em, here's my shield;  
Here's health to victory!—  
*[He drinks off a phial of poison.]*

Now do thy worst.  
Farewell, duke, once I have outstripp'd thy plots;  
Not all the cunning antidotes of art  
Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life:  
It works, it works already, bravely! bravely!  
Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.  
O royal poison! trusty friend! split, split  
Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane!  
—Roseilli, love my memory.—Well search'd out,  
Swift, nimble venom! torture every vein.—  
I come, Bianca—cruel torment, feast,  
Feast on, do!—duke, farewell. Thus I—hot  
flames!—

Conclude my love,—and seal it in my bosom!—  
oh! *[Dies.]*

*Abbot.* Most desperate end!

*Duke.* None stir;

Who steps a foot, steps to his utter ruin.  
And art thou gone, Fernando? art thou gone?  
Thou wert a friend unmatch'd; rest in thy fame.  
Sister, when I have finished my last days,  
Lodge me, my wife, and this unequal'd friend,  
All in one monument. Now to my vows.  
Never henceforth let any passionate tongue  
Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,  
But let each letter in that tragic sound  
Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear:  
Children unborn, and widows, whose lean cheeks  
Are furrow'd up by age, shall weep whole nights,  
Repeating but the story of our fates;

Whilst in the period, closing up their tale,  
They must conclude, how for Bianca's love,  
Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,  
Thus on her altar sacrificed his life. *[Stabs himself.]*

*Abbot.* Oh, hold the duke's hand!

*Fior.* Save my brother, save him!

*Duke.* Do, do; I was too willing to strike home  
To be prevented. Fools, why, could you dream  
I would outlive my outrage? spiritfoul flood,  
Run out in rivers! Oh, that these thick streams  
Could gather head, and make a standing pool,  
That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood!  
So, I grow sweetly empty; all the pipes  
Of life unvessel life;—now, heavens, wipe out  
The writing of my sin! Bianca, thus  
I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca. *[Dies.]*

*Ros.* He's dead already, madam.

*D'Av.* Above hope? here's labour saved; I  
could bless the destinies. *[Aside.]*

*Abbot.* 'Would I had never seen it!

*Fior.* Since 'tis thus,

My lord Roseilli, in the true requital  
Of your continued love, I here possess  
You of the dukedom; and with it, of me,  
In presence of this holy abbot.

*Abbot.* Lady, then

From my hand take your husband; long enjoy  
*[Joins their hands.]*

Each to each other's comfort and content!

*Al.* Long live Roseilli!

*Ros.* First, thanks to heaven, next, lady, to  
your love;

Lastly, my lords, to all: and that the entrance  
Into this principality may give  
Fair hopes of being worthy of our place,  
Our first work shall be justice.—D'Avolos,  
Stand forth.

*D'Av.* My gracious lord.

*Ros.* No, graceless villain!

I am no lord of thine. Guard, take him hence,  
Convey him to the prison's top; in chains  
Hang him alive; whoever lends a bit  
Of bread to feed him, dies: speak not against it,  
I will be deaf to mercy.—Bear him hence!

*D'Av.* Mercy, new duke! here's my comfort, I  
make but one in the number of the tragedy of  
princes. *[He is led off.]*

*Ros.* Madam, a second charge is to perform  
Your brother's testament; we'll rear a tomb  
To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell  
Their fatal loves to all posterity.—  
Thus, then, for you; henceforth I here dismiss  
The mutual comforts of our marriage-bed:  
Learn to new-live, my vows unmov'd shall stand;  
And since your life hath been so much uneven,  
Bethink, in time, to make your peace with heaven.

*Fior.* Oh me! is this your love?

*Ros.* 'Tis your desert;

Which no persuasion shall remove.

*Abbot.* 'Tis fit;

Purge frailty with repentance.

*Fior.* I embrace it.

Happy too late, since lust hath made me foul,  
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

*Ros.* Please you to walk, lord Abbot?

*Abbot.* Yes, set on:

No age hath heard, no chronicle can say,  
That ever here befel a sadder day. *[Exeunt.]*

# PERKIN WARBECK.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM CAVENDISH,  
EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.

My LORD,—Out of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen,) I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and in it, a greater danger. In other *labours* you may read actions of antiquity discoursed; in *this abridgment*, find the actors themselves discoursing; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak, as speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge, in expressions of such credit; commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time. Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To your's the addition of that information in both, cannot in any application be observed flattery; the authority being established by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing, mine own; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story, and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion: in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity; but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII.  
LORD DAWBENRY.  
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain*.  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
FOX, *Bishop of Durham*.  
URSWICK, *Chaplain to the King*.  
SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD.  
LAMBERT SIMNEL.  
HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent*.  
  
JAMES IV., *King of Scotland*.  
EARL OF HUNTLEY.  
EARL OF CRAWFORD.  
LORD DALVELL.

MARCHMONT, *a Herald*.

PERKIN WARBECK.  
STEPHEN FRION, *his Secretary*.  
JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork*.  
HERON, *a Mercer*.  
SKETON, *a Tailor*.  
ASTLEY, *a Scrivermer*.

LADY KATHERINE GORDON.  
COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD.  
JANE DOUGLAS, *Lady KATHERINE'S Attendant*.

Sheriff, Constables, Officers, Guards, Serving-Men, Masquers, and Soldiers.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ENGLAND, PARTLY IN SCOTLAND.

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## PROLOGUE.

STUDIES have, of this nature, been of late,  
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that  
It is become more justice, to revive  
The antic follies of the times, than strive  
To countenance wise industry: no want  
Of art doth render wit, or lame, or scant,  
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;  
But want of truth in them, who give the praise  
To their self-love, presuming to out-do  
The writer, or (for need) the actors too.  
But such the author's silence best befits,  
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.  
From him, to clearer judgments, we can say  
He shows a History, couch'd in a play:

A history of noble mention, known,  
Famous, and true; most noble, 'cause our own:  
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,  
But chronicled at home; as rich in strain  
Of brave attempts, as ever fertile rage,  
In action, could beget to grace the stage.  
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land  
Itself appear'd too narrow to withstand  
Competitors for kingdoms: nor is here  
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endure  
A multitude: on these two rests the fate  
Of worthy expectation, Truth and State.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. *The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY supported to the Throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENEY.—A Guard.*

*K. Hen.* Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,  
Still to be frighted with false apparitions  
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,  
As if we were a mockery king in state,  
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,  
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,  
Is all below our merits; yet, my lords,  
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast  
In our own royal birth-right: the rent face  
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd  
people,  
Have been by us, as by the best physician,  
At last both thoroughly cured, and set in safety;  
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,  
Ourselves scarce secure.

*Dur.* The rage of malice  
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.  
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,  
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords  
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand  
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,  
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst  
Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance  
Of the just Powers above, to utter ruin  
And desolation, had reign'd on, but that  
Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice,  
In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth  
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

*Daw.* Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful for-  
yielded to nature, leaving to his sons, [tune,  
Edward and Richard, the inheritance  
Of a most bloody purchase; these young princes,  
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,  
Forced to a violent grave; so just is Heaven!  
Him hath your majesty, by your own arm  
Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his Boar's sty,  
And struck the black usurper to a carcase.  
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,  
Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;  
For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen:  
A blessed union, and a lasting blessing  
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,  
Some useless remnant of the house of York  
Grudge not at this content.

*Oxf.* Margaret of Burgundy  
Blows fresh coals of division.

*Sur.* Painted fires,  
Without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish.

*Daw.* York's headless trunk, her father; Ed-  
ward's fate,  
Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews  
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature,  
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees  
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,  
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine  
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore  
Of troubles and sedition.

*Oxf.* In her age,—  
Great sir, observe the wonder,—she grows fruitful,  
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:  
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,

At nine or ten months' end; she has been with  
child

Eight, or seven years at least; whose twins being  
(A prodigy in nature,) even the youngest [born,  
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,  
As soon as known i' th' world, tall striplings, strong  
And able to give battle unto kings;  
Idols of Yorkish malice.

[*Daw.*] And but idols;  
A steely hammer crushes them to pieces.  
*K. Hen.* Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our  
Preferr'd by an officious care of duty [service,  
From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!  
Which shews the difference between noble natures  
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,  
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,  
Murder'd long since i' th' Tower; he lives again,  
And vows to be your king.

*Stan.* The throne is fill'd, sir.  
*K. Hen.* True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits  
A guard of angels, and the holy prayers [on it:  
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence  
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.—  
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,  
Our Great Ones, should give countenance and  
courage  
To trim duke Perkin; you will all confess  
Our bounties have unthriftily been scatter'd  
Amongst unthankful men.

*Daw.* Unthankful beasts,  
Dogs, villains, traitors!  
*K. Hen.* Dawboney, let the guilty  
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know  
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom  
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

*Stan.* Sir, if no other abler reasons else  
Of duty or allegiance could divert  
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers  
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes  
In Lambert Simmel's party, must command  
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.  
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,  
The earl of Kildare, ([the] lord Geraldine.)  
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,  
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the rest,  
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy)  
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn  
The present times, or any that live in them,  
What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift  
A finger up in all defence but your's,  
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

*K. Hen.* Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and  
thy heart  
Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less  
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted  
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,  
Your knowledge is our chronicle; first Ireland,  
The common stage of novelty, presented  
This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines  
And Butlers once again stood in support  
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France  
Thence call'd him into his protection,  
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;  
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,  
Aiming at peace with us; which, being granted  
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly  
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again,

T' infect some grosser air : and now we learn  
(Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,  
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)  
They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam  
That nurs'd this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-  
gundy.

But we will hunt him there too ! we will hunt him,  
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,  
Though the archduke were his buckler !

*Sur.* She has stuyed him,  
" The fair white rose of England."

*Daw.* Jolly gentleman !  
More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish,  
After a drunken surfeit.

*Enter UNSWICK.*

*Urs.* Gracious sovereign,  
Please you peruse this paper. [The King reads.

*Dur.* The king's countenance  
Gathers a sprightly blood.

*Daw.* Good news ; believe it.

*K. Hen.* Urswick, thine ear.—Thou hast lodged

*Urs.* Strongly safe, sir. [him ?

*K. Hen.* Enough,—is Barley come too ?

*Urs.* No, my lord.

*K. Hen.* No matter—phew ; he's but a running  
weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots ;  
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me.  
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,  
It is our pleasure to remove our court  
From Westminster to the Tower : we will lodge  
This very night there ; give, lord chamberlain,  
A present order for it.

*Stan.* The Tower !—[*Aside.*]—I shall, sir.

*K. Hen.* Come, my true, best, fast friends, these  
clouds will vanish,  
The sun will shine at full ; the heavens are clearing.  
[*Flourish.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—EDINBURGH.—*An Apartment in  
Lord HUNTLEY'S House.*

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.*

*Hunt.* You trifle time, sir.

*Dal.* Oh, my noble lord,  
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,  
That where the text is argument of pity,  
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it  
With too much ill-placed mirth.

*Hunt.* " Much mirth," lord Dalzell !  
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.  
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,  
Descended from an honourable ancestry,  
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,  
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,  
For a brave mention to posterity :  
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,  
Not I, by good Saint Andrew ; but this bugbear,  
This whoreson tale of honour,—honour, Dalzell !—  
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,  
The piece of royalty that is stitch'd up  
In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous  
For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,  
As foolish for my gravity to admit it :  
I have spoke all at once.

*Dal.* Sir, with this truth,  
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope  
For my disorder'd palate e'er to relish

A wholesome taste again : alas ! I know, sir,  
What an unequal distance lies between  
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalzell's  
fortunes ;

She's the king's kinswoman, plac'd near the crown,  
A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

*Hunt.* Right ; but a noble subject ; put in that  
too.

*Dal.* I could add more ; and in the rightest line.  
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,  
A Scottish knight ; whose daughter was the mother  
To him who first begot the race of Jameses,  
That sway the sceptre to this very day.

But kindreds are not ours, when once the date  
Of many years have swallow'd up the memory  
Of their originals ; so pasture-fields,  
Neighbouring too near the ocean, are suppr'd up  
And known no more : for stood I in my first  
And native greatness, if my princely mistress  
Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good  
I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,  
As to a throne of wonder.

*Hunt.* Now, by Saint Andrew,  
A spark of metal ! he has a brave fire in him.  
I would he had my daughter, so I knew 't not.  
But 't must not be so, must not—[*Aside.*]—Well,  
young lord,

This will not do yet ; if the girl be headstrong,  
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,  
And run away with her ; dance galliards, do,  
And frisk about the world to learn the languages :  
'Twill be a thriving trade ; you may set up by't.

*Dal.* With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain  
Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy

*Hunt.* You're angry—would he would beat me,  
I deserve it. [*Aside.*

Dalyell, thy hand, we are friends : follow thy  
courtship,

Take thine own time and speak ; if thou prevail'st  
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,  
She's thine ; nay, she is thine : 'tis a fair match,  
Free and allow'd. I'll only use my tongue,  
Without a father's power ; use thou thine :  
Self do, self have—no more words ; win and wear  
her.

*Dal.* You bless me ; I am now too poor in thanks  
To pay the debt I owe you.

*Hunt.* Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—  
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,  
She comes : to her now, to her, to her !

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE.*

*Kath.* The king commands your presence, sir.

*Hunt.* The gallant—  
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,  
Desires to be your master.

*Kath.* I acknowledge him  
A worthy friend of mine.

*Dal.* Your humblest creature.

*Hunt.* So, so ; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold  
hunting,

The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*

*Dal.* Princely lady,  
How most unworthy I am to employ  
My services, in honour of your virtues,  
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy  
Your fair opinion, and much more your love ;  
Are only matters of despair, unless  
Your goodness gives large warrants to my boldness,  
My feeble-wing'd ambition.

*Hunt.* This is scurvy.

[*Aside.*]

*Kath.* My lord, I interrupt you not.

*Hunt.* Indeed!

Now on my life she'll court him—[*Aside.*].—Nay, nay, on, sir.

*Dal.* Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows  
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity,  
But all in vain: here had my comforts sunk  
And never ris'n again, to tell a story  
Of the despairing lover, had not now,  
Even now, the earl your father—

*Hunt.* He means me sure.

[*Aside.*]

*Dal.* After some fit disputes of your condition,  
Your highness and my lowness, given a licence  
Which did not more embolden, than encourage  
My faulting tongue.

*Hunt.* How, how? how's that? embolden?

Encourage? I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?  
A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear,  
man?

What did I say to you? come, come, to th' point.

*Kath.* It shall not need, my lord.

*Hunt.* Then hear me, Kate!—

Keep you on that band of her; I on this.—  
Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,  
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:  
He courts thee for affection, I for duty;  
He as a servant pleads; but by the privilege  
Of nature, though I might command, my care  
Shall only counsel what it shall not force.  
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of  
marriage

Are tenures, not at will, but during life.  
Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,  
A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,  
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.  
The king that sits upon the throne is young,  
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts  
On any least occasion, to endanger  
His person; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident  
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education  
By yielding to a common servile rage  
Of female wantonness, so I am confident  
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side  
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.

My lord of Dalryell, young in years, is old  
In honours, but nor eminent in titles  
[N]or in estate, that may support or add to  
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle  
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment,  
For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.  
If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch  
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion  
Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion:  
Thou art thine own; I have done.

*Dal.* Oh! You are all oracle,  
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

*Kath.* My worthiest lord and father, the indul-  
gence

Of your sweet composition, thus commands  
The lowest of obedience; you have granted  
A liberty so large, that I want skill  
To choose without direction of example:  
From which I daily learn, by how much more  
You take off from the roughness of a father,  
By so much more I am engaged to tender  
The duty of a daughter. For respects  
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,  
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies  
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,

To live and die so, that you may not blush  
In any course of mine to own me yours.

*Hunt.* Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,  
like peace,  
Creating every other hour a jubilee.

*Kath.* To you, my lord of Dalryell, I address  
Some few remaining words: the general fame  
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,  
Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

*Hunt.* Good wench, good girl, i' faith!

*Kath.* For my part, trust me,  
I value mine own worth at higher rate,  
'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it: if the stream  
(Of your protested service (as you term it)  
Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,  
It shall be my delight, that worthy love  
Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you  
Richly to wed an honourable name:  
So every virtuous praise, in after ages,  
Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,  
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,  
That glorious issue.

*Hunt.* Oh, that I were young again!  
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit  
From reputation.

*Kath.* To the present motion,  
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness  
Of more experience, and some use of time,  
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth  
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire  
No surer credit of a match with virtue  
Than such as lives in you; mean time, my hopes  
are

Preser[v]d secure, in having you a friend.

*Dal.* You are a blessed lady, and instruct  
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,  
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—  
My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent  
A full extent of bounty to this parley;  
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

*Hunt.* Enough: we are still friends, and will  
continue

A hearty love.—Oh, Kate! thou art mine own.—  
No more;—my lord of Crawford.

*Enter CRAWFORD.*

*Craw.* From the king  
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in council  
Requires your present aid.

*Hunt.* Some weighty business?

*Craw.* A secretary from a duke of York,  
The second son to the late English Edward,  
Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,  
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis said  
The duke himself is following to the court.

*Hunt.* Duke upon duke! 'tis well, 'tis well;  
here's bustling

For majesty:—my lord, I will along with you.

*Craw.* My service, noble lady.

*Kath.* Please you walk, sir?

*Dal.* "Times have their changes; sorrow makes  
men wise;

The sun itself must set as well as rise;"

Then, why not I? Fair madam, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LONDON. *An Apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter the Bishop of DURHAM, Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD, and URSWICK.—Lights.*

*Dur.* You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely

King Henry, our great master, doth commit His person to your loyalty; you taste His bounty and his mercy even in this; That at a time of night so late, a place So private as his closet, he is pleas'd To admit you to his favour: do not falter In your discovery; but as you covet A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies, So labour to deserve it, by laying open All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

*Urs.* Remember not the witchcrafts, or the magic,

The charms and incantations, which the sorceress Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason: Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge Your conscience freely; all of such as love you, Stand sureties for your honesty and truth. Take heed you do not dally with the king, He is wise as he is gentle.

*Clif.* I am miserable, If Henry be not merciful.

*Urs.* The king comes.

*Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* Clifford!

*Clif.* (*Kneels.*) Let my weak knees rot on the earth,

If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries, Before your royal eyes, as to my own I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

*K. Hen.* Clifford, stand up; for instance of thy safety,

I offer thee my hand.

*Clif.* A sovereign balm

For my bruis'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.

[*Kisses the King's hand, and rises.*]

Sir, you are a just master, but I—

*K. Hen.* Tell me,

Is every circumstance thou hast set down With thine own hand, within this paper, true? Is it a sure intelligence of all

The progress of our enemies' intents, Without corruption?

*Clif.* True, as I wish heaven;

Or my infected honour white again.

*K. Hen.* We know all, Clifford, fully, since this meteor,

This airy apparition first discredul'd From Tournay into Portugal; and thence Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration To th' superstitious Irish; since the beard Of this wild comet, conjured into France, Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court; But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in darkness, Stole into Flanders \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* flourishing the rags Of painted power on the shore of Kent, Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn, Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws: But tell me, what new course now shapes duke Perkin?

*Clif.* For Ireland, mighty Henry; so instructed By Stephen Frion, sometimes secretary

In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence. But Perkin's tutor now.

*K. Hen.* A subtle villain

That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham, Knew well the man.

*Dur.* French, both in heart and actions.

*K. Hen.* Some Irish heads work in this mine of  
Speak them. [treason;

*Clif.* Not any of the best; your fortune Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts For counsellors: first Heron, a broken mercer, Then John a-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork, Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener Call'd Astley: and whate'er these list to treat of, Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning Above these dull capacities, still prompts him To fly to Scotland, to young James the Fourth; And sue for aid to him: this is the latest Of all their resolutions.

*K. Hen.* Still more Frion!

Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison, As dangerous as infectious—we must match 'em. Clifford, thou hast spoke home, we give thee life But, Clifford, there are people of our own Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford? Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest: 'Tis thy last task.

*Clif.* Oh, sir, here I must break

A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, be brief, be brief.

*Clif.* The first in rank

Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites, With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood, Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars, And Robert Ratcliffe.

*K. Hen.* Churchmen are turn'd devils.

These are the principal?

*Clif.* One more remains

Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

*K. Hen.* Ha, Clifford! one more?

*Clif.* Great sir, do not hear him;

For when Sir William Stanley, your lord cham- Shall come into the list, as he is chief, [berlain, I shall lose credit with you; yet this lord. Last named, is first against you.

*K. Hen.* Uswick, the light!

View well my face, sirs, is there blood left in it?

*Dur.* You alter strangely, sir.

*K. Hen.* Alter, lord bishop!

Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dream'd he stabb'd Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty [me. To think they set their own stains off, by laying Aspersions on some nobler than themselves: Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.

Thy life again is forfeit; I recal My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st Repeat the name no more.

*Clif.* I dare, and once more,

Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley, Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

*Dur.* Most strange!

*Urs.* Most wicked!

*K. Hen.* Yet again, once more.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy, And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

*K. Hen.* Sir William Stanley! Who? Sir William Stanley!

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,  
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,  
The charge, and the controulment of my person;  
The keys and secrets of my treasury;  
The all of all I am! I am unhappy.  
Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor  
To my own person, yield my sceptre up  
To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke!

*Dur.* You lose your constant temper.

*K. Hen.* Sir William Stanley!

O do not blame me; he, 'twas only he  
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth field  
From Richard's bloody sword, snatch'd from his  
head

The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.  
He never fail'd me; what have I deserv'd  
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own?

*Urs.* The night doth waste, this passion ill be-  
comes you;

Provide against your danger.

*K. Hen.* Let it be so.

Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber.

'Tis well we are i' th' Tower; set a guard on him.  
Clifford, to bed; you must lodge here to-night;  
We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul  
Divines strange troubles.

*Daw. (within.)* Ho! the king, the king!  
I must have entrance.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney's voice; admit him.

What new combustions huddle next, to keep  
Our eyes from reat?—the news?

*Enter DAWBENEY.*

*Daw.* Ten thousand Cornish,  
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd  
A head; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,  
They make for London, and to them is join'd  
Lord Audley: as they march, their number daily  
Increases; they are—

*K. Hen.* Rascals!—talk no more;  
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.  
To bed—and if I cannot sleep,—I'll wake.—  
When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,  
Even then, an arm from heaven fights for the just.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—EDINBURGH. *The Presence- Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE,  
JANE, and other Ladies.*

*Countess.* Come, ladies, here's a solemn pre-  
paration

For entertainment of this English prince;  
The king intends grace more than ordinary;  
'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

*Kath.* Bless the young man, our nation would  
be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom! my father  
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,  
But that the king must not be cross'd.

*Countess.* He brings

A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him;  
But very modest people, for they strive not  
To fame their names too much; their godfathers  
May be beholding to them, but their fathers  
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised  
princes,

Brought up it seems to honest trades; no matter,  
They will break forth in season.

*Jane.* Or break out;

For most of them are broken by report.—*[Music.*  
The king!

*Kath.* Let us observe them and be silent.

*A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY, CRAWFORD,  
DALYELL, and other Noblemen.*

*K. Ja.* The right of kings, my lords, extends  
To the safe conservation of their own, [not only  
But also to the aid of such allies,  
As change of time and state hath oftentimes  
Hurl'd down from careful crowns, to undergo  
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:  
So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur-de-Lion,  
So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,  
Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,  
Both sought, and found supplies from foreign kings,  
To repossess their own; then grudge not, lords,  
A much distressed prince: king Charles of France,

And Maximilian of Bohemia both,  
Have ratified his credit by their letters;  
Shall we then be distrustful? No; compassion  
Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,  
And we will have it shine there.

*Hunt.* Do your will, sir.

*K. Ja.* The young duke is at hand; Dalvell  
from us

First greet him, and conduct him on; then Craw-  
Shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,  
Present him to our arms.—*(Exit DAL.)*—Sound  
sprightly music,

Whilst majesty encounters majesty. *[Flourish.*

*Re-enter DALVELL, with PERKIN WARBECK, followed at  
a distance by FRION, HENON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and  
JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD advances and salutes  
PERKIN at the door, and afterwards HUNTLEY, who  
presents him to the King: they embrace; the Noble-  
men slightly salute his followers.*

*War.* Most high, most mighty king! that now  
stands

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,  
A subject of the rarest kind of pity  
That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,  
The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,  
Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,  
And all the western world, what persecution  
Hath rag'd in malice against us, sole heir  
To the great throne of th' old Plantagenets.  
How, from our nursery, we have been hurried  
Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary  
Forced to the prison, from the prison haled  
By cruel hands, to the tormentor's fury,  
Is register'd already in the volume  
Of all men's tongues; whose true relation draws  
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,  
And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes since,  
Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,  
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.  
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy  
Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to  
murder



Paid them their wages of despair and horror ;  
The softness of my childhood smiled upon  
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them  
farther

Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.  
Great king, *they* spared my life, the butchers  
spared it !

Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,  
A truth of my dispatch ; I was convey'd  
With secrecy and speed to Tournay ; foster'd  
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :  
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense  
Of fear and of disdain ; fear of the tyrant  
Whose power sway'd the throne then : when dis-  
Of living so unknown, in such a servile [dain  
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts  
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off  
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt  
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman ;  
Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry  
From Richard's head ; a thing scarce known i'th'  
world.

*K. Ja.* My lord, it stands not with your coun-  
sel now

To fly upon invectives ; if you can  
Make this apparent what you have discours'd,  
In every circumstance, we will not study  
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

*War.* You are a wise and just king, by the  
Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids, [powers  
To plant me in mine own inheritance :  
To marry these two kingdoms in a love  
Never to be divorced, while time is time.  
As for the manner, first of my escape,  
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,  
The means, and persons who were instruments,  
Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence ;  
Reserving the relation to the secrecy  
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns  
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,  
Whose issue might be question'd. For your bounty,  
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,  
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,  
As if we were your own and natural brother ;  
Omitting no occasion in our person,  
To express a gratitude beyond example.

*K. Ja.* He must be more than subject who can  
utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.  
Take this for answer ; be whate'er thou art,  
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put  
Thy cause and person into my protection.  
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee ;  
Welcome to James of Scotland ! for thy safety,  
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong  
thee.

Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,  
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed  
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on !  
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard  
you.

Lead on— [Exeunt all but the ladies.

*Countess.* I have not seen a gentleman  
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage ;  
His fortunes move not him—Madam, you are  
passionate.

*K. th.* Besrew me, but his words have touch'd  
me home,

As if his cause concern'd me ; I should pity him,  
If he should prove another than he seems.

Enter CRAWFORD.

*Craw.* Ladies, the king commands your pre-  
sence instantly,  
For entertainment of the duke.

*Kath.* "The duke"  
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd ;  
It is our duty.

*Countess.* We will all wait on him. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The Tower.*

*A Flourish.*—Enter KING HENRY, OXFORD, DURHAM,  
SURREY.

*K. Hen.* Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain ?  
*Dur.* His treasons  
Condemn'd him, sir ; which were as clear and  
manifest,

As foul and dangerous : besides, the guilt  
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly,  
That it drew from him free confession,  
Without an importunity.

*K. Hen.* Oh, lord bishop,  
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,  
And must not stand in evidence against  
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature ;  
The rigour and extremity of law  
Is sometimes too too bitter ; but we carry  
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.  
I hope we may relieve him from the sentence  
Of death ; I hope we may.

*Dur.* You may, you may :  
And so persuade your subjects that the title  
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,  
Than yours of Lancaster ! so Stanley holds :  
Which if it be not treason in the highest,  
Then we are traitors all, perjured, and false,  
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice  
Of Henry's title ; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,  
With all your other peers of state and church,  
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,  
And England's lawful heir !

*Oxf.* By Vere's old honours,  
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

*Sur.* 'Tis a quarrel  
To engage a soul in.

*K. Hen.* What a coil is here  
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect !  
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time  
To save my life : yet, to say truth, my lords,  
The man staid long enough t' endanger it :—  
But I could see no more into his heart,  
Than what his outward actions did present ;  
And for them have rewarded him so fully,  
As that there wanted nothing in our gift  
To gratify his merit, as I thought,  
Unless I should divide my crown with him,  
And give him half : though now I well perceive  
'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the  
But I am charitable, lords : let justice [whole.  
Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn  
The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

*Dur.* Sir, he is coming this way.

*K. Hen.* If he speak to me,  
I could deny him nothing ; to prevent it.  
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my fa-  
vours

To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for.  
That done, it doth concern us to consult  
Of other following troubles. [Exit.

*Oxf.* I am glad  
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd  
The traitor, had he seen him.

*Sur.* 'Tis a king  
Composed of gentleness.

*Dur.* Rare and unheard of:  
But every man is nearest to himself,  
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

*Enter STANLEY, Executioner, Confessor, UNAWICK and  
DAWBENEY.*

*Stan.* May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake  
This piece of frailty off?

*Daw.* You shall; he's sent for.

*Stan.* I must not see the king?

*Dur.* From him, sir William,  
These lords, and I am sent; he bade us say  
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;  
Wishing the laws of England could remit  
The forfeit of your life, as willingly  
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,  
Forget your trespass: but howe'er your body  
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself  
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,  
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.

*Oxf.* Without remembrance of your errors past,  
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

*Sur.* And I; good angels guard you!

*Stan.* Oh, the king,  
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject  
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,  
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,  
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.  
I was, as you are, once great, and stood hopeful  
Of many flourishing years; but fate and time  
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Daw.* Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir  
You do desire to speak with. [William,

*Dur.* Mark their meeting.

*Clif.* Sir William Stanley, I am glad your con-  
science  
Before your end, hath emptied every burden  
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,  
How far I have proceeded in a duty  
That both concern'd my truth, and the state's  
safety.

*Stan.* Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!  
Come hither—by this token think on me!

[*Makes a cross on CLIFFORD's face with his finger.*

*Clif.* This token? What! am I abus'd?

*Stan.* You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,  
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's  
infamy;  
Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:  
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes  
That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,  
A state informer's character; more ugly,  
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.  
The heavens forgive thee!—pray, my lords, no  
change  
Of word; this man and I have used too many.

*Clif.* Shall I be disgraced

Without reply?

*Dur.* Give losers leave to talk;  
His loss is irrecoverable.

*Stan.* Once more,  
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness  
Preserve the king! my next suit is, my lords,

To be remember'd to my noble brother,  
Derby, my much griev'd brother: Oh, persuade  
That I shall stand no blemish to his house, [him,  
In chronicles writ in another age.

My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs:  
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,  
Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,  
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can  
Secure his peace above the state of man.  
I take my leave to travel to my dust;  
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.  
Come, confessor! On with thy axe, friend, on.

[*He is led off to execution.*

*Clif.* Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath  
To be upbraided! Lords, the king shall know it.

*Re-enter King HENRY with a white staff.*

*K. Hen.* The king doth know it, sir; the king  
hath heard

What he or you could say. We have given credit  
To every point of Clifford's information,  
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:  
He dies for it; are you pleased?

*Clif.* I pleased, my lord?

*K. Hen.* No echos: for your service, we dismiss  
Your more attendance on the court; take ease,  
And live at home; but, as you love your life,  
Stir not from London without leave from us.

We'll think on your reward; away!

*Clif.* I go, sir.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take  
this staff

Of office, Dawbeney; henceforth be our chamber-  
*Daw.* I am your humblest servant. [lain.

*K. Hen.* We are follow'd  
By enemies at home, that will not cease  
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true,  
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on  
As far as Winchester;—but let them come,  
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them  
In their own toils.

*Daw.* Your army, being muster'd,  
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least  
In number, six-and-twenty thousand; men  
Daring and able, resolute to fight,  
And loyal in their truths.

*K. Hen.* We know it, Dawbeney:  
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,  
Assisted by bold Essex, and the earl  
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;  
Be that your charge.

*Oxf.* I humbly thank your majesty.

*K. Hen.* The next division we assign to Daw-  
These must be men of action, for on those [beney:  
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.  
The last and main, ourself commands in person;  
As ready to restore the fight at all times,  
As to consummate an assured victory.

*Daw.* The king is still oraculous.

*K. Hen.* But, Surrey,  
We have employment of more toil for thee:  
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,  
That James of Scotland late hath entertain'd  
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common  
Grace and respect; nay, courts him with rare  
favours.

The Scot is young and forward, we must look for  
A sudden storm to England from the north;  
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,  
To fortify the castle, and secure

The frontiers against an invasion there.  
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army  
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,  
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.  
You know your charges all ; 'tis now a time  
To execute, not talk ; Heaven is our guard still.  
War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—EDINBURGH.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.*

*Craw.* 'Tis more than strange ; my reason cannot answer

Such argument of fine imposture, couch'd  
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions  
Impossibilities, as if appearance  
Could cozen truth itself ; this dukeling mushroom  
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

*Dal.* He courts the ladies,  
As if his strength of language chain'd attention  
By power of prerogative.

*Craw.* It maddeth  
My very soul to hear our master's motion ;  
What surety both of amity and honour  
Must of necessity ensue upon  
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,  
And this brave prince, forsooth !

*Dal.* 'Twill prove too fatal ;  
Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady  
From such a ruin !

*Craw.* How the counsel privy  
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces  
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,  
Were never guilty of ! the meanest of them  
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

*Dal.* Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoken  
For service to their rogueships,—silence ! [ready

*Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.*

*K. Ja.* Do not  
Argue against our will ; we have descended  
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly  
From justice of our birthright, to examine  
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have ;—  
But find it short of duty !

*Hunt.* Break my heart,  
Do, do, king ! Have my services, my loyalty,  
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me  
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted  
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,  
My last, my long one ! Let me be a dotard,  
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please  
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,  
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixt with mine,  
By marriage of this girl to a straggler !—  
Take, take my head, sir ; whilst my tongue can  
It cannot name him other. [wag,

*K. Ja.* Kings are counterfeits  
In your repate grave oracle, not presently,  
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists !  
But use your own detraction ; 'tis our pleasure  
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,  
The lady Katherine : instinct of sovereignty  
Designs the honour, though her peevish father  
Usurps our resolution.

*Hunt.* Oh, 'tis well,  
Exceeding well ! I never was ambitious  
Of using congées to my daughter queen—

A queen ! perhaps a queen ! Forgive me, Dalzell,  
Thou honourable gentleman ;—none here  
Dare speak one word of comfort ?

*Dal.* Cruel misery !

*Craw.* The lady, gracious prince, may be hath  
Affection on some former choice. [settled

*Dal.* Enforcement

Would prove but tyranny.

*Hunt.* I thank thee heartily.  
Let any yeoman of our nation challenge

An interest in the girl, then the king  
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,  
Worthy a free consent ; now he pulls down  
What old desert hath builded.

*K. Ja.* Cease persuasions.

I violate no pawns of faith, intrude not  
On private loves ; that I have play'd the orator  
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant  
Can justify, referring her contents  
To our provision : the Welsh Harry, henceforth,  
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,  
That not the painted idol of his policy  
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.—  
We are resolv'd.

*Hunt.* Some of thy subjects' hearts,  
King James, will bleed for this !

*K. Ja.* Then shall their bloods  
Be nobly spent : no more disputes ; he is not  
Our friend who contradicts us.

*Hunt.* Farewell, daughter !  
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't !  
I and my griefs will dance now.—

*Enter WARBECK, complimenting with Lady KATHERINE ;  
COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN  
A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, and SKETON.*

Look, lords, look ;  
Here's hand in hand already !

*K. Ja.* Peace, old frenzy.  
How like a king he looks ! Lords, but observe  
The confidence of his aspect ; dross cannot  
Cleave to so pure a metal—royal youth !  
Plantagenet undoubted !

*Hunt.* [*Aside.*] Ho, brave ! Youth ;  
But no *Plantagenet*, by'r lady, yet,  
By red rose or by white.

*War.* An union this way,  
Settles possession in a monarchy  
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance :  
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,  
Your heart, fair princess,—and the hand of provi-  
dence

Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes  
*Kath.* Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,  
Love owes true service.

*War.* Shall I ?

*K. Ja.* Cousin, yes,  
Enjoy her ; from my hand accept your bride ;

[*He joins their hands.*]  
And may they live at enmity with comfort,  
Who grieve at such an equal plodge of troths !  
You are the prince's wife now.

*Kath.* By your gift, sir.

*War.* Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

*Kath.* I miss yet

A father's blessing. Let me find it ;—humbly  
Upon my knees I seek it.

*Hunt.* I am Huntley,  
Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,  
Nor more nor less ; and, lady, if you wish for  
A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven ;

For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas!  
 What would you have me say? may all the happi-  
 My prayers ever sued to fall upon you, [ness  
 Preserve you in your virtues! Prithee, Dalzell,  
 Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full  
 As mine; let's steal away and cry together.

*Dal.* My hopes are in their ruins.

[*Exeunt HUNT. and DAL.*]

*K. Ja.* Good, kind Huntley  
 Is overjoy'd: a fit solemnity  
 Shall perfect these delights; Crawford, attend  
 Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but FRION, HER. SKET. J. A-WAT. and ARR.*]

*Fri.* Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not follow'd  
 My undertakings with success? Here's entrance  
 Into a certainty above a hope.

*Her.* Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confi-  
 dent, when I traded but in remnants, that my stars  
 had reserv'd me to the title of a Viscount at least:  
 honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.

*Sket.* My brother Heron hath right wisely deli-  
 ver'd his opinion: for he that threads his needle  
 with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in time go  
 thorough-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

*Asl.* Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted  
 brother Sketon; for as no indenture but has its  
 counterpane; no *noverint* but his condition or de-  
 feisance; so no right but may have claim, no claim  
 but may have possession, any act of parliament to  
 the contrary notwithstanding.

*Fri.* You are all read in mysteries of state,  
 And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,  
 Active in resolution; and 'tis pity  
 Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.  
 But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,  
 Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?  
 Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,  
 You must not miss employment of high nature.

*J. a-Wat.* If men may be credited in their mor-  
 tality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they  
 may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are  
 then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I  
 must not justify other men's belief, more than other  
 should rely on mine.

*Fri.* Pith of experience! those that have borne  
 office,

Weigh every word before it can drop from them.  
 But, noble counsellors, since now the present  
 Requires, in point of honour, (pray mistake not,)  
 Some service to our lord; 'tis fit the Scots  
 Should not engross all glory to themselves,  
 At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

*Sket.* The Scots? the motion is defied: I had  
 rather, for my part, without trial of my country,  
 suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of re-  
 proach; or let my skin be punch'd full of oylet-  
 holes with the bodkin of derision.

*Asl.* I will sooner lose both my ears on the pil-  
 lory of forgery.

*Her.* Let me first live a bankrupt, and die, in  
 the lousy hole, of hunger, without compounding for  
 sixpence in the pound.

*J. a-Wat.* If men fail not in their expectations,  
 there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts,  
 master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is  
 possible, I grant.

*Fri.* Resolv'd like men of knowledge! at this  
 feast, then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,  
 Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,  
 Prefer their duties: now, it were uncomely,  
 That we be found less forward for our prince,  
 Than they are for their lady; and by how much  
 We outshine them in persons of account,  
 By so much more will our endeavours meet with  
 A livelier applause. Great emperors  
 Have, for their recreations, undertook  
 Such kind of pastimes; as for the conceit,  
 Refer it to my study; the performance  
 You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

*Her.* The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a  
 dancing-school when I was a prentice.

*Asl.* There have been Irish hubbubs, when I  
 have made one too.

*Sket.* For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a  
 cross-caper; turn me off to my trade again.

*J. a-Wat.* Surely, there is, if I be not deceived,  
 a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or per-  
 haps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality  
 of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either so,  
 or so.

*Fri.* Still you come home to me; upon occasion,  
 I find you relish courtship with discretion;  
 And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.  
 Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him  
 With this design; I'll follow and direct you.  
 Oh the toil

[*Exeunt all but FRION.*]

Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!  
 Muddy-brain'd peasants! princes feel a misery  
 Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes  
 Must yield to such abettors:—yet our tide  
 Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on!  
 Flow to a full sea! time alone debates  
 Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. | *Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. *The Palace.*

*Enter King Henry, with his Gorget on, his Sword, Plume  
 of Feathers, and leading-staff, (truncheon) followed by  
 URSWICK.*

*K. Hen.* How runs the time of day?

*Urs.* Past ten, my lord.

*K. Hen.* A bloody hour will it prove to some,  
 Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,  
 Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.  
 Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Pole,  
 Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,  
 And set them safe from fear.

*Urs.* They are all silent.

*K. Hen.* From their own battlements, they may  
 behold

Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;  
 Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens  
 Confusion to opposers: we must learn  
 To practise war again in time of peace,  
 Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;  
 Ha, Urswick, must we not?

*Urs.* The powers, who seated  
 King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever  
 Rise up in his defence.

*K. Hen.* Rage shall not fright  
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent  
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,  
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,  
George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,  
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath  
Must be serv'd the fatal tomb to swallow  
Such stiff-neck'd objects, as with weary marches  
Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and  
children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,  
We may continue sovereign! Yet, Urswick,  
We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament  
Hath freely been contributed; we must not;  
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,  
The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,  
Will prove what courage need and want can ou-  
rish,

Without the food of fit supplies:—but, Urswick,  
I have a charm in secret, that shall loose  
The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is  
bound,

And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

*Urs.* Your majesty's a wise king, sent from  
Protector of the just. [heaven,

*K. Hen.* Let dinner cheerfully  
Be serv'd in; this day of the week is ours,  
Our day of providence; for Saturday  
Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,  
To yield me rest at night.—[*A Flourish.*]—What  
means this warning?  
Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

*Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and Attendants.*

*Daw.* Live the king,  
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

*Oxf.* The head of strong rebellion is cut off,  
The body hew'd in pieces.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney, Oxford,  
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands  
The comfort of your wishes?

*Daw.* Briefly thus:  
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed  
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish  
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen) flew  
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,  
To take the field even at your palace-gates,  
And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance  
Improv'd their ignorance; for they supposing,  
Mised by rumour, that the day of battle  
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,  
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,  
When in the dawning I, by your direction,  
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I  
found

Such a resistance, as might shew what strength  
Could make: here arrows hail'd in showers upon  
us,

A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.  
My lord of Oxford with his fellow-peers,  
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them  
On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,  
(Pardon the oversight,) eager of doing  
Some memorable act, I was engaged  
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon  
As sensible of danger: now the fight  
Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of  
Two thousand rebels, and as many more  
Reserv'd to try your mercy, have return'd  
A victory with safety.

*K. Hen.* Have we lost  
An equal number with them?

*Oxf.* In the total  
Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Joseph,  
The ringleaders of this commotion,  
Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors  
Wait your determinations.

*K. Hen.* We must pay  
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh lords!  
Here is no victory, nor shall our people  
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.  
Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped  
Steal to the country back without pursuit:  
There's not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn  
As much of mine; their swords could have wrought  
wonders

On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd  
Against their prince, but wounded their own  
breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment  
Shall be both sure, and fitting your deserts.

*Daw.* Sir, will you please to see those rebels,  
Of this wild monster multitude? [heads

*K. Hen.* Dear friend,  
My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our justice  
Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe  
An eye of pity to them: let false Audley  
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate  
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms  
Painted on paper, with the arms revers'd,  
Defaced, and torn; there let him lose his head.  
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,  
Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,  
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd  
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.  
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

*Oxf.* I shall, sir.

*K. Hen.* Urswick.

*Urs.* My lord?

*K. Hen.* To Dinham, our high-treasurer,  
Say, we command commissions be new granted,  
For the collection of our subsidies  
Through all the west, and that [right] speedily.  
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due  
For our most constant services.

*Daw.* Your soldiers  
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted  
Their several duties.

*K. Hen.* For it, we will throw  
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearten  
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet  
Remains of like employment; not a man  
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,  
More dangerous than these at home, have felt  
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,  
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—EDINBURGH. *The Palace.*

*Enter HUNTLEY and DALVELL.*

*Hunt.* Now, sir, a modest word with you, sss  
gentleman;

Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,  
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted  
With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,  
Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangies.  
Like to so many choristers of Bedlam  
Trowling a catch! The feasts, the manly stomachs,

The healths in usquebaugh and bonny-clabber,  
The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China.  
The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,  
And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab,  
Should put a soul into you. Look ye, good man,  
How youthful I am grown! but by your leave,  
This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more  
My daughter; no, by'r Lady, 'tis unfit!  
And yet you see how I do bear this change;  
Methinks courageously: then shake off care  
In such a time of jollity.

*Dal.* Alas, sir,

How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?  
Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present  
To [any] judging eye, the perfect substance  
Of which mine are but counterfeits.

*Hunt.* Foh, Dalylell!

Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music  
To this rare bridal feast; let us be merry,  
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:  
Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out  
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye  
In darkness of despair; yet we are safe.

*Dal.* I wish you could as easily forget  
The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes  
Can yield to destiny.

*Hunt.* Fish! then I see

Thou dost not know the flexible condition  
Of my [tough] nature! I can laugh, laugh heartily,  
When the gout cramps my joints; let but the  
stone

Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;  
The quartan fever shrinking every limb,  
Sets me a-capering straight; do [but] betray me,  
And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust  
The losing of a daughter, though I doated  
On every hair that grew to trim her head,  
Admits not any pain like one of these.—  
Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me; give me a blow,  
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;  
I love my wrongs: still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.

*Dal.* Deceiv'd? oh, noble Huntley, my few years  
Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,  
To forfeit fit credulity; forgive  
My rudeness, I am bold.

*Hunt.* Forgive me first

A madness of ambition; by example  
Teach me humility, for patience scorns  
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys  
Incapable of injuries: though old,  
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim  
Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds  
With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand  
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour:  
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling  
With their anointed bodies; for their actions  
They only are accountable to heaven.  
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,  
One antidote's reserv'd against the poison  
Of my distractions; 'tis in thee to apply it.

*Dal.* Name it; oh, name it quickly, sir!

*Hunt.* A pardon

For my most foolish slighting thy deserts;  
I have cull'd out this time to beg it: prithee,  
Be gentle; had I been so, thou hadst own'd  
A happy bride, but now a cast-away,  
And never child of mine more.

*Dal.* Say not so, sir;

It is not fault in her.

*Hunt.* The world would prate

How she was handsome; young I know she was,  
Tender, and sweet in her obedience,  
But, lost now; what a bankrupt am I made  
Of a full stock of blessings!—must I hope  
A mercy from thy heart?

*Dal.* A love, a service,  
A friendship to posterity.

*Hunt.* Good angels  
Reward thy charity! I have no more  
But prayers left me now.

*Dal.* I'll lend you mirth, sir,  
If you will be in consort.

*Hunt.* Thank you truly:  
I must, yes, yes, I must;—here's yet some ease,  
A partner in affliction: look not angry.

*Dal.* Good, noble sir!

[*Music.*]

*Hunt.* Oh, hark! we may be quiet,  
The king, and all the others come; a meeting  
Of gaudy sights: this day's the last of revels;  
To-morrow sounds of war; then new exchange;  
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage!

*A Flourish.*—Enter King JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHERINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess; JANE DOUGLAS, and other Ladies. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall among them.

*K. Ja.* Cousin of York, you and your princely  
Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights, [bride  
As a new-married couple could forethink;  
Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation:  
But after all those pleasures of repose,  
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease  
Of dalliance with achievements of more glory  
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,  
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,  
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

*War.* My royal cousin, in your princely favour,  
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,  
As only an acknowledgment in words  
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.  
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,  
(Whose minister, Necessity, will permit)  
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open  
To gratitude, in sacred memory  
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,  
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinc-  
Then James and Richard, being in effect [tion.  
One person, shall unite and rule one people,  
Divisible in titles only.

*K. Ja.* Seat you.

Are the presenters ready?

*Craw.* All are entering.

*Hunt.* Dainty sport toward, Dalylell! sit, come  
Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bug-words! [sit,  
*Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, accordingly  
habited; at another, WARBECK's followers, disguised  
as four Wild Irish in trowsers, long-haired, and accord-  
ingly habited.—Music.—A Dance by the Masquers.*

*K. Ja.* To all a general thanks!

*War.* In the next room

Take your own shapes again; you shall receive  
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exit the Masquers.*

*K. Ja.* Enough

Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our army  
Upon the march?

*Craw.* At Hedon-hall, great king;  
Twelve thousand, well prepared.

*K. Ja.* Crawford, to-night  
Post thither. We, in person, with the prince,  
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,  
Will be wi' you; speed away!

*Craw.* I fly, my lord. [Exit.  
*K. Ja.* Our business grows to head now; where's  
 That he attends you not to serve? [your secretary,  
*War.* With Marchmont,  
 Your herald.

*K. Ja.* Good: the proclamation's ready;  
 By that it will appear how the English stand  
 Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort  
 Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight  
 With prayers at home for us, who, for your  
 Must toil in fight abroad. [honours,

*Hunt.* Prayers are the weapons  
 Which men, so near their graves as I, do use;  
 I've little else to do.

*K. Ja.* To rest, young beauties!  
 We must be early stirring; quickly part:  
 A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.  
 Cousins, good night. [A flourish.

*War.* Rest to our cousin king.

*Kath.* Your blessing, sir.

*Hunt.* Fair blessings on your highness! sure  
 you need them.

[Exit all but WAR, KATH, and JANE.

*War.* Jane, set the lights down, and from us  
 return

To those in the next room, this little purse;  
 Say, we'll deserve their loves.

*Jane.* It shall be done, sir. [Exit.

*War.* Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal  
 those eyes,

Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use  
 A parting ceremony; for to-morrow  
 It would be sacrilege to intrude upon  
 The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,  
 Must I break from the down of thy embraces,  
 To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead  
 Through various hazards to a careful throne.

*Kath.* My lord, I'd fain go with you; there's  
 In staying here behind. [small fortune

*War.* The churlish brow  
 Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror  
 For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st  
 A truth of my sad ending by the hand  
 Of some unnatural subject, thou withal  
 Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,  
 By falling like a king; and in the close.

Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou  
 Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling [fairest,  
 Only of greater glory, 'cause divided  
 From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.  
 But these are chimes for funerals; my business  
 Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;  
 For love and majesty are reconciled,  
 And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

*Kath.* You have a noble language, sir; your  
 In me is without question, and however [right  
 Events of time may shorten my deserts  
 In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger  
 Or constancy, or duty in a wife.  
 You must be king of me; and my poor heart  
 Is all I can call mine.

*War.* But we will live,  
 Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test  
 Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit  
 Be known the world's contempt.

*Kath.* Pray do not use  
 That word, it carries fate in't: the first suit  
 I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

*War.* Without denial, dearest.

*Kath.* That hereafter,

If you return with safety, no adventure  
 May sever us in tasting any fortune:  
 I ne'er can stay behind again.

*War.* You are lady  
 Of your desires, and shall command your will;  
 Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

*Kath.* What our destinies  
 Have ruled out in their books, we must not search,  
 But kneel to.

*War.* Then to fear when nope is fruitless,  
 Were to be desperately miserable;  
 Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,  
 And much more scorns to stoop to: some few  
 minutes  
 Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, and URWICK.

*K. Hen.* Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?  
*Hial.* Sir, a Castilian born.

*K. Hen.* King Ferdinand,  
 With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,  
 Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.  
 Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects  
 Sincere in their employments; such I find  
 Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver  
 How joyful I repute the amity,  
 With your most fortunate master, who almost  
 Comes near a miracle in his success  
 Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,  
 Entire now to his sceptre We, for our part,  
 Will imitate his providence, in hope  
 Of partage in the use on't; we repute  
 The privacy of his advisement to us  
 By you, intended an ambassador  
 To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,  
 A policy of love, which well becomes  
 His wisdom and our care.

*Hial.* Your majesty  
 Doth understand him rightly.

*K. Hen.* Else  
 Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein, sir,  
 To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,  
 Which shall not need; for I will be as studious  
 Of your concealment in our conference,  
 As any council shall advise.

*Hial.* Then, sir,  
 My chief request is, that on notice given  
 At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send  
 Some learned man of power and experience  
 To join entreaty with me.

*K. Hen.* I shall do it,  
 Being that way well provided by a servant,  
 Which may attend you ever.

*Hial.* If king James,  
 By any indirection, should perceive  
 My coming near your court, I doubt the issue  
 Of my employment.

*K. Hen.* Be not your own herald:  
 I learn sometimes without a teacher.

*Hial.* Good days  
 Guard all your princely thoughts!

*K. Hen.* Urwick, no further  
 Than the next open gallery attend him—  
 A hearty love go with you!

*Hial.* Your vow'd beadsman.

[Exit URWICK and HIALAS.

*K. Hen.* King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,  
But that a cunning huntsman may in time  
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions  
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

*Re-enter URSWICK.*

What, the Castilian's past away?

*Urs.* He is,  
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks  
Your majesty convey'd, he gently purr'd  
With a right modest gravity.

*K. Hen.* What was't  
He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?  
He spoke not to be heard; 'twas about—

*Urs.* Warbeck;  
"How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,  
Such a wild runnagate might soon be caged,  
No great ado withstanding."

*K. Hen.* Nay, nay; something  
About my son prince Arthur's match.

*Urs.* Right, right sir.  
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand  
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Katharine,

His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,  
Should never be consummated, as long  
As any earl of Warwick lived in England,  
Except by new creation.

*K. Hen.* I remember,  
'Twas so indeed: the king his master swore it?  
*Urs.* Directly, as he said.

*K. Hen.* An earl of Warwick!  
Provide a messenger for letters instantly  
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;  
It comes too slow; we must have airy spirits,  
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of Warwick!

Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother  
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,  
Mother to our prince Arthur—*[Aside.]*—Get a  
messenger. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Castle of Norham.*

*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DALYELL, HENRI, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKETON, and Soldiers.*

*K. Ja.* We trifle time against these castle-walls,  
The English prelate will not yield: once more  
Give him a summons! *[A parley is sounded.]*

*Enter on the walls the Bishop of DURHAM, armed, a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.*

*War.* See the jolly clerk  
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

*K. Ja.* Bishop, yet  
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,  
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,  
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed  
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,  
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,  
From their foundation.

*Dur.* Warlike king of Scotland,  
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced  
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,  
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.  
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,  
You rend the face of peace, and break a league  
With a confederate king that courts your amity;  
For whom too! for a vagabond, a straggler,

Not noted in the world by birth or name,  
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell  
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at strife.  
What nobleman, what common man of note,  
What ordinary subject hath come in,  
Since first you footed on our territories,  
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at  
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity  
So great a potentate's abuse, by one  
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth  
Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,  
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers  
Already have committed, is enough  
To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.  
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's ven-  
geance;

But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails!  
I, and my fellow-subjects are resolv'd,  
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,  
Till our last blood drop from us.

*War.* O sir, lend  
No ear to this traducer of my honour!—  
What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,  
That kick'st against the sovereignty to which  
Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-faced,  
And eloquent in mischief; sacred king,  
Be deaf to his known malice.

*Dur.* Rather yield  
Unto those holy motions which inspire  
The sacred heart of an anointed body!  
It is the surest policy in princes,  
To govern well their own, than seek encroachment  
Upon another's right.

*Craw.* The king is serious,  
Deep in his meditation[s].

*Dal.* Lift them up  
To heaven, his better genius!

*War.* Can you study,  
While such a devil raves? Oh, sir,

*K. Ja.* Well,—bishop,  
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

*Dur.* Construe me  
In like case by a subject of your own:  
My resolution's fix'd; king James, be consell'd,  
A greater fate waits on thee.

*[Exeunt DURHAM and Soldiers from the walls.]*

*K. Ja.* Forage through

The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

*War.* Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to  
nature:

I am most miserable; had I been  
Born what this clergyman would, by defame,  
Baffle belief with, I had never sought  
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes  
Of women, or of infants murder'd; virgins  
Deflower'd; old men butcher'd; dwellings fired;  
My land depopulated, and my people  
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:  
Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never  
Endure to see such havock with dry eyes;  
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

*K. Ja.* You fool your piety,  
Ridiculously careful of an interest  
Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?  
Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,  
When not a petty Burgess of some town,  
No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,  
In your assistance: *that* should make you whine,  
And not your country's sufferance as you term it.

*Dal.* The king is angry.



*Crow.* And the passionate duke,  
Effeminately dolent.

*War.* The experience

In former trials, sir, both of mine own  
Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,  
Hath so acquainted me, how misery  
Is destitute of friends, or of relief,  
That I can easily submit to taste  
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

*Enter FRION*

*K. Ja.* An humble-minded man!—Now, what  
intelligence

Speaks master secretary Frion.

*Fri.* Henry

Of England hath in open field o'erthrown  
The armies who opposed him, in the right  
Of this young prince.

*K. Ja.* His subsidies you mean—  
More, if you have it?

*Fri.* Howard earl of Surrey,  
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,  
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,

And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand  
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,  
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows  
With an unbroke army for a second.

*War.* 'Tis false! they come to side with us.

*K. Ja.* Retreat;

We shall not find them stones and walls to cope  
with.

Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,  
I'll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey,  
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance  
For single combat. Once a king will venture  
His person to an earl, with condition  
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,  
And James resolv'd.

*War.* Oh, rather, gracious sir,  
Create me to this glory; since my cause  
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,  
I am his equal.

*K. Ja.* I will be the man.

March softly off; where victory can reap  
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near AYTON, on  
the Borders.*

*Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers, with Drums and  
Colours.*

*Sur.* Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,  
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,  
Not daring to behold our colours wave  
In spite of this infected air? Can they  
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?  
The glory of Heydon-hall devastated? that  
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden  
O'erthrown, and this, the strongest of their forts,  
Old Ayton-Castle, yielded and demolish'd,  
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,  
Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause  
They undertake, considered, appears  
Unjointed in the frame on't.

*Dur.* Noble Surrey,  
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times  
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws  
His sword to threaten war, his providence  
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

*Sur.* Rank all in order: 'tis a herald's sound;  
Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd  
station.

*Enter MARCHMONT and another, in Heralds' coats.*

*March.* From Scotland's awful majesty we come  
Unto the English general.

*Sur.* To me?

Say on.

*March.* Thus, then; the waste and prodigal  
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,  
As in two potent armies, of necessity,  
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet com-  
passion

Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,  
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,  
He offers his own royal person; fairly

Proposing these conditions only, that  
If victory conclude our master's right,  
The earl shall deliver for his ransom  
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths:  
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay  
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom.  
And silence further arms: so speaks king James.

*Sur.* So speaks king James! so like a king be  
Heralds, the English general returns [speaks.  
A sensible devotion from his heart,  
His very soul, to this unfellow'd grace.  
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,  
How his descent from his great throne, to honour  
A stranger subject with so high a title  
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more  
Than any sword could do; for which (my loyalty  
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever  
In all humility: but Berwick, say,  
Is none of mine to part with. In affairs  
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights  
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,  
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon  
To some unbribed vain-glory) if his majesty  
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty  
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling  
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure  
Without condition; and for this dear favour,  
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease  
Hostility, unless provoked.

*March.* This answer  
We shall repeat unpartially.

*Dur.* With favour,  
Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*]  
Sir, you find

By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail  
Inclines to willing rest; here's but a prologue,  
However confidently utter'd, meant  
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider  
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,  
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion,  
Presents itself for honourable treaty.

Which we may make good use of; I will back  
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude  
Unto king James, with these his heralds; you  
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order  
Of breathing or proceeding; and king Henry,  
Doubt not, will thank the service.

*Sus.* To your wisdom,  
Lord bishop, I refer it.

*Dur.* Be it so then.

*Sus.* Heralds, accord this chain, and these few

*March.* Our duty, noble general. [crowns.]

*Dur.* In part

Of retribution for such princely love,  
My lord the general is pleased to shew  
The king your master his sincerest zeal,  
By further treaty, by no common man;  
I will myself return with you.

*Sus.* You oblige

My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop.

*March.* All happiness attend your lordship!

*Sus.* Come, friends,

And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet  
No enemies but woods and hills, to fight with;  
Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home:  
We may be free from danger, not secure. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

*Enter WARBECK and FRION.*

*War.* Frion, oh Frion, all my hopes of glory  
Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,  
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent  
Hath mix'd discourses with him; they are private,  
I am not call'd to council now;—confusion  
On all his crafty shugs! I feel the fabric  
Of my designs are tottering.

*Fri.* Henry's policies  
Stir with too many engines.

*War.* Let his mines,  
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up  
Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never  
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,  
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's!  
I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion,  
When I bring into count with my disasters,  
My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's,  
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mis-  
chief

Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,  
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report  
My fall in the attempt deserv'd our ancestors!

*Fri.* You grow too wild in passion; if you will  
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will  
To moderation.

*War.* What a saucy rudeness  
Prompts this distrust? If? If I will appear?  
*Appear a prince?* death throttle such deceits  
Even in their birth of utterance! cursed cozenage  
Of trust! You make me mad; 'twere best, it seems,  
That I should turn impostor to myself,  
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth  
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed  
Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled!

*Fri.* Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have  
No breath to spend in vain.

*War.* Sir, sir, take heed!  
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely  
Fail in temptation.

*Fri.* Why to me this?

*War.* Nothing.

Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low  
But your advice may piece again the heart  
Which many cares have broken: you were wont  
In all extremities to talk of comfort;  
Have you none left now. I'll not interrupt you.  
Good, bear with my distractions! If king James  
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I?  
I prithee, be not angry.

*Fri.* Sir, I told you

Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish  
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue  
That with such forces, as you could partake,  
You would in person land in Cornwall, where  
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

*War.* Let me embrace thee, hug thee! thou'st  
reviv'd

My comforts; if my cousin king will fail,  
Our cause will never—

*Enter JOHN A WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKETON.*

Welcome, my tried friends,  
You keep your brains awake in our defence.  
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,  
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen  
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary.

[Exit.]

*As.* Ah, sweet young prince! Secretary, my  
fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump  
all in one opinion directly, and if these Scotch  
garboils do not fadge to our minds, we will pellmell  
run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and  
in a trice.

*Sket.* 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore,  
cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats,  
fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities,  
get into the market-place, crown him Richard the  
Fourth, and the business is finished.

*J. a-Wat.* I grant you, quoth I, so far forth, as  
men may do, no more than men may do; for it is  
good to consider, when consideration may be to  
the purpose, otherwise—still you shall pardon me  
—"little said is soon amended."

*Fri.* Then you conclude the Cornish action  
surest?

*Her.* We do so; and doubt not but to thrive  
abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of  
the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the  
land had been ours ere this time.

*Sket.* Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an  
earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and  
say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me  
never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I  
warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

*As.* This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not  
stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the  
heart of England for my money!

*Sket.* A man may batten there in a week only,  
with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of  
muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make  
never a meal all the month after.

*J. a-Wat.* Surely, when I bore office, I found  
by experience, that to be much troublesome, was  
to be much wise and busy; I have observed, how  
filching and bragging has been the best service in  
these last wars; and therefore conclude peremp-  
torily on the design in England. If things and  
things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—  
but the end will shew it.

*Fri.* Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger  
More time, is but to lose it; cheer the prince,  
And haste him on to this; on this depends,  
Fame in success, or glory in our ends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the same.*

*Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.*

*Hial.* France, Spain, and Germany combine a  
Of amity with England; nothing wants [league  
For settling peace through Christendom, but love  
Between the British monarchs, James, and Henry.

*Dur.* The English merchants, sir, have been  
With general procession into Antwerp; [received  
The emperor confirms the combination.

*Hial.* The king of Spain resolves a marriage  
For Katherine his daughter, with prince Arthur.

*Dur.* France courts this holy contract.

*Hial.* What can hinder  
A quietness in England?—

*Dur.* But your suffrage  
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,  
As is but in effect an apparition,  
A shadow, a mere trife?

*Hial.* To this union  
The good of both the church and commonwealth  
Invite you.

*Dur.* To this unity, a mystery  
Of providence points out a greater blessing  
For both these nations, than our human reason  
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,  
The princess Margaret; I need not urge,  
What honour, what felicity can follow  
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings,  
Inleagu'd by ties of blood; but sure I am,  
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,  
I dare both motion and effect this marriage  
For weal of both the kingdoms.

*K. Ja.* Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

*Dur.* Put it to trial, royal James, by sending  
Some noble personage to the English court  
By way of embassy.

*Hial.* Part of the business  
Shall suit my meditation.

*K. Ja.* Well; what Heaven  
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two  
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.  
But herein only I will stand acquitted,  
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.  
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,  
Commended by the states of Christendom,  
A prince, tho' in distress; his fair demeanour,  
Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,  
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.  
The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to fly  
And men the altars of the church; to us [to,  
He came for refuge: "Kings come near in nature  
Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity."  
Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,  
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt  
A general peace; only I will dismiss him  
From my protection, throughout my dominions,  
In safety; but not ever to return.

*Hial.* You are a just king.

*Dur.* Wise, and herein happy.

*K. Ja.* Nor will we dally in affairs of weight;  
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England

Ambassador from us: we will throw down  
Our weapons; peace on all sides! now, repair  
Unto our council; we will soon be with you.

*Hial.* Delays shall question no dispatch; Heaven  
crown it! [*Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.*]

*K. Ja.* A league with Ferdinand! a marriage  
With English Margaret! a free release  
From restitution for the late affronts!  
Cessation from hostility, and all  
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd!  
We could not wish it better.—Dalyell!—

*Enter DALYELL.*

*Dal.* Here, sir.

*K. Ja.* Are Huntley and his daughter sent for?

*Dal.* Sent for,  
And come, my lord.

*K. Ja.* Say to the English prince,  
We want his company.

*Dal.* He is at hand, sir.

*Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JAMES, PRINCE, HERON,  
SKETON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY.*

*K. Ja.* Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,  
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,  
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced  
How much we have engag'd on your behalf:  
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes  
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,  
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance  
Of party, shews, we might in vain repeat:  
But now, obedience to the mother church,  
A father's care upon his country's weal,  
The dignity of state directs our wisdom,  
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;  
To which we are sworn already: it is you  
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,  
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd  
On your arrival, you have met no usage  
Deserves repentance in your being here;  
But yet I must live master of mine own:  
However, what is necessary for you  
At your departure, I am well content  
You be accommodated with; provided  
Delay prove not my enemy.

*War.* It shall not,  
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs  
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth  
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favours  
Boundless and singular; am only wretched  
In words as well as means, to thank the grace  
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly  
You are lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's heart:  
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner  
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings;  
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am  
More loath to part with such a great example  
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.  
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force  
From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,  
Resolved on all extremes.

*Kath.* I am your wife,  
No human power can or shall divorce  
My faith from my duty.

*War.* Such another treasure  
The earth is bankrupt of.

*K. Ja.* I gave her, cousin,  
And must avow the gift; will add withal  
A furniture becoming her high birth,  
And unsuspected constancy; provide

For your attendance : we will part good friends.

[Exit with DALYELL.

*War.* The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots ;  
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.  
But what ? our cause and courage are our own :  
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king  
See how we follow fate as willingly  
As malice follows us. You are all resolved  
For the west parts of England ?

*All.* Cornwall, Cornwall !

*Fri.* The inhabitants expect you daily.

*War.* Cheerfully

Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends ;  
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must  
Prevent intelligence ; about it suddenly.

*All.* A prince, a prince, a prince !

[*Re-enter HENSON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and JOHN A-WATER.*

*War.* Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts  
The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-  
ness

With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting  
To noble courage now, here were the trial :  
But I am perfect, sweet, I fear no change,  
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

*Kath.* My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-  
counter

What chance so'er they meet with.—Jane, 'tis fit  
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander ?

*Jane.* Never till death will I forsake my mistress,  
Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

*Kath.* Alas, good soul !

*Fri.* Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy  
I will relate your present undertakings :  
From her expect, on all occasions, welcome.  
You cannot find me idle in your services.

*War.* Go, Frion, go ! wise men know how to  
sooth

Adversity, not serve it : thou hast waited  
Too long on expectation ; never yet  
Was any nation read of, so besotted  
In reason, as to adore the setting sun.  
Fly to the archduke's court ; say to the duchess,  
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,  
Are on their expectation to begin  
The raising of an empire. If they fail,  
Yet the report will never : farewell, Frion !

[Exit FRION.

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,  
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox.

*Re-enter DALYELL with HUNTLEY.*

*Hunt.* I come to take my leave : you need not  
doubt

My interest in this some-time child of mine ;  
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor lost  
creature !

Heaven guard thee with much patience ; if thou  
Forget thy title to old Huntley's family, [canst  
As much of peace will settle in thy mind  
As thou canst wish to taste, but in thy grave.  
Accept my tears yet, prithee ; they are tokens  
Of charity, as true as of affection.

*Kath.* This is the cruellest farewell !

*Hunt.* Love, young gentleman,  
This model of my griefs ; she calls you husband :  
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,  
It is a father's, not a lover's offering ;  
Take it, my last.—[*Kisses her*].—I am too much a  
Exchange of passion is to little use, [child.  
So I should grow too foolish : goodness guide thee !  
[Exit.

*Kath.* Most miserable daughter !—Have you  
To add, sir, to our sorrows ? [sought

*Dal.* I resolve,

Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all  
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord  
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

*War.* We will be bosom friends, most noble  
For I accept this tender of your love [Dalyell ;  
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—

Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest ; time and  
industry

Will shew us better days, or end the worst.  
[*Reunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

*Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.*

*Oxf.* No news from Scotland yet, my lord ?

*Daw.* Not any

But what king Henry knows himself ; I thought  
Our armies should have march'd that way ; his  
It seems, is alter'd. [mind,

*Oxf.* Victory attends

His standard everywhere.

*Daw.* Wise princes, Oxford,

Fight not alone with forces. Providence  
Directs and tutors strength ; else elephants,  
And barbed horses, might as well prevail,  
As the most subtle stratagems of war.

*Oxf.* The Scottish king shew'd more than com-  
mon bravery,

In proffer of a combat hand to hand  
With Surrey.

*Daw.* And but shew'd it : northern bloods  
Are gallant being fired ; but the cold climate,  
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth  
The glowing flames.

*Oxf.* Surrey, upon my life,  
Would not have shrunk a hair's breadth.

*Daw.* May he forfeit

The honour of an English name, and nature,  
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,  
As violent as hunger runs to food !  
'Twas an addition, any worthy spirit  
Would covet, next to immortality,  
Above all joys of life ; we all miss'd shares  
In that great opportunity.

*Enter King HENRY, in close Conversation with URSWICK.*

*Oxf.* The king !  
See he comes smiling.

*Daw.* Oh, the game runs smooth  
On his side then, believe it ; cards well shuffled,  
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift ;  
But others must rise losers.

*K. Hen.* The train takes ?

*Urs.* Most prosperously.

*K. Hen.* I knew it could not miss.  
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait  
Into the water, 'cause the fish at first  
Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.—  
Lords, we may reign your king yet : Dawbney  
Oxford,

Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown ?

*Daw.* A slave !

*Oxf.* A vagabond !

*Urs.* A glow-worm !

*K. Hen.* Now, if Frion,  
His practised politician, wear a brain

Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride  
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,  
And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen ought  
To pay their fealty.

*Daw.* Would the rascal were,  
With all his rabble, within twenty miles  
Of London!

*K. Hen.* Farther off is near enough  
To lodge him in his home: I'll wager odds,  
Surrey and all his men are either idle,  
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,  
To keep them busy.

*Daw.* 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

*K. Hen.* Such voluntary favours as our people  
In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd  
On cobweb parasites, or lavish'd out  
In riot, or needless hospitality:  
No undeserving favourite doth boast  
His issues from our treasury; our charge  
Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward  
Of every contribution, which provides  
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.  
Is it not rare then, in this toil of state  
Wherein we are embark'd, with breach of sleep,  
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy  
Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the West  
Murmur and threaten innovation,  
Whisper our government tyrannical,  
Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,  
Of which they are but owners by our gift;  
It must not be.

*Oxf.* It must not, should not.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Hen.* So then—  
To whom?

*Mess.* This packet to your sacred majesty.

*K. Hen.* Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Mess.*]

*Oxf.* News from the North, upon my life.

*Daw.* Wise Henry  
Divines beforehand of events; with him  
Attempts and execution are one act.

*K. Hen.* Urawick, thine ear; Frion is caught!  
the man

Of cunning is out-reach'd; we must be safe:  
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move  
To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,  
My Durham owns a brain deserves that See.  
He's nimble in his industry, and mounting—  
Thou hear'st me?

*Urs.* And conceive your highness fitly.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army  
Entire, it were a weakness to admit [*stands*]  
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:  
Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains  
Are most commodious for their exercise,  
Ourselves will take a muster of them there;  
And, or disband them with reward, or else  
Dispose as best concerns us.

*Daw.* Salisbury!

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

*K. Hen.* Dear friend—

The charge must be our own; we would a little  
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease:  
Shall I entreat your loves?

*Oxf.* Command our lives.

*K. Hen.* You are men know how to do, not to  
forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect;  
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters,

Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter;  
Urswick, dismiss him not.

*Urs.* He waits your pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Perkin a king? a king!

*Urs.* My gracious lord.

*K. Hen.* Thoughts, busied in the sphere of  
royalty,

Fix not on creeping worms without their stings,  
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time  
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention  
Of ills expected; we are resolv'd for Salisbury.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Coast of Cornwall.*

*A general shout within.—Enter WARBECK, DALVELL,  
KATHERINE, and JANE.*

*War.* After so many storms as wind and seas  
Have threaten'd to our weather-beaten ships,  
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived  
On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only  
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance  
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.  
These general acclamations are an omen  
Of happy process to their welcome lord:  
They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings  
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.  
Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,  
How fares my dearest yet?

*Kath.* Confirm'd in health;

By which I may the better undergo  
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn  
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,  
For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,  
(Rare unexampled pattern of a friend!)  
And, my beloved Jane, the willing follower  
Of all misfortunes.

*Dal.* Lady, I return

But barren crops of early protestations,  
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

*Jane.* I wait but as the shadow to the body,  
For, madam, without you let me be nothing.

*War.* None talk of sadness, we are on the way  
Which leads to victory; keep cowards' thoughts  
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not  
Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force  
Which bars his prey, (and we are lion-hearted,)  
Or else no king of beasts.—[*Another general shout*  
*within.*—]—Hark; how they shout;

Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence  
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

*Enter BARRON.*

*Sket.* Save king Richard the Fourth! save thee.  
King of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of  
mettle; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and  
the whole county, my sweet prince monarch of  
England: four thousand tall yeomen, with bow  
and sword, already vow to live and die at the foot  
of King Richard.

*Enter ASTLEY.*

*Ast.* The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant  
for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the  
rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but  
courage and resolution. *Stigillatum et datum decimo*  
*Septembris, anno Regni Regis primo, et caetera*  
*confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure!

*War.* To Exeter! to Exeter, march on:

Commend us to our people : we in person  
Will lend them double spirits ; tell them so.

*Sket. and Ast.* King Richard, king Richard !

[*Exeunt Sket. and Ast.*]

*War.* A thousand blessings guard our lawful  
arms !

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls !  
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,  
And when they draw their arrows to the head,  
Numbness shall strike their sinews ! such advan-  
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice, [tagge  
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,

It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart  
To execution ; whilst the throats of traitors  
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity  
Of royal birth ! how it strikes dumb the tongues  
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed  
By trains to greatness ! Princes are but men,  
Distinguish'd in the fineness of their frailty ;  
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind ;  
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies  
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,  
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*St. Michael's Mount, CORNWALL.*

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE, in Riding-suits, with one  
Servant.*

*Kath.* It is decreed ; and we must yield to  
fate,

Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,  
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial  
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.  
Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,  
Forsaken and unfurnish'd of all hopes,  
But such as wait on misery, I range  
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.  
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced  
To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.  
Sweet Jane, now whither must we ?

*Jane.* To your ships,  
Dear lady, and turn home.

*Kath.* Home ! I have none.

Fly thou to Scotland ; thou hast friends will weep  
For joy to bid thee welcome ; but, oh Jane,  
My Jane ! my friends are desperate of comfort,  
As I must be of them : the common charity,  
Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,  
Is the revenue must support my state.

As for my native country, since it once  
Saw me a princess in the height of greatness  
My birth allow'd me ; here I make a vow,  
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,  
Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,  
Never to Scotland more will I return.  
Could I be England's queen, a glory, Jane,  
I never fawn'd on, yet the king who gave me,  
Hath sent me with my husband from his pre-  
sence ;

Deliver'd us suspected to his nation ;  
Render'd us spectacles to time and pity :  
And is it fit I should return to such  
As only listen after our descent

From happiness enjoy'd, to misery,  
Expected, though uncertain ? Never, never !  
Alas, why dost thou weep ? and that poor  
creature

Wipe his wet cheeks too ? let me feel alone  
Extremities, who know to give them harbour ;  
Nor thou nor he has cause : you may live safely.

*Jane.* There is no safety whilst your dangers,  
madam,

Are every way apparent.

*Serv.* Pardon, lady ;

I cannot choose but shew my honest heart ;  
You were ever my good lady.

*Kath.* Oh, dear souls,  
Your shares in grief are too too much.

*Enter DALVELL.*

*Dal.* I bring,  
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,  
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted  
with.

*Kath.* Not more, my lord, than I can welcome ;  
speak it,

The worst, the worst I look for.

*Dal.* All the Cornish,  
At Exeter were by the citizens  
Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,  
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.  
Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there  
Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain ;  
The king himself in person, with his army  
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight  
On all occasions : but the night before  
The battles were to join, your husband privately,  
Accompanied with some few horse, departed  
From out the camp, and posted none knows  
whither.

*Kath.* Fled without battle given ?

*Dal.* Fled, but follow'd  
By Dawboney ; all his parties left to taste  
King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded ;  
Victorious without bloodshed.

*Kath.* Oh, my sorrows !

If both our lives had proved the sacrifice  
To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,  
And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

*Dal.* Impute it not to faintness or to weakness  
Of noble courage, lady, but [to] foresight ;  
For by some secret friend he had intelligence  
Of being bought and sold by his base followers.  
Worse yet remains untold.

*Kath.* No, no, it cannot.

*Dal.* I fear you are betray'd : the Earl of  
Oxford

Runs hot in your pursuit.

*Kath.* He shall not need ;  
We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly,  
To make the earl our jailor.

*Jane.* Madam, madam,  
They come, they come !

*Enter OXFORD, with his followers.*

*Dal.* Keep back, or he who dares  
Rudely to violate the law of honour,  
Runs on my sword.

*Kath.* Most noble sir, forbear !  
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen ?  
Whom seek ye ?

*Oxf.* All stand off. With favour, lady,  
From Henry, England's king, I would present,  
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,  
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

*Kath.* We are that princess, whom your master  
king

Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into  
His power : let him use his tyranny,  
We shall not be his subjects.

*Oxf.* My commission  
Extends no further, excellent lady,  
Than to a service ; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,  
That you, and all that have relation to you,  
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness :  
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught  
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,  
Or any welcome, other than what suits  
Your high condition.

*Kath.* By what title, sir.  
May I acknowledge you ?

*Oxf.* Your servant, lady,  
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,  
Inherits what his ancestors before him  
Were owners of.

*Kath.* Your king is herein royal,  
That by a peer so ancient in desert,  
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

*Oxf.* Invites you, princess, not commands.

*Kath.* Pray use  
Your own phrase as you list ; to your protection,  
Both I and mine submit.

*Oxf.* There's in your number  
A nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.  
To him the king my master bade me say  
How willingly he courts his friendship ; far  
From an enforcement, more than what in terms  
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

*Dal.* My name is Dalzell.

*Oxf.* 'Tis a name hath won  
Both thanks and wonder, from report, my lord ;  
The court of England emulates your merit,  
And covets to embrace you.

*Dal.* I must wait on  
The princess in her fortunes.

*Oxf.* Will you please,  
Great lady, to set forward ?

*Kath.* Being driven  
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—SALISBURY.

*Enter King HENRY, SURREY, URWICK, and a Guard of Soldiers.*

*K. Hen.* The counterfeit king Perkin is escaped :—

Escaped ! so let him ; he is hedged too fast  
Within the circuit of our English pale,  
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls  
Which guard our land ; the seas are rough, and wider

Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, hence-  
forth

Your king may reign in quiet ; turmoils past,  
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied  
Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.—

But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace  
With James of Scotland, was not restitution  
Of losses which our subjects did sustain  
By the Scotch inroads, question'd ?

*Sur.* Both demanded

And urged, my lord ; to which the king replied,  
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,  
How that our master Henry was much abler  
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

*K. Hen.* The young man, I believe, spake honest  
truth ;

He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,  
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,  
Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,  
From us, for their tried loyalties ?

*Urs.* They have ;

Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst  
them,

With open hearts they joyfully received.

*K. Hen.* Young Buckingham is a fair-natured  
prince,

Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father ;  
Attended by an hundred knights and squires  
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,  
Which we must ne'er forget ; and Devonshire's  
wounds,

Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

*Enter DAWBENEY, with a Guard, leading in WARBECK,  
HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, and SKETON,  
chained.*

*Daw.* Life to the king, and safety fix his throne !  
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow  
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance  
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown  
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy :  
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

*K. Hen.* Dawbeney,

We observe no wonder ; I behold, 'tis true,  
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,  
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.  
How came he to thy hands ?

*Daw.* From sanctuary  
At Bewley, near Southampton ; register'd  
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

*K. Hen.* I must not thank you, sir ! you were  
to blame

To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :  
Dare we be irreligious ?

*Daw.* Graciously lord,  
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,  
Without compulsion.

*K. Hen.* So ? 'twas very well ;  
'Twas very, very well !—turn now thine eyes,  
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.  
What revels in combustion through our kingdoms,  
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,  
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slept  
To break thy neck !

*War.* But not my heart ; my heart  
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen  
By death's perpetual winter : if the sun  
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun  
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse  
Lasting and universal ! Sir, remember  
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,  
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,  
For comfort to the duke of Britaine's court,  
Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed  
A tyrant then ; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd

To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day  
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,  
At Milford Haven—

*Daw.* Whither speeds this boldness?  
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

*K. Hen.* O, let him range:  
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;  
He does but act. What follow'd?

*War.* Bosworth Field;  
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,  
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,  
Appear'd at once: the tale is soon applied;  
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least  
assured,

Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

*K. Hen.* A pretty gallant! thus, your aunt of  
Burgundy,

Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew; so  
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded  
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,  
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

*War.* Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art  
To put a feigned blush on: scorn wears only  
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes  
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath  
The sphere of majesty: in such a court  
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,  
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd  
From zanies to his greatness.

*K. Hen.* Sirrah, shift  
Your antick pageantry, and now appear  
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger  
Of fooling out of season.

*War.* I expect  
No less, than what severity calls justice,  
And politicians safety; let such beg  
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy  
In a protested enemy, then may it  
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engage-  
ments,

To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd  
A loss of all; to them, if any charity  
Flow from some noble orator, in death,  
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

*K. Hen.* So brave?  
What a bold knave is this! Which of these  
rebels

Has been the mayor of Cork?

*Daw.* This wise formality:  
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! [*They kneel.*]

*K. Hen.* Canst thou hope  
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

*J. a. Wat.* Under your good favours, as men are  
men, they may err; for I confess, respectively, in  
taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the  
other side must go down: herein the point is clear,  
if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny,  
that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or  
that, shall be thus, or thus; for, as the fates will  
have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

*Daw.* O blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?  
Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save king  
Henry!"

*J. a. Wat.* Every man knows what is best, as it  
appens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if  
I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and  
subjects subjects: but which is which, you shall  
pardon me for that;—whether we speak or hold  
our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

*K. Hen.* We trifle time with follies.

*All.* Mercy, mercy!

*K. Hen.* Urswick, command the dukeling and  
these fellows [*They rise.*]

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:  
With safety let them be convey'd to London.  
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,  
Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons;  
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.  
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition  
Hath many years distracted.

*War.* Noble thoughts  
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower?  
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

*K. Hen.* No more!

*Urs.* Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-  
think you.

[*Exit Urs. with PERKIN and his followers, guarded.*]

*K. Hen.* Was ever so much impudence in  
forgery?

The custom sure of being stiled a king,  
Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such;  
But we shall teach the lad another language:  
'Tis good we have him fast.

*Daw.* The hangman's physic  
Will purge this saucy humour.

*K. Hen.* Very likely:  
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,  
Being not too far provoked.

*Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest Attire, DALVELL,  
JANE, and Attendants.*

*Oxf.* Great sir, be pleased,  
With your accustom'd grace, to entertain  
The princess Katherine Gordon.

*K. Hen.* Oxford, herein  
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.  
A lady of her birth and virtues could not  
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,  
As not, on notice given, to have met her  
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,  
The oversight! oh fie! you may not kneel;  
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,  
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us  
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

*Kath.* My fortunes and mine honours are weak  
champions,  
As both are now befriended, sir; however,  
Both bow before your clemency.

*K. Hen.* Our arms  
Shall circle them from malice—a sweet lady!  
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty  
At league with love.

*Kath.* Oh, sir, I have a husband.

*K. Hen.* We'll prove your father, husband, friend,  
and servant,  
Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be  
careful

A patent presently be drawn, for issuing  
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,  
During our cousin's life; our queen shall be  
Your chief companion, our own court your home,  
Our subjects all your servants.

*Kath.* But my husband?

*K. Hen.* By all descriptions, you are noble  
Dalyell,  
Whose generous truth hath famed a rare obser-  
vance.

We thank you; 'tis a goodness gives addition  
To every title boasted from your ancestry,  
In all most worthy.



*Dat.* Worthier than your praises,  
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.  
*K. Hen.* Embrace him, lords. Whoever calls  
you mistress,  
Is lifted in our charge:—a goodlier beauty  
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.  
*Kath.* Cruel misery  
Of fate! what rests to hope for?  
*K. Hen.* Forward, lords,  
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you  
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LONDON. *The Tower-hill.*

*Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK, URSWICK, and  
LAMBERT SIMNEL as a Falconer, followed by the rabble.*

*Const.* Make room there! keep off, I require  
you; and none come within twelve foot of his  
majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure.  
Bring forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must  
to this geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in  
with the legs, just in the middle hole; there, that  
hole. Keep off, or I'll commit you all! shall not  
a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there; 'tis  
as it should be:—[*WARBECK is put in the stocks.*]  
put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I  
say, keep off.

*Urs.* Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience; thou  
hast tasted

King Henry's mercy liberally; the law  
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury  
Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most  
wickedly,

Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower;  
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,  
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;  
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;  
Poor gentleman!—unhappy in his fate,—  
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a mongrel  
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess  
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

*Simn.* You would be Dick the Fourth, very  
likely!

Your pedigree is publish'd; you are known  
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,  
A land-loper; your father was a Jew,  
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries:  
Where's now your kingship?

*War.* Baited to my death?  
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at  
The duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes;  
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

*Simn.* You will not know who I am?

*Urs.* Lambert Simnel,

Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar:  
But, on submission, not alone received  
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

*Simn.* I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and  
ruffled

Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon,  
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;  
An earl forsooth! whenas in truth I was,  
As you are, a mere rascal: yet his majesty,  
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect  
him!—

Forgave me all my villainies, relieved  
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted  
My surety of obedience to his service.

And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,  
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness  
Of liberty and favour; sleep securely:  
And is not this, now, better than to buffet  
The hangman's clutches? or to brave the cordage  
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck?  
So, then, the gallant totters!—prithee, Perkin,  
Let my example lead thee; be no longer  
A counterfeit; confess and hope for pardon.

*War.* For pardon? hold my heart-strings,  
whilst contempt  
Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance  
To this base man's foul language! Thou poor  
vermin,

How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an earl!  
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness  
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.  
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,  
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour  
To infect the purer air, which drops again  
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.  
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance  
From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy  
hopes:

But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop  
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,  
Thou would'st not change condition, to be second  
In England's state, without the crown itself!  
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:  
But let the world, as all, to whom I am  
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,  
And, by tradition, fix posterity,  
Without another chronicle than truth,  
How constantly my resolution suffer'd  
A martyrdom of majesty!

*Simn.* He's past  
Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

*Urs.* Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

*Simn.* Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's  
coming. *Exit.*

*Urs.* If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,  
Pity thy soul!

*Enter KATHERINE, JANE, DALVELL, and OXFORD.*

*Jane.* Dear lady!

*Oxf.* Whither will you,  
Without respect of shame?

*Kath.* Forbear me, sir,  
And trouble not the current of my duty!—  
Oh my lov'd lord! can any scorn be yours  
In which I have no interest? some kind hand  
Lend me assistance, that I may partake  
Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,  
Forgive me; I have staid too long from tend'ring  
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

*War.* Great miracle of constancy! my miseries  
Were never bankrupt of their confidence  
In worst afflictions, till this—now, I feel them.  
Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,  
Might to eternity have stood a pattern  
For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.  
Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin  
In after marriages, be never pitied,  
To whom thy story shall appear a fable!  
Why would'st thou prove so much unkind to  
greatness,

To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?  
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart  
Is liberal of passion: Harry Richmond,  
A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of triumph!

*Oxf.* Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up  
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

*Urs.* Thus witches,  
Possess'd even [to] their deaths deluded, say,  
They have been volves and dogs, and sail'd in  
egg-shells

Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons;  
Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,  
All in a night:—the enemy of mankind  
Is powerful, but false; and falsehood's confident.

*Oxf.* Remember, lady, who you are; come  
from

That impudent impostor!

*Kath.* You abuse us:  
For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,  
Our vows were real then; the ceremony  
Was not in apparition, but in act.  
Be what these people term thee, I am certain  
Thou art my husband, no divorce in heaven  
Has been sued out between us; 'tis injustice  
For any earthly power to divide us.  
Or we will live, or let us die together.  
There is a cruel mercy.

*War.* Spite of tyranny  
We reign in our affections, blessed woman!  
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour;  
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,  
Some miserably happiness: since, herein,  
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch  
Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.  
Fair angel of perfection, immortality  
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration;  
Court every rich opinion of true merit,  
And saint it in the calendar of virtue,  
When I am turn'd into the self-same dust  
Of which I was first form'd.

*Oxf.* The lord ambassador,  
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on  
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,  
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country  
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

*Kath.* Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be  
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,  
Impute it not unto immodesty,  
That I presume to press you to a legacy,  
Before we part for ever!

*War.* Let it be then  
My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

*Kath.* Confirm it with a kiss, pray!  
*War.* Oh! with that  
I wish to breathe my last; upon thy lips,  
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal  
The testament of honourable vows: [*Kisses her.*]  
Whoever be that man that shall un-kiss  
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty  
In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

*Kath.* By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I  
swear

To die a faithful widow to thy bed;  
Not to be forced or won: oh, never, never!

*Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD.*

*Daw.* Free the condemned person; quickly free  
him!  
What has he yet confess'd?

[WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.]

*Urs.* Nothing to purpose;  
But still he will be king.

*Sur.* Prepare your journey  
To a new kingdom then,—unhappy madman,

Willfully foolish!—See, my lord ambassador,  
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit  
In this disgrace of fate.

*Hunt.* I never pointed  
Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married,  
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely:  
The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;  
And must not say, I wish that I had miss'd  
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

*Kath.* You will forgive me, noble sir.

*Hunt.* Yes, yes;  
In every duty of a wife and daughter,  
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,  
(For such you are, sir,) I impart a farewell  
Of manly pity; what your life has past through,  
The dangers of your end will make apparent;  
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,  
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,  
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

*War.* We are. A crown of peace renew thy  
age,

Most honourable Huntley! Worthy Crawford!  
We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.

*Craw.* Nor was I ever guilty of neglect  
Which might procure such thought; I take my  
leave, sir.

*War.* To you, lord Dalryell,—what? accept a  
sigh,

'Tis hearty and in earnest.

*Dal.* I want utterance;  
My silence is my farewell.

*Kath.* Oh!—oh!

*Jane.* Sweet madam,  
What do you mean?—my lord, your hand.

[To DAL-]

*Dal.* Dear lady,  
Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.  
[*Exit DALYELL and JANE, supporting KATHERINE.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Officers with SKETON, ASTLEY, HERON,  
and JOHN A-WATER, with Halters about their necks.*

*Oxf.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed  
To wait on you in death!

*War.* Why, peers of England,  
We'll lead them on courageously; I read  
A triumph over tyranny upon  
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment  
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,  
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue  
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder  
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race  
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines  
In this last issue male; Heaven be obey'd!  
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,  
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,  
As prodigal to nature in our debts.  
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;  
A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble  
From bed to bed, be massacred alive  
By some physicians, for a month or two,  
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,  
Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past  
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!  
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention  
Shall blaze our names, and stile us Kings o'er  
death.

[*Exit Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.*]

*Daw.* Away—impostor beyond precedent!  
No chronicle records his fellow.

*Hunt.* I have

Not thoughts left : 'tis sufficient in such cases  
Just laws ought to proceed.

*Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.*

*K. Hen.* We are resolv'd.  
Your business, noble lords, shall find success,  
Such as your king importunes.

*Hunt.* You are gracious.

*K. Hen.* Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to  
die ;

In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow  
To see the execution ; and from hence  
We gather this fit use ;—that public states,  
As our particular bodies, taste most good  
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### EPILOGUE.

HERE has appear'd, though in a several fashion,  
The threats of majesty ; the strength of passion ;  
Hopes of an empire ; change of fortunes ; all  
What can to theatres of greatness fall,  
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,  
Amongst such several sights, to censure these  
No births abortive, not a bastard-brood,  
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood,)  
May warrant, by their loves, all just excuses,  
And often find a welcome to the Muses.

# THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD, THE LORD  
RANDAL MACDONNELL,

EARL OF ANTRIM IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, LORD VISCOUNT DUNLUCE.

MY LORD,—Princes, and worthy personages of your own eminence, have entertained poems of this nature with a serious welcome. The desert of their authors might transcend mine, not their study of service. A practice of courtship to greatness hath not hitherto, in me, aimed at any thrift: yet I have ever honoured virtue, as the richest ornament to the noblest titles. Endeavour of being known to your Lordship, by such means, I conceive no ambition; the extent being bounded by humility: so neither can the argument appear ungracious; nor the writer, in that, without allowance. You enjoy, my Lord, the general suffrage, for your freedom of merits: may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such as faithfully honour those merits, to admit, into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIO, *Marquis of Sienna.*

TROYLO-SAVELLI, *his Nephew.*

LIVIO, *Brother to CASTAMELA.*

ROMANELLO, (PRAGNIOLO,) *Brother to FLAVIA.*

JULIO DE VARANA, *Lord of Camerino.*

CAMILLO, } *Attendants on JULIO.*  
VESPUCCI, }

FABRICIO, *a Merchant, FLAVIA'S first Husband.*

NETIDO, *a Page,*

BRCCO, *a Barber,* } *Attendants on the Marquis.*  
SPADONE, }

CASTAMELA, *Sister to LIVIO.*

CLARELLA, }

SILVIA, } *The FANCIES.*

FLORIA, }

FLAVIA, *Wife to JULIO.*

MOROSA, *Guardianess to the FANCIES.*

SCENE,—SIENNA.

## PROLOGUE.

THE FANCIES! that's our play; in it is shown  
Nothing, but what our author knows his own  
Without a learned theft; no servant here  
To some fair mistress, borrows for his ear,  
His lock, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace  
Of any pretty ribbon; nor, in place  
Of charitable friendship, is brought in  
A thriving gamester, that doth chance to win

A lusty sum; while the good hand doth ply him,  
And FANCIES this or that, to him sits by him.  
His free invention runs but in conceit  
Of mere imaginations; there's the height  
Of what he writes; which if traduced by some,  
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.  
For you, for him, for us, then this remains,  
Fancy your own opinions, for our pains.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter TROYLO-SAVELLI, and LIVIO.*

*Troy.* Do, do; be wilful, desperate; 'tis manly.  
Build on your reputation! such a fortune  
May furnish out your tables, trim your liveries,  
Enrich your heirs with purchase of a patrimony,  
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot;  
Stick honours on your heraldry, with titles  
As swelling, and as numerous as may likely

Grow to a pretty volume—here's eternity!  
All this can reputation, marry, can it;  
Indeed, what not?

*Liv.* Such language from a gentleman  
So noble in his quality as you are,  
Deserves, in my weak judgment, rather pity  
Than a contempt.

*Troy.* Could'st thou consider, Livio,  
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,  
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soon distinguish

Betwixt the abject lowness of a poverty,  
And the applauded triumphs of abundance,  
Though compass'd by the meanest service. Wherein  
Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,  
Waving the private charge of your opinion,  
By rising up to greatness, or at least  
To plenty, which now buys it?

*Liv.* Troylo-Savelli

Plays merrily on my wants.

*Troy.* Troylo-Savelli

Speaks to the friend he loves, to his own Livio.

Look, prithee, through the great duke's court in  
Florence;

Number his favourites, and then examine  
By what steps some chief officers in state  
Have reach'd the height they stand in.

*Liv.* By their merits.

*Troy.* Right, by their merits: well he merited  
The intendments o'er the gallees at Leghorn,  
(Made grand collector of the customs there,)  
Who led the prince unto his wife's chaste bed,  
And stood himself by, in his night-gown, fearing  
The jest might be discover'd! was 't not handsome?  
The lady knows not yet on't.

*Liv.* Most impossible.

*Troy.* He merited well to wear a robe of chamlet,  
Who train'd his brother's daughter, scarce a girl,  
Into the arms of Mont-Argentato;  
Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,  
Was packeted to France, to study courtship,  
Under, forsooth, a colour of employment,  
Employment! yea, of honour.

*Liv.* You are well read  
In mysteries of state.

*Troy.* Here, in Sienna,  
Bold Julio de Varana, lord of Camerine,  
Held it no blemish to his blood and greatness,  
From a plain merchant, with a thousand ducats,  
To buy his wife, nay, justify the purchase;—  
Procured it by a dispensation  
From Rome, allow'd and warrant'd: 'twas thought  
By his physicians, that she was a creature  
Agreed best with the cure of the disease  
His present new infirmity then labour'd in.  
Yet these are things in prospect of the world,  
Advanced, employ'd, and eminent.

*Liv.* At best,

'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

*Troy.* Shrewd business!

Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty,  
Is't a disparagement for gentlemen,  
For friends of lower rank, to do the offices  
Of necessary kindness, without fee,  
For one another, courtesies of course,  
Mirths of society; when petty mushrooms,  
Transplanted from their dunghills, spread on moun-  
And pass for cedars by their servile flatteries [tains,  
On great men's vices? Pandar! thou'rt deceived,  
The word includes preferment; 'tis a title  
Of dignity; I could add somewhat more else.

*Liv.* Add anything of reason.

*Troy.* Castamela,

Thy beauteous sister, like a precious tissue,  
Not shaped into a garment fit for wearing,  
Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning  
To set the richness of the piece at view,  
Though in herself all wonder. Come, I'll tell thee:  
A way there may be—(know, I love thee, Livio—)  
To fix this jewel in a ring of gold,  
Yet lodge it in a cabinet of ivory,

White, pure, unspotted ivory: put case,  
Livio himself shall keep the key on't?

*Liv.* Oh, sir,

Create me what you please of yours; do this,  
You are another nature.

*Troy.* Be then pliable

To my first rules of your advancement.—[*Enter*  
OCTAVIO.]—See!

Octavio, my good uncle, the great marquis  
Of our Sienna, comes, as we could wish,  
In private.—Noble sir!

*Oct.* My bosom's secretary,  
My dearest, best loved nephew.

*Troy.* We have been thirsty

In our pursuit.—Sir, here's a gentleman  
Desertful of your knowledge, and as covetous  
Of entertainment from it: you shall honour  
Your judgment, to entrust him to your favours;  
His merits will commend it.

*Oct.* Gladly welcome;

Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it.  
For taste of your preferment, we admit you  
The chief provisor of our horse.

*Liv.* Your bounty

Stiles me your ever servant.

*Troy.* He's our own;

Surely, nay most persuadably. My thanks, sir,  
[*Aside to Oct.*

Owes to this just engagement.

*Oct.* Slack no time

To enter on your fortunes.—Thou art careful,  
My Troylo, in the study of a duty.

His name is?—

*Troy.* Livio.

*Liv.* Livio, my good lord.

*Oct.* Again, you're welcome to us:—be as  
speedy, [*Apart to Trovzio.*

Dear nephew, as thou'rt constant.—Men of parts,  
Fit parts and sound, are rarely to be met with;  
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd  
With love and with supportance. While I stand,  
Livio can no way fall;—yet, once more, welcome!  
[*Exit.*

*Troy.* An honourable liberality,

Timely disposed, without delay or question,  
Commands a gratitude. Is not this better

Than waiting three or four months at livery,

With cup and knee unto this chair of state,

And to that painted arras, for a nod

From goodman-usher, or the formal secretary;

Especially the juggler with the purse,

That pays some shares, in all? A younger brother,

Sometimes an elder, not well trimm'd i' th' head-  
piece,

May spend what his friend left, in expectation

Of being turn'd out of service—for attendance!

Or marry a waiting-woman, and be damn'd for't

To open laughter, and, what's worse, old beg-  
gary!—

What thinks my Livio of this rise at first?

Is't not miraculous?

*Liv.* It seems the bargain

Was driv'n before between you.

*Troy.* 'Twas, and nothing

Could void it, but the peevish resolution

Of your dissent from goodness, as you call it;

A thin, a threadbare honesty, a virtue

Without a living to't.

*Liv.* I must resolve

To turn my sister whore? speak a home-word

For my old bachelor lord?—so! is't not so?  
A trifle in respect to present means;  
Here's all.—

*Troy.* Be yet more confident; the slavery  
Of such an abject office shall not tempt  
The freedom of thy spirit: stand ingenious  
To thine own fate, and will practise wisely  
Without the charge of scandal.

*Liv.* May it prove so! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

*Enter Secco, with a casting-bottle, sprinkling his hat and face, and a little looking-glass at his girdle; setting his countenance.*

*Sec.* Admirable! incomparably admirable! to be the minion, the darling, the delight of love; 'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i' th' blood, a bosoming the extacy, the rapture of virginity, soul and paradise of perfection,—ah!—pity of generation, Secco, there are no more such men.

*Enter SPADONE.*

*Spa.* Oyes! if any man, woman, or beast, have found, stolen, or taken up a fine, very fine male barber, of the age of above or under eighteen, more or less—

*Sec.* Spadone, hold; what's the noise?

*Spa.* Umph! pay the crier. I have been almost lost myself in seeking you; here's a letter from—

*Sec.* Whom, whom, my dear Spadone? whom?

*Spa.* Soft and fair! an you be so brief, I'll return it whence it came, or look out a new owner.—Oyes!

*Sec.* Low, low! what dost mean? is't from the glory of beauty, Morosa, the fairest fair? be gentle to me; here's a ducat: speak low, prithee.

*Spa.* Give me one, and take t'other: 'tis from the party.—*(Gives him the letter.)*—Golden news, believe it.

*Sec.* Honest Spadone! divine Morosa! [*Reads.*]

*Spa.* Fairest fair, quoth'a! so is an old rotten coddled mungrel, parcel bawd, parcel midwife; all the marks are quite out of her mouth; not the stump of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the curd of a posset.—*(Aside.)* Signor, 'tis as I told you; all's right.

*Sec.* Right, just as thou told'st me; all's right.

*Spa.* To a very hair, signor mio.

*Sec.* For which, sirrah Spadone, I will make thee a man; a man, dost hear? I say, a man.

*Spa.* Thou art a prick-ear'd foist, a cittern-headed gew-gaw, a knack, a snipper-snapper. Twit me with the decrements of my pendants! though I am made a gelding, and, like a tame buck, have lost my dowsets,—more a monster than a cuckold with his horns seen,—yet I scorn to be jeered by any checker-approved barbarian of ye all. Make me a man! I defy thee.

*Sec.* How now, fellow, how now! roaring ripe indeed!

*Spa.* Indeed? thou'rt worse: a dry shaver, a copper-bason'd suds-monger.

*Sec.* Nay, nay; by my mistress' fair eyes, I meant no such thing.

*Spa.* Eyes in thy belly! the reverend madam shall know how I have been used. I will blow my nose in thy casting-bottle, break the teeth of

thy combs, poison thy camphire-balls, slice out thy towels with thine own razor, be-tallow thy tweezers, and urine in thy bason:—make me a man!

*Sec.* Hold! take another ducat. As I love new clothes—

*Spa.* Or cast old ones.

*Sec.* Yes, or cast old ones—I intended no injury.

*Spa.* Good, we are pieced again: reputation, signor, is precious.

*Sec.* I know it is.

*Spa.* Old sores would not be rubbed.

*Sec.* For me, never.

*Spa.* The lady guardianship, the mother of the FANCIES, is resolved to draw with you in the wholesome [yoke] of matrimony, suddenly.

*Sec.* She writes as much: and, Spadone, when we are married—

*Spa.* You will to bed no doubt.

*Sec.* We will revel in such variety of delights,—

*Spa.* Do miracles, and get babies.

*Sec.* Live so sumptuously,—

*Spa.* In feather and old furs.

*Sec.* Feed so deliciously,—

*Spa.* On pap and bull-beef.

*Sec.* Enjoy the sweetness of our years,—

*Spa.* Eighteen and threescore with advantage!

*Sec.* Tumble and wallow in abundance,—

*Spa.* The pure crystal puddle of pleasures.

*Sec.* That all the world shall wonder.

*Spa.* A pox on them that envy you!

*Sec.* How do the beauties, my dainty knave? live, wish, think, and dream, sirrah, ha!

*Spa.* Fumble, one with another, on the gambos of imagination between their legs; eat they do, and sleep, game, laugh, and lie down, as beauties ought to do; there's all.

*Sec.* Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on; say to her, she shall find me a man at all points.

*Enter NITIDO.*

*Spa.* Why, there's another quarrel,—man, once more, in spite of my nose,—

*Nit.* Away, Secco, away! my lord calls, he has a loose hair started from his fellows; a clip of your art is commanded.

*Sec.* I fly, Nitido; Spadone, remember me.

[Exit.]

*Nit.* Trudging between an old mule, and a young calf, my nimble intelligencer? What! thou fat-ten't space on capon still?

*Spa.* Yes, crimp; 'tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp-whiakin: but, beware of the porter's lodge, for carrying tales out of the school.

*Nit.* What a terrible sight to a libb'd breech is a sow-gelder!

*Spa.* Not so terrible as a cross-tree that never grows, to a wag-halter page.

*Nit.* Good! witty rascal, thou'rt a Satire, I protest, but that the nymphs need not fear the evidence of thy mortality:—go, put on a clean bib, and spin amongst the nuns, sing 'em a bawdy song: all the children thou gett'st, shall be christened in wassel-bowls, and turned into a college of men-midwives. Farewell, night-mare!

*Spa.* Very, very well; if I die in thy debt for this, crack-rop, let me be buried in a coal-sack. I'll fit ye, ape's-face! look for't.

*Nit.* [Sings.] *And still the urchin would, but could not do.*

*Spa.* Mark the end on't, and laugh at last. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of LIVIO.*

*Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.*

*Rom.* Tell me you cannot love me.

*Cast.* You impertune

Too strict a resolution : as a gentleman Of commendable parts, and fair deserts, In every sweet condition that becomes A hopeful expectation, I do honour Th' example of your youth ; but, sir, our fortunes, Concluded on both sides in narrow bands, Move you to construe gently my forbearance, In argument of fit consideration.

*Rom.* Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues, Even from our childish years, into a dowry Of richer estimation, than thy portion, Doubled an hundred times, can equal : now I clearly find, thy current of affection Labours to fall into the gulf of riot, Not the free ocean of a soft content. You'd marry pomp and plenty : 'tis the idol, I must confess, that creatures of the time Bend their devotions to ; but I have fashion ! Thoughts much more excellent of you.

*Cast.* Enjoy

Your own prosperity ; I am resolv'd Never, by any charge with me, to force A poverty upon you, want of love. 'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want. I'll not be your undoing.

*Rom.* Sure some dotage Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness Changed to ambition ! oh, you are most miserable In your desires ! the female curse has caught you.

*Cast.* Fie ! fie ! how ill this suits !

*Rom.* A devil of pride Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star, Whilst you grasp mole-hills.

*Cast.* Worse and worse, I vow.

*Rom.* But that some remnant of an honest sense Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women Would prostitute all honour to the luxury Of ease and titles.

*Cast.* Romanello, know You have forgot the nobleness of truth, And fix'd on scandal now.

*Rom.* A dog, a parrot, A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey, A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up, Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton ! So is a fiddle too ; 'twill make it dance, Or else be sick and whine.

*Cast.* This is uncivil ; I am not, sir, your charge.

*Rom.* My grief you are ; For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

*Cast.* So is my chief opinion of your worthiness, When such distractions tempt you ; you would prove

A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant, As you profess, to bait my best respects Of duty to your welfare ; 'tis a madness I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,

You have no right in me ; let this suffice ; I wish your joys much comfort.

*Enter LIVIO, richly habited.*

*Liv.* Sister ! look ye, How by a new creation of my tailor's, I've shook off old mortality ; the rags Of home-spun gentry—prithce, sister, mark it—Are cast by, and I now appear in fashion Unto men, and received.—Observe me, sister, The consequence concerns you.

*Cast.* True, good brother,

For my well-doing must consist in yours.

*Liv.* Here's Romanello, a fine temper'd gallant, Of decent carriage, of indifferent means, Considering that his sister, new hoist up, From a lost merchant's warehouse, to the titles Of a great lord's bed, may supply his wants ;— Not sunk in his acquaintance, for a scholar Able enough, and one who may subsist Without the help of friends, provided always, He fly not upon wedlock without certainty Of an advancement ; else a bachelor May thrive by observation, on a little. A single life's no burden ; but to draw In yokes is chargeable, and will require A double maintenance : why, I can live Without a wife, and purchase.

*Rom.* Is't a mystery, You've lately found out, Livio, or a cunning Conceal'd till now, for wonder ?

*Liv.* Fish ! believe it, Endeavours and an active brain are better Than patrimonies left by parents.— Prove it.— One thrives by cheating ; shallow fools and un-thrifts

Are game knaves only fly at : then a fellow Presumes on his hair, and that his back can toil For fodder from the city ;—lies : another, Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up Quarrels, or braves them, as the novice likes, To gild his reputation ;—most improbable.

A world of desperate undertakings, possibly, Procures some hungry meals, some tavern surfeits, Some frippery to hide nakedness ; perhaps The scrambling half a ducat now and then To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess, For a week's lodging ; these are pretty shifts, Souls bankrupt of their royalty submit to ! Give me a man, whose practice and experience, Conceives not barely the philosopher's stone, But indeed has it ; one whose wit's his Indies : The poor is most ridiculous.

*Rom.* You are pleasant In new discoveries of fortune ; use them With moderation, Livio.

*Cast.* Such wild language Was wont to be a stranger to your custom ; However, brother, you are pleased to vent it, I hope, for recreation.

*Liv.* Name and honour— What are they ? a mere sound without support-ance,

A begging—Chastity, youth, beauty, handsomeness, Discourse, behaviour which might charm attention, And curse the gazer's eyes into amazement, Are nature's common bounties ; so are diamonds Uncut, so flowers unworn, so silk-worms' webs Unwrought, gold unrefined ; then all those glories

Are of esteem, when used and set at price :—  
There's no dark sense in this.

*Rom.* I understand not  
The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.

*Cast.* Pray, brother, be more plain.  
*Liv.* First, Romanello,  
This for your satisfaction : if you waste  
More hours in courtship to this maid, my sister,  
Weighing her competency with your own,  
You go about to build without foundation ;  
So that care will prove void.

*Rom.* A sure acquittance,  
If I must be discharged.

*Liv.* Next, Castamela,  
To thee, my own loved sister, let me say,  
I have not been so bountiful in shewing  
To fame the treasure which this age bath open'd,  
As thy true value merits.

*Cast.* You are merry.  
*Liv.* My jealousy of thy fresh blooming years,  
Prompted a fear of husbanding too charily  
Thy growth to such perfection, as no flattery  
Of art can periah now.

*Cast.* Here's talk in riddles !  
Brother, the exposition ?

*Liv.* I'll no longer  
Chamber thy freedom ; we have been already  
Thrifty enough in our low fortunes ; henceforth  
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

*Rom.* Is't come to this ?  
*Cast.* You are wondrous full of courtesy.  
*Liv.* Ladies of birth and quality are suitors  
For being known t'ye ; I have promised, sister,  
They shall partake your company.

*Cast.* What ladies ?  
Where, when, how, who ?

*Liv.* A day, a week, a month,  
Sported amongst such beauties, is a gain.  
On time ; they are young, wise, noble, fair, and  
*Cast.* Chaste ? [chaste.]

*Liv.* Castamela, chaste ; I would not hazard  
My hopes, my joys of thee, on dangerous trial.  
Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloth'd merriment  
Pass without blush, in tattling,—so the words  
Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smiled at  
Amongst yourselves in counsel ; but beware  
Of being overheard.

*Cast.* This is pretty !  
*Rom.* I doubt I know not what, yet must be  
silent. [Aside.]

*Enter* TROYLO, FLORIA, CLARRILLA, SILVIA, and NITIDO.

*Liv.* They come as soon as spoke of—Sweetest  
fair ones,  
My sister cannot but conceive this honour  
Particular in your respects. Dear sir,  
You grace us in your favours.

*Troy.* Virtuous lady.  
*Flo.* We are your servants.  
*Clar.* Your sure frienda.  
*Sil.* Society

May fix us in a league.  
*Cast.* All fitly welcome.

I find not reason, gentle ladies, whereon  
To cast this debt of mine ; but my acknowledge-  
Shall study to pay thankfulness. [ment

*Troy.* Sweet beauty !  
Your brother hath indeed been too much churl  
In this concealment from us all, who love him,  
Of such desired a presence.

*Sil.* Please to enrich us  
With your wish'd amity.

*Flo.* Our coach attends ;  
We cannot be denied.

*Clar.* Command it, Nitido.  
*Nit.* Ladies, I shall : now for a lusty harvest !  
'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barns be  
fill'd once. [Aside and exit.]

*Cast.* Brother, one word in private.  
*Liv.* Phew ! anon  
I shall instruct you at large.—We are prepared,  
And easily entreated ;—'tis good manners  
Not to be troublesome.

*Troy.* Thou'rt perfect, Livio.  
*Cast.* Whither—But—he's my brother. [Aside.]

*Troy.* Fair, your arm ;  
I am your usher, lady.

*Cast.* As you please, sir.  
*Liv.* I wait you to your coach. Some two  
hours hence

I shall return again. [To ROM.]  
[Exeunt all but ROM.]

*Rom.* Troylo-Savelli,  
Next heir unto the marquis ! and the page too,  
The marquis's own page ! Livio transform'd  
Into a sudden bravery, and alter'd  
In nature, or I dream ! Amongst the ladies,  
I not remember I have seen one face ;  
There's cunning in these changes ; I am resolute,  
Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in JULIO'S House.

*Enter* FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO and VESPUCCI.

*Flav.* Not yet return'd ?

*Cam.* Madam !

*Flav.* The lord our husband,  
We mean. Unkind ! four hours are almost past  
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass)  
Since we broke company ; was never, gentlemen,  
Poor princess us'd so !

*Ves.* With your gracious favour,  
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity  
To attend on state employments.

*Cam.* For such duties

Are all their toil and labour ; but their pleasures  
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers  
All sense of other travail.

*Flav.* Trimly spoken.  
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,  
As other creatures of Heaven's making are,  
(The more the pity) bless us ! how we waited  
For the huge play-day, when the pageants flutter'd  
About the city ; for we then were certain,  
The madam courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,  
And call us by our names, and eat our viands ;  
Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end  
Of our own tables, telling us how welcome  
They'd make us when we came to court : full little



Dreamt I, at that time, of the wind that blew me up to the weathercock of the honours now  
Are thrust upon me;—but we'll bear the burthen,  
Were't twice as much as 'tis. The next great feast,  
We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see  
How they'll behave themselves before our presence;  
You two shall wait on us.

*Ves.* With best observance,  
And glory in our service.

*Cam.* We are creatures  
Made proud in your commands.

*Flav.* Believ't you are so;  
And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,  
Than you in your obedience. Fie! methinks  
I have an excellent humour to be pettish;  
A little toysome;—'tis a pretty sign  
Of breeding, is't not, sirs? I could, indeed, la!  
Long for some strange good things now.

*Cam.* Such news, madam,  
Would overjoy my lord, your husband.

*Ves.* Cause  
Bonfires and bell-rings.

*Flav.* I must be with child, then,  
An't be but for the public jollity;  
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pity.

*Cam.* Sweet fates forbid it!

*Enter FABRICIO.*

*Fab.* Noblest lady—  
*Ves.* Rudeness!  
Keep off, or I shall—Sawcy groom, learn manners;  
Go swab amongst your goblins.

*Flav.* Let him stay;  
The fellow I have seen, and now remember  
His name, Fabricio.

*Fab.* Your poor creature, lady;  
Out of your gentleness, please you to consider  
The brief of this petition, which contains  
All hope of my last fortunes.

*Flav.* Give it from him.

*Cam.* Here, madam.—[*Takes the paper from FAB. and delivers it to FLAV. who walks aside with it.*]—Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol

Stares on his sometime wife! sure, he imagines  
To be a cuckold by consent, is purchase  
Of approbation in a state.

*Ves.* Good reason:  
The gain relieved him from a bankrupt's statute,  
And filed him in the charter of his freedom.  
"She had seen the fellow!" didst observe?

*Cam.* Most punctually:  
Could call him by his name too! why 'tis possible,  
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

*Ves.* That were [most] strange: oh, 'tis a pre-  
Was ever puppet so slipt up? [cious trinket!]

*Cam.* The tale  
Of Venus' cat, man, changed into a woman,  
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

*Ves.* He stands  
Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.

*Cam.* No more.  
*Flav.* Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the sum  
Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,  
Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye:  
'Tis a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents  
Somewhat unseasonable; for, let us tell ye,  
You have been a spender, a vain spender; wasted  
Your stock of credit, and of wares, unthriftilly.  
You are a faulty man; and should we urge

Our lord as often for supplies, as shame,  
Or wants drive you to ask, it might be construed  
An impudence, which we defy; an impudence,  
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.  
Are you not ashamed yet of yourself?

*Fab.* Great lady,  
Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

*Cam.* So, so!  
This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci?

*Ves.* Why, here's a lady worshipful!

*Flav.* Pray, gentlemen,  
Retire a while; this fellow shall resolve  
Some doubts that stick about me.

*Both.* As you please. [*Exeunt VES. and FLAV.*]

*Flav.* To thee, Fabricio,—oh, the change is  
cruel—

Since I find some small leisure, I must justify  
Thou art unworthy of the name of man.  
Those holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,  
Recorded in the register of truth,  
Were kept by me unbroken; no assaults  
Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,  
No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which  
Thy riots had betray'd me, could betray  
My warrantable thoughts to impure folly.  
Why would'st thou force me miserable?

*Fab.* The scorn  
Of rumour is reward enough, to brand  
My lewder actions; 'twas, I thought, impos-  
A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook  
The last of my decays.

*Flav.* Did I complain?  
My sleeps between thine arms were ev'n as sound,  
My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,  
As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.  
Amongst some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,  
Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy  
Of those whom in their bosoms they possess  
Without controul, begets a self-unworthiness;  
For which [through] fear, or, what is worse, desire  
Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour  
To pandar their own wives; those wives, whose  
innocence,

Stranger to language, spoke obedience only;  
And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

*Fab.* My loss is irrecoverable.  
*Flav.* Call not

Thy wickedness thy loss: without my knowledge  
Thou sold'st me, and in open court protested'st  
A pre-contract unto another, falsely,  
To justify a separation. Wherein  
Could I offend, to be believed thy strumpet,  
In best sense an adúlteress? so conceived  
In all opinions, that I am shook off,  
Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast  
Not noble, yet 'twas not mean; for Romanello,  
Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors  
To own me for his sister.

*Fab.* 'Tis confest,  
I am the shame of mankind.

*Flav.* I live happy  
In this great lord's love, now; but could his cun-  
ning

Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never  
Been under'd by the temptation of his purchase.  
In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of  
My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,  
That I am not more fool to such as honour me,  
Than to myself, who hate this antick carriage.

*Fab.* You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,  
Than grossly to be talk'd with.

*Flav.* [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats,  
I shall provide you better :—'twere a bravery,  
Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd  
Your name for ever hateful.

*Fab.* I will do't,  
Do't, excellentest goodness, and conclude  
My days in silent sadness.

*Flav.* You may prosper  
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.  
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however  
You interrupted study with commerce.  
I'll think of your supplies ; meantime, pray, storm  
At my behaviour to you ; I have forgot [not  
Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first dis-  
tance. *He draws back.*

Camillo ! who is near ? Vespucci !

*Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.*

*Jul.* What !  
Our lady's cast familiar ?

*Flav.* Oh, my stomach  
Wambles, at sight of—sick, sick,—I am sick—  
I faint at heart—kiss me, nay prithee quickly,  
[*To JUL.*

Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while from  
And this companion too—beshrew him ! [*me.*

*Jul.* Dearest,  
Thou art my health, my blessing :—turn the bank-  
rupt

Out of my doors !—sirrah, I'll have thee whipt,  
If thou com'st here again.

*Cam.* Hence, hence, you vermin ! [*Exit FAB.*  
*Jul.* How is't, my best of joys ?

*Flav.* Prettily mended,  
Now we have our own lord here ; I shall never  
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.—  
See, what the thing presented. [*Gives him the paper.*

*Jul.* A petition,  
Belike, for some new charity ?

*Flav.* We must not  
Be troubled with his needs ; a wanting creature  
Is monstrous, is as ominous—fie, upon't !  
Dispatch the silly mushroom once for all,  
And send him with some pittance out o' th' country,  
Where we may hear no more of him.

*Jul.* Thy will  
Shall stand a law, my Flavia.

*Flav.* You have been  
In private with our fellow peers now : shall not we  
Know how the business stands ? sure, in some  
country,

Ladies are privy-counsellors, I warrant ye ;  
Are they not, think ye ? there the land is, doubt-  
Most politicly govern'd ; all the women [less,  
Wear swords and breeches, I have heard most cer-  
Such sights were excellent. [*tainly :*

*Jul.* Thou'rt a matchless pleasure ;  
No life is sweet without thee : in my heart  
Reign empress, and be stiled thy Julio's sovereign,  
My only, precious dear.

*Flav.* We'll prove no less t'ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter TROYLO and LIVIO.*

*Troy.* Sea-sick ashore still ! thou could'st rarely  
A calenture in a long voyage, Livio, [*scape*

Who in a short one, and at home, art subject  
To such faint stomach-qualms ; no cordials comfort  
The business of thy thoughts, for aught I see :  
What ails thee, man ? be merry, hang up jealousies.

*Liv.* Who, I ? I jealous ? no, no, here's no cause  
In this place ; 'tis a nunnery, a retirement  
For meditation ; all the difference extant  
But puzzles only bare belief, not grounds it.  
Rich services in plate, soft and fair lodgings,  
Varieties of recreations, exercise  
Of music in all changes, neat attendance,  
Princely, nay royal furniture of garments,  
Satiety of gardens, orchards, waterworks,  
Pictures so ravishing, that ranging eyes  
Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,  
Without a single wish for livelier substance  
The great world, in a little world of Fancy,  
Is here abstracted : no temptation proffer'd,  
But such as fools and mad folks can invite to ;  
And yet—

*Troy.* And yet your reason cannot answer  
Th' objections of your fears, which argue danger.

*Liv.* Danger ? dishonour, Troylo : were my  
sister

In safety from those charms, I must confess  
I could live here for ever.

*Troy.* But you could not,  
I can assure you ; for 'twere then scarce possible  
A door might open t'you, hardly a loop-hole.

*Liv.* My presence then is usher to her ruin,  
And loss of her, the fruit of my preferment ?

*Troy.* Briefly partake a secret ; but be sure  
To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosom,  
Where memory may not find it for discovery ;  
By our firm truth of friendship, I require thee.

*Liv.* By our firm truth of friendship, I subscribe  
To just conditions.

*Troy.* Our great uncle-marquis,  
Disabled from his cradle, by an impotence  
In nature first, that impotence since seconded  
And render'd more infirm, by a fatal breach  
Received in fight against the Turkish galleys,  
Is made incapable of any faculty  
Of active manhood, more than what affections  
Proper unto his sex, must else distinguish :  
So that no helps of art can warrant life,  
Should he transcend the bounds his weakness limits.

*Liv.* On ; I attend with eagerness.

*Troy.* 'Tis strange  
Such natural defects at no time check  
A full and free sufficiency of spirit,  
Which flows, both in so clear and fix'd a strength,  
That to confirm belief, it seems, where nature  
Is in the body lame, she is supplied  
In fine proportion of the mind ; a word  
Concludes all—to a man his enemy,  
He is a dangerous threat'ning ; but to women,  
However pleasurable, no way cunning  
To shew abilities of friendship, other  
Than what his outward senses can delight in,  
Or charge and bounty court with.

*Liv.* Good, good—Troylo.

Oh, that I had a lusty faith to credit it,  
Though none of all this wonder should be possible !

*Troy.* As I love honour, and an honest name,  
I fault not, my Livio, in one syllable.

*Liv.* News admirable ! 'tis, 'tis so—pish, I know  
Yet he has a kind heart of his own to girls, [it—  
Young, handsome girls ; yes, yes, so he may ;  
'Tis granted :—he would now and then be piddling.

And play the wanton, like a fly that dallies  
About a candle's flame; then scorch his wings,  
Drop down, and creep away, ha ?

*Troy.* Hardly that too ;  
To look upon fresh beauties, to discourse  
In an unblushing merriment of words,  
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance ;  
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,  
Read a chaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,  
Is th' height of his temptations.

*Liv.* Send him joy on't !

*Troy.* His choices are not of the courtly train,  
Nor city's practice ; but the country's innocence ;  
Such as are gentle born, not meanly ; such,  
To whom both gawdiness and ape-like fashions  
Are monstrous ; such as cleanliness and decency  
Prompt to a virtuous envy ; such as study  
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

*Liv.* Well, I have liv'd in ignorance : the  
ancients,  
Who chatted of the golden age, feign'd trifles.  
Had they dreamt this, they would have truth'd it  
heaven ;

I mean an earthly heaven ; less it is not !

*Troy.* Yet is this bachelor-miracle not free  
From the epidemical headach.

*Liv.* The yellows ?

*Troy.* Huge jealous fits ; admitting none to  
enter

But me, his page and barber, with an eunuch,  
And an old guardianess. It is a favour  
Not common, that the license of your visits  
To your own sister, now and then, is wink'd at.

*Liv.* But why are you his instrument ? his  
nephew !

'Tis ominous in nature.

*Troy.* Not in policy :  
Being his heir, I may take truce a little,  
With mine own fortunes.

*Liv.* Knowing how things stand too.

*Troy.* At certain seasons, as the humour takes  
him,

A set of music are permitted peaceably  
To cheer their solitariness, provided  
They are strangers, not acquainted near the city ;  
But never the same twice, pardon him that :  
Nor must their stay exceed an hour, or two  
At farthest, as at this wise wedding ; wherefore  
His barber is the master to instruct  
The lasses both in song and dance, by him  
Train'd up in either quality.

*Liv.* A caution  
Happily studied.

*Troy.* Farther to prevent  
Suspicion, he has married his young barber  
To the old matron, and withal is pleased  
Report should mutter him a mighty man  
For th' game, to take off all suspicion  
Of insufficiency ; and this strict company  
He calls his Bower of Fancies.

*Liv.* Yes, and properly,  
Since all his recreations are in fancy.  
I am infinitely taken.—Sister ! marry,  
Would I had sisters in a plenty, Troylo,  
So to bestow them all, and turn them Fancies !  
Fancies ! why, 'tis a pretty name, methinks.

*Troy.* Something remains, which in conclusion  
shortly,  
Shall take thee fuller. [Music within.]

Hark, the wedding jollity !

With a bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials !  
Perhaps the ladies will turn songsters.

*Liv.* Silence !

A Sore within.

*After which, enter in procession, with the bride-cake, Secco  
and MORONA, with CASTAMELA, FLORINA, CLARELLA,  
SILVIA, SPADONE, and MUSCIARA.*

*Sec.* Passing neat and exquisite, I protest, fair  
creatures. These honours to our solemnity are  
liberal and uncommon ; my spouse and myself,  
with our posterity, shall prostitute our services to  
your bounties :—shall's not, duckling ?

*Mor.* Yes, honeysuckle ; and do as much for  
them one day, if things stand right as they should  
stand. Bill, pigeon, do ; thou'st be my cat-a-  
mountain, and I thy sweet-briar, honey. We'll  
lead you to kind examples, pretty ones, believe it ;  
and you shall find us, one in one, whilst hearts do  
last.

*Sec.* Ever mine own, and ever.

*Spa.* Well said, old touch-hole.

*Liv.* All happiness, all joy !

*Troy.* A plenteous issue,  
A fruitful womb !—thou hast a blessing, Secco.

*Mor.* Indeed he has, sir, if you know all, as I  
conceive you know enough, if not the whole ; for  
you have, I may say, tried me to the quick, through  
and through, and most of my carriage, from time  
to time.

*Spa.* 'Twould wind-break a mule, or a ringed  
mare, to vie burthens with her. [Aside]

*Mor.* What's that you mumble, gelding, hey ?

*Spa.* Nothing, forsooth, but that you are a  
bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pity to part  
you, though you hung together in a smoky chimney.

*Mor.* 'Twere e'en pity, indeed, Spadone ; nay,  
thou hast a foolish loving nature of thine own, and  
wishest well to plain dealings, o' my conscience.

*Spa.* Thank your brideship—your bawdship. [Aside.]

*Flo.* Our sister is not merry.

*Clar.* Sadness cannot  
Become a bridal harmony.

*Sil.* At a wedding,  
Free spirits are required.

*Troy.* You should dispense  
With serious thoughts now, lady.

*Mor.* Well said, gentlefolks.

*Liv.* Fie, Castamela, fie !

*All.* A dance, a dance !

*Troy.* By any means, the day is not complete

*Cast.* Indeed, I'll be excused. [else]

*Troy.* By no means, lady.

*Sec.* We all are suitors.

*Cast.* With your pardons, spare me  
For this time, grant me licence to look on.

[*Troy.*] Command your pleasures, lady.—Every  
one hand

Your partner :—nay, Spadone must make one ;  
These merriments are free.

*Spa.* With all my heart ; I'm sure I am not the  
heaviest in the company. Strike up for the honour  
of the bride and bridegroom. [Music]

A DANCE.

*Troy.* So, so, here's art in motion ! On all  
You have bestir'd you nimbly. [parts]

*Mor.* I could dance now,  
E'en till I dropt again ; but want of practice

Denies the scope of breath, or so : yet, sirrah,  
My cat-a-mountain, do not I trip quickly,  
And with a grace too, sirrah ?

*Sec.* Light as a feather.

*Spa.* Sure you are not without a stick of liquorice in your pocket, forsooth. You have, I believe, stout lungs of your own, you swim about so roundly without rubs ; 'tis a tickling sight to be young still.

*Enter NITIDO.*

*Nit.* Madam Morosa !

*Mor.* Child.

*Nit.* To you in secret. [*Takes her aside.*]

*Spa.* That ear-wig scatters the troop now ; I'll go near to fit him.

*Liv.* My lord, upon my life—

*Troy.* Then we must sever.

*Mor.* Ladies and gentlemen, your ears.

[*Whispers them.*]

*Spa.* Oh, 'twas ever a wanton monkey—he will wriggle into a starting-hole so cleanly—an it had been on my wedding-day,—I know what I know.

*Sec.* Say 'at so, Spadone ?

*Spa.* Nothing, nothing ; I prate sometimes beside the purpose—whoreson, lecherous weazle !

*Sec.* Look, look, look, how officious the little knave is !—but—

*Spa.* Why, there's the business ; *buts* on one's forehead are but scurvy *buts*.

*Mor.* Spadone, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

*Spa.* Yes, I know my postures—oh monstrous, *buts* !

[*Exit, with the Musicians.*]

*Mor.* [*to Sec.*] Attend within, sweeting ;—your pardons, gentlemen. To your recreations, dear virgins ! Page, have a care.

*Nit.* My duty, reverend madam.

*Troy.* Livio, away !—Sweet beauties—

*Cast.* Brother.

*Liv.* Suddenly

I shall return ;—now for a round temptation. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt severally, MORA. STAYS CAST.*]

*Mor.* One gentle word in private with your ladyship ;

I shall not hold you long.

*Cast.* What means this huddle

Of flying several ways thus ? who has frightened them ?

They live not at devotion here, or pension.

Pray quit me of distrust.

*Mor.* May it please your goodness,

You'll find him even in every point as honourable, As flesh and blood can vouch him.

*Cast.* Ha ! him ? whom ?

What him ?

*Mor.* He will not press beyond his bounds ;

He will but chat and toy, and feel your—

*Cast.* Guard me

A powerful Genius ! feel—

*Mor.* Your hands to kiss them,

Your fair, pure, white hauds ; what strange business is it ?

These melting twins of ivory, but softer

Than down of turtles, shall but feed the appetite—

*Cast.* A rape upon my ears !

*Mor.* The appetite

Of his poor ravis'd eye ; should he swell higher

In his desires, and soar upon ambition

Of rising in humility, by degrees ;

Perhaps he might crave leave to clap—

*Cast.* Fond woman,  
In thy grave sinful !

*Mor.* Clap or pat the dimples,  
Where love's tomb stands erected on your cheeks.  
Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one,  
His lordship is as harmless a weak implement,  
As e'er young lady trembled under.

*Cast.* Lordship !

Stead me, my modest anger !—'tis belike then,  
Religious matron, some great man's prison,  
Where virgins' honours suffer martyrdom,  
And you are their tormentor ; let's lay down  
Our ruin'd names to the insulter's mercy !  
Let's sport and smile on scandal—(rare calamity,  
What hast thou toil'd me in ! [*Aside.*])—You  
named his lordship,  
Some gallant youth, and fiery ?

*Mor.* No, no, 'deed, la !

A very grave, stale bachelor, my dainty one,  
There's the conceit ; he's none of your hot rovers,  
Who ruffle at first dash, and so disfigure  
Your dresses, and your sets of blush at once :  
He's wise in years, and of a temperate warmth,  
Mighty in means and power, and withal liberal ;  
A wanton in his wishes, but else,—farther,  
He cannot—cause—he cannot—

*Cast.* Cannot ? prithee

Be plainer ; I begin to like thee strangely ;

What cannot ?

*Mor.* You urge timely, and to purpose :

He cannot do,—the truth is truth,—do anything,  
As one should say,—that's anything ; put case—  
I do but put the case, forsooth,—he find you.

*Cast.* My stars, I thank ye, for being ignorant,  
Of what this old-in-mischief can intend !— [*Aside.*]  
And so we might be merry, bravely merry ?

*Mor.* You hit it—what else !—she is cunning

[*Aside.*])—look ye,

Pray lend your hand, forsooth.

*Cast.* Why, prithee, take it.

*Mor.* You have a delicate moist palm—umph—  
Relish that tickle, there ? [*can ye*]

*Cast.* And laugh, if need were.

*Mor.* And laugh ! why now you have it : what  
hurt pray

Perceive ye ? there's all, all ; go to, you want  
tutoring,

Are an apt scholar ; I'll neglect no pains

For your instruction.

*Cast.* Do not :—but his lordship,

What may his lordship be ?

*Mor.* No worse man

Than marquis of Sienna, the great master  
Of this small family : your brother found him  
A bounteous benefactor, has advanced him  
The gentleman o' the horse ; in a short time  
He means to visit you himself in person,  
As kind, as loving an old man !

*Cast.* We'll meet him

With a full flame of welcome. Is't the marquis ?  
No worse ?

*Mor.* No worse, I can assure your ladyship ;  
The only free maintainer of the Fancies.

*Cast.* Fancies ? how mean you that ?

*Mor.* The pretty souls

Who are companions in the house ; all daughters  
To honest virtuous parents, and right worshipful ;  
A kind of chaste collapsed ladies.

*Cast.* Chaste too,  
And yet collapsed ?

*Mor.* Only in their fortunes.  
*Cast.* Sure, I must be a Fancy in the number.  
*Mor.* A Fancy principal; I hope you'll fashion  
 our entertainment, when the marquis courts  
 you,  
 as that I may stand blameless.  
*Cast.* Free suspicion.  
 My brother's raiser?  
*Mor.* Merely.  
*Cast.* My supporter?

*Mor.* Undoubtedly.  
*Cast.* An old man and a lover?  
*Mor.* True, there's the music, the content, the  
 harmony.  
*Cast.* And I myself a Fancy!  
*Mor.* You are pregnant.  
*Cast.* The chance is thrown; I now am fortune's  
 minion;  
 I will be bold and resolute.  
*Mor.* Blessing on thee! [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter ROMANELLO.

*Rom.* Prosper me now, my fate; some better  
 Genius,  
 Than such a one as waits on troubled passions,  
 Direct my courses to a noble issue!  
 My thoughts have wandered in a labyrinth;  
 but if the clue I have laid hold on fail not,  
 shall tread out the toil of these dark paths,  
 in spite of politic reaches. I am punish'd  
 on mine own hopes, by her unlucky fortunes,  
 Whose fame is ruin'd; Flavia, my lost sister!  
 Lost to report by her unworthy husband,  
 though heighten'd by a greatness, in whose mix-  
 tures, hate to claim a part.—

Enter NITIDO.

Oh welcome, welcome,  
 Dear boy! thou keep'st time with my expectations,  
 as justly as the promise of my bounties  
 shall reckon with thy service.

*Nit.* I have fashion'd  
 the means of your admittance.

*Rom.* Precious Nitido!

*Nit.* More, have bethought me of a shape, a  
 quaint one,  
 you may appear in, safe and unsuspected.  
*Rom.* Thou'rt an ingenious boy.

*Nit.* Beyond all this,  
 have so contrived the feat, that, at first sight,  
 Troilo himself shall court your entertainment,  
 Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

*Rom.* Thou hast out-done  
 all counsel, and all cunning.

*Nit.* True, I have, sir,  
 saged nimbly in my practices; but surely,  
 there are some certain clogs, some roguish stag-  
 gers,  
 some—what shall I call 'em?—in the business.

*Rom.* Nitido,  
 what, faint now! dear heart, bear up:—what  
 what clogs? let me remove them. [stagers,]

*Nit.* Am I honest  
 in this discovery?

*Rom.* Honest! pish, is that all?

[Gives him a purse.]

By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats  
 which line it, I will answer for thy honesty  
 Against all Italy, and prove it perfect:  
 Besides, remember I am bound to secrecy;  
 thou'lt not betray thyself?

*Nit.* All fears are clear'd then;  
 but if—

*Rom.* If what? out with't.  
*Nit.* If we are discover'd,  
 You'll answer, I am honest still?  
*Rom.* Dost doubt it?  
*Nit.* Not much! I have your purse in pawn for  
 it.  
 Now, to the shape. You know the wit in Florence,  
 Who, in the great duke's court, buffoons his com-  
 pliment,  
 According to the change of meats in season,  
 At every free lord's table—  
*Rom.* Or free meetings  
 In taverns; there he sits at the upper end,  
 And eats, and prates, he cares not how nor what:  
 The very quack of fashions, the very he that  
 Wears a stiletto on his chin?

*Nit.* You have him.  
 Like such a thing must you appear, and study,  
 Amongst the ladies, in a formal foppery,  
 To vent some curiosity of language,  
 Above their apprehensions,—or your own,  
 Indeed beyond sense; you are the more the person.  
 Now amorous, then scurvy, sometimes bawdy;  
 The same man still, but evermore fantastical,  
 As being the suppositor to laughter;  
 It hath saved charge in physic.

*Rom.* When occasion  
 Offers itself,—for where it does or not,  
 I will be bold to take it,—I may turn  
 To some one in the company; and, changing  
 My method, talk of state, and rail against  
 Th' employment of the time, mislike the carriage  
 Of places, and mislike that men of parts,  
 Of merit, such as myself am, are not  
 Thrust into public action: 'twill set off  
 A privilege I challenge from opinion,  
 With a more lively current.

*Nit.* On my modesty,  
 You are some kin to him.  
 Signor Pragnio! Signor Mushrumpo!  
 Leap but into his antick garb, and trust me  
 You'll fit it to a thought.

*Rom.* The time?

*Nit.* As suddenly  
 As you can be transform'd;—for the event,  
 'Tis pregnant.

*Rom.* Yet, my pretty knave, thou hast not  
 Discover'd where fair Castamela lives;  
 Nor how, nor amongst whom.

*Nit.* Pish! yet more queries?  
 Till your own eyes inform, be silent; else  
 Take back your earnest. What, turn woman? fie!  
 Be idle and inquisitive?

*Rom.* No more.

I shall be speedily provided; ask for  
A note at mine own lodging.

[Exit.

*Nit.* I'll not fail you.—

Assuredly, I will not fail you, signor,  
My fine innamorato—twenty ducats!  
They are half his quarter's income: love, oh love,  
What a pure madness art thou! I shall fit him,  
Fit, quit, and split him too.—

Enter TROYLO.

Most bounteous sir.

*Troy.* Boy, thou art quick and trusty,  
Be withal close and silent, and thy pains  
Shall meet a liberal addition.

*Nit.* Though, sir,  
I'm but a child, yet you shall find me—

*Troy.* Man  
In the contrivements; I will speak for thee.  
Well! he does relish the disguise?

*Nit.* Most greedily,  
Swallows it with a liquorish delight,  
Will instantly be shaped in't, instantly.  
And, on my conscience, sir, the supposition,  
Strengthen'd by [im]position, will transform him  
Into the beast itself he does resemble.

*Troy.* Spend that, and look for more, boy.

[Gives him money.

*Nit.* Sir, it needs not:  
I have already twenty ducats pursed  
In a gay case; 'las, sir! to you, my service  
Is but my duty.

*Troy.* Modesty in pages  
Shows not a virtue, boy, when it exceeds  
Good manners. Where must we meet?

*Nit.* Sir, at his lodging,  
Or near about; he will make haste, believe it.

*Troy.* Wait the opportunity, and give me notice;  
I shall attend.

*Nit.* If I miss my part, hang me! [Exit.

## SCENE II.—An apartment in JULIO'S House.

Enter VESPUCCI and CAMILLO.

*Vesp.* Come, thou art caught, Camillo.

*Cam.* Away, away,  
That were a jest indeed; I caught?

*Vesp.* The lady  
Does scatter glances, wheels her round, and  
smiles;

Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes  
Each hour have run in progress; then thou kissest  
All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly,  
"Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,  
Three quarters have near past the figure X;"  
Or as the time of day goes—

*Cam.* So, Vespucci!  
This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,  
The grain of thy complexion is quite alter'd;  
Once 'twas a comely brown, 'tis now of late  
A perfect green and yellow; sure prognosticates  
Of th' overflux o' th' gall, and melancholy,  
Symptoms of love and jealousy. Poor soul!  
Quoth she, *the she*, "why hang thy looks like  
bell-ropes

Out of the wheels?" thou, flinging down thy eyes  
Low at her feet, repliedst, "because, oh sovereign!  
The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never  
Can ring in tune again, till't be new cast by  
One only skilful foundress."—Hereat

She turn'd aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still, and  
star'dst;

I did observe 't:—be plain, what hope?

*Vesp.* She loves thee;  
Doats on thee; in my hearing told her lord  
Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe  
Of courtship, and of compliment:—ah ha!  
She nick'd it there!—I envy not thy fortunes;  
For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome and deserv'st  
Were she as great again as she is. [her,

*Cam.* I handsome?  
Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,  
There's all! But, sirrah, prithee, let's be sociable;  
I do confess, I think the goody-madam  
May possibly be compass'd; I resolve, too,  
To put in for a share, come what can come on't.

*Vesp.* A pretty toy 'tis. Since thou'rt open  
breasted,  
Camillo, I presume she is [a] wanton,  
And therefore mean to give the sowse whenever  
I find the game on wing.

*Cam.* Let us consider—  
She's but a merchant's leavings.

*Vesp.* Hatch'd i' th' country,  
And fledged i' th' city.

*Cam.* 'Tis a common custom  
'mongst friends,—they are not friends else—chiefly  
gallants,

To trade by turns in such like frail commodities;  
The one is but reversion to the other.

*Vesp.* Why, 'tis the fashion, man.

*Cam.* Most free and proper;  
One surgeon, one apothecary.

*Vesp.* Thus, then;  
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory  
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services  
To ladies' favours; with what faith and secrecy,  
I live in her commands, whbse special courtesies  
Oblige me to particular engagements:  
I'll do as much for thee.

*Cam.* With this addition,  
Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,  
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,  
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour;  
That to deliver him in perfect character,  
Were to detract from such a solid virtue  
As reigns not in another soul; he is—

*Vesp.* The thing a mistress ought to wish her  
Are we agreed? [servant.

*Cam.* Most readily. On 't other side,  
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely  
Of one another as we can.

*Vesp.* I like it;  
So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, and FABRICIO.

*Jul.* Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress;  
Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,  
Nor common alms.

*Flav.* You must not loiter lazily,  
And speak about the town, my friend, in taverns,  
In gaming-houses; nor sneak after dinner  
To public shews, to interludes, in riot,  
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily,  
Like one of us:—oh, fie upon them, giblets!  
I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it  
In braveries, so rich, that 'tis scarce possible  
To distinguish one of these vile naughty packs  
From true and arrant ladies; they'll inveigle  
Your substance and your body,—think on that.—

I say, your body; look to't.—

Is't not sound counsel? [Turns to JUL.]

*Jul.* 'Tis more; 'tis heavenly.

*Vesp.* What hope, Camillo, now, if this tune hold?

*Cam.* Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever; Why, any woman in her husband's presence Can say no less.

*Vesp.* 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

*Fab.* Madam, your care and charity at once Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth Whene'er my mention falls into report, It shall requite this bounty: I am travelling To a new world.

*Jul.* I like your undertakings.

*Flav.* New world! where's that I pray? good, if you light on

A parrot or a monkey that has qualities Of a new fashion, think on me.

*Fab.* Yes, lady,

I—I shall think on you; and my devotions, Tender'd where they are due in single meekness, With purer flames will mount, with free increase Of plenty, honours, full contents, full blessings, Truth and affection 'twixt your lord and you. So with my humblest, best leave, I turn from you; Never, as now I am, to appear before you.

All joys dwell here, and lasting! [Exit.]

*Flav.* Prithee, sweetest,

Hark in your ear,—beshrew't, the brim of your hat Struck in mine eye—dissemble honest tears, The griefs my heart does labour in [Aside]—[it] Unmeasurably. [smarts]

*Jul.* A chance, a chance; 'twill off, Suddenly off—forbear; this handkerchief But makes it worse.

*Cam.* Wink, madam, with that eye, The pain will quickly pass.

*Vesp.* Immediately;

I know it by experience.

*Flav.* Yes, I find it.

*Jul.* Spare us a little, gentlemen.

[Exeunt CAM. and VESP.]

Speak freely:

What wert thou saying, dearest?

*Flav.* Do you love me?

Answer in sober sadness; I'm your wife now, I know my place and power.

*Jul.* What's this riddle?

Thou hast thyself replied to thine own question, In being married to me; a sure argument Of more than protestation.

*Flav.* Such it should be

Were you as other husbands: it is granted, A woman of my state may like good clothes, Choice diet, many servants, change of merriments, All these I do enjoy; and wherefore not? Great ladies should command their own delights: And yet, for all this, I am used but homely,— But I am serv'd even well enough.

*Jul.* My Flavia,

I understand not what thou would'st.

*Flav.* Pray pardon me;

I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish; Trust me, indeed I am; for I could cry Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour: You know I have a brother.

*Jul.* Romanello,

An unkind brother.

*Flav.* Right, right; since you bosom'd

My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe As much as to come near me. Oh, it mads me, Being but two, that we should live at distance, As if I were a cast-away;—and you, For your part, take no care on't, nor attempt To draw him hither.

*Jul.* Say the man be peevish, Must I petition him?

*Flav.* Yes, marry, must you, Or else you love not me: will see my brother! Yes I will see him; so I will, will see him;— You hear't—oh my good lord, dear, gentle, prithee,—

You sha'n't be angry;—'las, I know, poor gentle-

man, He bears a troubled mind: but let us meet And talk a little; we perhaps may chide At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet; There's all.

*Jul.* Write to him, and invite him hither, Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness; I'll do what thou canst wish.

*Flav.* And, in requital, Believe I shall say something that may settle A constancy of peace, for which you'll thank me. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SECCO and SPADONE.

*Sec.* The rarest fellow, Spadone! so full of gambols!—he talks so humorously—does he not?—so carelessly; oh, rich! On my hope of posterity, I could be in love with him.

*Spa.* His tongue troubles like a mill-clack; he towzes the lady-sisters as a tumbling dog does young rabbits; hey here! dab there! your Madonna,—he has a catch at her too; there's a trick in the business,—I am a dunce else,—I say, a shrewd one.

*Sec.* Jump with me! I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

*Spa.* Who brought him in? that would be known.

*Sec.* That did Signor Troilo; I saw the page part at the door. Some trick still; go to, wife, I must and I will have an eye to this gear.

*Spa.* A plain case; roguery, brokerage and roguery, or call me bulchin. Fancies, quoth a? rather Frenzies. We shall all roar shortly, turn madcaps, lie open to what comes first: I may stand to't—that boy page is a naughty boy page—let me feel your forehead: ha! oh, hum,—yes,—there,—there again! I'm sorry for ye, a hand-saw cannot cure ye: monstrous and apparent.

[Feeling his forehead.]

*Sec.* What, what, what, what, what, Spadone?

*Spa.* What, what, what, what! nothing but velvet tips; you are of the first head yet. Have a good heart, man; a cuckold, though he be a beast, wears invisible horns, else we might know a city-bull from a country-calf;—villainous boy, still!

*Sec.* My razor shall be my weapon, my razor.

*Spa.* Why, he's not come to the honour of a beard yet; he needs no shaving.

*Sec.* I will trim him and tram him.

*Spa.* Nay, she may do well enough for one.

*Sec.* One? ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand; do beyond arithmetic! Spadone, I

speak it with some passion, I am a notorious cuckold.

*Spa.* Gross and ridiculous!—look ye—point blank, I dare not swear that this same mountebanking new-come foist is at least a procurer in the business, if not a pretender himself; but I think what I think.

*Sec.* He, Troilo, Livio, the page, that hole-creeching page, all horn me, sirrah. I'll forgive thee from my heart; dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottom?

*Spa.* A likely matter! 'las, I am metamorphosed I; be patient, you'll mar all else.

*Laughing within.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sec.* Now, now, now, now the game's rampant, rampant!

*Spa.* Leave your wild figaries, and learn to be a tame antick, or I'll observe no longer.

*Within.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter TROYLO, CASTAMELA, FLORIO, CLARELLA, SILVIA, MOROSA, and ROMANELLO disguised as FRAGNIOLI.*

*Sil.* You are extremely busy, signor.

*Flo.* Courtly,

Without a fellow.

*Clar.* Have a stabbing wit.

*Cast.* But are you always, when you press on ladies

Of mild and easy nature, so much satire,  
So tart and keen as we do taste you now?

It argues a lean brain.

*Rom.* Gip to your beauties!

You would be fair, forsooth! you would be monsters;

Fair women are such;—monsters to be seen  
Are rare, and so are they.

*Troy.* Bear with him, ladies.

*Mor.* He is a foul-mouth'd man.

*Sec.* Whore, bitch-fox, tressle!—[*Aside to MOR.*]—*fa la la la!*

*Mor.* How's that, my cat-a-mountain!

*Spa.* Hold her there, boy.

*Clar.* Were you e'er in love, fine signor?

*Rom.* Yes, for sport's sake,

But soon forgot it; and he that rides a gallop

Is quickly weary. I esteem of love

As of a man in some huge place; it puzzles

Reason, distracts the freedom of the soul,

Renders a wise man fool, and a fool wise—

In's own conceit, not else; it yields effects

Of pleasure, travail; bitter, sweet; war, peace;

Thorns, roses; prayers, curses; longings, surfeits,

Despair, and then a rope. Oh, my trim lover!—

Yes, I have loved a score at once.

*Spa.* Out, stallion! as I am a man and no man,  
the baboon lies, I dare swear, abominably.

*Sec.* Inhumanly;—keep your bow close, vixen.  
[*Pinches MOR.*]

*Mor.* Bewshrew your fingers, if you be in earnest!  
You pinch too hard; go to, I'll pare your nails  
for't.

*Spa.* She means your horns; there's a bob for  
you!

*Clar.* Spruce signor, if a man may love so many,  
Why may not a fair lady have like privilege  
Of several servants?

*Troy.* Answer that; the reason  
Holds the same weight.

*Mor.* Marry, and so it does,  
Though he would spit his gall out.

*Spa.* Mark that, Secco.

*Sil.* D'ye pump for a reply?

*Rom.* The learned differ

In that point; grand and famous scholars often  
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtful;  
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great clerks  
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modesty  
For me to silence mine.

*Flo.* Dull and phlegmatic!

*Clar.* Yet women sure, in such a case, are ever  
More secret than men are.

*Sil.* Yes, and talk less.

*Rom.* That is a truth much fabled, never found.

You secret! when you dresses blab your vanities?

Carnation for your points? there's a gross babbler;

Tawney? hey ho! the pretty heart is wounded:

A knot of willow ribbons? she's forsaken.

Another rides the cock-horse, green and azure,

Wince and cry wee-hee! like a colt unbroken:

But desperate black put them in mind of fish-days;

When Lent spurs on devotion, there's a famine:

Yet love and judgment may help all this pudder;

Where are they not? not in females.

*Flo.* In all sorts

Of men, no doubt!

*Sil.* Else they were sots to choose.

*Clar.* To swear and flatter, sometimes lie, for  
profit.

*Rom.* Not so, forsooth: should love and judgment  
meet,

The old, the fool, the ugly, and reform'd,

Could never be beloved; for example,

Behold these two, this madam and this shaver.

*Mor.* I do defy thee; am I old or ugly?

*Sec.* Tricks, knacks, devices! now it trouts  
about.

*Rom.* Troul let it, stripling; thou hast yet firm  
footing,

And need'st not fear the cuckold's livery,

There's good philosophy for't: take this for com-  
fort;

No horned beasts have teeth in either gums;

But thou art tooth'd on both sides, though she fail

*Mor.* He is not jealous, sirrah. [in't.]

*Rom.* That's his fortune;

Women indeed more jealous are than men,

But men have more cause.

*Spa.* There he rubb'd your forehead;

'Twas a tough blow.

*Sec.* It smarts.

*Mor.* Pox on him! let him

Put's fingers into any gums of mine,

He shall find I have teeth about me, sound ones.

*Sec.* You are a scurvy fellow, and I am made a  
cokes, an ass; and this same filthy crone's a  
flirt.

*Whoop, do me no harm, good—woman.* [Exit.]

*Spa.* Now, now he's in! I must not leave him  
so. [Exit.]

*Troy.* Morosa, what means this?

*Mor.* I know not, I;

He pinch'd me, call'd me names, most filthy names.  
Will you part hence, sir? [To ROM.] I will set  
ye packing. [Exit.]

*Clar.* You were indeed too broad, too violent.

*Flo.* Here's nothing meant but mirth.

*Sil.* The gentleman

Hath been a little pleasant.

*Clar.* Somewhat bitter

Against our sex.



*Cast.* For which I promise him,  
He ne'er proves choice of mine.

*Rom.* Not I your choice?

*Troy.* So she protested, signor.

*Rom.* Indeed!

*Re-enter MONROA.*

*Clar.* Why, you are moved, sir.

*Mor.* Hence! there enters

A civiller companion for fair ladies,  
Than such a sloven.

*Rom.* Beauties,—

*Troy.* Time prevents us,

Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

[*Exeunt TROY. and ROM.*]

*Enter OCTAVIO, SECCO, and LIVIO.*

*Oct.* (To SECCO.) Enough! slip off, and on  
your life be secret. [*Exit SEC.*]

A lovely day, young creatures! to you, Floria,  
To you, Clarella, Silvia, to all, service!  
But who is this fair stranger?

*Liv.* Castamela,

My sister, noble lord.

*Oct.* Let ignorance

Of what you were plead my neglect of manners,  
And this soft touch excuse it. You've enrich'd  
This little family, most excellent virgin,  
With the honour of your company.

*Cast.* I find them

Worthily graceful, sir.

*Liv.* Are you so taken?

[*Aside.*]

*Oct.* Here are no public sights nor courtly visitants,

Which youth and active blood might stray in  
thought for;

The companies are few, the pleasures single,  
And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps, by any,  
Not perfectly acquainted with this custom:  
Are they not, lovely one?

*Liv.* Sir, I dare answer

My sister's resolution. Free converse  
Amongst so many of her sex, so virtuous,  
She ever hath preferr'd before the surquedry  
Of prostration, or the vainer giddiness  
Of popular attendants.

*Cast.* Well play'd, brother!

[*Music within.*]

*Oct.* The meaning of this music?

*Mor.* Please your lordship,

It is the ladies' hour for exercise  
In song and dance.

*Oct.* I dare not be the author

Of truanting the time then, neither will I.

*Mor.* Walk on, dear ladies.

*Oct.* 'Tis a task of pleasure.

*Liv.* Be now my sister, stand a trial bravely.

*Mor.* (To CAST.) Remember my instructions,  
or—

[*Exit, followed by LIV. FLO. CLAR. and SIL.*]

*Oct.* (Detaining CAST.) With ardon,  
You are not of the number, I presume, yet,  
To be enjoin'd to hours. If you please,  
We for a little while may sit as judges  
Of their proficience; pray, vouchsafe the favour.

*Cast.* I am, sir, in a place to be commanded,  
As now the present urgeth.

*Oct.* No compulsion,

That were too hard a word; where you are sove-  
reign,

Your yea and nay is law: I have a suit t'ye.

*Cast.* For what, sir?

*Oct.* For your love.

*Cast.* To whom? I am not

So weary of the authority I hold

Over mine own contents in sleeps and wakings.

That I'd resign my liberty to any

Who should controul it.

*Oct.* Neither I intend so;

Grant me an entertainment.

*Cast.* Of what nature?

*Oct.* To acknowledge me your creature.

*Cast.* Oh, my lord,

You are too wise in years, too full of counsel,

For my green inexperience.

*Oct.* Love, dear maid,

Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper

For beauty to desire to be beloved.

I am not free from passion, though the current

Of a more lively heat runs slowly through me;

My heart is gentle, and believe, fresh girl,

Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,

Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,

That bounty can withhold: this acad'emy

Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only

To such a constant use.

*Cast.* You have, belike, then,

A patent for concealing virgins: otherwise,

Make plainer your intentions.

*Oct.* To be pleasant

In practice of some outward senses only;

No more.

*Cast.* No worse you dare not to imagine,

Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,

Out-faces every wickedness your dotage

Has lull'd you in. I scent your cruel mercies;

Your fact'ness hath been tamping for my misery;

Your old temptation, your she-devil:—bear with

A language which this place, and none but this,

hath

Infected my tongue with. The time will come,

too,

When he, unhappy man! whom your advancement

Hath ruin'd by being spaniel to your fortunes,

Will curse he train'd me hither—Livio—

I must not call him brother—this one act

Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.

*Oct.* The proffer of a noble courtesy

Is check'd, it seems.

*Cast.* A courtesy?—a bondage:

You are a great man, vicious, much more vicious,

Because you hold a seeming league with charity,

Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality

For sensualists in your own sepulchre,

Even by your life-time: yet are dead already.

*Oct.* How's this? come, be more mild.

*Cast.* You chide me soberly;

Then, sir, I tune my voice to other music.

You are an eminent statish; be a father

To such unfriended virgins as your bounty

Hath drawn into a scandal: you are powerful

In means; a bachelor, freed from the jealousies

Of wants; convert this privacy of maintenance

Into your own court; let this, as you call it,

Your Academy, have a residence there;

And there survey your charity yourself:

That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands

With fitting portions, such as you know worthy,

You may yield to the present age, example,

And to posterity, a glorious chronicle;

There were a work of piety! The other is

A scorn upon your tombstone ; where the reader  
Will but expound, that when you liv'd, you pan-  
dar'd

Your own purse and your fame. I am too bold,  
sir ;

Some anger and some pity hath directed  
A wand'ring trouble.

*Oct.* Be not known what passages

The time hath lent ; for once, I can bear with you.

*Cast.* I'll countenance the hazard of suspicion,

And be your guest awhile.

*Oct.* Be—but hereafter—

I know not what.—Livio !

*Re-enter Livio and MOROSA.*

*Liv.* My lord.

*Cast.* Indeed, sir.

I cannot part wi' ye yet.

*Oct.* Well, then, thou shalt not,

My precious Castamela.—Thou hast a sister,

A perfect sister, Livio.

*Mor.* All is inck'd here,

Good soul, indeed !

[*Aside.*

*Lin.* I'd speak with you anon.

*Cast.* It may be so.

*Oct.* Come, fair one.

*Liv.* Oh, I am cheated !

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Livio and CASTAMELA.*

*Liv.* Prithee, be serious.

*Cast.* Prithee, interrupt not

The paradise of my becharming thoughts,  
Which mount my knowledge to the sphere I move  
Above this useless tattle. [in,

*Liv.* Tattle, sister !

D'ye know to whom you talk this ?

*Cast.* To the gentleman

Of my lord's horse, new-stept into the office !

'Tis a good place, sir, if you can be thankful.

Demean your carriage in it so, that negligence,

Or pride of your preferment, oversway not

The grace you hold in his esteem ; such fortunes

Drop not down every day : observe the favour

That rais'd you to this fortune.

*Liv.* Thou mistak'st sure

What person thou hold'st speech with.

*Cast.* Strange and idle.

*Liv.* Is't possible ? why, you are turn'd a mis-

A mistress of the trim ! Beshrew me, lady, [tress,

You keep a stately port ; but it becomes you not.

Our father's daughter, if I err not rarely,

Delighted in a softer, humbler sweetness,

Not in a hey-dey-gay of scurvy gallantry :

You do not brave it like a thing o' th' fashion,

You ape the humour faintly.

*Cast.* " Love, dear maid,

Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper

For beauty to desire to be beloved."

*Liv.* Fine sport !

You mind not me ; will you yet hear me, madam ?

*Cast.* " Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,

Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,

That bounty can withhold."—I know I shall not.

*Liv.* And so you clapt the bargain ! the conceit  
on't

Tickles your contemplation ! 'tis come out now :

A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,

Will prove her traitor ; this was all I sifted,

And here have found thee wretched.

*Cast.* We shall flourish ;

Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be  
straiten'd

Within the limits of an empty patience ;

Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only

On greatness, which enjoys the swing of pleasures ;

But be ourselves the object of their envy,

To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.

It was thy cunning, Livio, I applaud it,  
Fear nothing ; I'll be thrifty in thy projects :  
Want ? misery ? may all such want as think on't !  
Our footing shall be firm.

*Liv.* You are much witty.

Why, Castamela, this to me ? you counterfeit

Most palpably ; I am too well acquainted

With thy condition, sister. If the marquis

Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,

Provoking thy contempt ; not all the flatteries

Of his assurance to our hopes of rising

Can, or shall, slave our souls.

*Cast.* Indeed not so, sir ;

You are beside the point, most gentle signor !

I'll be no more your ward, no longer chamber'd,

Nor mew'd up to the lure of your devotion ;

Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not ; surely

I cannot, for my promise past ; and sufferance

Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me :

You may take this for answer.

*Liv.* In such earnest !

Hath goodness left thee quite ? Fool, thou art  
wand'ring

In dangerous fogs, which will corrupt the purity

Of every noble virtue dwelt within thee.

Come home again, home, Castamela, sister,

Home to thine own simplicity ; and rather

Than yield thy memory up to the witchcraft

Of an abused confidence, be courted

For Romanello.

*Cast.* Romanello !

*Liv.* Scorn'st thou

The name ? thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd,  
rebels

To all that's honest ; that's to truth and honour.

*Cast.* So, sir, and in good time !

*Liv.* Thou art fallen suddenly

Into a pluriety of faithless impudence ;

A whorish itch infects thy blood, a leprosy

Of raging lust, and thou art mad to prostitute

The glory of thy virgin-dower basely

For common sale. This foulness must be purg'd,

Or thy disease will rankle to a pestilence,

Which can even taint the very air about thee ;

But I shall study physic.

*Cast.* Learn good manners :

I take it, you are saucy.

*Liv.* Saucy ? strumpet

In thy desires ! 'tis in my power to cut off

The twist thy life is spun by.

*Cast.* Phew ! you rave now :

But if you have not perish'd all your reason,  
Know I will use my freedom. You, forsooth,  
For change of fresh apparel, and the pocketing  
Of some well-looking ducats, were contented,  
Passingly pleased—yes, marry were you, mark it,—  
'T expose me to the danger now you rail at!  
Brought me, nay, forced me hither, without ques-  
tion

Of what might follow; here you find the issue:  
And I distrust not but it was th' appointment  
Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me  
Than widowed virginity.

*Liv.* You are a gallant;  
One of my old lord's Fancies. Peevish girl,  
Was't ever heard that youth could doat on sick-  
ness,

A grey beard, wrinkled face, a dried-up marrow,  
A toothless head, a—?—this is but a merriment,  
Merely but trial. Romanello loves thee;  
Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want:  
Return with me, and I will leave these fortunes,  
Good maid, of gentle nature.

*Cast.* By my hopes,  
I never placed affection on that gentleman,  
Though he deserv'd well; I have told him often  
My resolution.

*Liv.* Will you hence, and trust to  
My care of settling you a peace?

*Cast.* No, surely;  
Such treaty may break off.

*Liv.* Off be it broken!

I'll do what thou shalt rue.

*Cast.* You cannot, Livio.

*Liv.* So confident, young mistress mine! I'll  
do't. [Exit.]

*Enter TRUVIO.*

*Troy.* Incomparable maid!

*Cast.* You have been counsellor  
To a strange dialogue.

*Troy.* If there be constancy  
In protestation of a virtuous nature,  
You are secure, as the effects shall witness.

*Cast.* Be noble; I am credulous: my language  
Hath prejudiced my heart; I am my brother  
Ne'er parted at such distance: yet, I glory  
In the fair race he runs; but fear the violence  
Of his disorder.

*Troy.* Little time shall quit him. [They retire.]

*Enter SECCO, leading NITIDO in a garter with one hand, a  
rod in the other; followed by MOROSA, SILVIA, FLORLA,  
CLARELLA. SPADONE behind laughing.*

*Sec.* The young whelp is mad; I must slice the  
worm out of his breech. I have noosed his neck  
in the collar; and I will once turn dog-leech:  
stand from about me, or you'll find me terrible  
and furious.

*Nit.* Ladies, good ladies, dear madam, Morosa!

*Flo.* Honest Secco!

*Sil.* What was the cause? what wrong has he  
done to thee?

*Clar.* Why dost thou fright us so, and art so  
peremptory

Where we are present, fellow?

*Mor.* Honey-bird, spouse, cat-a-mountain! ah,  
the child, the pretty poor child, the sweet-faced  
child!

*Spa.* That very word halts the earwig.

*Sec.* Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked  
truth to your faces! his fore-parts have been too

lust, and his posteriors must do penance for't.  
Untruss, whiskin, untruss! away, burs! out, mare-  
hag mule! avaunt! thy turn comes next, avaunt!  
the horns of my rage are advanced; hence, or I  
shall gore ye!

*Spa.* Lash him soundly; let the little ape show  
tricks.

*Nit.* Help, or I shall be throttled!

*Mor.* Yes, I will help thee, pretty heart; if my  
tongue cannot prevail, my nails shall. Barbarous-  
minded man, let go, or I shall use my talons.

[They fight.]

*Spa.* Well played, dog; well played, bear! sa,  
sa, sa! to't, to't!

*Sec.* Fury, whore, bawd, my wife and the devil!

*Mar.* Toss-pot, stinkard, pandar my husband  
and a rascal!

*Spa.* Scold, coxcomb, baggage, cuckold!

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot jump together;  
One is like good luck,  
'T other like foul weather.

*Troy.* Let us fall in now.—[Comes forward with  
CAST.]—What uncivil rudeness

Dares offer a disturbance to this company?

Peace and delights dwell here, not brawls and  
outrage:

Sirrah, be sure you show some reasons why

You so forget your duty, quickly show it,

Or I shall tame your cholera; what's the ground  
on't?

*Spa.* Humph, how's that? how's that? is he  
there, with a wannon! then do I begin to  
dwindle.—O, oh! the fit, the fit; the fit's upon me  
now, now, now, now! [Aside.]

*Sec.* It shall out. First then, know all Christian  
people, Jews, and infidels, he's and she's, by these  
presents, that I am a beast; see what I say, I say  
a very beast.

*Troy.* 'Tis granted.

*Sec.* Go to, then; a horned beast, a goodly tall,  
horned beast; in pure verity, a cuckold:—nay, I  
will tickle their trandidos.

*Mor.* Ah, thou base fellow! would'st thou  
confess it an it were so! but 'tis not so; and thou  
liest, and loudly.

*Troy.* Patience, Morosa:—you are, you say, a  
cuckold?

*Sec.* I'll justify my words, I scorn to eat them!  
this sucking ferret hath been wriggling in my old  
coney-burrow.

*Mor.* The boy, the babe, the infant! I spit at  
thee.

*Cast.* Fie, Secco, fie.

*Sec.* Appear, Spadone! my proofs are preg-  
nant and gross; truth is the truth; I must and I  
will be divorced: speak, Spadone, and exalt thy  
voice.

*Spa.* Who? I speak? alas, I cannot speak, I.

*Nit.* As I hope to live to be a man—

*Sec.* Damn the prick of thy weason-pipe!—  
where but two lie in a bed, you must be bodkin,  
bitch-baby, must you?—Spadone, am I a cuckold  
or no cuckold?

*Spa.* Why, you know I [am] an ignorant,  
unable trifle in such business; an oaf, a simple  
alcatote, an innocent.

*Sec.* Nay, nay, nay, no matter for that; this  
ramkin hath tupp'd my old rotten carrion-mutton.

*Mor.* Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage!

*Sec.* Spadone, speak aloud what I am.

*Spa.* I do not know.

*Sec.* What hast thou seen them doing together?  
doing?

*Spa.* Nothing.

*Mor.* Are thy mad brains in thy mazer now,  
thou jealous bedlam?

*Sec.* Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me  
as much?

*Spa.* Never.

*Sec.* Hey-day! ladies and signor, I am abused;  
they are agreed to scorn, jeer, and run me out of  
my wits, by consent. This gelded hobet-a-hoy is  
a corrupted pandar, this page a milk-livered dildoe,  
my wife a whore confest, and I myself a cuckold  
arrant.

*Spa.* Truly, Secco, for the ancient good woman  
I dare swear point-blank; and the boy, surely, I  
ever said, was to any man's thinking, a very chris-  
some in the thing you wot; that's my opinion  
clearly.

*Clar.* What a wise goose-cap hast thou shew'd  
thyself!

*Sec.* Here in my forehead it sticks, and stick it  
shall. Law I will have: I will never more tumble  
in sheets with thee, I will father no misbegotten  
of thine; the court shall trounce thee, the city  
cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the spittle  
confound thee. [Exit.]

*Cast.* The man has dream'd himself into a lunacy.

*Sil.* Alas, poor Nitido!

*Nit.* Truly, I am innocent.

*Mor.* Marry art thou; so thou art. The world  
says, how virtuously I have carried my good name  
in every part about me these threescore years and  
odd; and at last to slip with a child! there are  
men, men enough, tough and lusty, I hope, if one  
would give their mind to the iniquity of the flesh;  
but this is the life I have led with him a while,  
since when he lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

*Troy.* This only, ladies, is a fit of novelty;  
All will be reconciled.—I doubt, Spadone,  
Here is your hand in this, howe'er denied.

*Spa.* Faithfully, in truth forsooth—

*Troy.* Well, well, enough.—Morosa, be less  
This little jarr is argument of love, [troubled];  
It will prove lasting.—Beauties, I attend you.

[Exit all but SPA. and NIT.]

*Spa.* Youngling, a word, youngling; have not  
you scaped the lash handsomely? thank me for't.

*Nit.* I fear thy roguery, and I shall find it.

*Spa.* Is't possible? Give me thy little fist; we  
are friends: have a care henceforth; remember  
this whilst you live—

*And still the urchin would, but could not do.*

pretty knave, and so forth! come, truce on all  
hands.

*Nit.* Beshrew your fool's head; this was jest in  
earnest. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Room in ROMANELLO'S House.

Enter ROMANELLO.

*Rom.* I will converse with beasts, there is in  
mankind

No sound society; but, in woman—bless me!—  
Nor faith nor reason: I may justly wonder  
What trust was in my mother.

Enter Servant.

*Serv.* A caroch, sir,  
Stands at the gate.

*Rom.* Stand let it still and freeze there!  
Make sure the locks.

*Serv.* Too late; you are prevented.

Enter FLAVIA, followed by CAMILLO and VESPUCCI, who  
stand apart.

*Flav.* Brother, I come—

*Rom.* Unlook'd for;—I but sojourn  
Myself; I keep nor house, nor entertainments,  
French cooks composed, Italian collations:—  
Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services,  
Besitting exquisite ladies, such as you are,  
Perfume not our low roofs;—the way lies open;  
That, there.—[Points to the door.] Good day,

*Flav.* Why dy'e slight me? [great madam!]  
For what one act of mine, even from my childhood,  
Which may deliver my deserts inferior,  
Or to our births or family, is nature  
Become, in your contempt of me, a monster?

*Ves.* What's this, Camillo?

*Cam.* Not the strain in ordinary.

*Rom.* I'm out of tune to chop discourse—how-  
You are a woman. [ever,

*Flav.* Pensive and unfortunate,  
Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen  
More griefs than female weakness can keep league  
Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report, [with  
Spit what it dares invent against my actions;  
And it shall never find a power to blemish  
My mention, other than bessems a patient  
I not repine at lowness; and the fortunes  
Which I attend on now, are, as I value them.  
No new creation to a looser liberty;  
Your strangeness only may beget a change  
In wild opinion.

*Cam.* Here's another tang  
Of sense, Vespucci.

*Ves.* Listen, and observe.

*Rom.* Are not you, pray you—nay, we'll be  
contented,

In presence of your ushers, once to prattle  
Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned  
The lady-regent, by whose special influence  
Julio, the count of Camerine, is order'd?

*Flav.* His wife, 'tis known I am; and in that  
Obedient to a service; else, of greatness [title  
The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.

*Rom.* He loves you?

*Flav.* As worthily as dearly.

*Rom.* And 'tis believed how practice quickly  
fashion'd

A port of humorous antickness in carriage,  
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

*Cam.* Put home roundly.

*Ves.* A ward for that blow?

*Flav.* Safety of mine honour  
Instructed such deceit.

*Rom.* Your honour?

*Flav.* Witness

This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy  
Presumed to plot a siege.

*Cam.* Ves. We, madam!

*Rom.* On, on;

Some leisure serves us now.

*Flav.* Still as Lord Julio  
Pursued his contract with the man—oh, pardon,  
If I forget to name him!—by whose poverty

Of honest truth, I was renounced in marriage ;  
 These two, entrusted for a secret courtship,  
 By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,  
 Proffer'd their own devotions, as they term'd them,  
 Almost unto an impudence ; regardless  
 Of him, on whose supportance they relied.

*Rom.* Dare not for both your lives to interrupt  
*Flav.* Baited thus to vexation, I assumed [her.

A dulness of simplicity ; till afterwards  
 Lost to my city-freedom, and now enter'd  
 Into this present state of my condition,  
 (Concluding henceforth absolute security  
 From their lascivious villanies) I continued  
 My former custom of ridiculous lightness,  
 As they did their pursuit ; t' acquaint my lord,

were

To have ruin'd their best certainty of living :  
 But that might yield suspicion in my nature ;  
 And women may be virtuous, without mischief  
 To such as tempt them.

*Rom.* You are much to blame, sirs,  
 Should all be truth is utter'd.

*Flav.* For that justice  
 I did command them hither ; for a privacy  
 In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother,  
 Needed no secretaries such as these are.  
 Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge  
 I fly for right to ; if I be thy sister,  
 And not a bastard, answer their confession,  
 Or threaten vengeance, with perpetual silence.

*Cam.* My follies are acknowledged ; you're a lady  
 Who have outdone example : when I trespass  
 In ought but duty and respects of service,  
 May hopes of joys forsake me !

*Ves.* To like penance  
 I join a constant votary.

*Rom.* Peace, then,  
 Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast waken'd  
 Intranced affection from its sleep to knowledge  
 Of once more who thou art ; no jealous frenzy  
 Shall hazard a distrust : reign in thy sweetness,  
 Thou only worthy woman ; these two converts  
 Record our hearty union. I have shook off  
 My thralldom, lady, and have made discoveries  
 Of famous novels ;—but of those hereafter.  
 Thus we seal love ; you shall know all, and wonder.

*Enter Livio.*

*Liv.* Health and his heart's desire to Romanello !  
 My welcome I bring with me.—Noblest lady,  
 Excuse an ignorance of your fair presence ;  
 This may be held intrusion.

*Flav.* Not by me, sir.

*Rom.* You are not frequent here, as I remember ;  
 But since you bring your welcome with you, Livio,  
 Be bold to use it ; to the point.

*Liv.* This lady,

With both these gentlemen, in happy hour  
 May be partakers of the long-lived amity,  
 Our souls must link in.

*Rom.* So ; belike the marquis  
 Stores some new grace, some special close employ-  
 ment,

For whom your kind commends, by deputation,  
 Please think on to oblige ; and Livio's charity  
 Descends on Romanello liberally,  
 Above my means to thank !

*Liv.* Sienna sometimes  
 Has been inform'd how gladly there did pass  
 A treaty of chaste loves with Castamela,

From this good heart ; it was in me an error—  
 Wilful and causeless, 'tis confess,—that hinder'd  
 Such honourable prosecution,  
 Even and equal ; better thoughts consider,  
 How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led  
 To vows of true affection ; joy of friendship. [you

*Rom.* Sit the wind there, boy ! [*Aside.*—  
 Leaving formal circumstance,

Proceed ; you dally yet.

*Liv.* Then, without plea,—

For countenance what has been injurious  
 On my part, I am come to tender really  
 My sister a lov'd wife t' ye ; freely take her,  
 Right honest man, and as you live together,  
 May your increase of years prove but one spring,  
 One lasting flourishing youth ! she is your own ;  
 My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony

*Flav.* Brother, this day was meant a holiday,  
 For feast on every side.

*Rom.* The new-turn'd courtier

Proffers most frankly ; but withal leaves out  
 A due consideration of the narrowness  
 Our short estate is bounded in ! Some politics  
 As they rise up, like Livio, to perfection,  
 In their own competencies, gather also  
 Grave supplement of providence and wisdom ;  
 Yet he abates in his.—You use a triumph  
 In your advantages ; it smells of state :  
 We know you are no fool.

*Flav.* 'Sooth, I believe him.

*Cam.* Else 'twere imposture.

*Ves.* Folly, rank and senseless.

*Liv.* Enjoin an oath at large.

*Rom.* Since you mean earnest,  
 Receive, in satisfaction ; I am resolv'd  
 For single life. There was a time,—*was*, Livio,—  
 When indiscretion blinded forecast in me ;  
 But recollection, with your rules of thriftiness,  
 Prevail'd against all passion.

*Liv.* You'd be courted ;  
 Courtship's the child of coyness, Romanello,  
 And for the rules, 'tis possible to name them.

*Rom.* " A single life's no burthen ; but to draw  
 In yokes is chargeable, and doth require  
 A double maintenance : " Livio's very words ;  
 " For he can live without a wife, and purchase : "   
 By'r lady so you do, sir ; send you joy on't !  
 These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.

*Liv.* Full—answer was late made to this already ;  
 My sister's only thine.

*Rom.* Where lives the creature  
 Your pity stoops to pin upon your servant ?  
 Not in a nunnery for a year's probation.

Fie on such coldness ! there are Bowers of Fancies  
 Ravish'd from troops of fairy nymphs, and virgins  
 Cull'd from the downy breasts of queens their mo-  
 thers,

In the Titanian empire, far from mortals ;  
 But these are tales :—'troth, I have quite aban-  
 All loving humour. [doned

*Liv.* Here is scorn in riddles.

*Rom.* Were there another marquis in Sienna,  
 More potent than the same who is vicegerent  
 To the great duke of Florence, our grand master ;  
 Were the great duke himself here, and would lift up  
 My head to fellow-pomp amongst his nobles,  
 By falsehood to the honour of a sister,  
 Urging me instrument in his seraglio,  
 I'd tear the wardrobe of an outside from him,  
 Rather than live a pandar to his bribery.

*Liv.* So would the *he* you talk to, Romanello,  
Without a noise that's singular.

*Rom.* She's a countess,  
Flavia, she; but she has an earl her husband,  
Though far from our procurement.

*Liv.* Castamela  
Is refused then!

*Rom.* Never design'd my choice,  
You know, and I know, Livio;—more, I tell thee,—  
A noble honesty ought to give allowance,  
When reason intercedes: by all that's manly,  
I range not in derision, but compassion.

*Liv.* Intelligence flies swiftly.

*Rom.* Pretty swiftly;  
We have compared the copy with the original,  
And find no disagreement.

*Liv.* So my sister  
Can be no wife for Romanello?

*Rom.* No, no,

One no, once more and ever:—this your courtesy  
Foil'd me a second. Sir, you brought a welcome,  
You must not part without it; scan your pity  
My plainness: I intend nor gall nor quarrel.

*Liv.* Far be't from me to press a blame. Great  
lady,

I kiss your noble hands;—and to these gentlemen  
Present a civil parting. Romanello,  
By the next foot-post thou wilt hear some news  
Of alteration; if I send, come to me.

*Rom.* Questionless, yea.

*Liv.* My thanks may quit the favour. [*Exit.*]

*Flav.* Brother, his intercourse of conference  
Appears at once perplex'd, but withal sensible.

*Rom.* Doubts easily resolved; upon your virtues  
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded.  
I'll guard you to your home; lost in one comfort,  
Here I have found another.

*Flav.* Goodness prosper it! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, and NITIDO.*

*Oct.* No more of these complaints and clamours!  
Have we

Nor enemies abroad, nor waking sycophants,  
Who, peering through our actions, wait occasion  
By which they watch to lay advantage open  
To vulgar descent; but amongst ourselves,  
Some, whom we call our own, must practise  
scandal

(Out of a liberty of ease and fulness)  
Against our honour? We shall quickly order  
Strange reformation, sirs, and you will find it.

*Troy.* When servants' servants, slaves, once  
relish license

Of good opinion from a noble nature,  
They take upon them boldness to abuse  
Such interest, and lord it o'er their fellows,  
As if they were exempt from that condition.

*Oct.* He is unfit to manage public matters,  
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.  
You must be jealous, puppy,—of a boy too!  
Raise uproars, bandy noise, amongst young  
maidens;

Keep revails in your madness, use authority  
Of giving punishment: a fool must fool ye;  
And this is all but pastime, as you think it!

*Nit.* With your good lordship's favour, since,  
Spadone

Confess'd it was a gullery put on Secco,  
For some revenge meant me.

*Troy.* He vow'd it truth,  
Before the ladies, in my hearing.

*Oct.* Sirrah,  
I'll turn you to your shop again and trinkets,  
Your suds and pan of small-coal: take your damsel,  
The grand old rag of beauty, your death's head,  
Try then what custom reverence can trade in;  
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neigh-  
bours,

That all the town may roar ye! now you simper,  
And look like a shaved skull.

*Nit.* This comes of prating.

*Sec.* I am, my lord, a worm; pray, my lord,  
tread on me,

I will not turn again;—'las, I shall never venture  
To hang my pole out—on my knees, I beg it,  
My bare knees; I will down unto my wife,  
And do what she will have me, all I can do;  
Nay more, if she will have it, ask forgiveness,  
Be an obedient husband, never cross her,  
Unless sometimes in kindness:—Signor Troylo,  
Speak one sweet word; I'll swear 'twas in my  
madness,

I said I knew not what, and that no creature  
Was brought by you amongst the ladies; Nitido,  
I'll forswear thee too.

*Oct.* Wait a while our pleasure;

You shall know more anon.

*Sec.* Remember me now. [*Exeunt Sec and Nrr.*]

*Oct.* Troylo, thou art my brother's son, and  
nearest

In blood to me; thou hast been next in counsels.  
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider  
How much they do engage) work by instinct,  
In every worthy or ignoble mention  
Which can concern me.

*Troy.* Sir, they have, and shall,  
As long as I bear life.

*Oct.* Henceforth the stewardship  
My carefulness, for the honour of our family,  
Has undertook, must yield the world account,  
And make clear reckonings; yet we stand sus-  
In our even courses. [*pected,*]

*Troy.* But when time shall wonder  
How much it was mistaken in the issue  
Of honourable and secure contrivements;  
Your wisdom, crown'd with laurels of a justice  
Deserving approbation, will quite foil  
The ignorance of popular opinion.

*Oct.* Report is merry with my feats; my dotage,  
Undoubtedly, the vulgar voice doth carol it.

*Troy.* True, sir; but Romanello's late admission  
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumour  
Without all contradiction; now 'tis oracle,  
And so receiv'd: I am confirm'd the lady,  
By this time, proves his scorn as well as laughter.

*Oct.* And we with her his table-talk ; she stands  
In any firm affection to him ? [not

*Troy.* None, sir,  
More than her wonted nobleness afforded  
Out of a civil custom,

*Oct.* We are resolute  
In our determination, meaning quickly  
To cause these clouds fly off ; the ordering of it,  
Nephew, is thine.

*Troy.* Your care, and love commands me.

*Enter Livio.*

*Liv.* I come, my lord, a suitor.

*Oct.* Honest Livio,  
Perfectly honest, really ; no fallacies,  
No flaws are in thy truth : I shall promote thee  
To place more eminent.

*Troy.* Livio deserves it.

*Oct.* What suit ? speak boldly.

*Liv.* Pray discharge my office,  
My mastership ; 'twere better live a yeoman,  
And live with men, than over-eye your horses,  
Whilst I myself am ridden like a jade.

*Oct.* Such breath sounds but ill-manners ; know,  
young man,

Old as we are, our soul retains a fire  
Active and quick in motion, which shall equal  
The daring'st boy's ambition of true manhood  
That wears a pride to brave us.

*Troy.* He's my friend, sir.

*Oct.* You are weary of our service, and may  
We can court no man's duty. [leave it ;

*Liv.* Without passion,  
My lord, d'ye think your nephew here, your  
Troilo,

Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood ?  
'Tis no rude question.

*Oct.* Had you known his mother,  
You might have sworn her honest ; let him justify  
Himself not base born : for thy sister's sake,  
I do conceive the like of thee ; be wiser,  
But prate to me no more thus.—[ *To TROYLO.* ]—  
If the gallant.

Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,  
Acquaint him with the present service, nephew,  
I meant to employ him in. [Exit.

*Troy.* Fie, Livio, wherefore  
Turn'd wild upon the sudden ?

*Liv.* Pretty gentleman,  
How modestly you move your doubts ! how tamely !  
Ask Romanello : he hath, without leave,  
Survey'd your Bower of Fancies, hath discover'd  
The mystery of those pure nuns, those chaste ones,  
Untouch'd, forsooth ! the holy academy !  
Hath found a mother's daughter there of mine too,  
And one who call'd my father, father ; talks on't,  
Ruffles in mirth on't ; baffled to my face  
The glory of her greatness by it.

*Troy.* Truly ?

*Liv.* Death to my sufferance, canst thou hear  
this misery,  
And answer it with a " truly " ? 'Twas thy wick-  
edness,

False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,  
That, her to ruin : she was once an innocent,  
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,  
Without a cloud in't ; she is now as slied  
As is that canopy when mists and vapours  
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

*Troy.* Says he so, Livio ?

*Liv.* Yes, an't like your nobleness,  
He truly does so say ! Your breach of friendship  
With me, must borrow courage from your uncle,  
Whilst your sword talks an answer ; there's no  
I will have satisfaction, though thy life [remedy,  
Come short of such demand.

*Troy.* Then satisfaction,  
Much worthier than your sword can force, you  
shall have,

Yet mine shall keep the peace. I can be angry,  
And brave aloud in my reply ; but honour  
Schools me to fitter grounds : this, as a gentleman,  
I promise, ere the minutes of the night  
Warn us to rest, such satisfaction,—hear me,  
And credit it—as more you cannot wish for,  
So much, not think of.

*Liv.* Not ? the time is short ;  
Before our sleeping hour, you vow ?

*Troy.* I do,

Before we ought to sleep.

*Liv.* So I intend too ;  
On confidence of which, what left the marquis  
In charge for me ? I'll do't.

*Troy.* Invite count Julio,  
His lady, and her brother, with their company,  
To my lord's court at supper.

*Liv.* Easy business ;

And then—

*Troy.* And then, soon after, the performance  
Of my past vow waits on ye ; but be certain  
You bring them with you.

*Liv.* Yet your servant.

*Troy.* Nearer, my friend ; you'll find no less.

*Liv.* 'Tis strange : is't possible ? [Exit.

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORINA, and SILVIA.*

*Cast.* You have discours'd to me a lovely story,  
My heart doth dance to th' music ; 'twere a sin  
Should I in any tittle stand distrustful,  
Where such a people, such as you are, innocent  
Even by the patent of your years and language,  
Inform a truth. O ! talk it o'er again.  
You are, you say, three daughters of one mother,  
That mother only sister to the marquis,  
Whose charge hath, since her death, (being left a  
widow.)

Here in this place preferr'd your education ?  
Is't so ?

*Clar.* It is even so ; and howsoever  
Report may wander loosely in some scandal  
Against our privacies, yet we have wanted  
No graceful means fit for our births and qualities.  
To train us up into a virtuous knowledge  
Of what, and who we ought to be.

*Flo.* Our uncle  
Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him,  
Before he show'd us to the world, to render  
Our youths and our demeanours in each action  
Approv'd by his experience, than too early  
Adventure on the follies of the age.  
By prone temptations fatal.

*Sil.* In good deed, la,  
We mean no harm.

*Cast.* Deceit must want a shelter  
Under a roof that's covering to souls  
So white as breathe beneath it, such as these are  
My happiness shares largely in this blessing,

And I must thank direction of the providence  
Which led me hither.

*Clar.* Aptly have you styled it

A providence, for, ever in chaste loves,  
Such majesty hath power. Our kinaman, Troilo,  
Was herein his own factor; he will prove,—  
Believe him, lady,—every way as constant,  
As noble; we can bail him from the cruelty  
Of misconstruction.

*Flo.* You will find his tongue

But a just secretary to his heart.

*Cast.* The guardianess, dear creatures, now and  
It seems, makes bold to talk. [then,

*Clar.* She has waited on us

From all our cradles; will prate sometimes oddly,  
However, means but sport: I am unwilling  
Our household should break up, but must obey  
His wisdom, under whose command we live;  
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not:  
Yet, 'tis a pretty life this, and a quiet.—

*Enter MOROSA, and SACCO, with his apron on, carrying a  
bason of water, scissors, comb, towels, razor, &c.*

*Sec.* Chuck, duckling, honey, mouse, monkey,  
all and everything, I am thine ever and only;  
will never offend again, as I hope to shave clean,  
and get honour by it: heartily I ask forgiveness;  
be gracious to thine own flesh and blood, and kiss  
me home.

*Mor.* Look you provoke us no more; for this  
time you shall find mercy.—Was 't that hedgehog  
set thy brains a-crow'ing? be quits with him; but  
do not hurt the great male-baby.

*Sec.* Enough; I am wise, and will be merry.—  
Haste, beauties; the caroches will sudden receive  
you: a night of pleasure is toward, pray for good  
husbands a-piece, that may trim you featly, dainty  
ones, and let me alone to trim them.

*Mor.* Loving hearts, be quick as soon as ye can,  
time runs apace; what you must do, do nimbly,  
and give your minds to't. Young bloods stand  
fumbling! fie, away; be ready, for shame, before-  
hand. Husband, stand to thy tacking, husband,  
like a man of mettle:—go, go, go!

[Exit with the Ladies.

*Sec.* [Aloud.] Will ye come away, loiterers?  
shall I wait all day? am I at livery d'ye think?

*Enter SPADONE ready to be trimmed, and NITIDO.*

*Spa.* Here, and ready; what a mouthing thou  
keepst! I have but scoured my hands, and cur-  
ried my head to save time. Honest Secco! neat  
Secco! precious barbarian! now thou lookest like  
a worshipful tooth-drawer; would I might see thee  
on horseback, in the pomp, once.

*Sec.* A chair, a chair! quick, quick!

*Nit.* Here's a chair, a chair-politic, my fine  
boy; sit thee down in triumph, and rise one of  
the Nine Worthies! thou'lt be a sweet youth anon,  
sirrah.

*Spa.* [Sits down.] So; to work with a grace  
now. I cannot but highly be in love with the  
fashion of gentry, which is never complete till the  
snip snap of dexterity hath mowed off the excre-  
ments of slovenry.

*Sec.* Very commodiously delivered, I protest.

*Nit.* Nay, the thing under your fingers is a  
whelp of the wits, I can assure you.

*Spa.* I a whelp of the wits? no, no, I cannot  
bark impudently and ignorantly enough. Oh, an

a man of this art had now and then sovereignty  
over fair ladies, you would tickle their upper and  
their lower lips, you'd so smouch and belaver  
their chops!

*Sec.* We light on some offices for ladies too, as  
occasion serves.

*Nit.* Yes; frizzle or powder their hair, plane  
their eye-brows, set a nap on their cheeks, keep  
secrets, and tell news; that's all.

*Sec.* Wink fast with both your eyes: the ingre-  
dients to the composition of this ball are most  
odoriferous camphire, pure soap of Venice, oil of  
sweet almonds, with the spirit of alum: they will  
search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the  
shop windows of your head close.

[*Spa.* shuts his eyes, while *Sec.* besmears the whole of  
his face.

*Spa.* News! well remembered; that's part of  
your trade too;—prithce do not rub so roughly—  
and how goes the tattle o' the town? what novelties  
stirring, ha?

*Sec.* Strange, and scarce to be credited. A  
gelding was lately seen to leap an old mare; and  
an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a  
white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with  
child, here hard by: most admirable and por-  
tentous!

*Spa.* I'll never believe it; 'tis impossible.

*Nit.* Most certain: some doctor-farriers are of  
opinion that the mare may cast a foal, which the  
master of their hall concludes, in spite of all jockies  
and their familiars, will carry every race before him,  
without spur or switch.

*Spa.* Oh rare! a man might venture ten or twenty  
to one safely then, and never be in danger of  
the cheat:—this water, methinks, is none of the  
sweetest; camphire and soap of Venice, say  
ye?

*Sec.* With a little *Græcum album* for mundifi-  
cation.

*Nit.* *Græcum album* is a kind of white perfumed  
powder, which plain country people, I believe, call  
dog-musk.

*Spa.* Dog-musk! pox o' the dog-musk!—what!  
dost mean to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such  
twitches to't? Set me at liberty as soon as thou  
canst, gentle Secco.

*Sec.* Only pare off a little superfluous down from  
your chin, and all's done.

*Spa.* Fish, no matter for that; dispatch, I en-  
treat thee.

*Nit.* Have patience, man; 'tis for his credit to  
be neat.

*Spa.* What's that so cold at my throat, and  
scrubs so hard?

*Sec.* A kind of steel instrument, cyleped a razor,  
a sharp tool and a keen; it has a certain virtue of  
cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind  
to't—hold up your muzzle, signor—when did you  
talk bawdily to my wife last? tell me for your own  
good, signor, I advise you.

*Spa.* I talk bawdily to thy wife? hang bawdry!  
Good now, mind thy business, lest thy hand slip.

*Nit.* Give him kind words, you were best, for a  
toy that I know.

*Sec.* Confess, or I shall mar your grace in whif-  
fing tobacco, or squirting of sweet wines down  
your gullet—you have been offering to play the  
gelding we told you of, I suppose—speak truth,—  
move the semicircle of your countenance to my left



hand file,—out with the truth; would you have had a leap?

*Nit.* Spadone, thou art in a lamentable pickle, have a good heart, and pray if thou canst; I pity thee.

*Spa.* I protest and vow, friend Secco, I know no leaps, I.

*Sec.* Lecherously goatish, and an eunuch! this cut, and then—

*Spa.* Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts! I am no eunuch, you finical ass, I am no eunuch; but at all points as well provided as any he in Italy, and that thy wife could have told thee. This your conspiracy! to thrust my head into a brazen tub of kitchen-lee, hood-wink mine eyes in mud-soap, and then offer to cut my throat in the dark, like a coward? I may live to be revenged on both of ye.

*Nit.* O scurvy! thou art angry; feel, man, whether thy reason be not cracked first.

*Sec.* You must fiddle my brains into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juice of yellows! Have I fitted you now, sir?

*Enter MOROSA.*

*Spa.* All's whole yet, I hope.

*Mor.* Yes, sirrah, all is whole yet; but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweetening and me once more, thou'lt find a rogyu bargain on't. Dear, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion; Nitido has paged it trimly too: no wording, but make ready and attend at court.

*Sec.* Now we know thou art a man, we forget what bath past, and are fellows and friends again.

*Nit.* Wipe your face clean, and take heed of a razor.

*[Exeunt MOR. SEC. and NIT.]*

*Spa.* The fear put me into a sweat; I cannot help it. I am glad I have my throat mine own, and must laugh for company, or be laughed at.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

*Enter LIVIO and TROVLO.*

*Liv.* You find, sir, I have proved a ready servant, And brought th' expected guests: amidst these feasting,

These costly entertainments, you must pardon My incivility that here sequesters Your ears from choice of music or discourse, To a less pleasant parley. Night draws on, And quickly will grow old; it were unmanly For any gentleman who loves his honour, To put it on the rack; here is small comfort Of such a satisfaction as was promised, Though certainly it must be had: pray tell me, What can appear about me to be used thus? My soul is free from injuries.

*Troy.* My tongue

From serious untruths; I never wrong'd you, Love you too well to mean it now.

*Liv.* Not wrong'd me?

Bless'd Heaven! this is the bandy of a patience Beyond all sufferance.

*Troy.* If your own acknowledgement Quit me not fairly, ere the hours of rest Shall shut our eyes up, say, I made a forfeit Of what no length of years can once redeem.

*Liv.* Fine whirls in tame imagination! On, sir;

It is scarce mannerly at such a season, Such a solemnity (the place and presence Consider'd) with delights to mix combustions.

*Troy.* Prepare for free contents, and give 'em welcome.

*A Flourish.—Enter OCTAVIO, JULIO, FLAVIA, ROMANELLO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.*

*Oct.* I dare not study words, or hold a compliment,

For this particular, this special favour.

*Jul.* Your bounty and your love, my lord, must justly

Engage a thankfulness.

*Flav.* Indeed,

Varieties of entertainment here Have so exceeded all account of plenty, That you have left, great sir, no rarities Except an equal welcome, which may purchase Opinion of a common hospitality.

*Oct.* But for this grace, madam, I will lay open Before your judgments, which I know can rate them: A cabinet of jewels, rich and lively, The world can show none goodlier; those I prize Dear as my life.—Nephew!

*Troy.* Sir, I obey you.

*[Exit.]*

*Flav.* Jewels, my lord?

*Oct.* No stranger's eye e'er view'd them, Unless your brother Romanello haply Was woo'd unto a sight, for his improvement; No more.

*Rom.* Not I, I do protest: I hope, sir, You cannot think I am a lapidary; I, skill in jewels!

*Oct.* 'Tis a proper quality For any gentleman; your other friends, May be, are not so coy.

*Jul.* Who, they? they know not A topaz from an opal.

*Cam.* We are ignorant In gems which are not common.

*Vesp.* But his lordship Is pleased, it seems, to try our ignorance.— For passage of the time, till they are brought, Pray look upon a letter lately sent me.

Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read A novelty; 'tis written from Bononia. Fabricio, once a merchant in this city, Is entered into orders, and received Amongst the Capuchins, a fellow; news Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant: Certain, I can assure it.

*Jul.* He at last has Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

*Rom.* Most happy man!—I now forgive the injuries

Thy former life exposed thee to.

*Liv.* Turn capuchin! He! whilst I stand a cypher, and fill up Only an useless sum to be laid out

In an unthrifty-lewdness, that must buy Both name and riot; oh, my fickle destiny! *[Aside]*

*Rom.* Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,

But thankfully.

*Flav.* He's now dead to the world, And lives to Heaven; a saint's reward reward him!—

My only loved lord, all your fears are henceforth Confined unto a sweet and happy penance. *[Aside.]*

*Re-enter TROYLO, with CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIA,  
SILVIA, and MONOGA.*

*Oct.* Behold, I keep my word; these are the jewels

Deserve a treasury; I can be prodigal  
Amongst my friends; examine well their lustre,  
Does it not sparkle! wherefore dwells your silence  
In such amazement?

*Liv.* Patience, keep within me,

Leap not yet rudely into scorn of anger! [*Aside.*

*Flav.* Beauties incomparable!

*Oct.* Romanello,

I have been only steward to your pleasures;  
You loved this lady once; what say you now to her?

*Cast.* I must not court you, sir.

*Rom.* By no means, fair one;

Enjoy your life of greatness. Sure the spring  
Is past, the BOWER OF FANCIES is quite wither'd,  
And offer'd like a lottery to be drawn;

I dare not venture for a blank, excuse me.—

Exquisite jewels!

*Liv.* Hark ye, Trovlo.

*Troy.* Spare me.

*Oct.* You then renounce all right in Castamela?  
Say, Romanello.

*Rom.* Gladly.

*Troy.* Then I must not:

Thus I embrace mine own, my wife; confirm it  
Thus—When I fail, my dearest, to deserve thee,  
Comforts and life shall fail me!

*Cast.* Like vow I,

For my part.

*Troy.* Livio, now my brother, justly

I have given satisfaction.

*Cast.* Oh, excuse

Our secrecy; I have been—

*Liv.* Much more worthy

A better brother, he a better friend  
Than my dull brains could fashion.

*Rom.* Am I cozen'd?

*Oct.* You are not, Romanello: we examined

On what conditions your affections fix'd,  
And found them merely courtship; but my nephew  
Loved with a faith resolv'd, and used his policy  
To draw the lady into this society,  
More freely to discover his sincerity;  
Even without Livio's knowledge; thus succeeded  
And prosper'd:—he's my heir, and she deserv'd  
him.

*Jul.* Storm not at what is past. [*To Row.*

*Flav.* A fate as happy  
May crown you with a full content.

*Oct.* Whatever

Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these,  
Know they are all my nieces, are the daughters  
To my dead only sister; this their guardianship  
Since they first saw the world: indeed, my mis-  
tresses

They are, I have none other; how brought up,  
Their qualities may speak. Now, Romanello,  
And gentlemen, for such I know ye all,  
Portions they shall not want, both fit and worthy;  
Nor will I look on fortune; if you like,  
Court them and win them; here is free access,  
In mine own court henceforth: only for thee,  
Livio, I wish Clarella were allotted.

*Liv.* Most noble lord, I am struck silent.

*Flav.* Brother,

Here's noble choice.

*Rom.* Frenzy, how didst thou seize me?

*Clar.* We knew you, sir, in Pragnoli's posture.

*Flo.* Were merry at the sight.

*Sil.* And gave you welcome.

*Mor.* Indeed, forsooth, and so we did, an't like  
you.

*Oct.* Enough, enough.—Now, to shut up the  
night,

Some menial servants of mine own are ready  
For to present a Merriment; they intend,  
According to th' occasion of the meeting,  
In several shapes, to show how love o'ersways  
All men of several conditions, Soldier,  
Gentry, Fool, Scholar, Merchant-man, and Clown;  
A harmless recreation.—Take your places.

[*Music.*

*Enter SPADONE, SMOCC, NITTO, and other Maskers, dressed,  
respectively, as the six characters mentioned above.*

#### A DANCE.

Your duties are perform'd. Henceforth, Spadone,  
Cast off thy borrowed title: nephew Trovlo,  
His mother gave thee suck; esteem him honestly.  
Lights for the lodgings! 'tis high time for rest.—  
Great men may be mistook when they mean best.  
[*Re-ent.*

#### EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by MONOGA, CLARELLA, CASTAMELA, and FLAVIA.*

*Mor.* A while suspected, gentlemen, I look  
For no new law, being quitted by the book.

*Clar.* Our harmless pleasures, free, in every sort,  
Actions of scandal; may they free report!

*Cast.* Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs;  
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.

*Flav.* Fancy and judgment are a play's full matter;  
If we have err'd in one, right you the latter.

# THE LADY'S TRIAL.

TO MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED,

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,

MRS. MARY WYRLEY, HIS WIFE,

THIS SERVICE.

THE inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. You equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search: the other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy; so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

JOHN FORD.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, *a noble Genoese.*  
ADURNI, *a young Lord.*  
AURELIO, *Friend to AURIA.*  
MALFATO, *a discontented Lover.*  
TRILCATIO, } *Citizens of Genoa.*  
MARTINO, }  
PIERO, } *Dependents on ADURNI.*  
FUTELLI, }

GUEMAN, *a braggadoccio Spaniard.*  
FULGOSO, *an upstart Gallant.*  
BENATI, *Husband to LEVIDOLCHE.*

SPINELLA, *Wife to AURIA.*  
CASTANNA, *her Sister.*  
AMORETTA, *a fantastic Maid.*  
LEVIDOLCHE, *a Wanton.*

SCENE,—GENOA.

## PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,  
That sharply savours more of air than earth,  
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three,  
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,  
Are understood by all who hear to see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone  
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,  
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can  
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan  
Affairs of state, oh! he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring  
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting!  
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day;  
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,  
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,  
For wit, words, mirth, and matter, as he might,  
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of AURIA.*

*Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at opposite doors.*

*Piero.* Accomplish'd man of fashion!

*Fut.* The times' wonder!

Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero!

*Piero.* Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!  
The newest news? unvamp'd?

*Fut.* I am no foot-post,

No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist  
Of forged Corantos, monger of gazettes.

*Piero.* Monger of courtezans, [my] fine Futelli;  
In certain kind a merchant of the staple  
For wares of use and trade; a taker-up,  
Rather indeed a knocker-down; the word  
Will carry either sense:—but in pure earnest,  
How trowls the common noise?

*Fut.* Auria, who lately,  
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,  
Tired with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting  
To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service  
Of the great duke of Florence.—

*Piero.* Does not carry  
His pretty thing along.

*Fut.* Leaves her to buffet  
Land-pirates here at home.

*Piero.* That's thou and I;  
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead!  
To run from such an armful of pleasures,  
For gaining—what?—a bloody nose of honour.  
Most sottish and abominable!

*Fut.* Wicked,  
Shameful and cowardly, I will maintain.

*Piero.* Is all my signor's hospitality,  
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,  
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome  
To beverage and biscuit?

*Fut.* Hold thy peace, man;  
It makes for us:—he comes, let's part demurely.  
[*They take different sides.*]

*Enter ADURNI and AURIA.*

*Adur.* We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and  
safety;

Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath  
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,  
Worthy your name and ancestors!

*Aur.* My lord,  
I shall not live to thrive in any action  
Deserving memory, when I forget  
Adurni's love and favour.

*Piero.* I present you  
My service for a farewell; let few words  
Excuse all arts of compliment.

*Fut.* For my own part,  
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long  
Call me your shadow's hench-boy. [on't,])

*Aur.* Gentlemen,  
My business urging on a present haste,  
Enforceth short reply.

*Adur.* We dare not hinder  
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.  
All happiness!

*Piero and Fut.* Contents!

[*Exit ADURNI, PIERO, and FUTELLI.*]

*Aur.* So leave the winter'd people of the north,  
The minutes of their summer, when the sun

Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,  
As I leave Genoa.—

*Enter TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.*

Now appears the object  
Of my apprenticed heart: thou bring'st, Spinella,  
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies  
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,  
To join again, without all separation,  
In a confirm'd unity for ever:  
Such will our next embraces be, for life;  
And then to take the wreck of our divisions,  
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,  
Will fasten love in perpetuity,  
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.  
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,  
Or night of fear, or envy. To your charge,  
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort  
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,  
I do entrust this treasure.

*Trel.* I dare promise,  
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

*Cast.* My sister shall to me stand an example,  
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.

*Aur.* Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of good-  
ness  
Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinella.—  
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech  
[*To Spin.*]

In so much silent sadness? Oh! at parting,  
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—  
Uncle, the beat of peace enrich your family!  
I take my leave.

*Trel.* Blessings and health preserve you! [*Exit.*]

*Aur.* Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our  
counsels:

A while, you are design'd your sister's husband.  
Give me thy hand, Spinella; you did promise,  
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,  
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.

*Sp.* What friend have I left in your absence?

*Aur.* Many:  
Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail  
thee;

Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,  
As would force scandal to a blush.

*Sp.* Admit, sir,  
The patent of your life should be call'd in;  
How am I then left to account with griefs,  
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?  
Auria! soul of my comforts, I let fall  
No eye on breach of fortune; I contemn  
No entertainment to divided hopes,  
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change;  
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive  
How easy 'tis (without impossibility)  
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,  
If I conclude I may be miserable,  
Most miserable.

*Cast.* And such conclusion, sister,  
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,  
Than cause by likelihood.

*Aur.* 'Tis true, Castanna.

*Sp.* I grant it truth; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,  
And therefore apt to fear: to show my duty,  
And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from  
you,

At your command, and not as much as trouble  
Your thought with one poor looking back.

*Aur.* I thank thee,  
My worthy wife! Before we kiss, receive  
This caution from thine Auria: first—Castanna,  
Let us bid farewell. [*Cast. walks aside.*]

*Sp.* Speak, good, speak.  
*Aur.* The steps  
Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,  
However wisely printed, are observed,  
And construed as the lookers-on presume:  
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,  
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues  
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.  
Admit of visits as of physic forced,  
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention  
Against a growing sickness; in thy use  
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,  
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.  
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt  
The gazer's eye, or holla, to report  
Some widowed neglect of handsome value:  
In recreations be both wise and free;  
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er  
Enrich'd with noble company; remember  
A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes  
The epitaph all covet on their tombs:  
In short, I know thou never wilt forget  
Whose wife thou art, or how upon thy lips  
Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—  
No more. [*Kisses her.*]

*Sp.* Dear heaven! go, sister, go.  
[*Exeunt SPINELLA and CASTANNA.*]

*Aur.* Done bravely,  
And like the choice of glory, to know mine—  
One of earth's best I have forgone—

*Enter AURELIO.*

See, see!

Yet in another I am rich, a friend,  
A perfect one, Aurelio.

*Aurel.* Had I been  
No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,  
You might have sorted me in your resolves,  
Companion of your fortunes.

*Aur.* So the wrongs  
I should have ventured on against thy fate  
Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold  
Dispute with reputations, why, before  
This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth  
Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know,  
My wants do drive me hence.

*Aurel.* Wants! so you said,  
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

*Aur.* Hear me further.

*Aurel.* Auria, take heed the covert of a folly  
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,  
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;  
I use no harder language. Thou art near  
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking  
The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing]  
To talk your wants.—Fie!

*Aur.* By that sacred thing  
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,  
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low  
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa  
But six months longer, I survive the remnant  
Of all my store.

*Aurel.* Umph!

*Aur.* In my country, friend,  
Where I have sided my superior, friend,

Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall  
Subject to scorn, or rarely-found compassion,  
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,  
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

*Aurel.* You show,  
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet  
Of reparation in this course, in case  
Command be proffer'd.

*Aur.* He who can not merit  
Preferment by employments, let him bare  
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty.  
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

*Aurel.* For that, so! but you have a wife, a  
young,

A fair wife; she, though she could never claim  
Right in prosperity, was never tempted  
By trial of extremes; to youth and beauty  
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.

*Aur.* Shew me the man that lives, and to my  
face

Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against  
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—  
He is my friend.

*Aurel.* There lives not then a friend  
Dares love you like Aurelio; that Aurelio,  
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,  
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle  
As much the opinion due to your discretion,  
As your estate; it hath done so to both.

*Aur.* I find it hath.

*Aurel.* He who prescribes no law,  
No limits of condition to the objects  
Of his affection, but will merely wed  
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature  
In purest red and white; or, at the best,  
For that his mistress owes an excellence  
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,  
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why;  
Whose virtues are her only dower, [else [none,]  
In either kind,] ought of himself to master  
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves;  
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,  
Have fool'd to little purpose.

*Aur.* She's my wife.

*Aurel.* And being so, it is not manly done  
To leave her to the trial of her wits,  
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows:  
This is the way that points her out an art  
Of wanton life.

*Aur.* Sir, said ye?

*Aurel.* You form reasons,  
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms  
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose  
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue  
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,  
And you are wise enough in the construction.

*Aur.* Necessity must arm my confidence,  
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,  
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce  
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;  
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,  
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.

*Aurel.* Who? I your heir! your wife being  
In every probability so forward [yet so young,  
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

*Aur.* Believe it,  
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,  
A warrant for receiving from Martino  
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion  
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:

I would not trust her uncle, he, good man,  
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred  
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.  
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange  
Of more debates between us, would undo  
My resolution; walk a little, prithee,  
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not  
Another word. [speak

*Aurel.* I'll follow you to your horse. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of ADURNI.*

*Enter ADURNI, and FUTELLI, with a letter, which he presents to ADURNI.*

*Adur.* With her own hand?

*Fut.* She never used, my lord,  
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,  
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall  
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it  
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,  
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,  
Then cry'd, "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an  
instant,

"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley  
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

*Adur.* In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that  
we both

Had mothers, I could say how women are,  
In their own natures, models of mere change;  
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—  
She feed you liberally?

*Fut.* Twenty ducats

She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love  
She bore the best of men, (I use, my lord,  
Her very words,) the miracle of men,  
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold  
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:  
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.

*Adur.* Devil!

How durst she tempt thee [thus,] *Futelli*, knowing  
Tay love to me?

*Fut.* There lies, my lord, her cunning,  
Rather her craft; first she began, what pity  
It was, that men should differ in estates  
Without proportion; some so strangely rich,  
Others so miserable poor; "and yet,"  
Quoth she, "since 'tis [in] very deed unfit  
All should be equals, so I must confess,  
It were good justice that the properest men  
Should be prefer'd to fortune, such as nature  
Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which  
Genoa, for aught I know, hath wond'rous few,  
Not two to boast of."

*Adur.* Here began her itch.

*Fut.* I answer'd, she was happy then, whose  
In you, my lord, was singular. [choice

*Adur.* Well urg'd.

*Fut.* She smiled, and said, it might be so; and  
yet—

There stopp'd: then I closed with her, and con-  
The title of a lord was not enough, [cluded  
For absolute perfection; I had seen  
Persons of meaner quality, much more  
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship  
Will pardon me, I hope.

*Adur.* And love thee for it.

*Fut.* "Phew! let that pass," quoth she, "and  
now we prattle

Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,  
Malfato is a very pretty fellow;  
Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth  
Of what I roved at, and with more than praise  
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,  
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,  
That soon we both concluded of the man,  
The match and business.

*Adur.* For delivering

A letter to Malfato?

*Fut.* Whereto I

No sooner had consented, with protests—  
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy  
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,  
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship  
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,  
My lord, you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.  
*Adur.* [reads.] *Present to the most accomplished  
of men, Malfato, with this love a service.*  
Kind superscription! prithee, find him out,  
Deliver it with compliment; observe  
How ceremoniously he does receive it.

*Fut.* Will not your lordship peruse the contents?

*Adur.* Enough, I know too much; be just and  
cunning;

A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—  
Much newer project labours in my brain.

*Enter PIERO.*

Your friend! here's now the Gemini of wit:  
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast  
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?

*Piero.* Very fine,

I do protest, my lord.

*Fut.* Your lordship's ear

Shall share i' th' plot.

*Adur.* As how?

*Piero.* You know, my lord,  
Young Amoretta, old Trelicatio's daughter;  
An honest man, but poor.

*Fut.* And, my good lord,

He that is honest must be poor, my lord;  
It is a common rule.

*Adur.* Well,—Amoretta—

Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much  
Of her, instruct me.

*Piero.* Speak, *Futelli*.

*Fut.* Spare me.

*Piero* has the tongue more pregnant.

*Piero.* Fie!

Play on your creature?

*Fut.* Shall be your's.

*Piero.* Nay, good.

*Adur.* Well, keep your mirth, my dainty honies;  
agree

Some two days hence, till when—

*Piero.* By any means,

Partake the sport, my lord; this thing of youth—

*Fut.* Handsome enough, good face, quick eye,  
well bred.

*Piero.* Is yet possess so strangely—

*Fut.* With an humour

Of thinking she deserves—

*Piero.* A duke, a count,

At least a viscount, for her husband, that—

*Fut.* She scorns all mention of a match beneath

One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride

In a caroch without eight horses.

*Piero.* Six

She may be drawn to; four—

*Fut.* Are for the poor :  
But for two horses in a coach——

*Piero.* She says,  
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making ;  
fitter——

*Fut.* Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,  
Than people Christian : yet herself——

*Piero.* Herself  
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether  
A coach doth trot or amble——

*Fut.* But by hearsay.

*Adur.* Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both ;  
Are out of breath sure : 'tis a kind of compliment  
Scarce enter'd to the times ; but certainly  
You coin a humour ; let me understand  
Deliberately your fancy.

*Piero.* In plain troth,  
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,  
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,  
This very city, now, the very now.

*Adur.* Trelcatio's daughter ?

*Fut.* Has refused suitors

Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,  
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts ;  
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,  
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.

*Adur.* Now, your design for sport ?

*Piero.* Without prevention :  
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely  
Observes the full punctilios of his nation ;  
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost  
This she-piece, under a pretence of being  
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

*Fut.* For rival unto whom we have enraged  
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started  
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut,  
In the late Flemish wars ; we have resolv'd him  
He is descended from Pantagruel,  
Of famous memory, by the father's side,  
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,  
Who, troubled long time with a strangury,  
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,  
As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere,  
Where steeples' tops are only seen. He casts  
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet,  
In spite of Don.

*Adur.* You must abuse the maid,  
Beyond amends.

*Fut.* But countenance the course,  
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,  
To work a reformation on the maiden :  
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promised ;  
Our ends are harmless trials.

*Adur.* I betray  
No secrets of such use.

*Piero and Fut.* Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in MALFATO'S House.

*Enter AURELIO and MALFATO.*

*Aurel.* A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,  
Received into a habit, argues love,  
Or deep impression of strong discontents.  
In cases of these rarities a friend,  
Upon whose faith, and confidence, we may  
Vent with security our grief, becomes  
Of-times the best physician ; for, admit  
We find no remedy, we cannot miss

Advice instead of comfort ; and believe,  
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen  
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find  
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

*Mal.* Let all this sense be yielded to.

*Aurel.* Perhaps

You measure what I say, the common nature  
Of an officious curiosity.

*Mal.* Not I, sir.

*Aurel.* Or that other private ends  
Sift your retirements.——

*Mal.* Neither.

*Enter FURELLI.*

*Fut.* Under favour,  
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave  
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

*Mal.* To me ! Your mind.

*Fut.* This letter will inform ye.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

*Mal.* Letter ? how's this ? what's here ?

*Fut.* Speak you to me, sir ?

*Mal.* Brave riddle ! I'll endeavour to unfold it.

*Aurel.* How fares the Lord Adurni ?

*Fut.* Sure in health, sir.

*Aurel.* He is a noble gentleman, withal  
Happy in his endeavours : the general voice  
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,  
And every fair demeanor, an example ;  
Titles of honour add not to his worth,  
Who is himself an honour to his titles.

*Mal.* You know from whence this comes ?

*Fut.* I do.

*Mal.* D'ye laugh !

But that I must consider such as spaniels  
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print  
Thy pandarism upon thy forehead :—there !

[*Throws him the letter.*]

Bear back that paper to the hell from whence  
It gave thee thy directions ! tell this lord,  
He ventured on a foolish policy,  
In aiming at the scandal of my blood ;  
The trick is childish, base,—say base.

*Fut.* You wrong him.

*Aurel.* Be wise, Malfato.

*Mal.* Say, I know this whore.

She who sent this temptation, was wife  
To his abused servant ; and divorced  
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,  
That madam Levidolche and Adurni  
Might revel in their sports without controul,  
Secure, uncheck'd.

*Aurel.* You range too wildly now,  
Are too much inconsiderate.

*Mal.* I am

A gentleman free born, I never wore  
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed  
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouch'd  
Unto the offal of an office promised,  
(Reward for long attendance,) and then miss'd.  
I read no difference between this huge,  
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,  
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn,  
The latter is as noble as the first,  
I am sure more ancient.

*Aurel.* Let me tell you then,  
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.  
Make all men equals, and confound all course  
Of order, and of nature ! this is madness.

*Mal.* 'Tis so ; and I have reason to be mad,

Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.  
 This wit Futelli brings a suit of love  
 From Levidolche, one, however mask'd  
 In colourable privacy, is famed  
 The Lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.  
 Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?  
 For a cast suit of bawdry? Aurelio,  
 You are as I am, you could ill digest  
 The trial of a patience so unfit.  
 Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable  
 Of what you hear; another fetch like this  
 May tempt a peace to rage: so say; begone!  
*Fut.* I shall report your answer. [Exit.]  
*Mal.* What have I

Deserv'd to be so used! In colder blood,  
 I do confess nobility requires  
 Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,  
 By action first acquired, and next in rank  
 Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein  
 Have I neglected distance, or forgot  
 Observance to superiors? sure, my name  
 Was in the note mistook.  
*Aurel.* We will consider  
 The meaning of this mystery.  
*Mal.* Not so;  
 Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,  
 The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter FUTELLI and GUZMAN.

*Fut.* Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,  
 Are engines the pure politic must work with.  
*Guz.* We understand.

*Fut.* In subtleties of war,  
 I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,  
 Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,  
 Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,  
 Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.

*Guz.* Most certain: on, proceed.

*Fut.* By way of parallel;  
 You drill or exercise your company,  
 (No matter which, for terms,) before you draw  
 Into the field; so in the feats of courtship,  
 First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour,  
 words,

The set of looks, the posture of the beard,  
*Beso las manos*, cringes of the knee,  
 The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!

*Guz.* We understand all these: advance.

*Fut.* Then next,  
 Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!  
 Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,  
 That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;  
 Then fall to open treaty, or to work  
 By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt  
 The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or  
 Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract  
 With some of her near friends, for half her por-  
 tion;

Or offer truce, and in the interim,  
 Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,  
 That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her  
 Cast caps, and cry *victoria!* the field's  
 Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

*Guz.* We do vouchsafe her.

*Fut.* Hold her then fast.

*Guz.* As fast as can the arms  
 Of strong imagination hold her.

*Fut.* No,

She has skipt your hold; my imagination's eyes  
 Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent  
 Of your war over-worn habiliments,  
 Which I forgot in my instructions  
 To warn you of: therefore my warlike Don,  
 Apparel speedily your imaginations  
 With a more courtly outside.

*Guz.* 'Tis soon done.

*Fut.* As soon as said; in all the clothes thou  
 hast,  
 More than that walking wardrobe on thy back. [Aside.]

*Guz.* Imagine first our rich mockado doublet,  
 With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quelloo,  
 Our diamond-button'd callamauco hose,  
 Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,  
 The duchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.

*Fut.* Aye, this is brave indeed!

*Guz.* Our cloak, whose cape is  
 Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique  
 Presented to our countryman De Cortez,  
 For ransom of his life; rated in value  
 At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon  
 Of our atchievement, when we rescued  
 The infants from the boar, in single duel,  
 Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,  
 This only, very, naked, single rapier.

*Fut.* Top and top-gallant brave!

*Guz.* We will appear,  
 Before our Amoretta, like the issue  
 Of our progenitors.

*Fut.* Imagine so,  
 And that this rich suit of imagination  
 Is on already now, (which is most probable)  
 As that apparel:—here stands your Amoretta,  
 Make your approach and court her.

*Guz.* Lustre of beauty,  
 Not to affright your tender soul with horror,  
 We may descend to tales of peace and love,  
 Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for  
 Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,  
 As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,  
 The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,  
 Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,  
 Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with  
 Become great Guzman's oratory best, [swords,  
 Who, though victorious, (and during life  
 Must be,) yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

*Fut.* S'foot, Don, you talk too big, you make  
 her tremble;

Do you not see't imaginarily?  
 I do, as plainly as you saw the death  
 Of the Austrian boar: she rather hears  
 Of feasting than of fighting; take her that way.

*Guz.* Yes, we will feast; my queen, my em-  
 press, saint,  
 Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest  
 With costlier spices than the Arabian bird



Sweetens her funeral bed with ; we will riot  
With every change of meats, which may renew  
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,  
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race  
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once  
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

*Ful.* Can more be said by one that feeds on  
herring

And garlic constantly? [*Aside.*]  
*Gus.* Yes, we will feast—

*Ful.* Enough! she's taken, and will love you  
As well in buff, as your imagined bravery. [now,  
Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this language,  
Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,  
Beyond all silkea puppetry. Think no more  
Of your "mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,  
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd  
breeches ;"]

Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,  
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,  
That starveling-brain'd companion ; appear you,  
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion :  
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you.

*Guz.* The humour takes ; for I, sir, am a man  
Affects not shifts : I will adventure thus.

*Ful.* Why, so ! you carry her from all the world.  
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument  
In such an high employment.

*Gus.* Gravely spoken ;  
You may be proud on't.—

*Enter, on the opposite side, Fulgoso and Pizarro.*

*Ful.* What is lost is lost,  
Money is trash, and ladies are *et ceteras*,  
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know  
what ;

You see the worst of me, and what's all this now ?

*Piero.* A very spark, I vow ; you will be stiled  
Fulgoso the invincible. But did  
The fair Spinells lose an equal part?  
How much in all, d'you say ?

*Ful.* Bare three score ducats,  
Thirty a-piece, we need not care who know it.  
She play'd ; I went her half, walk'd by, and  
whistled—

After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [*Whistles.*  
As no such thing had ever been, as it were,  
Although I saw the winners share my money :  
His lordship and an honest gentleman  
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I  
Whistled it off.

*Piero.* A noble confidence  
*Ful.* D'you note your rival ?

*Gus.* With contempt I do.

*Ful.* I can forego things nearer than my gold,  
Allied to my affections, and my blood ;  
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind  
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly  
Too, as it were.

*Piero.* But not your love, Fulgoso.

*Ful.* No, she's inherent, and mine own past  
losing.

*Piero.* It tickles me to think with how much  
You, as it were, did run at tilt in love, [*state,*  
Before your Amoretta.

*Ful.* Broke my lance.

*Piero.* Of wit, of wit !

*Ful.* I mean so, as it were,  
And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.

*Piero.* Right, as it were.

*Ful.* What else, man, as it were ?

*Gus.* [*Crossing over to FUL.*] Did you do this  
to her ? dare you to vaunt  
Your triumph, we being present? *um, ha, um.*

[*Fulgoso whistles the Spanish Paria.*]

*Ful.* What think you, Don, of this brave man ?  
*Gus.* A man !

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,  
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

*Ful.* Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not  
from him

An inch ; your grounds are honour.

*Piero.* Stoutly ventured,  
Don, hold him to't.

*Ful.* 'Protest, a fine conceit,  
A very fine conceit ; and thus I told her,  
That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so !  
If not, not ; for "my duck, or doe," said I,  
"It is no fault of mine that I am noble :  
Grant it ; another may be noble, too,  
And then we're both one noble ;" better still !—  
Hab-nab's good ; wink and choose ; if one must  
have her,

The other goes without her,—best of all !—

My spirit is too high to fight for woman,  
I am too full of mercy to be angry ;

A foolish generous quality, from which  
No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.

*Gus.* Hast thou a spirit then, ha ? speaks thy  
weapon

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa ?

If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,  
Be brief, we challenge answer.

*Ful.* Famous Don.

*Ful.* What does he talk ? my weapon speaks no  
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon. [*language,*

*Gus.* Dutch !

*Ful.* And, if need be,

'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

*Gus.* Dutch to a Spaniard ! hold me.

*Ful.* Hold me too,

Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting ;  
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off :

If I must fight, I must ; in a scurvy quarrel

I defy he's and she's : twit me with Dutch !

Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,

Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me !

I know what's what, I know upon which side

My bread is butter'd.

*Gus.* Butter'd ? Dutch again :

You come not with intention to affront us ?

*Ful.* Front me no fronts ; if thou be'st angry,  
squabble—

Here's my defence, and thy destruction.

[*Whistles a charge.*]

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

*Gus.* We will embrace the motion, it doth relish

The cavaliero treats on terms of honour ;

Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.

*Ful.* Still Don is Don the great.

*Piero.* He shews the greatness  
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement  
Of th' other's dinner.

*Ful.* 'Twas the ready means

To catch his friendship.

*Piero.* You're a pair of worthies,  
That make the Nine no wonder.

*Ful.* Now, since fate

Ordains that one of two must be the man,  
The man of men which must enjoy alone

Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty  
To shew himself before her, without cross  
(Of interruption, one of th' other: he  
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings  
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.

*Piero.* And, till then,  
Live brothers in society.

*Gus.* We are fast.

*Ful.* I vow a match; I'll feast the Don to-day,  
And fast with him to-morrow.

*Gus.* Fair conditions.

*ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and CASTANNA, pass over  
the Stage.*

*Adur.* Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

*Piero.* My lord, we wait you.

*Ful.* We shall soon return.

[*Exeunt all but Ful. and Gus.*]

*Ful.* What's that I saw?—a sound.—

*Gus.* A voice for certain.

*Ful.* It named a lord.

*Gus.* Here are lords too, we take it;  
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty  
As any o' the twelve Cæsars.

*Ful.* Gulls or Moguls,  
Tag, rag, or other, hogen-mogen, vanden,  
Skip-jacks, or chouses. Who! the brace are  
finch'd,

The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don:  
Why, what are we!

*Gus.* The valiant will stand to't.

*Ful.* So say I; we will eat and drink, and  
Till all do split again. [squander,

*Gus.* March on with greediness. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of MARTINO.

*Enter MARTINO and LEVIDOLCHE.*

*Mart.* You cannot answer what a general tongue  
Objects against your folly; I may curse  
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.  
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,  
Too soon, but she is happy; had she lived  
Till now, and known the vanities your life  
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave  
Before a timely hour.

*Lev.* Sir, consider  
My sex; were I mankind, my sword should quit  
A wounded honour, and relieve a name  
From injury, by printing on their bosoms  
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits  
Vomit such base aspersions: as I am,  
Scorn and contempt is virtue; my desert  
Stands far above their malice.

*Mart.* Levidolche,  
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,  
Yet never changeth nature; call to mind,  
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,  
In love, and married,—married (hark ye!) whom?  
A treacher-waiter; shrewd preferment! but  
Your childhood then excused that fault; for so  
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,  
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's  
chambers.

*Lev.* Pray let not me be bandied, sir, and baffled,  
By your intelligence.

*Mart.* So touch'd to the quick!  
Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length  
The progress of your infamy: in colour

Of disagreement, you must be divorced;  
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons;  
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,  
Provided you my care, nay, justified  
Your alteration; joy'd to entertain  
Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd  
Civil respects: but then, even then—

*Lev.* What then?  
Sweet uncle, do not spare me.

*Mart.* I more shame  
To fear my hospitality was bawd,  
And name it so, to your unchaste desires,  
Than you to hear and know it.

*Lev.* Whose whore am I?  
For that's your plainest meaning.

*Mart.* Were you modest,  
The word you utter'd last would force a blush.  
Adurni is a bounteous lord, 'tis said,  
He parts with gold and jewels like a free  
And liberal purchaser! he wriggles in  
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension;  
But you know none of this! you are grown a  
tavern-talk,

Matters for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build  
The credit of my family, and you  
To pluck up the foundation: even this morning,  
Before the common-council, young Malfato—  
(Convented for some lands he held, supposed  
Belong'd to certain orphans,) as I question'd  
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,  
My worship needed not to flaw his right;  
For if the humour held him, he could make  
A journey to my over-loving niece,  
Without oppression; bade me tell her too,  
She was a kind young soul, and might in time  
Be sued to by a loving man: no doubt,  
Here was a jolly breakfast!

*Lev.* Uncles are privileged  
More than our parents; some wise man in state  
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.  
Whilst all the policy for public business  
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance  
Fell into grave discourse; but, by your leave,  
I from a stranger's table rather wish  
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift  
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

*Mart.* Come, come, to the point.

*Lev.* All the curses  
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,  
Dam up their graceless mouths!  
*Mart.* Now you turn rampant,  
Just in the wenches' trim and garb; these prayers  
Speak your devotions purely.

*Lev.* Sir, alas! [*He cept.*]  
What would you have me do? I have no orators,  
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,  
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend  
An open ear against my honest fame.  
Would all their spite could harry my contents  
Unto a desperate ruin! Oh dear goodness!  
There is a right for wrongs.

*Mart.* There is; but first  
Sit in commission on your own defects,  
Accuse yourself; be your own jury, judge,  
And executioner; I make no sport  
Of my vexation.

*Lev.* All the short remains  
Of undesired life shall only speak  
The extremity of penance; your opinion  
Enjoins it too.

*Mart.* Enough; thy tears prevail  
Against credulity.

*Lev.* My miseries,  
As in a glass, present me the rent face  
Of an unguided youth.

*Mart.* No more.—

*Enter TRELATIO with an open letter.*

Trelatio!

Some business speeds you hither.

*Trel.* Happy news—

Signior Martino, pray your ear; my nephew,  
Auria, hath done brave service: and I hear—  
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd  
High in the duke of Florence's respects;  
'Tis said,—but make no words—that he has fir'd  
And mumbled the rogue Turks.

*Mart.* Why would you have  
His merits so unknown?

*Trel.* I am not yet

Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall read  
All what this paper talks.

*Mart.* So!—Levidolche,  
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trel-  
catio,—

Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen  
Without companions near; thy resolutions  
Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt MART. and TREL.*]

*Lev.* Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—  
Discover'd!

I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—  
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,  
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,  
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;  
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in ADURNI'S  
House.*

*Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and CASTANNA.*

*Piero.* In the next gallery you may behold  
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,  
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think  
They breathe and smile upon you

*Amor.* Ha! they crownths,  
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?

*Piero.* Pure gold;  
Drawn all in state.

*Amor.* How many horthes, pray,  
Are ith their chariots?

*Piero.* Sixteen, some twenty.

*Cast.* My sister! wherefore left we her alone?  
Where stays she, gentlemen?

*Fut.* Viewing the rooms;  
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:  
This house is full of curiosities,  
Most fit for ladies' sights.

*Amor.* Yeth, yeth, the thigh  
Of printhethes ith a fine thight.

*Cast.* Good, let us find her.

*Piero.* Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors sure.

[*Aside to Fut.*]

*Fut.* Doubt not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.—  
A Banquet set out.*

*Enter ADURNI and SPINELLA.—A Song within.*

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,  
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;  
Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,  
Use the time, ere winter lasteth.  
Active blood, and free delight,  
Peace and privacy invite.  
Do, do! be kind as fair,  
Lose not opportunity for air.

She is cruel that denies it,  
Bounty best appears in granting,  
Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,  
Whilst the dews of love are wanting,  
Here's the sweet exchange of bliss  
When each whisper proves a kiss.  
In the game are felt no pains,  
For in all the loser gains.

*Adur.* Plead not, fair creature, without sense of  
So incompassionately 'gainst a service, [pity.  
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:  
My honours and my fortunes are led captives  
In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty;  
And if you ever felt the power of love,  
The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,  
The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,  
In some proportion, by the strength of yours;  
Thus may you yield and conquer.

*Spin.* Do not study,  
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed  
Of costly colours; henceforth cast off far,  
Far from your noblest nature, the contempt  
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,  
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

*Adur.* Dear, how sweetly  
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath!  
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,  
Unearth a mine of jewels at my foot,  
Command a golden shower to rain down,  
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,  
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would you  
Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot,  
Else such a sacrifice can but beget  
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,  
In mercenary blessings; for that saint  
To whom I vow myself, must never want  
Fit offerings to her altar.

*Spin.* Auria, Auria,  
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,  
Fight for thy wife at home!

*Adur.* Oh, never rank,  
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature,  
Amongst your country's enemies; I use  
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from  
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.

*Spin.* How poorly some, tame to their wild  
Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord, [desires,  
Make not your house my prison.

*Adur.* Grant a freedom  
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—

[*A noise within, and the door is forced.*]

*Enter AURELIO, followed by CASTANNA, AMORETTA,  
FUTELLI, and PIERO.*

*Aurel.* Keep back, ye close contrivers of false  
pleasures,  
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?  
Lock'd up, and singly too! chaste hospitality!

A banquet in a bed-chamber! Adurni,  
Dishonourable man!

*Adur.* What sees this rudeness,  
That can broach scandal here?

*Aurel.* For you, hereafter.—

Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,  
Thy wrong'd Auria is come home with glory!  
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness  
Of his prevailing fates.

*Spin.* Whiles you, belike,  
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,  
Which must become your friendship, to be knit  
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,  
Both from his heart and memory!

*Adur.* Rich conquest,  
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,  
Without a proof or warrant!

*Fut.* Have I life, sir?  
Faith? Christianity?

*Piero.* Put me on the rack,  
The wheel, or the gallies, if—

*Aurel.* Peace, factors

In merchandize of scorn! your sounds are deadly.  
Castanna, I could pity your consent  
To such ignoble practice; but I find  
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein  
All claim to goodness ceases.

*Cast.* Use your tyranny.

*Spin.* What rests behind for me? out with it!

*Aurel.* Horror,

Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;  
Hope not that any falsity in friendship  
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.  
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,

To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness  
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.  
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall;  
No shelter can avoid it: let the guilty  
Sink under their own ruin. [Exit.]

*Spin.* How unmanly  
His anger threatens mischief!

*Amor.* Whom, I prethee,  
Doth the man speak to?

*Adur.* Lady, be not mov'd;  
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard  
All what is dearest to me.

*Spin.* Mercy, heaven!  
Champion for me, and Auria living! Auria!  
He lives; and, for my guard, my innocence,  
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,  
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg  
Your charities; sweet sister, your's, to leave me;  
I need no followers now: let me appear,  
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court,  
(Like some forsaken client,) in my suit  
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery!  
[Exit.]

*Adur.* Her resolution's violent;—quickly follow.

*Cast.* By no means, sir: you've followed her already,

I fear, with too much ill success, in trial  
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome  
Ends in so sad a farewell.

*Adur.* I will stand

The roughness of th' encounter, like a gentleman,  
And wait ye to your homes, what'er befall me.  
[Exit.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Street before MARTINO'S House.*

*Enter FULGOSO and GUZMAN.*

*Ful.* I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her.

And so will I; if't be my luck to lose her,  
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.

*Gus.* Wench, said ye? most mechanically,  
faugh!

Wench is your trull, your blowze, your dowdie;  
but,

Sir brother, he who names my queen of love  
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace,  
As at some paranymphal feast, is rude,  
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,  
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!

*Ful.* So am I too,—

Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,  
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.  
Fiah, man! the best, though call 'em ladies,  
madams,

Fairs, fines, and honies, are but flesh and blood,  
And now and then too, when the fit's come on  
'em,

Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-pufkins.

*Gus.* Our choler must advance.

*Ful.* Dost long for a beating?

Shall's try a slash? here's that shall do't; I'll tap  
[Draws.]

A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead  
With two of wine for't.

*Gus.* Not in friendship, brother.

*Ful.* Or whistle thee into an ague: hang it,  
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;  
Then drink ourselves asleep again:—the fashion!  
Thou dost not know the fashion.

*Gus.* Her fair eyes,  
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from  
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,  
Audacious to gaze there; then over those  
A several bow of jet securely twines  
In semicircles; under them two banks  
Of roses red and white, divided by  
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying  
A temple from whence oracles proceed,  
More gracious than Apollo's, more desired  
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.

*Ful.* Heyday! what's this?

*Gus.* Oh! but those other parts,  
All—

*Ful.* All?—hold there, I bar play under board,

My part yet lies therein; you never saw  
The things you wire-draw thus.

*Gus.* [But] I have dreamt  
Of every part about her, can lay open  
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—  
As if I had took measure with a compass.  
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

*Ful.* Oh, rare!  
And all this in a dream!

*Gus.* A very dream.

*Ful.* My waking brother soldier is turn'd  
Into a sleeping carpenter, or taylor,  
Which goes for half a man.—What's he? (*seeing*  
BENATZI) bear up!

*Enter BENATZI, as an outlaw, LEVIOLCHE at a window above.*

*Ben.* Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, gallies, rack, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues! they will swoon at the scar of a pin; one tear dropp'd from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.

*Ful.* Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,

His eyes like copper-basons; he has changed  
Hair with a shag-dog.

*Gus.* Let us then avoid him,  
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.

*Ben.* Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies. Brave man at arms, go turn pandar, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth—damnable! honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politicly ordered!

*Gus.* Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no valour  
In tugging with a man-fiend.

*Ful.* I defy him.

It gabbles like I know not what;—believe it.  
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.

*Ben.* Look else: the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns; down, cur; the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage: here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis;—beasts call pleading howling.—So then! there the horse complains of the ape's rank riding; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it; the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns; the ass by the hare for his burthen; the ox by the leopard for his yoke; nor the goat by the ram for his beard: only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.

*Ful.* Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making:

What art?—fear nothing, Don, we have our blades,  
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.

*Gus.* Our brother speaks our mind, think what  
you please on't.

*Ben.* A match; observe well this switch; with  
this only switch have I pash'd out the brains of  
thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

*Ful.* What, man, thirteen! is't possible thou  
liest not?

*Ben.* I was once a scholar, then I begg'd with-  
out pity; from thence I practised law, there a  
scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar: a  
soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the  
letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a  
glut of land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones; would  
have bought an office, but the places with rever-  
sions were catch'd up; offered to pass into the  
court, and wanted trust for clothes; was lastly,  
for my good parts, prest into the gallies, took

prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your  
gay great man, they call him Auria; and am now  
I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like  
me?—say.

*Ful.* A shaver of all trades! What course of  
life

Dost mean to follow next? ha! speak thy mind.

*Gus.* Nor be thou daunted, fellow; we ourselves  
Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

*Ben.* I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously

*Lev.* [*Above.*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely  
use it, [to]

Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.

[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*]

*Ful.* Hey day! a purse in troth, who dropp'd?  
—stay, stay:

Umph, have we gipsies here? oh, mine is safe;  
Is't your purse, brother Don?

*Gus.* Not mine; I seldom

Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

*Ful.* Has it any money in it, honest blade?

A bots on empty purses!

*Gus.* We defy them!

*Ben.* Stand from about me, as you are mortal!  
You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish.  
This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen  
of elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my  
blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of lar-  
gess, and liberality.—A French tailor—neat!—  
Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich!  
Flanders' mares—stately!—Spanish sallads—poi-  
gnant!—Venetian wanton—ravishing!—English  
bawd—unmatchable!—Sirs, I am fitted.

*Ful.* All these thy followers? miserable pigmies!  
Prate sense and don't be mad; I like thy humour.  
'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,  
I care not greatly if I entertain thee:

Dost want a master? if thou dost, I am for thee;  
Else choose, and sneek up! pish. I scorn to finch,  
man.

*Gus.* Forsake not fair advancement; money,  
certes,

Will fit and drop off, like a cozening friend;  
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail,  
Unless he gripe it fast: be ruled by counsel.

*Ben.* Excellent! what place shall I be admitted  
to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

*Ful.* Why, one and all; thou'rt welcome, let's  
Thy name? [shake hands on't.]

*Ben.* Parado, sir.

*Ful.* The great affairs

I shall employ thee most in, will be news,  
And telling what's a clock, for ought I know yet.

*Ben.* It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour  
and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one  
minute over at most, sir.

*Ful.* I do not ask thee now, or if I did,

We are not much the wiser; and for news—

*Ben.* Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be re-  
ceiv'd with great solemnity at the city council-  
house; the streets are already throng'd with  
lookers-on.

*Ful.* That's well remember'd; brother Don, let's  
Or we shall come too late. [trudge,

*Gus.* By no means, brother.

*Ful.* Wait close, my ragged new-come.

*Ben.* As your shadows. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of AURIA.*

*Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRILCATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.*

*Aur.* Your favours, with these honours, speak your bounties;  
And though the low deserts of my success  
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,  
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,  
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.  
The duke of Florence hath too highly prized  
My duty in my service, by example,  
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,  
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue  
Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life  
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it  
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt  
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

*Mart.* Which to make good, our state of Genoa,  
Not willing that a native of her own,  
So able for her safety, should take pension  
From any other prince, hath cast upon you  
The government of Corsica.

*Trel.* Adds thereto,  
Resides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,  
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue  
Belonging to Savona, with the office  
Of admiral of Genoa.

*Adur.* Presenting  
By my hands, from their public treasury,  
A thousand ducats.

*Mart.* But they limit only  
One month of stay for your dispatch; no more.

*Fut.* In all your great attempts, may you grow  
Secure and prosperous! [thriftily,

*Piero.* If you please to rank,  
Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend  
Instructions under your command, I am  
Ready to wait the charge.

*Aur.* Oh, still the state  
Engageth me her creature, with the burthen  
Unequal for my weakness: to you, gentlemen,  
I will prove friendly honest; of all mindful.

*Adur.* In memory, my LORD, (such is your  
stile now.)

Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,  
Amongst their general acts, have register'd  
The great duke's letters, witness of your merit,  
To stand in characters upon record.

*Aur.* Load upon load! let not my want of  
modesty

Trespass against good manners; I must study  
Retirement to compose this weighty business,  
And moderately digest so large a plenty,  
For fear it swell into a surfeit.

*Adur.* May I  
Be bold to press a visit?

*Aur.* At your pleasure:  
Good time of day, and peace!

*All.* Health to your lordship!  
[*Exeunt all but AURIA and FUT.*

*Adur.* What of Spinella yet?

*Fut.* Quite lost; no prints,  
Or any tongue of tracing her. However  
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,  
Her husband carries little peace about him.

*Adur.* Fall danger what fall can, she is a good-  
Above temptation; more to be adored [ness  
Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.

*Fut.* Levidolche,

For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy;  
(Just so she term'd it;) but for you, my lord,  
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent  
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,  
Some respite, wherein it might learn again  
The means of growing straight.

*Adur.* She has found mercy;  
Which I will seek, and sue for.

*Fut.* You are happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter AURIA and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!  
Lord governor of Corsica! enroll'd  
A worthy of my country! sought and sued to,  
Praised, courted, flatter'd! sure this bulk of mine  
Talls in the size! a tympany of greatness  
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.  
How surely dost thou malice these extremes,  
Uncomfortable man! When I was needy,  
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,  
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys  
A cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,  
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,  
Reason most paradoxically; now,  
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising  
Becalms your learned noise.

*Aurel.* Such flourish, Auria,  
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft  
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.

*Aur.* Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your  
dullness,

Whilst the whole ging crow'd to me. Hark! my  
Are echo'd under every roof; the air [triumphs  
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room  
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought  
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:  
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls  
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,  
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.  
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed  
From all that royalty of best content,  
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

*Aurel.* Glories in public view but add to misery,  
Which travails in unrest at home.

*Aur.* At home!  
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,  
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,  
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,  
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,  
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home;  
There rots but half of me, the other part  
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—  
my wife

I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife?—  
The woman—would we had together fed  
On any out-cast parings, coarse and mouldy,  
Not lived divided thus! I could have begg'd  
For both; for't had been pity she should ever  
Have felt so much extremity.

*Aurel.* This is not  
Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature:  
You pity her; think rather on revenge.

*Aur.* Revenge! for what, uncharitable friend  
On whom? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.  
You found Spinella in Adurni's house;  
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely;

Her sister and another with her; so!  
Invited, nobly done; but he with her  
Privately chamber'd:—he deserves no wife  
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust  
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

*Aurel.* But I broke open the doors upon them.

*Aur.* Marry,

It was a slovenly presumption,  
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.  
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,  
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd  
A lady's closet, where to have profaned  
That shrine of chastity and innocence,  
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled  
The freedom of such favour into scorn.  
Had any he alive then ventured there,  
With foul construction, I had stamp't the justice  
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.

*Aurel.* Adurni might have done the like; but  
The conscience of his fault, in coward blood, [that  
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.

*Aur.* O fie, fie!

How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,  
Against a party liable to law!  
For had that lord offended with that creature,  
Her presence would have doubled every strength  
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit  
Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both  
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.

*Aurel.* 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:

Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their inju-  
Such way leads to a fame too! [cries;

*Aur.* Not uncivilly,  
Though violently, friend.

*Aurel.* Wherefore, then, think you,  
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?  
You grant, of course, your triumphs are pro-  
And I in person told her your return: [claim'd;  
Where lies she hid the while?

*Aur.* That rests for answer

In you; now I come to you: we have exchanged  
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;  
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own  
A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend;  
He whom, if I speak fully, never fail'd,  
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine:  
I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd  
Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;  
So dearly (witness with me my integrity)  
I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,  
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:  
Give back that holy signature of friendship,  
Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge  
Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,  
Without all former compliments.

*Aurel.* D'you imagine

I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude  
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,  
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?  
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;  
Put both into the balance, and the poise  
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,  
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,  
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,  
Leads you into opinion of some ends  
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong  
Least suits a noble soul.

*Aur.* By all my sorrows,  
The mention is too coarse.

*Aurel.* Since then the occasion  
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;  
For my part, I am resolute to die  
The same my life profess'd me.

*Aur.* Pish! your faith

Was never in suspicion; but consider,  
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor the bawd,  
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,  
Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;  
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows  
Which blew the coal, (now kindled to a flame.)  
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.  
Some men in giddy zeal o'er-do that office  
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:  
For I am certain, certain, it had been  
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,  
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,  
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, and  
A speedy execution on her trespass; [begg'd  
Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrate's,  
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,  
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,  
Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once  
more

I make demand—my wife!—you,—sir—

[Draws his sword.

*Aurel.* Roar louder,  
The noise affrights not me; threaten your enemies,  
And prove a valiant tongue-man;—now must  
By way of method, the exact condition [follow,  
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.  
Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale

[Draws

At sight of that—Again hear, and believe it,  
What I have done, was well done and well meant;  
Twenty times over, were it new to do,  
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious;  
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value  
Other severity.

*Aur.* Honour and duty  
Stand my compurgators: never did passion  
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword  
Against Aurelio; let me rather want  
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer  
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose  
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,  
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,  
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing brains,  
And prate of things as we pretend they were.  
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen  
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,  
Bear our discomfort quietly.

*Aurel.* So, doubtless,  
She may be soon discover'd.

*Aur.* That's spoke cheerfully.  
Why there's a friend now!—Auria and Aurelio  
At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall  
not.—

Enter CASTANNA.

But look, Castanna's here!—welcome, fair figure  
Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,  
More precious than the public view should sully.

*Cast.* Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what  
terms

Of prejudice against my course or custom,  
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.  
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,  
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,  
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,

As I wish harm to nobody on earth,  
So would all good folks may wish none to me !

*Aur.* None does, sweet sister.

*Cast.* If they do, dear Heaven  
Forgive them, is my prayer ; but, perhaps,  
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should  
not)

How I am faulty in my sister's absence :  
Indeed 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing  
Of any private speech my lord intended,  
Save civil entertainment : pray, what hurt  
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest ?  
Sure noblemen will shew that they are such  
With those of their own rank ;—and that was all  
My sister can be charged with.

*Aur.* Is't not, friend,  
An excellent maid ?

*Aurel.* Deserves the best of fortunes ;  
I ever spoke her virtuous.

*Cast.* With your leave,  
You used most cruel language to my sister,  
Enough to fright her wits : not very kind  
To me myself ; she sigh'd when you were gone,  
Desired no creature else should follow her ;  
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,  
I mark'd not well which way she went.

*Aur.* Staid she not  
Within the house then ?

*Cast.* 'Las, not she !—*Aurelio*  
Was passing rough.

*Aur.* Strange ! nowhere to be found ?

*Cast.* Not yet ; but on my life, ere many hours,  
I shall hear from her.

*Aur.* Shalt thou ? Worthy maid,  
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—  
Friend,

Good news !—most sweet *Castanna* !

*Aurel.* May it prove so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter BENATE.*

*Ben.* The paper in the purse for my directions  
appointed this the place, the time now ; here dance  
I attendance—she is come already.

*Enter LEVIDOLCHE.*

*Lev.* Parado ! so I overheard you named.

*Ben.* A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by  
the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality,  
and hospitable compassion, most magnificent  
beauty, have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of  
the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath  
raked up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm  
inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to  
new-shape me.

*Lev.* A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude  
Has harbour, other furniture, becoming  
Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit. [*Aside.*]  
What country claims your birth ?

*Ben.* None ; I was born at sea, as my mother  
was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Ca-  
gliari, toward Africk, in Sardinia ; was bred up in  
Aquilastro, and, at years, put myself in service  
under the Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner  
by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome  
store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

*Lev.* You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.  
*Ben.* Reputed no less : many children often-  
times inherit their lands who peradventure never  
begot them. My mother's husband was a very old  
man at my birth ; but no man is too old to father  
his wife's child : your servant, I am sure, I will  
ever prove entirely.

*Lev.* Dare you be secret ?

*Ben.* Yes.

*Lev.* And sudden ?

*Ben.* Yes.

*Lev.* But, withal, sure of hand and spirit ?

*Ben.* Yes, yes, yes.

*Lev.* I use not many words, the time prevents  
'em :

A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

*Ben.* Name him.

*Lev.* *Adurni.*

*Ben.* He shall bleed.

*Lev.* *Malfato*

Contemn'd my proffer'd love.

*Ben.* Yoke them in death.—

What's my reward ?

*Lev.* Propose it, and enjoy it.

*Ben.* You for my wife.

*Lev.* Ha !

*Ben.* Nothing else : deny me,  
And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin ;  
Else, do the feat courageously.—Consider.

*Lev.* I do : dispatch the task I have enjoin'd,  
Then claim my promise.

*Ben.* No such matter, pretty one,  
We'll marry first,—or—farewell. [*Going.*]

*Lev.* Stay : examine  
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st  
Into thy bosom ; though I blush to say it,  
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,  
Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally  
Between *Adurni's* arms.

*Ben.* This lord's ?

*Lev.* The same.

More ; not content with him, I courted  
A newer pleasure, but was there refused  
By him I named so late.

*Ben.* *Malfato* ?

*Lev.* Right :

Am henceforth resolutely bent to print  
My follies on their hearts ; then change my life  
For some rare penance. Canst thou love me now ?

*Ben.* Better ;

I do believe 'tis possible you may mend :  
All this breaks off no bargain.

*Lev.* Accept my hand ; with this a faith as con-  
stant

As vows can urge ; nor shall my haste prevent  
This contract, which death only must divorce.

*Ben.* Settle the time.

*Lev.* Meet here to-morrow night ;  
We will determine further, as behoves us.

*Ben.* How is my new love call'd ?

*Lev.* *Levidolche.*

Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—  
But you'll fly off.

*Ben.* Not I, by all that's noble !

A kiss—farewell, dear fate !

[*Exit.*]

*Lev.* Love is sharp-sighted,  
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.  
False pleasures I cashier ye ; fair truth welcome !

[*Exit.*]



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of MALFATO.*

*Enter MALFATO and SPINELLA.*

*Mal.* Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please,

May over-say the circumstance of what  
You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open,  
For I myself am in such hearty league  
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language  
Charms my attention.

*Spin.* But my husband's honours,  
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,  
By so much more they tempt belief, to credit  
The wreck and ruin of my injured name.

*Mal.* Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to  
the roots,

The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,  
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes  
Might wait the uproar; 'tis the guilty trembles  
At horrors, not the innocent! you are cruel  
In censuring a liberty allow'd.  
Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni  
Importunately wanton?

*Spin.* In excess  
Of entertainment, else not.

*Mal.* Not the boldness  
Of an uncivil courtship?

*Spin.* What that meant,  
I never understood. I have at once  
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,  
And best of men; so excellent a man  
As lives without comparison; his love  
To me was matchless.

*Mal.* Yet put case, sweet cousin,  
That I could name a creature, whose affection  
Followed your Auria in the height; affection  
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled  
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be;  
You may not chide the story.

*Spin.* Fortune's minions  
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.

*Mal.* Listen

To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.  
A kinsman of Spinella, (so it runs)  
Her father's sister's son, some time before  
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,  
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections  
As she was stored with; fed his idle hopes  
With possibilities of lawful conquest;  
Proposed each difficulty in pursuit  
Of what his vain supposal stiled his own;  
Found in the argument one only flaw  
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—  
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,  
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.  
Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and  
wish'd;

Eftsoon began to speak, yet soon broke off,  
And still the fondling durst not,—'cause he durst

*Spin.* 'Twas wonderful. [not.

*Mal.* Exceeding wonderful,  
Beyond all wonder; yet 'tis known for truth.  
After her marriage, when remain'd not ought  
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,  
His reason then, now,—then—could not reduce  
The violence of passion, though he vow'd  
Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her,

Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd  
Not to come near her presence, but to avoid  
All opportunities, however proffer'd.

*Spin.* An understanding dull'd by the infelicity  
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive  
In pregnant novelty; my ears receive  
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts  
Are fasten'd on another subject.

*Mal.* Can you

Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,  
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?  
Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd  
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,  
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtues;  
Will, against any, I except no quality,  
Maintain all supposition misapplied,  
Unhonest, false, and villainous.

*Spin.* Dear cousin,  
As you're a gentleman—

*Mal.* I'll bless that hand,  
Whose honourable pity seals the passport  
For my incessant turmoils, to their rest.  
If I prevail, (which heaven forbid!) these ages  
Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity  
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,  
By noble love made jealous of her fame.

*Spin.* No more; I dare not hear it.

*Mal.* All is said:  
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,  
From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.

*Enter CASTANNA.*

*Cast.* Your summons warn'd me hither; I am  
Sister! my sister, 'twas an unkind part, [come.  
Not to take me along wi' you.

*Mal.* Chide her for it;  
Castanna, this house is as freely yours,  
As ever was your father's.

*Cast.* We conceive so,  
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel in  
us.

But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?  
Am I not welcome to you?

*Spin.* Lives Auria safe?  
Oh, prithce do not hear me call him husband,  
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife  
His fury terms the runaway; speak quickly,  
Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!  
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,  
And he, good man, believes it.

*Cast.* Now in truth—

*Spin.* Hold! my heart trembles—I perceive thy  
tongue

Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd;  
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,  
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.

*Cast.* In perfect health.

*Spin.* For that, my thanks to Heaven.

*Mal.* The world hath not another wife like  
this.—

Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak.  
So much your passion rules.

*Spin.* Even what she pleases:  
Go on, Castanna.

*Cast.* Your most noble husband  
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves  
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.

*Mal.* Why look ye, cousin, now !

*Spin.* Indeed !

*Cast.* Will value

No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,  
Neither admits of likelihood at all  
That you are living ; if you were, he's certain  
It were impossible you could conceal  
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him ;  
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,  
He both laughs at and scorns it.

*Spin.* Does he !

*Mal.* Therein

He shows himself desertful of his happiness.

*Cast.* Methinks the news should cause some  
motion, sister—

You are not well.

*Mal.* Not well !

*Spin.* I am unworthy—

*Mal.* Of whom ? what ? why ?

*Spin.* Go, cousin ;—come, Castanna. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—An Apartment in the House of  
TRELCATIO.

Enter TRELCATIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

*Trel.* The state in council is already set,  
My coming will be late ; now therefore, gentlemen,  
This house is free ; as your intents are sober,  
Your pains shall be accepted.

*Fut.* Mirth sometimes  
Falls into earnest, signor.

*Piero.* We, for our parts,  
Aim at the best.

*Trel.* You wrong yourselves and me else :  
Good success to you ! [Exit.]

*Piero.* Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow  
Our pastime with discretion, by which means  
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,  
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.

*Fut.* I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,  
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,  
For meat and rags : a wit ? a shrewd preferment  
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg !  
No, let them be admired that love foul linen ;  
I'll run a new course.

*Piero.* Get the coin we spend,  
And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our earn—

*Fat.* Hush, man ; one suitor comes. [Ings.—

*Piero.* The t'other follows.

*Fut.* Be not so loud— [Music below.]  
Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips ;  
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithpe it to  
uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

*Amor.* Dentiemen, then ye ! Ith thith muthicke  
youth, or can ye tell what great manth's fidleth  
made it ? tith vedee petty noyth, but who thold  
thend it ?

*Piero.* Does not yourself know, lady ?

*Amor.* I do not uth

To thpend lip-labour upon quehtionthns,  
That I mythelfe can anther.

*Fut.* No, sweet madam,  
Your lips are destined to a better use,  
Or else the proverb fails of lispng maids.

*Amor.* Kithing you mean ; pay come behind with  
your mockths then.

My lithpes will therve the one to kith the other—  
How now, whath neckth ?

SONG below.

What, ho ! we come to be merry.

Open the doors, a jovial crew,

Lusty boys and free, and very,

Very, very lusty boys are we ;

We can drink till all look blue,

Dance, sing, and roar,

Never give o'er,

As long as we have e'er an eye to see.

Pithes, pithes, leths come in,

One thall all ous favous win,

Dently, dently, we thall passe ;

None kithoth like the lithping lassie.

*Piero.* What call ye this, a song ?

*Amor.* Yeth, a delicious thing, and wondroth  
prety.

*Fut.* A very country-catch ! (*Aside.*)—Doubt-  
less, some prince

Belike, hath sent it to congratulate

Your night's repose.

*Amor.* Thinke ye tho, thignior ?

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh,  
That thuns the light.

*Piero.* Perhaps the prince of darkness.

*Amor.* Of darkneth ! what it he ?

*Fut.* A courtier matchless ;

He woos and wings more beauties to his love

Than all the kings on earth.

*Amor.* Whea thandth hith court, pay ?

*Fut.* This gentleman approaching, I presume,  
Has more relation to his court than I,  
And comes in time t'inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

*Amor.* Think ye tho ?

I'm thure you know him.

*Piero.* Lady, you'll perceive it.

*Ful.* She seems in my first entrance to admire  
me

Protest she eyes me round ; Fulg. she's thine own !  
[Aside.]

*Piero.* Noble Fulgoso.

*Ful.* Did you hear the music ?

'Twas I that brought it ; was't not tickling ? ha, ha !

*Amor.* Pay, what pinth thent it ?

*Ful.* Prince ! no prince, but we ;

We set the ditty, and composed the song ;

There's not a note or foot in't but our own,

And the pure trodden mortar of this brain :

We can do things and things.

*Amor.* Dood ! thing't youa thelfe then.

*Ful.* Nay, nay, I could never sing

More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet ;

But you shall hear me whistle it. [Whistles.]

*Amor.* Thith thingth thome jethter ;

Thure he belongth unto the pinth of darkneth.

*Piero.* Yes, and I'll tell you what his office is :

His prince delights himself exceedingly

In birds of divers kinds ; this gentleman

Is keeper and instructor of his black-birds ;

He took his skill first from his father's carter.

*Amor.* Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange  
means

Thome men are raised to plathes.

*Ful.* I do hear you.

And thank you heartily for your good wills,

In setting forth my parts : but what I live on,

Is simple trade of money from my lands :  
Hang sharks ! I am no shifter.

*Amor.* Ith pottible ?

*Enter GUZMAN.*

Bleth uth, whoth thith ?

*Ful.* Oh, 'tis the man of might.

*Gus.* May my address to beauty lay no scandal  
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,  
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,  
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid ; therefore,  
As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,  
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield  
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals  
Of valiant breath that hath o'erturn'd an army.

*Amor.* Faya weather keep me ! what a thorne  
ith thith ?

*Ful.* Oh, Don, keep off at further distance ; yet  
A little farther ; do you not observe  
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?

*Gus.* I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe  
as gently

As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows  
In some sweet lady's chamber ; for I can  
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.

*Ful.* Stand by, then, without noise, a while,  
brave Don,

And let her only view your parts ; they'll take her.

*Gus.* I'll publish them in silence.

*Piero.* Stand you there,

Fulgoso the magnificent.

*Ful.* Here ?

*Piero.* Just there :

Let her survey you both ; you'll be her choice,  
Ne'er doubt it, man.

*Ful.* I cannot doubt it, man.

*Piero.* But speak not till I bid you.

*Ful.* I may whistle ?

*Piero.* A little to yourself, to spend the time.

*Amor.* Both foolth, you thay ?

*Ful.* But hear them for your sport.

*Piero.* Don shall begin.—Begin, Don ; she has  
survey'd

Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents  
And wounds of your apparel.

*Gus.* She is politic ;

My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscured.

*Amor.* I thank ye for your mutthicke, printh.

*Gus.* My words

Are music to her.

[*Aside.*

*Amor.* The mutthicke and the thong  
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.

*Gus.* She took him for my man ! love, thou wert  
just.

[*Aside.*

*Ful.* I will not hold :—his man ! 'tis time to  
speak

before my time ; oh scurvey, I his man,  
hat has no means for meat, or rags and seam-  
rents !

*Gus.* Have I with this one rapier—

*Piero.* He has no other.

*Gus.* Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose  
heads I lopt

s easily as the bloody-minded youth

opt off the poppy-heads ?

*Ful.* The puppet-heads.

*Gus.* Have I—have I—have I ?

*Ful.* Thou liest, thou hast not,

and I'll maintain't.

*Gus.* Have I—but let that pass ;

For though my famous acts were damn'd to rind  
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.

*Amor.* That I would licken to.

*Guz.* List and wonder.

My great-great-grandsire was an ancient dast,  
Stiled Desver di Gonzado.

*Ful.* That's, in Spanish,

An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,  
An unmatch'd rogue : he thinks we understand  
not.

*Gus.* So was my grandfather, hight Argon.

*Ful.* An arrant, arrant thief-leader ; pray mark.

*Gus.* My grandsire by the mother's side a conde  
Conde Scrivano.

*Ful.* A crop-ear'd scrivener.

*Gus.* Whose son, my mother's father, was  
Hijo di puto. [mark]

*Piero.* That's the son of a whore.

*Gus.* And my renowned sire, Don Picaro.—

*Ful.* In proper sense, a raascal—O, brave Don.

*Gus.* Hijo di una pravadá—

*Piero.* He goes on,

Son of a branded bitch—high-spirited Don !

*Gus.* Had honours both by sea and land, to wit.

*Ful.* The gallies and Bridewell.

*Ful.* I'll not endure it.

To hear a canting mongrel—hear me, lady !

*Gus.* 'Tis no fair play.

*Ful.* I care not, fair or foul.—

I from a king derive my pedigree,  
King Oberon by name, from whom my father,  
The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,  
Was lineally descended ; and my mother  
(In right of whose blood I must ever honour  
The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

*Ful.* He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

*Ful.* Her father was Grave Hans Van Hene,  
the son

Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did smeyghen  
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neck.

*Gus.* Oh, diabolo !

*Ful.* Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,  
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,  
Jacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snot-  
ten-fert,

And yongeter Brogen-foh, with fourscore bargu-  
bush,

Managed by well-lined butter-boxes, took

A thousand Spanish jobbernowls by surprise,

And beat a sconce about their ears.

*Gus.* My fury

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [Draws.

*Amor.* 'Lath, they thall not fight.

*Ful.* Fear not, sweet lady.

*Piero.* Be advised, great spirits.

*Ful.* My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels ;  
Else hang't, who cares !

*Gus.* Mine honour is my tutor,  
Already tried and known.

*Ful.* Why, there's the point,

Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men  
Fight in their persons ! scorn't ! 'tis out of fashion ;  
There's none but hare-brain'd youths of mettle  
use it.

*Piero.* Yet put not up your swords ; it is the  
pleasure

Of the fair lady that you quit the field,  
With brandish'd blades in hand.

*Ful.* And more, to show

suffering valour, as her equal favours,  
 a both should take a competence of kicks.

*Both.* How?

*Ful. and Piero.* Thus and thus! [*kicking them.*]  
 away, you brace of stinkards!

*Ful.* Phough! as it were.— [*Whistles.*]

*Gus.* Why, since it is her pleasure,  
 dare and will endure it.

*Ful.* Phough!

*Piero.* Away,  
 at stay below.

*Ful.* Budge not, I charge ye,  
 all you have further leave.

*Gus.* Mine honour claims  
 be last foot in the field.

*Ful.* I'll lead the van then.

*Ful.* Yet more? begone!  
 [*Exeunt FUL. and GUS.*]

are not these precious suitors—

*Re-enter TRELCAIO.*

*Trel.* What tumults fright the house?

*Ful.* A brace of castrels,  
 that flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,  
 Your daughter; but they durst not give the souse,  
 And so took hedge.

*Piero.* Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.

*Amor.* I thkorne thuch trumpery; and will thape  
 my luffe,  
 Heathforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.

*Trel.* Why now thou sing'st in tune, my Amoretta;

And, my good friends, you have, like wise physicians,

Prescribed a healthful diet: I shall think on  
 A bounty for your pains, and will present ye  
 To noble Auria, such as your descents  
 Commend; but for the present we must quit  
 This room to privacy: they come—

*Amor.* Nay, predee,  
 Leave me not, gentlemen.

*Ful.* We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter AURIA, ADURNI, and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* You are welcome, be assured you are; for  
 proof,

Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)  
 Of visit to commands: if this man's presence  
 Be not of use, dismiss him.

*Adur.* 'Tis, with favour,  
 Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness  
 How far my reputation stands engaged  
 To noble reconciliation.

*Aur.* I observe  
 No party here amongst us, who can challenge  
 A motion of such honour.

*Adur.* Could your looks  
 Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,  
 Than can the peace of a composed soul;  
 Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,  
 Train'd by a curiosity in youth  
 For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tem-  
 Which will at last break out. [*pests*]

*Aur.* Hid now, most likely,  
 I' the darkness of your speech.

*Aurel.* You may be plainer.  
*Adur.* I shall, my lord; that I intended wrong!

*Aur.* Ha! wrong! to whom?

*Adur.* To Auria; and as far  
 As language could prevail, did—

*Aur.* Take advice,  
 Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret  
 Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider—  
 In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,  
 When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,  
 When a distemperature of youthful heat  
 Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,  
 Even then, and so from thence till now the down  
 Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,  
 Confirm'd and harden'd, never durst I pitch  
 On any, howsoever likely, rest,  
 Where the presumption might be construed wrong;  
 The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.  
 For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so  
 He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,  
 A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;  
 The one is as unmanly as the other.—  
 Now, without interruption.

*Adur.* Stand, Aurelio,  
 And justify thine accusation boldly;  
 Spare me the needless use of my confession;  
 And, having told no more, than what thy jealousy  
 Possess'd thee with, again before my face,  
 Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality  
 Adurni trespass in, and thou conceiv'st,  
 Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,  
 If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.

*Aurel.* You come not here to brave us?  
*Adur.* No, Aurelio;

But to reply upon that brittle evidence,  
 To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.  
 I make my judge my jury; be accountant  
 Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen  
 Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast  
 Enforced the likelihood of scandal.

*Aurel.* Doubt not  
 But that I have deliver'd honest truth,  
 As much as I believe, and justly witness.

*Adur.* Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of  
 reproach on!

And thus for that—My errand hither is not  
 In whining, truant-like submission,  
 To cry, "I have offended, pray, forgive me;  
 I will do so no more:" but to proclaim  
 The power of virtue, whose commanding sove-  
 reignty

Sets bounds to rebel-bloods; and checks, restrains,  
 Custom of folly; by example teaches  
 A rule to reformation; by rewards,  
 Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.

*Aurel.* Honour and worthy actions best beseeem  
 Their lips who practise both, and not discourse 'em.  
*Aur.* Peace, peace, man; I am silent.

*Adur.* Some there are,  
 And they not few in number, who resolve  
 No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted;  
 And, for because the liberty of courtship  
 Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,  
 Meeting oft-times too many soon seduced,  
 Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,  
 Or compliments of vows: and with this file  
 I stood in rank; conquest secured my confidence.  
 Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object  
 Of study for fruition; here I angled,  
 Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

*Aurel.* After confession, follows—  
*Aur.* Noise! observe him.

*Adur.* Oh, strange! by all the comforts of my  
 I found a woman good;—a woman good! [hopes,  
 Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire

A memorable mention, so much majesty  
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once  
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,  
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown  
From her, cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

*Aur.* On, sir, and do not stop.

*Adur.* Without protests,

I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,  
But what a virgin might, without a blush,  
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied;  
But she neglecting, cry'd, "Come, Auria, come,  
Fight for thy wife at home!" then in rush'd you,  
Talk'd in much fury, parted; when as soon [sir,  
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

*Aur.* What follow'd?

*Adur.* My commission on mine error;

In execution whereof I have proved  
So punctually severe, that I renounce  
All memory, not to this one fault alone,  
But to my other greater, and more irksome.  
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes  
This repetition the report of fear,  
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me,  
I give myself the lie, and I will clear  
The injury, and man to man;—or, if  
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,  
Or three to three, or any way relieve  
The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

*Aur.* Who can you think I am? did you expect  
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,  
That you cast loud defiance? say—

*Adur.* I have robb'd you

Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance,  
For the presumption.

*Aur.* Sure, Italians hardly

Admit dispute in questions of this nature;  
The trick is new.

*Adur.* I find my absolution,  
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

*Aur.* Why look ye, friend, I told you this before;

You would not be persuaded:—let me think—

[*Walks apart*]

*Aurel.* You do not yet deny that you solicited  
The lady to ill purpose.

*Adur.* I have answer'd;

But it return'd much quiet to my mind,  
Perplex'd with rare commotions.

*Aur.* That's the way;

It smooths all rubs.

*Aurel.* My lord?

*Aur.* Foh! I am thinking—

You may talk forward.—If it take, 'tis clear;

And then—and then,—and so—and so—

*Adur.* You labour

With curious engines, sure.

*Aur.* Fine ones! I take you

To be a man of credit; else—

*Adur.* Suspicion

Is needless, know me better.

*Aur.* Yet you must not

Part from me, sir.

*Adur.* For that, your pleasure.

*Aur.* "Come,

Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!"—Yes,

We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour

Relies upon a champion.—

*Re-enter TRILCATIO.*

Now?

*Trel.* My lord,

Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato  
Are newly enter'd.

*Aur.* Be not loud; convey them

Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,

Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,

And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of MARTINO.*

*Enter MARTINO, BENATI, and LEVIDOLCHS.*

*Mart.* Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st  
to rob me.—

An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted  
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,  
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;  
And she trowls on her ragged customer,  
To cut my throat for pillage.

*Lev.* Good sir, hear me.

*Ben.* Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs  
out—whilst this woman bath abode under this  
roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite  
of denial; in despite—those are my words.

*Mart.* Monstrous!

Why, sirrah, do I keep a bawdy-house,  
An hospital for pandars? Oh, thou monster,  
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,  
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st  
thyself

A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,  
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,  
Roarers, or hangmen? hey-day! I set up shop,  
And then cry "a market open; to't, and welcome!"

*Lev.* This is my husband.

*Mart.* Husband!

*Ben.* Husband natural, I have married her;  
and—what's your verdict on the match, signor?

*Mart.* Husband, and married her!

*Lev.* Indeed, 'tis truth.

*Mart.* A proper joining! give ye joy, great  
mistress;

Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.

What jointure is assured, pray? some three thou-  
sand

A-year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!

Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,  
Patch'd up for copesmate to my niece's daughter!

*Lev.* Sir, for my mother's name, forbear this  
anger;

If I have yok'd myself beneath your wishes,

Yet is my choice a lawful one: and I

Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,

As e'er my faith hath bound me.

*Mart.* A sweet couple!

*Ben.* We are so: for mine own part, however  
my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with  
death, signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps,  
and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is it

peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifths, and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.

*Mart.* A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe Thou'rt lowly; that's a pretty sign I grant:—A villainous poor banditti rather; one Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket, Pad for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark, Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducats. A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

*Ben.* Let age and dotage rage together! Levidolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness: yet since our hands join'd, I have not interest my possession of thy bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean: kiss me quick and resolute, so!—adieu, signor!

*Lev.* Dear, for love's sake, stay.

*Ben.* Forbear entreaties.

[*Exit.*]

*Mart.* Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:

Fain would I smother grief, [but] out it must; My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever; Lost, lost, without recovery.

*Lev.* With pardon,

Let me restrain your sorrows.

*Mart.* 'Tis impossible;

Despair of rising up to honest fame Turns all the courses wild, and this last action Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

*Lev.* Yes,

And herein every hope is brought to life, Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband. [more]

*Mart.* Benatzi! this the man?

*Lev.* No odd disguise

Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he, The choice of my ambition; heaven preserve me Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking, If I repute not my success more happy Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle, Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert, And will redeem the stains of a foul name, By love and true obedience.

*Mart.* Force of passion

Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche, Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd, I have been only steward for your welfare, You shall have all between ye.

*Lev.* Join with me, sir;

Our plot requires much speed; we must be earnest. I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger, Unless you intermeddiate; let us hasten, For fear we come too late.

*Mart.* As thou intendest

A virtuous honesty, I am thy second To any office, Levidolche witty, My niece, my witty niece.

*Lev.* Let's slack no time, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in TRELCATO'S House.*

*Enter TRELCATO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.*

*Trel.* Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience,

All will be as you wish: I'll be your warrant, Fear nothing; Auria is a noble fellow.

I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:

Take courage.

[*Exit.*]

*Mal.* Courage! they who have no hearts, Find none to lose; ours is as great as his, Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and ceremony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait

Formality of entertainment. Cousin,

Let us return; 'tis paltry.

*Spin.* Gentle sir,

Confine your passion; my attendance only

Commends a duty.

*Cast.* Now, for Heaven's sake, sister!—

He comes, your husband comes; take comfort, sister.

*Enter AURIA and AURELIO.*

*Aur.* Malfato!

*Mal.* Auria!

*Aur.* Cousin, would mine arms,

In their embraces, might at once deliver

Affectionately what interest your merit

Holds in my estimation! I may chide

The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,

Which a retired privacy on your part

Hath pleas'd to show: if ought of my endeavours

Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour

The means and practice.

*Mal.* 'Tis your charity.

*Aurel.* Worthy Malfato!

*Mal.* Provident Aurelio!

*Aur.* Castanna, virtuous maid!

*Cast.* Your servant, brother.

*Aur.* But who's that other? such a face mine eyes

Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles Something which is not quite lost to remembrance

[*SPINELLA kneels.*]

Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;

I shall forget civility of manners,

Imagining you tender a false tribute,

Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.

[*She rises.*]

*Mal.* My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery, Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes

Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!

Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty

Unto a wife who equals every best

Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,

Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:

Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness.

Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—

You know your wife, no doubt.

*Aur.* 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!

Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,

Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study

Instructions quaintly—"wife," you said—agreed.

Keep fair, and stand the trial.

*Spin.* Those words raise

A lively soul in her, who almost yielded

To faintness and stupidity ; I thank ye :  
Though prove what judge you will, till I can  
purge

Objections which require belief and conscience,  
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,  
Or pity for my plea.

*Mal.* Call ye this welcome ?

We are mistook, Castanna.

*Cast.* Oh ! my lord,

Other respects were promised.

*Aur.* So id ye, lady,

"No kindred, sister, husband, friend ?"

*Spin.* Nor name ;

With this addition—I disclaim all benefit

Of mercy from a charitable thought ;

If one or all the subtleties of malice,

If any engineer of faithless discord,

If supposition for pretence in folly,

Can point out, without injury to goodness,

A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,

Which may declare neglect in every duty,

Required, fit, or exacted.

*Aur.* High and peremptory !

The confidence is masculine.

*Mel.* Why not ?

An honourable cause gives life to truth,

Without controul.

*Spin.* I can proceed ; that tongue,  
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,  
Hath spread th' infection—is not more mine  
enemy,

Than their's. or his weak and besotted brains  
are,

On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood

Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.

Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,

Aurelio, speak ; nor, gentle sir, forbear

Ought what you know, but roundly use your elo-  
quence

Against a mean defendant.

*Mal.* He's put to't ;

It seems the challenge gravels him.

*Aurel.* My intelligence

Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.

A self-confession may crave assistance ;

Let the lady's justice [then] impose the penance.

So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,

Suspicion is not seldom an improper

Advantage for the knitting faster joints

Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers

Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error

Hath run into the toil.

*Spin.* Woful satisfaction

For a divorce of hearts !

*Aur.* So resolute ?

I shall touch nearer home : behold these hairs,

Great masters of a spirit, yet they are not

By winter of old age quite hid in snow ;

Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,

Amongst them took up lodging ; when we first

Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud

I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty

Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.

Advancement to a fortune could not court

Ambition, either on my side, or hers ;

Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love

Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd. But disproportion

In years, amongst the married, is a reason

For change of pleasures : whereto I reply,

Our union was not forced, 'twas by consent ;

So then the breach in such a case appears  
Unpardonable :—say your thoughts.

*Spin.* My thoughts

In that respect are as resolute as yours.

The same ; yet herein evidence of frailty

Deserv'd not more a separation,

Than doth charge of disloyalty objected

Without or ground or witness : women's faults

Subject to punishments, and men's applauded,

Prescribe no laws in force.

*Aurel.* Are you so nimble ?

*Mal.* A soul sublimed from dross by competi-  
tion,

Such as is mighty Auria's famed, descends

From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,

Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,

Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly

ranged,

Adulterating the honour of your bed ?

Withhold dispute ; but execute your vengeance

With unresisted rage ; we shall look on,

Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods :

Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her inno-  
cence

Unworthily and childishly, for which

I challenge satisfaction.

*Cast.* 'Tis a tyranny

Over an humble and obedient sweetness,

Ungently to insult.

*Enter ADURNI.*

*Adur.* That I make good,

And must without exception find admittance,

Fitting the party who hath herein interest.

Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd  
merely

To a misguided thought ; and who in presence,

Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,

Can quit an imputation of like folly !

Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,

Of only you ; that granted, be amongst you,

Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet

An even accountant.

*Aur.* Baited by confederacy !

I must have right.

*Spin.* And I, my lord, my lord—

What stir and coil is here ! you can suspect ?

So reconciliation then is needless :—

Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,

And never more see one another. Sister,

Lend me thine arm ; I have assumed a courage

Above my force, and can hold out no longer :

Auria, unkind, unkind !

*Cast.* She faints.

*Aur.* Spinella !

Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd :

I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,

Pure and unflaw'd ; for instance, let me claim

Castanna's promise.

*Cast.* Mine !

*Aur.* Yours, to whose faith

I am a guardian, not by imposition,

But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted

A husband for you, noble and deserving ;

No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,

A wife of worth.

*Mal.* How's that ?

*Adur.* So great a blessing

Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,

To me, I can assure you, is not sudden ;

But welcomed and forethought; would you could  
please

To say the like!

*Aur.* Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest,  
It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises;  
I prithee speak.

*Spin.* The courtship's somewhat quick,  
The match it seems agreed on; do not, sister,  
Reject the use of fate.

*Cast.* I dare not question  
The will of heaven.

*Mal.* Unthought of and unlook'd for!

*Spin.* My ever honoured lord.

*Aurel.* This marriage frees

Each circumstance of jealousy.

*Aur.* Make no scruple,

Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real:  
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd  
Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue  
Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,  
But execution: herein I degenerated  
From custom of our nation; for the virtues  
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,

Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,  
Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.—Yet in sooth,  
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,  
To whom my love and nature were no strangers:  
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour  
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.  
Now lasting truce on all hands.

*Aurel.* You will pardon

A rash and over-busy curiosity.

*Spin.* It was to blame; but the success remits  
it.

*Adur.* Sir, what presumptions formerly have  
grounded

Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,  
On my part I shall faithfully acquit  
At easy summons.

*Mal.* You prevent the nicety;  
Use your own pleasure.

*BENAZI rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by  
LEVIDOLCHE and MARTINO.*

*Aurel.* What's the matter?

*Aur.* Matter?

*Ben.* Adurni and Malfato found together!  
Now for a glorious vengeance.

*Lev.* Hold, oh, hold him!

*Aurel.* This is no place for murder; yield thy  
sword.

*Aur.* Yield it, or force it; [*BEN. is disarmed.*]  
set you up your shambles

Of slaughter in my presence?

*Adur.* Let him come.

*Mal.* What can the ruffian mean?

*Ben.* I am prevented;

The temple or the chamber of the Duke,  
Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord,  
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

*Adur.* Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.

*Aur.* Fear nothing.

*Lev.* Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle  
mercy

For penitent offenders: blessed ladies,  
Repute me not a cast-away, though once  
I fell into some lapses, which our sex  
Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been  
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd

On a new life. This gentleman, Benazi,  
Disguised as you see, I have re-married.—  
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly  
Submission for all errors.

*Mart.* Nay, 'tis true, sir.

*Ben.* I joy in the discovery, am thankful  
Unto the change.

*Aur.* Let wonder henceforth cease,  
For I am partner with Benazi's counsels,  
And in them was director: I have seen  
The man do service in the wars late past,  
Worthy an ample mention; but of that  
At large hereafter, repetitions now  
Of good or bad, would straiten time, presented  
For other use.

*Mart.* Welcome, and welcome ever.

*Lev.* Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a  
blush

Receive a look from yours; please to forget  
All passages of rashness; such attempt  
Was mine, and only mine.

*Mal.* You have found a way  
To happiness; I honour the conversion.

*Adur.* Then I am freed.

*Mal.* May style your friend your servant.

*Mart.* Now all that's mine is theirs.

*Adur.* But let me add  
An offering to the altar of this peace.

[*Gives her money.*]

*Aur.* How likes Spinella this? our holiday  
Deserves the kalendar.

*Spin.* This gentleman  
Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and  
worthy.

Indeed you shall. [*Offering her money.*]

*Cast.* And mine; the novelty  
Requires a friendly love.

*Lev.* You are kind and bountiful.

*Enter TRILCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO, driving  
in FULGOSO and GUZMAN.*

*Trel.* By your leaves, lords and ladies! to your  
jollities,

I bring increase with mine too; here's a youngster  
Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter  
Will have it. [*Presenting Fur*]

*Amor.* Yeth, in sooth thee will.

*Trel.* Futelli

Hath wean'd her from this pair.

*Piero.* Stand forth, stout lovers.

*Trel.* Top and top-gallant pair—and for his  
pains,

She will have him or none. He's not the richest  
I'th' parish; but a wit: I say, amen,  
Because I cannot help it.

*Amor.* Tith no matter.

*Aur.* We'll remedy the penury of fortune;  
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin  
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believed  
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

*Fut.* You are in all unfellow'd.

*Amor.* Withly thpoken.

*Piero.* Think on Piero, sir.

*Aur.* Piero, yes;

But what of these two pretty ones?

*Fut.* I'll follow

The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle,  
My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life  
Is scurvy and debosh'd; fight you abroad,  
And we'll be gaming, whilst you fight, at home,



Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't—  
 But for my martial brother Don, pray ye make him  
 A—what-d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel ;  
 I'll mend his weekly pay.

*Gus.* He shall deserve it.

Vouchsafe employment, honourable—

*Fw.* Marry,

The Don's a generous Don.

*Aur.* Unfit to lose him.

Command doth limit us short time for revels ;  
 We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,  
 Repines at these delights, they are free and harm-  
 less :

After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,  
 Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

---

EPILOGUE.

THE court's on rising ; 'tis too late  
 To wish the lady in her fate  
 Of trial now more fortunate.

A verdict in the jury's breast,  
 Will be giv'n up anon at least,  
 Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.

Else if there can be any stay,  
 Next sitting without more delay,  
 We will expect a gentle day.

# THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE.

BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, ETC.

MY LORD,—Herodotus reports, that the Egyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptation revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the poem lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius's statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour, and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD.  
ANDREW PENNEYCUICK.

READER,—It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy between the world and man, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

## THE FIRST SEASON.

Presents him in the *Twilight* of his age,  
Not pot-gun-proof, and yet he'll have his page:  
This small knight-errant will encounter things  
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

## THE SECOND SEASON.

Folly, his squire, the lady Humour brings,  
Who in his ear far sweeter novels sings.  
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,  
And now the *Noon-tide* of his age is seen.

## THE THIRD SEASON.

As soon, as nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,  
Folly and Humour do his reason break;  
Hurry him from his Noontide to his Even:  
From summer to his *Autumn* he is driven.

## THE FOURTH SEASON.

And now the *Winter*, or his nonage, takes him,  
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him;  
Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,  
But they will never leave him till he's clay:  
Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit;  
Dust goes to dust: the soul unto its merit.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROEUBUS, *the Sun*.  
RAYBRIGHT, *the Sun's Darling*.  
SPRING.  
YOUTH, } *her Attendants.*  
DELIGHT, }  
HEALTH, }  
SUMMER.  
PLENTY.  
POMONA.  
CUPID.  
FORTUNE.  
AUTUMN.  
BACCHANALIAN.

BOUNTY.  
WINTER.  
CONCEIT.  
DETRACTION.  
TIME.  
PRIEST *of the Sun*.  
HUMOUR.  
FOLLY.  
ÆOLUS.

A Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer,  
a French Tailor, a Forester, Masquers,  
Clowns, &c.

## ACT I.

CENE I.—*A Temple with an Altar.*—RAY—  
BRIGHT discovered asleep.

*Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.*

*Priest.* LET your tunes, you sweet voiced spheres,  
O'er take him :  
Harm his fancies, ope his ears ;  
Now wake him ! [Music within.]

## SONG.

Fancies are but streams  
Of vain pleasure ;  
They, who by their dreams  
True joys measure,  
Feasting starve, laughing weep,  
Playing smart ; whilst in sleep  
Fools, with shadows smiling,  
Wake and find  
Hopes like wind,  
Idle hopes, beguiling.  
Thoughts fly away ; Time hath passed them :  
Wake now, awake ! see and taste them !

*Ray.* [Waking.] That I might ever slumber,  
and enjoy

Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes  
Can fancy or imagine ! 'tis a cruelty  
beyond example, to usurp the peace  
sat enthroned in ; who was't pluck'd me from it ?  
*Priest.* Young man, look hither !

*Ray.* Good, I envy not  
The pomp of your high office ; all preferment  
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,  
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve  
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.  
The times are better to me ; there's no taste  
Left on the palate of my discontent  
To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness  
Depends on being miserable.

*Priest.* Raybright,  
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand  
The Sun, whose priest I am. [patron,

*Ray.* For small advantage.  
He who is high-born never mounts your battlements  
Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit  
As humble as the child of one that sweats  
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

*Priest.* Hast thou not flow'd in honours ?

*Ray.* Honours ? I'd not be baited with my fears  
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature  
In age together : 'tis besides as comfortable  
To die upon the embroidery of the grass,  
Unmindful, as to set a world at gaze,  
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down  
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd at.

*Priest.* You have worn rich habits.  
[*Ray.*] Fine ass-trappings !  
A pedlar's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion,  
Can, by a cross-legg'd tailor, be transform'd  
Into a jack-an-apes of passing bravery.  
'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,  
To let live and die a fool !—mew !

*Priest.* You have had choice  
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

*Ray.* Monkeys and paraquitoes are as pretty  
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.  
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies  
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd : 'troth, sir,  
I care for no long travels with lost labour.

*Priest.* Pleasures of every sense have been your  
Whenas you have commanded them. [servants,

*Ray.* To threaten ruin,  
Corrupt the purity of knowledge ; wrest  
Desires of better life to those of this,  
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping !

*Priest.* 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indul-  
gence

To your own dull'd affections, sway your judgment ;  
You could not else be thus lost, or suspect  
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

*Ray.* The care ! the scorn he throws on me.

*Priest.* Fie ! fie !

Have you been sent out into strange[r] lands,  
Seen courts of foreign kings ; by them been graced  
To bring home such neglect ?

*Ray.* I have reason for it.

*Priest.* Pray show it.

*Ray.* Since my coming home I have found  
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,  
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

*Priest.* Your fantasy  
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,  
I am to tell you, how I have received  
From your progenitor, my lord, the Sun,  
A token, that he visibly will descend  
From the celestial orb, to gratify  
All your wild longings.

*Ray.* Very likely ! when, pray ?

The world the while shall be beholding to him  
For a long night ; new-married men will curse,  
Though their brides tickle for't—oh ! candle and  
Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city. [lanthorn

*Priest.* These are but flashes of a brain dis-  
order'd.

Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds ;  
Your eyes shall be your witness.

*Ray.* He may come.

*Enter TIME, whipping FOLLY, in rage, before him.*

*Time.* Hence, hence, thou shame of nature,  
mankind's foil !

Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and  
scorns thee.

*Fol.* Whip me from the world ! why whip ? am  
I a dog, a cur, a mongrel ? bow wow ! do thy  
worst, I defy thee. [Sings.]

I will roar and squander,  
Cosen and be drunk too ;  
I'll maintain my pandar,  
Keep my horse and punk too ;  
Brawl and scuffle,  
Shift and shuffle,  
Swagger in my potmeals :  
Damn-me's rank with ;  
Do mad prank with  
Roaring-boys and Oatmeals.

Pox on time, I care not ;  
Being past, 'tis nothing.  
I'll be free and spare not ;  
Sorrows are life's loathing.  
Melancholy  
Is but folly ;  
Mirth and youth are plotters :  
Time, go hang thee !  
I will bang thee,  
Though I die in totters.

And what think you of this, you old doating, moth-eaten, bearded rascal! as I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a beadle's rod of correction? Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud: waiting women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools. Pitiful Time! pitiful Time!

*Time.* Out, foul, prodigious and abortive birth! Behold, the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

*Fol.* Bring me another; I'll shatter that too.

*Time.* No, thou'st mis-spent thy hours, lavish['d,] fool-like,

The circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots;  
It is not therefore fit, that thou shouldst live  
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty  
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

*Fol.* In any court, father bald-pate, where my grandam the Moon shows her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stiletos in their fore-heads. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy scurvy and abominable beard.

*Time.* Priest of the Sun, 'tis near about the minute

Thy patron will descend; scourge hence this trifle:  
Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools  
Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools. [*Exit.*

*Fol.* Farewell 1538! I might have said 5000, but the other's long enough o' conscience, to be honest-condition'd—pox on him! it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time-whipper.

*Priest.* You heard the charge he left.

*Fol.* Ay, ay, he may give a charge; he has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

*Ray.* Pray, sir, what are you?

*Fol.* No matter what; what are you?

*Ray.* Not as you are, I thank my better fates; I am grandchild to the Sun.

*Fol.* And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

*Ray.* Folly, sir! of what quality?

*Fol.* Quality! any quality in fashion; drinking, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting, lying, cogging, canting, *et cœtera*. Will you have any more?

*Ray.* You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

*Fol.* Yes, 'faith; so, so: I laugh not at those whom I fear; I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: pretty strange humour, is't not?

*Ray.* To any one, that knows you not, it is.

*Priest.* You must avoid.

*Fol.* Away, away! I have no such meaning, indeed, la!  
[*Music of Recorders.*]

*Priest.* Hark! the fair hour is come; draw to the altar,

And, with amazement, reverence and comfort,  
Behold the broad-eyed lamp of heaven descending!  
Stand!—

*The Sun appears above.*

*Fol.* Oh, brave!

*Priest.* Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend  
Before thy throne, trembling, attend  
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd then  
To shower thy comforts down, that men  
May freely taste, in life's extremes,  
The influence of thy powerful beams.

*Ray.* Let not my fate too swiftly run,  
Till thou acknowledge me thy son;  
Oh! there's no joy even from the womb  
Of frailty, till we be call'd home.

*Fol.* Now am I an arrant rascal, and cannot speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

*Sun.* Raybright!

*Priest.* It calls you; answer.

*Ray.* Lord and Father!

*Sun.* We know thy cares; appear to give release:  
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please  
To grant whate'er thou su'st for.

*Ray.* Fair-beam'd sir!

I dare not greedily prefer  
Eternity of Earth's delights,  
Before that duty which invites  
My filial piety: in this  
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,  
If I but for one only year,  
Enjoy the several pleasures here,  
Which every season in his kind,  
Can bless a mortal with.

*Sun.* I find

Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it;  
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.  
To the Spring garden let him be convey'd,  
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;  
All the varieties the Spring can show,  
Be subject to his will.

*Priest.* Light's lord! we go.

[*Exit Priest and RAYBRIGHT.*]

*Fol.* And I will follow, that am not in love with such fopperies.  
[*Exit.*]

*Sun.* We must descend, and leave awhile our sphere,

To greet the world.—Ha? there does now appear  
A circle in this round, of beams that shine  
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:  
No, let them shine out still, for these are they,  
By whose sweet favours, when our warmth decay,  
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish  
Our active motions, which in summer flourish,  
By their fair quick'ning dew of noble loves:  
Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,  
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content!  
Meanwhile [the] recreations we present,  
Shall strive to please:—I have the foremost tract;  
Each season else begins and ends an Act.

[*The Sun disappears*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Spring.*

Enter SPRING, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH, and DELIGHT.

*Spring.* Welcome! The mother of the year, the Spring,

That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,  
For Age still waits on her; that Spring, the nurse  
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton;

Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,  
By whom all things above and under-ground  
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigour,—

That Spring, on thy fair cheeks, in kisses lays  
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays,  
From which thy name thou borrow'st; glorious name,

RAYBRIGHT, as bright in person as in fame!

*Ray.* Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine ears

Feel your tongue's charm; in you move all the spheres.

Oh, lady! would the Sun, which gave me life,  
Had never sent me to you!

*Spring.* Why? all my veins

Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,  
And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips.  
To hear that sigh fly from you.

*Ray.* Round about me

A firmament of such full blessings shine,  
I, in your sphere, seem a star more divine,  
Than in my father's chariot, should I ride  
One year about the world in all his pride.

*Spring.* Oh, that sweet breath revives me; if  
thou never

Part'st hence, (as part thou shalt not,) be happy  
ever!

*Ray.* I know I shall.

*Spring.* Thou, to buy whose state

Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth,  
wait,

I charge thee, on my darling.

*Youth.* Madam, I shall,

And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,  
You still shall sit to gather them; and when  
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring again.

*Spring.* Thou, without whom they that have hills  
of gold

Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst nor  
be sold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower  
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.

*Health.* One of my hands is writing still in  
Heaven,

For that's Health's library; t' other on the Earth,  
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay  
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

*Ray.* Mortality sure falls from me.

*Spring.* Thou! to whose tunes

The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin  
Those golden threads all women love to wind,  
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,  
Delight! not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,  
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.

*Del.* Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!  
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir but fair!

*Health.* Leave blustering March—

## SONG by DELIGHT.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?  
'Tis Philomel, the nightingale;  
Jugg, jugg, jugg, ternie she cries,  
And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.

[*The cuckoo is heard.*]

Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing  
Cuckow, to welcome in the Spring.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?  
'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.  
Chirrup the sparrow flies away;  
For he fell to't ere break of day.

[*The cuckoo again.*]

Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing  
Cuckow! to welcome in the Spring.

*Spring.* How does my sun-born sweetheart  
like his queen,

Her court, her train!

*Ray.* Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.

*Health.* Fresher and fresher pastimes! one de-  
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite. [light

*Del.* Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick  
rounds

To thine own times in repercussive sounds.

[*An echo of Cornets.*]

*Spring.* Enough! I will not weary thee.

[*Exit Dea.*]

Pleasures, change!

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

## Re-enter DELIGHT.

*Del.* A company of rural fellows, faced  
Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced  
Before your highness, to present their sport.

*Spring.* What is't?

*Del.* A morrice.

*Spring.* Give them our court.—

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine  
ear;

Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here  
Shall scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt con-  
found,

Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit  
crown'd.

*Ray.* Let these then, I may surfeit else on  
sweets;

Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

*Spring.* Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray  
Seldom ploughs treason: should'st thou be stol'n  
By great ones,—that's my fear. [away

*Ray.* Fear it not, lady;  
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid

## Enter the MORRICE-DANCERS.

To blow me hence, I move not

*Spring.* I am made

In that word the Earth's empress.—

## A DANCE.

Are not these sports too rustic?

*Ray.* No; pretty and pleasing.

*Spring.* My youngest girl, the violet-breathing  
May,

Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,  
Is come to do you service: will you please  
To honour her arrival?

*Ray.* I shall attend.

*Spring.* On then, [Exeunt Morrice-dancers.  
and bid my rosy-finger'd May  
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strew his way.  
[Exit, followed by Youth and Health.

*Enter FOLLY, and whispers RAYBRIGHT.*

*Ray.* An empress, say 'st thou, fall'n in love with me?

*Fol.* She's a great woman, and all great women love to be empresses; her name, the lady Humour.

*Ray.* Strange name! I never saw her, knew her not;

What kind of creature is she?

*Fol.* Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek as jelly, white as blanched almonds; no mercer's wife ever handled yard with a prettier [hand]; breath, sweet as a monkey's; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot and leg as—

*Ray.* And what's thy name?

*Fol.* 'Tis but a folly to tell it; my name is Folly.

*Ray.* Humour and Folly! To my listening ear The lady's praises often have been sung; Thy trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties, Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

*Fol.* She's as hot as you for your heart.

*Ray.* This lady, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

*Fol.* A green-sickness thing. I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by my lady as a spy to you. Spring, a hot lady! a few fields and gardens lass. Can you feed upon sallads and tansies? eat like an ass upon grass every day? At my lady's comes to you now a goose, now a woodcock; nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all covered with fowl, and is not fowl very good fare?

*Ray.* Yea, marry is't. sir; the fowl being kept clean.

My admiration wastes itself in longings To see this rare piece: I'll see her; what are kings, Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine, then?

Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night; Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite. The way? I'll to her.

*Fol.* The way is windy and narrow; for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

*Ray.* Be quick then!

[FOLLY winds his cornet, and is answered from without.

*Enter HUMOUR, followed by a Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer, and a French Tailor.*

*Hum.* Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

*Fol.* This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

*Hum.* A bedfellow for a fairy!

[Aside.

*Ray.* Admired perfection, You set my praises to so high a tune, My merits cannot reach them.

*Hum.* My heart-strings shall then, As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person, And never was mine eye a corrupt judge. That judge to save thee would condemn a world, And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,

With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun, For shooting glances at her, and for sending Whole choirs of singers to her every morn, With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood As I can with one kiss.

*Ray.* The rose-lipp'd dawning Is not so melting, so delicious: Turn me into a bird, that I may sit Still singing in such boughs.

*Hum.* What bird?

*Fol.* A ring-tail.

*Hum.* Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,

My Mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rife But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm. Invent some other tires! Music!—stay,—none!—

*Fol.* Heyday!

*Hum.* New gowns, fresh fashions! I'm not brave enough

To make thee wonder at me.

*Ray.* Not the moon, Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot, With all her courtiers in their robes of stars. Is half so glorious.

*Hum.* This feather was a bird of Paradise; Shall it be your's?

*Ray.* No kingdom buys it from me.

*Fol.* Being in fool's paradise he must not lose his bauble.

*Ray.* I am wrapt—

*Fol.* In your mother's smock.

*Ray.* I am wrapt above man's being, in being sphered

In such a globe of rarities; but say, lady, What these are that attend you?

*Hum.* All my attendants

Shall be to thee sworn servants.

*Fol.* Folly is sworn to him already never to leave him.

*Ray.* He?

*Fol.* A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish pike; a tailor.

*Tail.* Wee, mounseieur; hey! nimbla upon de cross-caper; me take a de measure of de body from de top a de noddell to de heel and great toe; oh, dish be fine! dis collar is cut out in anger survey; oh, dis beeshes pincha de bum; me put one French yard into de toder hose.

*Fol.* No French yards; they want an [English] yard, at least.

*Ray.* Shall I be brave, then?

*Hum.* Golden as the sun.

*Ray.* What's he that looks so smickly?

*Fol.* A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping; one that loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought them of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer, his name—

*Dan.* Signor Lavalta, messer mio; me tesha all de bella corantoes, gagliardas, pianettas, capeoretas, amorettas, dolce dolce, to declamante do bona robas de Toscana.

*Ray.* I ne'er shall be so nimble.

*Fol.* Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

*Ray.* This now?

*Fol.* A most sweet Spaniard.

*Span.* A confecianador, which in your tongue

is a comfit-maker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to alip down your throat a million of ways—

*Fol.* And the throat has but one in all; oh, Toledo!

*Span.* In conserves, candies, marmalades, sincipodes, ponadoes, marablance, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more.

*Fol.* Now 'tis ten millions! a Spaniard can multiply.

*Span.* I am your servidor.

*Ray.* My palate pleased too! What's this last?

*Sold.* I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

*Ray.* Incomparable mistress!

*Hum.* Put them on.

*Sold.* I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

*Ray.* How? dare not fight! there's in me the Sun's fire.

*Hum.* No more of this:—(dances)—awake the music! Oyez! music!

*Ray.* No more of this;—this sword arms me for battle.

*Hum.* Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms;

The field, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

*Fol.* A dancer and a tailor! yet stand still? Strike up. *Music—A Dance.*

*Re-enter SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.*

*Spring.* Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple That's consecrate to me?

*Hum.* Poor Spring, goody herb-wife! How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel, I have bought for my own wearing?

*Spring.* Bought? art thou sold then?

*Ray.* Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her graces.

*Health.* Graces? a witch!

*Spring.* What can she give thee?—

*Ray.* All things.

*Spring.* Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea to?

*Fol.* And show him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

*Spring.* My Raybright, hear me; I regard not these.

*Ray.* What dowry can you bring me?

*Spring.* Dowry? ha!

Is't come to this? am I held poor and base!

A girle make whose buckles, stretch'd to th' length,

Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole;

What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose

I'll give thee freely: not a lark, that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf

But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,

And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

*Ray.* I must turn bird-catcher.

*Fol.* Do you think to have him for a song?

*Hum.* Live with me still, and all the measures,

Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee;

Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures

The moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

*Ray.* Divinest!

*Fol.* Here's a lady!

*Spring.* Is't come to who gives most?

The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd

Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;

That tree shall now be thine: about it sit

All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,

Singing in verse the praise of chastity;

Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise.

Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,

And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

*Ray.* Live by singing ballads!

*Fol.* Oh, base! turn poet? I would not be one myself.

*Hum.* Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,

And see fields of armies fighting:

Oh, part not from me! I'll discover

There all, but books of fancy's writing.

*Del.* Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well

Whither I'll lead thee, and but drinking there,

To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear;

And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

*Ray.* Hang knowledge, drown your Muses!

*Fol.* Aye, aye, or they'll drown themselves in sack and claret.

*Hum.* Do not regard their toys;

Be but my darling, age to free thee

From her curse, shall fall a-dying;

Call me thy empress; Time to see thee

Shall forget his art of flying.

*Ray.* Oh, my all excellence!

*Spring.* Speak thou for me; I am fainting.

[To HEALTH.]

*Health.* Leave her; take this, and travel through the world,

I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,

Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages;

Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,

The day [in] manly pastimes; snatch from Time

His glass, and let the golden sands run forth

As thou shalt jog them; riot it, go brave,

Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out:

Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,

Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,

Nor any sickness shake thee; Youth and Health,

As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels:

And who, for two such jewels, would not sell

Th' East and West Indies? both are thine, so

that—

*Ray.* What?

*Fol.* All lies! gallop over the world, and not

grow old, nor be sick? a lie. One gallant went

but into France last day, and was never his own

man since; another steep't but into the Low

Countries, and was drunk dead into the table;

another did but peep into England, and it cost

him more in good-morrrows blown up to him under

his window, by drums and trumpets, than his

whole voyage; besides, he ran mad upon't.

*Hum.* Here's my last farewell: ride along with

I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace, [me;

\* \* \* \* a crystal stream,

Whither thyself, waving \* \* \*

Shall call together the most glorious spirits

Of all the kings that have been in the world;

And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

*Ray.* Rare!

*Hum.* At one end of this palace shall be heard

That music which gives motion to the heaven;

And in the midst Orpheus shall sit and weep,

For sorrow that his lute had not the charms  
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:  
Then, at ano' her end,—

*Ray.* I'll hear no more;  
This ends your strife; you only I adore.

[To HUMOUR.

*Spring.* Oh, I am sick at heart! unthankful  
'Tis thou hast wounded me; farewell! [man,  
[*She is led in by DRUGHT.*

*Ray.* Farewell.

*Fol.* Health, recover her; sirrah Youth, look to her.

*Health.* That bird that in her nest sleeps out  
the spring,  
May fly in summer; but—with sickly wing.

[*Exeunt HEALTH and YOUTH.*

*Ray.* I owe thee for this pill, doctor.

*Hum.* The Spring will die sure.

*Ray.* Let her!

*Hum.* If she does,

Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,  
And he shall write her epitaph.

*Ray.* Against the morning  
See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

*Fol.* It shall not need.

*Ray.* 'Tis like it shall not need;  
This is your Folly?

*Hum.* He shall be ever yours.

*Fol.* I hope ever to be mine own folly; he's one  
of our fellows.

*Hum.* In triumph now I lead thee;—no, be thou  
And lead me. [Caesar,

*Ray.* Neither; we'll ride with equal state  
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.

*Hum.* Each do his office to this man, your  
lord;

For though Delight, and Youth, and Health should  
leave him,

This ivory-gated palace shall receive him.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Confiner of Spring and Summer.*

*Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.*

*Ray.* Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated  
Thou hadst a body, the four elements [of thee!  
Dwelt never in a fairer; a mind, princely:  
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.  
How cool wert thou in anger! in thy diet,  
How temperate, and yet sumptuous! thou wouldst  
The weight of a sad violet in excess; [not waste  
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless:  
Dumb beasts even loved thee; once a young lark  
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,  
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* I have done, my lord; my muse has pump'd  
hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring,  
and here her lines spring up.

*Ray.* Read.

*Fol.* Read! so I will, please you to reach me  
your high ears.

Here lies the blithe Spring,  
Who first taught birds to sing;  
Yet in April herself fell a crying:  
Then May growing hot,  
A sweating sickness she got,  
And the first of June lay a dying.

Yet no month can say,  
But her merry daughter May  
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty:  
The cuckoo sung in verse  
An epitaph o'er her hearse,  
But assure you the lines were not dainty

*Ray.* No more are thine, thou idiot! hast thou  
To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine, [none  
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder?  
Out of my sight!

*Fol.* I am not in it; if I were, you'd see but  
scurvily. You find fault as patrons do with books,  
to give nothing.

*Ray.* Yes, bald one, beastly base one; blockish  
—away!

Vex me not, fool; turn out o' doors your roarer,  
French tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,  
And your Italian skipper; then, sir, yourself.

*Fol.* Myself! Carbonado me, bastinado me,  
strappado me, hang me, I'll not stir; poor Folly,  
honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship!  
no true gentleman hates me; and how many women  
are given daily to me, (if I would take 'em,) some  
not far off know. Tailor gone, Spanish fig gone,  
all gone, but I—

*Enter HUMOUR.*

*Hum.* My waiters quoited off by you! you flay  
them!

Whence come these thunderbolts? what furies  
*Ray.* You. [haunt you?

*Fol.* She!

*Ray.* Yes, and thou.

*Fol.* Bow-wow!

*Ray.* I shall grow old, diseased, and melan-  
choly;

For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,  
And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me:  
But for you two, I should be wondrous good;  
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn  
From the embracements of the noblest creature—

*Hum.* Your Spring?

*Rag.* Yes, she, even she, only the Spring.  
One morning, spent with her, was worth ten nights  
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:

She was unhappy never, but in two sons,  
March, a rude roaring fool,—

*Fol.* And April, a whining puppy.

*Hum.* But May was a fine piece.

*Ray.* Mirror of faces.

*Fol.* Indeed May was a sweet creature; and yet  
a great raiser of Maypoles.

*Hum.* When will you sing my praises thus?

*Ray.* Thy praises,  
That art a common creature!

*Hum.* Common!

*Ray.* Yes, common:

I cannot pass through any prince's court,  
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,



But up your name is cried, nay curs'd ; " a ven-  
On this your debauch'd Humour ! " [geance

*Fol.* A vintner spoke those very words, last night,  
to a company of roaring-boys, that would not pay  
their reckoning.

*Ray.* How many bastards hast thou ?

*Hum.* None.

*Ray.* 'Tis a lie ;

Be judged by this your squire, else.

*Fol.* Squire ! worshipful master Folly.

*Ray.* The courtier has his Humour, has he not,  
Folly ?

*Fol.* Yes, marry, has he—folly : the courtier's  
humour is to be brave, and not pay for't ; to be  
proud, and no man cares for't.

*Ray.* Brave ladies have their humours.

*Fol.* Who has to do with that but brave lords ?

*Ray.* Your citizens have brave humours.

*Fol.* Oh ! but their wives have tickling humours.

*Hum.* Yet done ?

*Fol.* Humour, madam ! if all are your bastards  
that are given to humour you, you have a com-  
pany of as arrant rascals to your children as ever  
went to the gallows : a collier being drunk jostled  
a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'twas his  
humour ; the knight broke his coxcomb, and that  
was his humour.

*Ray.* And yet you are not common !

*Hum.* No matter what I am :

Rail, curse, be frantic ; get you to the tomb  
Of your rare mistress ; dig up your dead Spring,  
And lie with her, kiss her : me, have you lost.

*Fol.* And I scorn to be found.

*Ray.* Stay ; must I lose all comfort ? dearest,  
There's such a deal of magic in those eyes, [stay ;  
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

*Fol.* Are you so ? kiss on ; I'll be kissed some-  
where, I warrant.

*Ray.* I will not leave my Folly for a world.

*Fol.* Nor I you for ten.

*Ray.* Nor thee, my love, for worlds piled upon  
worlds.

*Hum.* If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,  
I take my bells.

*Fol.* And I my hobby-horse :—will you be merry  
then, and jocund ?

*Ray.* As merry as the cuckows of the spring.

*Fol.* Again !

*Ray.* How, lady, lies the way ?

*Hum.* I'll be your convoy,

And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen,  
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature ;  
Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far  
As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.

*Ray.* Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend  
us, Folly. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—Near the SUMMER'S Court.

Enter RAYBRIGHT and HUMOUR.

*Ray.* I muse, my nimble Folly stays so long.

*Hum.* He's quick enough of foot, and counts,  
I swear,

That minute cast away, not spent on you.

*Ray.* His company is music next to yours ;  
Both of you are a consort, and your tunes  
Lull me asleep ; and, when I most am sad,  
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams :  
But how far must we travel ? Is't our motion

[That] puts us in this heat, or is the air  
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,  
It keeps us in this warmth ?

*Hum.* This shows her Court

Is not far off, you covet so to see ;  
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,  
The Sun lends them his flames.

*Ray.* Has she rare buildings ?

*Hum.* Magnificent and curious : every noon  
The horses of the day bait there ; whilst he,  
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop  
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile,  
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

*Ray.* And shall we have fine sights there ?

*Hum.* Oh !

*Ray.* And hear

More ravishing music ?

*Hum.* All the choristers

That learn'd to sing i' the temple of the Spring ;  
But here attain such cunning, that when the winds  
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols  
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such  
They'll all stand still to listen. [charms,  
*Ray.* Excellent.

Enter FOLLY.

*Fol.* I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and  
drop like a cob-nut out of Africa—

Enter a Forester.

*Fores.* Back ! whither go you ?

[*Fol.*] Oyes ! this way.

*Fores.* None must pass :

Here's kept no open court ; our queen this day  
Rides forth a-hunting, and the air being hot,  
She will not have rude throngs so stifte her.

Back ! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—The Court of SUMMER.

Enter SUMMER and DELIGHT.

*Sum.* And did break her heart then ?

*Del.* Yes, with disdain.

*Sum.* The heart of my dear mother-nurse, the  
Spring !

I'll break his heart for't : had she not a face,  
Too tempting for a Jove ?

*Del.* The Graces sat

On her fair eyelids ever ; but his youth,  
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,  
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,  
(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly)  
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from  
him ;

Yet his celestial kinsman, for young Raybright  
Is the SUN'S DARLING, knowing his journeying  
hither

To see thy glorious court, sends me before  
T' attend upon you, and spend all my hours  
In care for him.— [Recorders.

The Sun appears above.

*Sum.* Obey your charge !—Oh, thou builder

[Knocks.

Of me, thy handmaid ! landlord of my life !  
Life of my love ! throne where my glories sit !  
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud,  
Now I but see thee.

*Sum.* Rise ! [she rises.] Is Raybright come yet ?

*Del.* Not yet.

*Sun.* Be you indulgent over him;

*Enter PLENTY.*

And lavish thou thy treasure.—

*Plen.* Our princely cousin  
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight,  
Is come.

*Sun.* Who with him?

*Blen.* A goddess in a woman,  
Attended by a prating saucy fellow,  
Call'd Folly.

*Sun.* They'll confound him—  
But he shall run [his course] go and receive him.

[*Exit PLENTY.*]

*Sun.* Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival,  
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat [draws  
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power, to  
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan [borrow  
Our glowing faces.

*Sun.* I will: ho, Æolus!  
Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two  
To fan my girl, the Summer.

*Æol.* (*Within.*) I will.

*Sun.* No roarers.

*Æol.* (*Within.*) No.

*Sun.* Quickly.

*Æol.* (*Within.*) Fly, you slaves! Summer  
sweats; cool her.

[*Hoboy.—The Sun takes his seat above.*]

*Enter RAVEBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY, Country-  
fellows, and WENCHES.*

SONG.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,  
Wait on your Summer-queen;  
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,  
Daffodils strew the green  
Sing, dance, and play,  
'Tis holiday;

The Sun does bravely shine  
On our ears of corn.  
Rich as a pearl  
Comes every girl,  
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;  
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one  
Come to behold our sports:  
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,  
As those in princes' courts.  
These and we  
With country glee,  
Will teach the woods to resound,  
And the hills with echoes hollow:  
Skipping lambs  
Their bleating dams,  
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;  
For joy thus our wenchies we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,  
Hounds make a lusty cry;  
Spring up, you falconers, the partridge freely,  
Then let your brave hawks fly.  
Horses amain,  
Over ridge, over plain,  
The dogs have the stag in chase:  
'Tis a sport to content a king.  
So ho ho! through the skies  
How the proud bird flies,  
And sousing kills with a grace!  
Now the deer falls; hark; how they ring—  
[*The Sun by degrees is clouded.*]

*Sum.* Leave off; the Sun is angry, and has  
A cloud before his face. [*drawn*]

*Del.* He is vex'd to see  
That proud star shine [so] near you, at whose  
rising

The Spring fell sick and died; think what I told  
His coyness will kill you else. [*you,*]

*Sum.* It cannot.—Fair prince,  
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,  
Till now I never saw you: nor never saw  
A man, whom I more love, more hate.

*Ray.* Ha, lady!

*Sum.* For him I love you, from whose glittering  
rays  
You boast your great name; for that name I hate  
you,

Because you kill'd my mother and my nurse.

*Plen.* Kill'd he my grandmother? Plenty will  
Hold you by the hand again. [*never*]

*Sum.* You have free leave  
To thrust your arm into our treasury,  
As deep as I myself: Plenty shall wait  
Still at your elbow; all my sports are yours,  
Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours:  
But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass  
Reflected on you, not to give you heat;  
To doat on a smooth face, my spirit's too great.

[*Flourish.—Exit, followed by PLENTY and DEL.*]

*Ray.* Divinest!

*Hum.* Let her go.

*Fol.* And I'll go after; for I must and will have  
a fang at one of her plum-trees.

*Ray.* I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

*Hum.* This that *Allessa*,

That Rhodian wonder gazed at by the Sun!—  
I feared thine eyes should have beheld a face,  
The moon has not a clearer; this! a dowdy.

*Fol.* An ouzle; this a queen-apple or a crab she  
gave you?

*Hum.* She bids you share her treasure; but  
who keeps it?

*Fol.* She points to trees great with child with  
fruit; but when delivered? grapes hang in ropes;  
but no drawing, not a drop of wine! whole ears of  
corn lay their ears together for bread, but the devil  
a bit I can touch.

*Hum.* Be ruled by me once more; leave her.

*Ray.* In scorn,

As [s]he does me.

*Fol.* Scorn! If I be not deceived, I have seen  
Summer go up and down with hot codlings; and  
that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six  
bunches of raddish for a penny.

*Hum.* Thou shalt have nobler welcome; for I'll  
bring thee  
To a brave and bounteous housekeeper. free  
Autumn.

*Fol.* Oh, there's a lad!—let's go then.

*Re-enter PLENTY.*

*Plen.* Where is this prince? my mother, for the  
Must not have you [de]part. [*Indies,*]

*Ray.* Must not?

*Re-enter SUMMER.*

*Sum.* No, must not.  
I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind,  
Playing with leafy dancers: when I told thee  
I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.  
Unlock my garden of the Hesperides,

By dragons kept, (the apples being pure gold)  
Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.

*Plen.* Love but my mother,  
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

*Ray.* I need not golden apples, nor your corn;  
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,  
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:  
All kingdoms I have right to; I am free  
Of every country; in the four elements  
I have as deep a share as an emperor;  
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,  
All birds to sing to me; and can you catch me  
With a tempting golden apple?

*Plen.* She's too good for thee.  
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise  
Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,  
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such  
store

Of lights, he shone more bright than e'er before;  
At which he vow'd, whenever she did die,  
He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere  
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

*Ray.* Let him now snatch them up; away!

*Hum.* Away,  
And leave this gipsy.

*Sum.* Oh, I am lost.

*Ray.* Lost?

*Sum.* Scorn'd!—

*Ray.* Of no triumph more than love can boast.

(*Exit with Humour and Folly.*)

*Plen.* This strumpet will confound him, she has  
me.

*Sum.* Deluded!— [*Recorders.*]

*The Sun re-appears, with Cupid and Fortune.*

*Sun.* Is Raybright gone?

*Sum.* Yes, and his spiteful eyes  
Have shot darts through me.

*Sun.* I thy wounds will cure,  
And lengthen out thy days; his followers gone,  
Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.  
Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy  
reign;

Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Court of Autumn.*

*Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, and FORTUNE.*

*Ray.* Your entertainments, Autumn's bounteous  
queen,  
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,  
As the full growth of an abundant year  
Can ripen to my palate.

*Pom.* They are but courtings  
Of gratitude to our dread lord, the Sun,  
From whom thou draw'st thy name: the feast of  
fruits

Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee;  
Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty  
Into one form, and that form to contain  
All delicacies, which the wanton sense  
Would relish, or desire to invent, to please it,  
The present were unworthy far to purchase  
A sacred leave of friendship.

*Ray.* I have rioted  
In surfeits of the ear, with various music  
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,  
And every flower, with which the fresh-trimm'd  
earth

Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses  
With these fine barren lullabies; the Summer  
Invited my then ranging eyes to look on  
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles  
Of waterish petty dainties; but my taste  
Is only here pleas'd: the other objects claim  
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

*Pom.* We can transcend thy wishes; whom the  
creatures

Of every age and quality post, madding,  
From land to land and sea to sea, to meet,  
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.  
Love! yield thy quiver and thine arrows up  
To this great prince of time; before him, Fortune!  
Pour out thy mint of treasures; crown him sove-  
reign

Of what his thoughts can glory to command:

He shall give payment of a royal prize,  
To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

*For.* Be a merchant, I will freight thee  
With all store that time is bought for.

*Cup.* Be a lover, I will wait thee  
With success in life most sought for.

*For.* Be enamour'd on bright honour,  
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.

*Cup.* Chastity, if thou smile on her,  
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

*For.* Be a warrior, conquest ever  
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

*Cup.* Be a courtier, beauty never  
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

*For.* Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me;  
I'm thy slave, thy power has bound me.

*Cup.* Cupid's shafts are thine, depose me;  
Love love's love; thy graces wound me.

*Both.* Live, reign! pity is fame's jewel;  
We obey; oh! be not cruel.

*Ray.* You ravish me with infinities, and lay  
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,  
Than the Atlas of mortality can support.—

*Enter, behind, Humour and Folly.*

*Hum.* What's here?

*Fol.* Nay, pray observe.

*Ray.* Be my heart's empress, build your king-  
dom there.

*Hum.* With what an earnestness he compli-  
[ments.]

*Fol.* Upon my life he means to turn coster-  
monger, and is projecting how to forestal the  
market; I shall cry pippins rarely.

*Ray.* Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied;  
And the desires my sensual appetite  
Were only fed with, barren expectations  
To what I now am fill'd with.

*Fol.* Yes, we are filled and must be emptied,  
these wind-fruits have distended my guts into a  
lenten pudding, there's no fat in them; my belly

swells, but my sides fall away: a month of such diet would make me a living anatomy.

*Pom.* These are too little; more are due to him, That is the pattern of his father's glory: Dwell but amongst us, industry shall strive To make another artificial nature, And change all other seasons into ours.

*Hum.* Shall my heart break? I can contain no longer. [*Comes forward, with FOLLY.*]

*Ray.* How fares my loved Humour?

*Hum.* A little stirr'd;—no matter, I'll be merry; Call for some music—do not;—I'll be melancholy.

*Fol.* A sullen humour; and common in a dicer that has lost all his money.

*Pom.* Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy In us, that so disturbs you; if it rise From any discontent, reveal the cause; It shall be soon removed.

*Hum.* Oh, my heart!—

Help to unlace my gown.

*Fol.* And unlace your petticoat.

*Hum.* Saucy, how now!—'tis well you have some sweetheart, Some new fresh sweetheart; [*To RAY.*]—I'm a goodly fool

To be thus play'd on, staled and foil'd.

*Pom.* Why, madam?

We can be courteous without stain of honour: 'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood That we desire to tame with satisfaction, Nor have his masculine graces in our breast Kindled a wanton fire; our bounty gives him A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.

*Hum.* Nay, 'tis all one; I have a tender heart: Come, come, let's drink.

*Fol.* A humour in fashion with gallants, and brought out of the Low Countries.

*Hum.* Fie! there's no music in thee;—let us sing.

*Fol.* Here's humour in the right trim! a few more such toys would make the little world of man run mad as the puritan that sold his conscience for a maypole— [*A Flourish.—Sings within.*]

*Ray.* The meaning of this mirth?

*Pom.* My lord is coming.

*Ray.* Let us attend to humble our best thanks, For these high favours.

*Enter AUTUMN and BACCHANALIAN.*

*Pom.* My dearest lord, according to th' injunction

Of your command, I have, with all observance, Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

*Aut.* The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my love!

Let us be twins in heart; thy grandsire's beams Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines. I am his vassal, servant, tributary; And, for his sake, the kingdoms I possess, I will divide with thee; thou shalt command The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts, To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls, Expressing their rich juice; a hundred grains, Both from the Beltick and Sicilian fields, Shall be congested for thy sacrifice, In Ceres' fane; Tiber shall pay thee apples, And Sicyon olives; all the choicest fruits Thy father's heat doth ripen.

*Ray.* Make me but treasurer

Of your respected favours, and that honour Shall equal my ambition.

*Aut.* My Pomona,

Speed to prepare a banquet of [all] novelties. This is a day of rest, and we, the whiles, Will sport before our friends, and shorten time With length of wonted revels.

*Pom.* I obey.

Will't please you, madam? a retirement From these extremes in men, more tolerable, Will better fit our modesties.

*Hum.* I'll drink,

And be a Bacchanalian—no, I will not. Enter, I'll follow;—stay, I'll go before.

*Pom.* Even what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exit Hum. and Pom.*]

*Aut.* Raybright, a health to Phoebus!

[*A Flourish. Drinks.*]

These are the Pæans, which we sing to him, And yet we wear no bays; our cups are only Crown'd with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!

[*A Flourish. Drinks.*]

*Ray.* I must pledge that too.

*Aut.* Now, one other health

To our grand patron, call'd Good-fellowship; Whose livery all our people hereabout Are clad in.

[*Flourish. Drinks.*]

*Ray.* I am for that too.

*Aut.* 'Tis well;

Let it go round; and, as our custom is Of recreations of this nature, join Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes; Sing lûs unto Bacchus.

*Fol.* Hey-hoes! a god of winds: there's at least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my belly; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back-door; and how sweet the music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman judge.

*Ray.* He is a songster too.

*Fol.* A very foolish one; my music is natural, and came by inheritance: my father was a French nightingale, and my mother an English wagtail; I was born a cuckoo in the spring, and lost my voice in summer, with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest; but I'll venture for one:—fill my dish—every one take his own, and, when I hold up my finger, off with it.

*Aut.* Begin.

*FOLLY sings.*

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow; Money is trash; and he that will spend it, Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho!

Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

*Chor.* Merrily, &c.

[*Here, and at the conclusion of every stanza, they drink.*]

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,

Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;

Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,

Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.

Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,

Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;

Empty the cask; score up, we care not;

Fill all the pots again, drink on, and spare not.

Merrily, &c.

Now, have I more air than ten musicians; besides there is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

*Aut.* Oh, a dance by all means !  
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion  
Bestir ye nimbly, to beguile the hours.

*Fol.* I am for you in that too ; 'twill jog down  
the lees of these rouses into a freer passage ; but  
take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season :  
many men fall by rising, and many women are  
raised by falling.

## A DANCE.

*Aut.* How likes our friend this pastime !

*Ray.* Above utterance.

Oh, how have I, in ignorance and dulness,  
Run through the progress of so many minutes,  
Accusing him, who was my life's first author,  
Of slakness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt  
The folly of my days in vain expense  
Of useless taste and pleasure ! Pray, my lord,  
Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me  
What-course I am to take, for being denizen  
In your unlimited courtesies.

*Aut.* Devise a round ;

You have your liberty.

*Ray.* A health to Autumn's self !  
And here let time hold still his restless glass,  
That not another golden sand may fall  
To measure how it passeth. *[They drink.]*

*Aut.* Continue here with me, and by thy pre-  
Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor, [sence  
And be mine heir.

*Ray.* I want words to express  
My thankfulness.

*Aut.* Whate'er the wanton Spring,  
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,  
Toils for, comes home to Autumn ; Summer  
sweats,  
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping  
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,  
[While] Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's  
jollities

Feed on them ; I alone in every land,  
Traffic my useful merchandize ; gold and jewels,  
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities  
Mortgaged and lost : I sit chief moderator  
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' ex-  
tremes

Of Winter's tedious frost ; nay, in myself  
I do contain another teeming Spring.  
Surety of health, prosperity of life  
Belongs to Autumn ; if thou then canst hope  
To inherit immortality in frailty,  
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

*Ray.* Under the Sun, you are the year's great  
emperor.

*Aut.* On now, to new variety of feasts ;  
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

*Ray.* My lord, I'll follow. *[Flourish. Exit Aut.]*  
Sure, I am not well.

*Fol.* Surely I am half drunk, or monstrously  
mistaken : you mean to stay here, belike ?

*Ray.* Whither should I go else ?

*Fol.* Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own  
defence, I'll not be of your jury.

## Re-enter Humour.

*Hum.* You have had precious pleasures, choice  
of drunkenness :

Will you be gone ?

*Ray.* I feel a war within me,  
And every doubt that resolution kills

Springs up a greater : In the year's revolution,  
There cannot be a season more delicious,  
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily  
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands.

*Fol.* Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

*Ray.* When temperate heat offends not with  
extremes,

When day and night have their distinguishment  
With a more equal measure ;—

*Hum.* Ha ! in contemplation ?

*Fol.* Troubling himself with this windy-guts,  
this belly-aching Autumn, this Apple John Keat,  
and warden of Fruiterers' hall.

*Ray.* When the bright Sun, with kindly distant  
beams

Gilds ripen'd fruit ; —

*Hum.* And what fine meditation

Transports you thus ? You study some encomium  
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen ;  
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy  
Of Cynthia's dark defect.

*Fol.* Madam, let but a green-sickness chamber-  
maid be thoroughly steeled, if she get not a better  
colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn  
for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consump-  
tion.

*Hum.* Come, Raybright ; whatso'er suggestions  
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these empty  
And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include  
Only a windy substance of delight,  
Which every motion alters into air ;  
I'll stay no longer here.

*Ray.* I must.

*Hum.* You shall not ;

These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies :  
I'll bring thee

Into the court of Winter ; there thy food  
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths.  
Strong meat and dainty.

*Fol.* Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton,  
veal, venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge,  
snite, plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

*Hum.* Mistery there, like to another nature,  
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits  
In a rich candy, with such imitation  
Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye,  
Until the taste be ravish'd.

*Fol.* Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and  
marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, ginger-  
bread and walnuts.

*Hum.* Nor is his bounty limited ; he'll not spare  
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

*Fol.* Two hundred pound suppers, and neither  
fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned ; besides, a  
hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you  
can hold out so long.

*Ray.* You tell me wonders :

Be my conductress ; I'll fly this place in secret :  
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,  
The last remains to crown my full content.  
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me :  
'Twas Humour, joined with Folly, did mislead  
me.

*Hum.* Leave this naked season,  
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,  
It is so poor and barren.

*Fol.* And when the hair falls off, I have heard  
a poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

*Ray.* Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh  
delights,

An! swell with pleasures our big appetites.  
 The Summer, Autumn, [Winter] and the Spring,  
 As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,  
 (An emblem of four provinces we sway,  
 Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;  
 Shall both be subject to our glorious state,

While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:  
 And since we have notice that some barbarous  
 spirits  
 Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words  
 They'll not desist, we'll force our way with swords.  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Court of WINTER.*

*Enter several Clowns.*

1 *Clown.* Hear you the news, neighbour!

2 *Clown.* Yes, to my grief, neighbour; they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we are like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

3 *Clown.* Our wives and daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain; though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with bairn for't. Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow with some of 'em.

1 *Clown.* 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

2 *Clown.* Aye, like horn-beasts, neighbour: they may talk and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

*Enter WINTER.*

*Win.* What sullen murmurings does your gall bring forth?

Will you prov't true, "No good comes from the north?"

Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire  
 With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?  
 Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence  
 All temperate heat's fled of obedience?

How durst you else with force think to withstand  
 Your prince's entry into this his land?

A prince, who is so excellently good,  
 His virtue is his honour, more than blood;

In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise  
 The attributes of mercifu. and wise;

Whose laws are so impartial, they must  
 Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just:

Who does, with princely moderation, give  
 His subjects an example how to live;

Teaching their erring natures to direct  
 Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:

That as the sun does unto all dispense  
 Heat, light, nay life, from his full influence:

Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,  
 Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage

War against Heaven; and from his shining throne  
 Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;

Were your heads circled with his own green oak,  
 Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,

And he can sink such wretches as rebel,  
 From Heaven's sublime height to the depth of  
 Hell.

1 *Clown.* The devil he can as soon! we fear no colours; let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up: all things are

grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2 *Clown.* Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour; prate is but prate. They say this prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our gods; and that's abominable; we'll all be hang'd first.

*Win.* A most fair pretence  
 To found rebellion upon conscience!  
 Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments  
 still

Are govern'd by the malice of your will,  
 Not by indifferent reason, which to you  
 Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew  
 Does on the parch'd earth; wets, but does not give  
 Moisture enough to make the plants to live.

Things void of soul! can you conceive, that he,  
 Whose every thought's an act of piety,  
 Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good  
 That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,  
 Cannot direct you in the fittest way  
 To serve those Powers, to which himself does pay  
 True zealous worship, nay's so near allied  
 To them, himself must needs be deified?

*Enter FOLLY.*

*Fol.* Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

2 *Clown.* What are you, sir?

*Fol.* A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord, the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on me; do you npt see me shake? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines and fires, to heat their blood, 'twill freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice, I fear, already. [Exit.]

1 *Clown.* Farewell, and be hanged! ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

3 *Clown.* Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

*Win.* 'Tis, I see,  
 Not in my power to alter destiny;  
 You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear  
 What I presage, with understanding clear,  
 As your black thoughts are misty; take from me  
 This, as a true and certain augury:  
 This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,  
 Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,  
 Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause,  
 You shall with penitence embrace his laws:  
 He to the frozen northern clime shall bring  
 A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring  
 Usurp my privilege, and by his ray

Night shall be changed into perpetual day :  
Plenty and happiness shall still increase,  
As does his light ; and turtle-footed peace  
Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all  
That envy him, shall like swift comets fall,  
By their own fire consumed ; and glorious he  
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,  
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,  
Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth.

*A Flourish.—Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY,  
and DELIGHT.*

But see, our star appears ; and from his eye  
Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.  
Bright son of Phœbus, welcome ! I begin  
To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin ;  
For at your beams the waggoner might thaw  
His chariot, axled with Riphæan snow ;  
Nay, the slow moving North-star, having felt  
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

*Ray.* What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb  
The happy progress of our glorious peace,  
Contemn the justice of our equal laws,  
Profane those sacred rites, which still must be  
Attendant on monarchical dignity !  
I came to frolic with you, and to cheer  
Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams,  
And have I this strange welcome ? Reverend  
Winter !

I'm come to be your guest ; your bounteous, free  
Condition does assure [me], I shall have  
A welcome entertainment.

*Win.* Illustrious sir ! I am [not] ignorant  
How much expression my true zeal will want  
To entertain you fitly ; yet my love  
And hearty duty shall be far above  
My outward welcome. To that glorious light  
Of Heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the  
night,

I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive,  
By honouring you, to keep my faith alive  
To him, brave prince, through you, who do inherit  
Your father's cheerful heat and quick'ning spirit.  
Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent  
So far with age, I am Time's monument,  
Antiquity's example ; in my zeal  
I, from my youth, a span of time will steal  
To open the free treasures of my court,  
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

*Ray.* Never till now  
Did admiration beget in me truly  
The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure.  
[Pity, that one]

So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings,  
Should not partake the comfort of those beams,  
With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer  
The other seasons ; yet my pleasures with you,  
From their false charms, do get the start, as far  
As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

*Boun.* Sir, you can speak well ; if your tongue  
deliver

The message of your heart, without some cunning  
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy  
The lasting riches of your presence hence [forth]  
Without distrust or change.

*Ray.* Winter's sweet bride,  
All conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's  
glory,  
Nature's perfection ; whom all love, all serve ;  
To whom Fortune, even in extreme 's a slave ;

When I fall from my duty to thy goodness:  
Let me be rank'd as nothing !

*Boun.* Come, you flatter me.

*Ray.* I flatter you ! why, madam, you are  
Bounty,  
Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace.

*Hum.* He minds not me now.

*Ray.* Bounty's self !

For you, he is no soldier dares not fight ;  
No scholar he, that dares not plead your merits,  
Or study your best sweetness ; should the Sun,  
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine  
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,  
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles  
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless  
misery,

And cherish desolation : 'deed I honour you,  
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you.

*Hum.* Are these the rare sights, these the pro-  
mis'd compliments !

*Win.* Attendance on our revels ! let delight  
Conjoin the day with sable-footed night ;  
Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere  
Meet in soft mirth, and harmless pleasures here :  
While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd  
Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound  
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call  
To wait on you, at Winter's festival ;  
While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,  
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.  
We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air  
Fetch her inhabitants, to supply our fare ;  
That, were Apicius here, he in one night  
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.  
Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure  
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.

*[A Flourish.]*

*Enter CONCEIT and DETRACTION.*

*Con.* Wit and pleasure, soft attention  
Grace the sports of our invention.

*Detr.* Conceit, peace ! for Detraction  
Hath already drawn a faction  
Shall deride thee.

*Con.* Antick, leave me !  
For in labouring to bereave me  
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage  
Shall be his'd at.

*Detr.* Here's a hot age,  
When such petty penmen covet  
Fame by folly ! On ; I'll prove it  
Scurvy by thy part, and try thee  
By thine own wit.

*Con.* I defy thee ;  
Here are nobler judges ; wit  
Cannot suffer where they sit.

*Detr.* Prithee, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set  
speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain  
language. What goodly thing is't, in the name of  
laughter ?

*Con.* Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit ap-  
pears,

In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,  
Before thy censure : know, then, that the spheres  
Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend  
Their seats to the four Elements, who join'd  
With the four known Complexions, have atoned  
A noble league, and severally put on  
Material bodies ; here amongst them none  
Observes a difference : Earth and Air alike  
Are sprightly active ; Fire and Water seek

No glory of pre-eminence ; Phlegm and Blood,  
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood  
In contraries, now meet for pleasure,  
To entertain time in a courtly Measure.

*Detr.* Impossible and improper ; first, to personate insensible creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours ! fie, fie, fie ; it's abominable.

*Con.* Fond ignorance ! how darest thou vainly impossibility, what reigns in man [scan  
Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,  
To fashion and preserve so high a creature ?

*Detr.* Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder ? We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the Masquers, (the four Elements, Air, Fire, Water, and Earth ; and the four Complexions, Phlegm, Blood, Choler, and Melancholy,) on a raised Platform.*

*Con.* See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chase,

When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace.

*Detr.* Fine, i'faith ; pretty, and in good earnest : but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too ?

*Con.* Behold them well ; the foremost represent Air, the most sportive of the elements. [sents

*Detr.* A nimble rascal, I warrant him some alderman's son ; wondrous giddy and light-headed ; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco.

*Con.* The next near him is Fire.

*Detr.* A choleric gentleman, I should know him ; a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him : he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for he roars like a bull, but is indeed a bell-wether.

*Con.* The third in rank is Water.

*Detr.* A phlegmatic cold piece of stuff : his father, methinks, should be one of the dunce-table, and one that never drank strong beer in his life, but at festival times ; and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a term after.

*Con.* The fourth is Earth.

*Detr.* A shrewd plotting-pated fellow, and a great lover of news. I guess at the rest ; Blood is plac'd near Air, Choler near Fire ; Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy.

*Con.* Fair nymph of Harmony, be it thy task To sing them down, and rank them in a masque.

## A SONG :

*During which, the Masquers descend upon the Stage, and take their places for the Dance.*

See the Elements conspire :

Nimble Air does court the Earth,

Water does commix with fire,

To give our prince's pleasure birth ;

Each delight, each joy, each sweet

In one composition meet,

All the seasons of the year ;

Winter does invoke the Spring,

Summer does in pride appear,

Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,

And with emulation pay

Their tribute to this holy-day ;

In which the Darling of the Sun is come,

To make this place a new Elysium.

[A DANCE.—*Exeunt Masquers.*

*Win.* How do these pleasures please ?

*Hum.* Pleasures ?

*Boun.* Live here,

And be my lord's friend ; and thy sports shall vary

A thousand ways ; Invention shall beget  
Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change  
Can aim at.

*Hum.* Trifles ! Progress o'er the year  
Again, my Raybright ; therein like the Sun ;  
As he in Heaven runs his circular course,  
So thou on earth run thine ; for to be fed  
With stale delights, breeds dullness and contempt :

Think on the Spring.

*Ray.* She was a lovely virgin.

*Win.* My royal lord !

Without offence, be pleased but to afford  
Me give you my true figure ; do not scorn  
My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,  
I serve for no use : 'tis my sharper breath  
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth ;  
My frosts and snows do purify the air  
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair ;  
And though by nature cold and chill I be,  
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity ;  
And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,  
Bring you to the happy shades of paradise.

*Ray.* That wonder ! Oh, can you bring me thither ?

*Win.* I can direct and point you out a path.

*Hum.* But where's the guide ?

Quicken thy spirits, Raybright ; I'll not leave thee :

We'll run the self-same race again, that happiness ;

These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights  
Become not noble action.

*Ray.* To the Spring

I am resolv'd—

[*Recorders.*

*The Sun appears above.*

Oh, what strange light appears !

The Sun is up, sure.

*Sun.* Wanton Darling, look,

And worship with amazement.

*Omnes.* Gracious lord !

*Sun.* Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of frailty

Here runs out to the last.—Here, in this mirror,  
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes ;  
The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,  
Bedewing Childhood with unrelish'd beauties  
Of gaudy sights ; the Summer, as the Noon,  
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength  
To Autumn's Manhood ; here the Evening grows,  
And knits up all felicity in folly :  
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age ;  
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy  
Untasted or untried, puts off the minute  
Of resolution, which should bid farewell  
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.

The powers, from whom man does derive the pedigree

Of his creation, with a royal bounty  
Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attendants

To rectify his carriage : to be thankful  
Again to them, man should cashier his riots,  
His bosom's whorish sweetheart, idle Humour.



His Reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.  
Then shall,  
Like four straight pillars, the four Elements  
Support the goodly structure of mortality ;  
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads  
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,  
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew ;  
No sickness of contagion, no grim death  
Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,  
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,

Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth  
In peace go to our altars, and no more  
Question the power of supernal greatness,  
But give us leave to govern as we please  
Nature and her dominion, who from us  
And from our gracious influence hath both being,  
And preservation ; no replies, but reverence.  
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him ;  
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within  
him. *[Exeunt*

# THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

BY ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARINGTON.  
Old THORNEY, a Gentleman.  
CARTER, a rich Yeoman.  
Old BANKS, a Countryman.  
RATCLIFFE.  
W. MAGO.  
W. HAMLUC.  
ROWLAND, and several other Countrymen.  
WARBECK, }  
SOMERTON, } *Sailors to CARTER'S Daughters.*  
FRANK, THORNEY'S SON.  
CUDDY BANKS, the Clown.  
MORRICE-DANCERS.

SAWGOUT, an old Fiddler.  
Justice, Constable, Officers, Serving-Men and  
Majds.  
Dog, a Familiar.  
A Spirit.  
MOTHER SAWYER, the Witch.  
ANN, RATCLIFFE'S Wife.  
SUSAN, }  
KATHERINE, } *CARTER'S Daughters.*  
WINNIFREDE, Sir ARTHUR'S Maid.

SCENE,—THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EDMONTON: IN THE END OF THE LAST ACT, LONDON.

THE WHOLE ARGUMENT IS THIS DISTICH:

Forced marriage, murder; murder blood requires;  
Reproach, revenge; revenge, hell's help desires.

## PROLOGUE.

THE town of Edmonton hath lent the stage  
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.  
To make comparisons it were uncivil,  
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil:  
But as the year doth with his plenty bring,  
As well a latter as a former spring,

So hath this Witch enjoy'd the first; and reason  
Presumes she may partake the other season:  
In acts deserving name, the proverb says,  
"Once good and ever;" why not so in plays?  
Why not in this? since, gentlemen, we flatter  
No expectation; here is mirth and matter.

MASTER BIRD.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Neighbourhood of EDMONTON.*  
*A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY and WINNIFREDE.*

*Frank.* Come, wench; why, here's a business  
soon dispatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease: thou need'st not  
Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups  
Can speak against thy fame; thy child shall know  
Whom to call dad now.

*Win.* You have [here] discharg'd  
The true part of an honest man; I cannot

Request a fuller satisfaction  
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks  
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,  
We should not live together.

*Frank.* Had I fail'd  
In promise of my truth to thee, we must  
Have then been ever sunder'd; now the longest  
Of our forbearing either's company,  
Is only but to gain a little time  
For our continuing thrift; that so, hereafter,  
The heir that shall be born may not have cause  
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel  
The misery of beggary and want;

Two devils that are occasions to enforce  
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep  
My father's love.

*Win.* And that will be as difficult  
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand  
How you are married, as it will be now,  
Should you confess it to him.

*Frank.* Fathers are  
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters  
Or wronged friends are; and besides I'll use  
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere  
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance  
To which I am born heir, shall be assured;  
That done, why let him know it: if he like it not,  
Yet he shall have no power in him left  
To cross the thriving of it.

*Win.* You who had  
The conquest of my maiden-love, may easily  
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither  
Must I be hurried?

*Frank.* Prithce do not use  
A word so much unsuitable to the constant  
Affections of thy husband: thou shalt live  
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman;  
I have acquainted him with all at large:  
He'll use thee kindly; thou shalt want no pleasures,  
Nor any other fit supplies whatever  
Thou canst in heart desire.

*Win.* All these are nothing  
Without your company.

*Frank.* Which thou shalt have  
Once every month at least.

*Win.* Once every month!  
Is this to have an husband?

*Frank.* Perhaps oftener;  
That's as occasion serves.

*Win.* Ay, ay; in case  
No other beauty tempt your-eye, whom you  
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,  
And see you now and then. Faith; I did hope  
You'd not have us'd me so: 'tis but my fortune.  
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity  
Upon the child I go with; that's your own:  
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,  
You cannot but remember that.  
Heaven knows, how—

*Frank.* To quit which fear at once,  
As by the ceremony late perform'd,  
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,  
As any double thought; once more, in hearing  
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth  
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,  
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,  
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath  
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever  
The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits  
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,  
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven  
Indict upon my life some fearful ruin!  
I hope thou dost believe me.

*Win.* Swear no more;  
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do  
What you think most behoveful for us.

*Frank.* Thus then:  
Make thyself ready; at the furthest house  
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle  
Expects you. For a little time, farewell!

*Win.* Sweet,  
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly?

*Frank.* We shall. One kiss—away! [*Exit WIN.*]

*Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

*Sir Ar.* Frank Thorney!

*Frank.* Here, sir.

*Sir Ar.* Alone? then must I tell thee in plain  
terms,

Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and  
*Frank.* Your house, sir? [*lewdly.*]

*Sir Ar.* Yes, sir: if the nimble devil  
That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against  
All rules of honest duty, you might, sir,  
Have found out some more fitting place than here.  
To have built a stews in. All the country whispers  
How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,  
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,  
Till thy prevailing perjuries enticed her  
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,  
Make her amends and marry her?

*Frank.* So, sir,  
I might bring both myself and her to beggary;  
And that would be a shame worse than the other.

*Sir Ar.* You should have thought on this before,  
and then

Your reason would have oversway'd the passion  
Of your unruly lust. But that you may  
Be left without excuse, to save the infamy  
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are  
A gentleman, and both of you my servants,  
I'll make the maid a portion.

*Frank.* So you promised me  
Before, in case I married her. I know  
Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit  
Report hath lent him; and presume you are  
A debtor to your promise: but upon  
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me,  
For being somewhat rude.

*Sir Ar.* It is but reason.  
Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred  
And a continual friend? [*pounds,*]

*Frank.* Though my poor fortunes  
Might happily prefer me to a choice  
Of a far greater portion; yet to right  
A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,  
I am content to accept your proffer.

*Sir Ar.* Art thou?

*Frank.* Sir, we shall every day have need to  
The use of what you please to give. [*employ*]

*Sir Ar.* Thou shalt have it.

*Frank.* Then I claim  
Your promise.—We are man and wife.

*Sir Ar.* Already?

*Frank.* And more than so, [*sir,*] I have pro-  
mised her

Free entertainment in her uncle's house  
Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely  
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work  
My father's love and liking.

*Sir Ar.* Honest Frank!

*Frank.* I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep  
Without a daily charge. [*her,*]

*Sir Ar.* As for the money,  
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee  
A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure  
I will not fail thee.

*Frank.* But our occasions—

*Sir Ar.* Nay, nay,  
Talk not of your occasions: trust my bounty,  
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i' faith,

*Frank?*

'Tis well, 'tis passing well!—then, Winnifrede,  
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,

Thou hast a jewel, love her; she'll deserve it.  
And when to Waltham?

*Frank.* She is making ready;  
Her uncle stays for her.

*Sir Ar.* Most provident speed.  
Frank, I will be [thy] friend, and such a friend!—  
Thou wilt bring her thither?

*Frank.* Sir, I cannot; newly  
My father sent me word I should come to him.

*Sir Ar.* Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit  
To handle him.

*Frank.* I have a suit to you.

*Sir Ar.* What is it?

Anything, Frank; command it.

*Frank.* That you'll please  
By letters to assure my father, that  
I am not married.

*Sir Ar.* How?

*Frank.* Some one or other  
Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purposed  
To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd  
To disinherit me:—to prevent it,  
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing  
Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,  
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands  
Shall be assured.

*Sir Ar.* But what is there to quit  
My knowledge of the marriage?

*Frank.* Why, you were not  
A witness to it.

*Sir Ar.* I conceive; and then—  
His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him tho-  
roughly

With all that's past.

*Frank.* I mean no less.

*Sir Ar.* Provided  
I never was made privy to't.

*Frank.* Alas, sir,  
Am I a talker?

*Sir Ar.* Draw thyself the letter,  
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy,  
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit:  
Dispatch it.

*Frank.* I shall write effectually. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Ar.* Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught  
the young man?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast  
At other's cost, must be a bold-faced guest.—

*Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.*

Win, I have heard the news, all now is safe;  
The worst is past: thy lip, wench! *(kisses her.)*  
I must bid

Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit thee  
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried:  
Ha! was't not, Win?

*Win.* Then were my happiness,  
That I in heart repent I did not bring him  
The dower of a virginity. Sir, forgive me;  
I have been much to blame: had not my laun-  
dress

Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,  
You had not with such eagerness pursued  
The error of your goodness.

*Sir Ar.* Dear, dear Win,  
I hug this art of thine; it shows how cleanly  
Thou canst beguile, in case occasion serve  
To practise; it becomes thee: now we share  
Free scope enough, without controul or fear.  
To interchange our pleasures; we will surfeit

In our embraces, wench. Come, tell me, when  
Wilt thou appoint a meeting!

*Win.* What to do?

*Sir Ar.* Good, good! to con the lesson of our  
Our secret game. *[loves,*

*Win.* Oh, blush to speak it further.

As you are a noble gentleman, forget  
A sin so monstrous; 'tis not gently done,  
To open a cured wound: I know you speak  
For trial; 'troth, you need not.

*Sir Ar.* I for trial?  
Not I, by this good sun-shine!

*Win.* Can you name

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble  
To think to what a foul and black intent  
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:  
If you appear in any visitation,  
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs  
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband;  
If you infect mine ear with any breath  
That is not thoroughly perfumed with sighs  
For former deeds of lust; may I be curs'd  
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe  
To see or hear you! I will change my life,  
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

*Sir Ar.* Wilt thou turn monster now? art not  
asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?  
Away, away! fie on't!

*Win.* My resolution  
Is built upon a rock. This very day  
Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be  
doubted,

That never any change of love should cancel  
The bonds in which we are to either bound,  
Of lasting truth: and shall I then for my part  
Unfile the sacred oath set on record  
In Heaven's book? Sir Arthur, do not study  
To add to your lascivious lust, the sin  
Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour  
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,  
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin  
A temple hallow'd to the purity  
Of holy marriage. I have said enough;  
You may believe me.

*Sir Ar.* Get you to your nunnery,  
There freeze in your old cloister: this is fine!

*Win.* Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give  
me leave

To weep and pray for your conversion?

*Sir Ar.* Yes;  
Away to Waltham. Pox upon your honesty!  
Had you no other trick to fool me? well,  
You may want money yet.

*Win.* None that I'll send for  
To you, for hire of a damnation.  
When I am gone, think on my just complaint;  
I was your devil; oh, be you my saint! *[Exit.]*

*Sir Ar.* Go thy ways; as changeable a baggage  
As ever cozen'd knight; I'm glad I am rid of her.  
Honest! marry hang her! Thorney is my debtor;  
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have  
fortune. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—EDMONTON. *A Room in CARTER'S  
House.*

*Enter Old THORNEY and CARTER.*

*Thor.* You offer, master Carter, like a gentleman;  
I cannot find fault with it, 'tis so fair.

*Car.* No gentleman I, master Thorney; spare the mastership, call me by my name, John Carter. Master is a title my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with; honest Hertfordshire yeomen; such an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no security for the marriage-money.

*Thor.* How! no security? although it need not so long as you live; yet who is he as surety of his life one hour? Men, the proverb says, are mortal; else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

*Car.* Double, treble, more or less, I tell you, master Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and bills are but terriers to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy; my security shall be present payment. And we here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, master Thorney.

*Thor.* I cry you mercy, sir, I understood you not.

*Car.* I like young Frank well, so does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 'tis a mannerly girl, master Thorney, though but an homely man's daughter; there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

*Thor.* You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

*Car.* To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.—Here come they that—

*Enter WARBECK with SUSAN, SOMERTON with KATHERINE.*

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney; here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? have they any mind to a loose gown and a strait shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

*War.* You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hear'st

The liberty that's granted thee; what sayest thou? Will thou be mine?

*Sus.* Your what, sir? I dare swear Never your wife.

*War.* Canst thou be so unkind, Considering how dearly I affect thee, Nay, dote on thy perfections?

*Sus.* You are studied, Too scholar-like, in words I understand not. I am too coarse for such a gallant's love As you are.

*War.* By the honour of gentility—

*Sus.* Good sir, no swearing; yea and nay with us Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

*War.* By this white hand of thine—

*Sus.* Take a false oath!  
Fie, fie! flatter the wise; fools not regard it,  
And one of these am I.

*War.* Dost thou despise me?

*Car.* Let them talk on, master Thorney; I know Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle, he shall but singe his wings when all's done: Frank, Frank is he has her heart.

*Som.* But shall I live in hope, Kate?

*Kath.* Better so,  
Than be a desperate man.

*Som.* Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion I level at: wert thou as poor in fortunes As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues,  
Than twice thy father's whole estate; and, prithee,  
Be thou resolv'd so.

*Kath.* Master Somerton,  
It is an easy labour to deceive  
A maid that will believe men's subtle promises  
Yet I conceive of you as worthy  
As I presume you to deserve.

*Som.* Which is,  
As worthy in loving thee sincerely,  
As thou art worthy to be so beloved.

*Kath.* I shall find time to try you.

*Som.* Do, Kate, do;  
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me!

*Car.* Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh to myself, master Thorney, to see how earnestly he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thorney; one of the country roaring-lads; we have such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

*Thor.* What is the other gentleman?

*Car.* One Somerton; the honestest man of the two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow; he has a fine convenient estate of land in West-ham, by Essex: master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you, I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I use him kindly for master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

*War.* Three hundred a year jointure, Sue.

*Sus.* Where lies it!  
By sea or land? I think by sea.

*War.* Do I look like a captain?

*Sus.* Not a whit, sir.

Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,  
There's not a ship should have a scullion in her  
To keep her clean.

*War.* Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?

Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

*Sus.* Neither

Am I a property for you to use  
As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse:  
Pray, sir, be civil.

*War.* Will be angry, wasp?

*Car.* God-a-mercy, Sue! she'll frk him on my  
life, if he fumble with her.

*Enter FRANK.*

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed: your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?

*Frank.* In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

*Thor.* Now  
You come as I could wish.  
*War.* Frank Thorney? ha!  
*Sus.* You must excuse me.  
*Frank.* Virtuous mistress Susan.  
Kind mistress Katherine. *[Kisses them.]*  
Gentlemen to both  
Good time o' th' day.  
*Som.* The like to you.  
*War.* 'Tis he:  
A word, friend. *(Aside to Som.)* On my life, this  
is the man  
Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.  
*Som.* I think no less; be wise and take no  
notice on't;  
He that can win her, best deserves her.  
*War.* Marry  
A serving man! mew!  
*Som.* Prithce, friend, no more.  
*Car.* Gentlemen all, there's within a slight  
dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master  
Thorney, master Francis, master Somerton!—  
Why, girls! what, huswives! will you spend all  
your forenoon in tittle-tattles! away; it's well,  
i'faith. Will you go in, gentlemen?  
*Thor.* We'll follow presently; my son and I  
Have a few words of business.  
*Car.* At your pleasure.  
*[Exeunt all but THORNEY and FRANK.]*  
*Thor.* I think you guess the reason, Frank, for  
I sent for you.  
*Frank.* Yes, sir. *[which]*  
*Thor.* I need not tell you  
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily  
The best part of my whole estate's encumber'd;  
Nor have I any clue to wind it out,  
But what occasion proffers me; wherein,  
If you should falter, I shall have the shame,  
And you the loss. On these two points rely  
Our happiness or ruin. If you marry  
With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion  
Will free my land; all which I will instate,  
Upon the marriage, to you: otherwise  
I must be of necessity enforced  
To make a present sale of all; and yet,  
For ought I know, live in as poor distress,  
Or worse, than now I do; you hear the sum:  
I told you thus before; have you consider'd on't?  
*Frank.* I have, sir; and however I could wish  
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,  
For that I find no disposition in me  
To undergo the burden of that care  
That marriage brings with it; yet to secure  
And settle the continuance of your credit,  
I humbly yield to be directed by you  
In all commands.  
*Thor.* You have already used  
Such thriving protestations to the maid,  
That she is wholly your's; and—speak the  
truth,—  
You love her, do you not?  
*Frank.* 'Twere pity, sir,  
I should deceive her.  
*Thor.* Better you had been unborn.  
But is your love so steady that you mean,  
Nay more, desire, to make her your wife?  
*Frank.* Else, sir,  
It were a wrong not to be righted.  
*Thor.* True,  
It were: and you will marry her?

*Frank.* Heaven prosper it,  
I do intend it.  
*Thor.* Oh, thou art a villain!  
A devil like a man! Wherein have I  
Offended all the powers so much, to be  
Father to such a graceless, godless son?  
*Frank.* To me, sir, this! oh, my cleft heart!  
*Thor.* To thee,  
Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou  
monster!  
Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid  
Was fellow-servant with thee?  
*Frank.* Some swift spirit  
Has blown this news abroad; I must outface it.  
*[Aside.]*  
*Thor.* Do you study for excuse? why all the  
Is full on't. *[country]*  
*Frank.* With your license, 'tis not charitable,  
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much  
To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit  
Of mere impossibilities; but fathers  
Are privileged to think and talk at pleasure.  
*Thor.* Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no  
wife?  
*Frank.* What do you take me for? an atheist?  
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life  
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due  
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn,  
Which " " " " travellers, day and night,  
After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?  
Am I become so insensible of losing  
The glory of creation's work, my soul!  
Oh, I have lived too long!  
*Thor.* Thou hast, dissembler.  
Dar'st thou persevere yet, and pull down wrath  
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick  
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;  
Get from my sight!  
*Frank.* Sir, though mine innocence  
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness  
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that  
I was inform'd, how mainly you had been  
Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple  
Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.  
*Thor.* From whom?  
*Frank.* Sir Arthur Clarrington, my master.  
*Thor.* Well, sir. *[Reacts.]*  
*Frank.* On every side I am distracted;  
Am waded deeper into mischief  
Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:  
Fate leads me; I will follow.—*[Aside.]* There  
you read  
What may confirm you.  
*Thor.* Yes, and wonder at it.  
Forgive me, Frank; credulity abus'd me.  
My tears express my joy; and I am sorry  
I injured innocence.  
*Frank.* Alas! I knew  
Your rage and grief proceeded from your love  
To me; so I conceiv'd it.  
*Thor.* My good son,  
I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter;  
Bear thou with mine.  
*Frank.* The peace is soon concluded.  
*Re-enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.*  
*Car.* Why, master Thorney, do you mean to  
talk out your dinner? the company attends your  
coming. What must it be, master Frank? or son  
Frank? I am plain Dunstable.

*Thor.* Son, brother, if your daughter like to have it so.

*Frank.* I dare be confident, she is not alter'd From what I left her at our parting last :— Are you, fair maid ?

*Sus.* You took too sure possession Of an engaged heart.

*Frank.* Which now I challenge.

*Car.* Marry, and much good may it do thee, son. Take her to thee ; get me a brace of boys at a burthen, Frank ; the nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of milk ; reach her home and spare not : when's the day ?

*Thor.* To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony Of charge and custom were to little purpose ; Their loves are married fast enough already.

*Car.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an household dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape : let the bride and bridegroom dance at night together ; no matter for the guests :—to-morrow, Sus, to-morrow. Shall's to dinner now ?

*Thor.* We are on all sides pleased, I hope.

*Sus.* Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me !  
Now my heart's settled.

*Frank.* So is mine.

*Car.* Your marriage-money shall be received before your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Blessing on you both !

*Frank.* [Aside.] No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him ;  
In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Fields near EDMONTON.*

*Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER, gathering sticks.*

*Saw.* And why on me ? why should the envious world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?  
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,  
And like a bow buckled and bent together,  
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,  
Must I for that be made a common sink,  
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues  
To fall and run into ? Some call me Witch,  
And being ignorant of myself, they go  
About to teach me how to be one ; urging,  
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)  
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,  
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at  
This they enforce upon me ; and in part [nurse.  
Make me to credit it ; and here comes one  
Of my chief adversaries.

*Enter Old BANKS.*

*Banks.* Out, out upon thee, witch !

*Saw.* Dost call me witch ?

*Banks.* I do, witch, I do ; and worse I would,  
knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou  
upon my ground ?

*Saw.* Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

*Banks.* Down with them when I bid thee,  
quickly ; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin  
else.

*Saw.* You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser !—  
there they be ; [Throws them down.] would they  
stuck across thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy  
midriff.

*Banks.* Say'at thou me so, hag ? Out of my  
ground ! [Beats her.

*Saw.* Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon ! Now  
thy bones aches, thy joints cramps, and convul-  
sions stretch and crack thy sinews !

*Banks.* Cursing, thou hag ! take that, and that.  
[Beats her, and exit.

*Saw.* Strike, do !—and wither'd may that hand  
and arm

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten  
trunk !

Abuse me ! beat me ! call me hag and witch !

What is the name ? where, and by what art learn'd,  
What spells, what charms or invocations ?  
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased ?

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, and several other Clowns.*

*Cud.* A new head for the tabor, and silver tip-  
ping for the pipe ; remember that : and forget not  
five leash of new bells.

1 *Cl.* Double bells ;—Crooked-Lane—you shall  
have 'em straight in Crooked-Lane :—double bells  
all, if it be possible.

*Cud.* Double bells ? double coxcombs ! trebles,  
buy me trebles, all trebles ; for our purpose is to  
be in the altitudes.

2 *Cl.* All trebles ? not a mean ?

*Cud.* Not one. The morrice is so cast, we'll  
have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow  
Rowland.

3 *Cl.* What ! nor a counter ?

*Cud.* By no means, no hunting counter ; leave  
that to the Enfield Chase men : all trebles, all in  
the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in  
the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2 *Cl.* If you that be minded to follow your  
leader, know me, (an ancient honour belonging to  
our house,) for a fore-horse [i'th'] team, and fore-  
gallant in a morrice, my father's stable is not un-  
furnish'd.

3 *Cl.* So much for the fore-horse ; but how for  
a good Hobby-horse ?

*Cud.* For a Hobby-horse ? let me see an alma-  
nack. Midsummer-moon, let me see you. "When  
the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane."  
No more. Use your best skill ; your morrice will  
suffer an eclipse.

1 *Cl.* An eclipse ?

*Cud.* A strange one.

2 *Cl.* Strange ?

*Cud.* Yes, and most sudden. Remember the  
fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse ! the  
whole body of your morrice will be darkened.—  
There be of us—but 'tis no matter :—forget the  
hobby-horse !

1 *Cl.* Cuddy Banks !—have you forgot since he  
paced it from Enfield Chase to Edmonton ?—  
Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.

*Cud.* Suffer may ye all ! it shall be known, I

can take my ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1 *Cl.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

2 *Cl.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3 *Cl.* The caparisons new painted.

4 *Cl.* The tail repair'd.

1 *Cl.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned over.

1 *Cl.* Kind,—

2 *Cl.* Honest,

3 *Cl.* Loving, ingenious—

4 *Cl.* Affable, Cuddy.

*Cud.* To show I am not flint, but affable, as you say, very well stuf, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in him—but [*seeing the witch*]*—*uds me, mother Sawyer!

1 *Cl.* The old witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not cross'd—

2 *Cl.* Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out. What dost now?

*Cud.* "Ungirt, unblest," says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve [*for*] a riding knot; and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What wouldst thou

1 *Cl.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2 *Cl.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3 *Cl.* Away—

4 *Cl.* With the witch!

*All.* Away with the Witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*]

*Saw.* Still vex'd! still tortured! that curmudgeon Banks

Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd  
And hated like a sickness; made a scorn  
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams  
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,  
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,  
That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their  
blood;

But by what means they came acquainted with them,  
I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or  
bad,

Instruct me which way I might be revenged  
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,  
And give this fury leave to dwell within  
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age!  
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,  
And study curses, imprecations,  
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,  
Or anything that's ill; so I might work  
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,  
That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood  
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,  
To be a witch, as to be counted one:  
Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

*Enter a Black Dog.*

*Dog.* Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou  
Mine own. [art

*Saw.* Thine! what art thou?

*Dog.* He thou hast so often

Importuned to appear to thee, the devil.

*Saw.* Bless me! the devil!

*Dog.* Come, do not fear; I love thee much too  
To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible, [well  
It is to such as hate me. I have found  
Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied

Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,  
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

*Saw.* May I believe thee?

*Dog.* To confirm't, command me  
Do any mischief unto man or beast.  
And I'll effect it, on condition  
That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift  
Of soul and body to me.

*Saw.* Out, alas!

My soul and body?

*Dog.* And that instantly

And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,  
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

*Saw.* I know not where to seek relief: but  
shall I,

After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge  
On all that wrong me?

*Dog.* Ha, ha! silly woman!

The devil is no liar to such as he loves—  
Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar  
To such as he affects?

*Saw.* Then I am thine; at least so much of me  
As I can call mine own—

*Dog.* Equivocations?

Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear—

*Saw.* All thine.

*Dog.* Seal't with thy blood.

[*She pricks her arm, which he sucks.—Thunder and lightning.*]

See! now I dare call thee mine!

For proof, command me; instantly I'll run

To any mischief; goodness can I none.

*Saw.* And I desire as little. There's an old  
churl,

One Banks—

*Dog.* That wrong'd thee: he lamed thee, call'd  
thee witch.

*Saw.* The same; first upon him I'd be re-  
venged

*Dog.* Thou shalt; do but name how?

*Saw.* Go, touch his life.

*Dog.* I cannot.

*Saw.* Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!

*Dog.* I will not.

*Saw.* I'll cancel then my gift.

*Dog.* Ha, ha!

*Saw.* Doest laugh!

Why wilt not kill him?

*Dog.* Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscribed,  
And tied in limits: though he be curst to thee,  
Yet of himself, he is loving to the world,  
And charitable to the poor; now men, that,  
As he, love goodness, though in smallest measure,  
Live without compass of our reach: his cattle  
And corn I'll kill and mildew; but his life  
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,  
Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

*Saw.* Work on his corn and cattle then.

*Dog.* I shall.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON shall see his fall;

If she at least put credit in my power,  
And in mine only; make orisons to me,  
And none but me.

*Saw.* Say how, and in what manner.

*Dog.* I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,  
Corn, man, or beast wouldst spoil or  
kill,

Turn thy back against the sun.  
And mumble this short orison



If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,  
Sanctiblocetur nomen tuum.

*Saw.* If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,  
Sanctiblocetur nomen tuum.

*Dog.* Perfect : farewell ! Our first-made promises

We'll put into execution against Banks. [*Exit*

*Saw.* *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert scholar ;

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,  
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes here ?

*Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.*

The son of my worst foe.

To death pursue 'em,  
Et sanctablocetur nomen tuum.

*Cud.* What's that she mumbles ? the devil's paternoster ! would it were else !—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

*Saw.* Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that  
A poor old woman. [*flout*

To death pursue 'em,  
And sanctablocetur nomen tuum.

*Cud.* Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it  
pleases my father, to call you, I know you are—

*Saw.* A witch.

*Cud.* A witch ? would you were else, i'faith !

*Saw.* Your father knows I am, by this.

*Cud.* I would he did !

*Saw.* And so in time may you.

*Cud.* I would I might else ! But witch or no  
witch, you are a motherly woman ; and though my  
father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I  
have an earnest suit to you ; and if you'll be so  
kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous  
to cob you another.

*Saw.* What's that ? to spurn, beat me, and call  
As your kind father doth ? [*me witch,*

*Cud.* My father ! I am ashamed to own him.  
If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's  
money to buy thee a plaster ; (*gives her money*)  
and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

*Saw.* You seem a good young man, and—I  
must dissemble,

The better to accomplish my revenge.— [*Aside.*  
But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do ?  
Bewitch thee ?

*Cud.* No, by no means ; I am bewitch'd already :  
I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or  
witch another with me for company.

*Saw.* I understand thee not ; be plain, my son.

*Cud.* As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate  
Carter !

*Saw.* The wealthy yeoman's daughter ? what of

*Cud.* That same party has bewitch'd me. [*her ?*

*Saw.* Bewitch'd thee ?

*Cud.* Bewitch'd me, *hiscæ auribus.* I saw a  
little devil fly out of her eye like a but-bolt, which  
sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart.  
Now, my request is, to send one of thy what-d'yecall-  
'ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another  
as fast in her's : do, and here's my hand, I am  
thine for three lives.

*Saw.* We shall nave sport. (*Aside.*)—Thou art  
in love with her ?

*Cud.* Up to the very hilts, mother.

*Saw.* And thou wouldst have me make her love  
thee too !

*Cud.* I think I shall prove a witch in earnest.  
(*Aside.*)—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike  
her three quarters deep in love with me too.

*Saw.* But dost thou think that I can do't, and I  
alone ?

*Cud.* Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe  
so ; and, when I see it done, I shall be half per-  
suaded so too.

*Saw.* It is enough ; what art can do, be sure of.  
Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st,  
Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground ; the Dog appears, and  
sawns, and leaps upon her.*

*Cud.* Afraid, mother witch !—"turn my face to  
the west !" I said I should always have a back-  
friend of her ; and now it's out. An her little  
devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me,  
like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talons on  
my haunches—"Tis woundy cold sure—I dadder  
and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

*Saw.* To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,  
Et sanctablocetur nomen tuum. [*Exit Dog.*

How now, my son, how is't ?

*Cud.* Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But  
did you get goblin and you spout Latin together ?

*Saw.* A kind of charm I work by ; didst thou  
hear me ?

*Cud.* I heard I know not the devil what mum-  
ble in a scurry base tone, like a drum that had  
taken cold in the head the last muster. Very  
comfortable words ; what were they ? and who  
taught them you ?

*Saw.* A great learned man.

*Cud.* Learned man ! learned devil it was as  
soon ! But what ! what comfortable news about  
the party ?

*Saw.* Who ? Kate Carter ? I'll tell thee. Thou  
know'st at the stile at the west end of thy father's  
pease-field ; be there to-morrow night after sun-  
set : and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to  
follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

*Cud.* In the pease-field ? has she a mind to cod-  
lings already ? The first living thing I meet, you  
say, shall bring me to her ?

*Saw.* To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem  
wantonly coy, and flee thee ; but follow her close  
and boldly : do but embrace her in thy arms once,  
and she is thine own.

*Cud.* "At the stile, at the west-end of my  
father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow  
and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay,  
an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine ;  
I'll go near to make a taglet else. [*Exit*

*Saw.* A ball well banded ! now the set's half  
won ;

The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son. [*Exit*

## SCENE II.—CARTER'S House.

*Enter CARTER, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.*

*Car.* How now, gentlemen ! cloudy ? I know,  
master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daugh-  
ter's marriage.

*War.* And can you blame me, sir ?

*Car.* Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging  
are tied up both in a proverb ; and destiny is the  
juggler that unties the knot : my hope is, you are  
reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

*War.* However, your promise—

*Car.* Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

*War.* Which honest men should pay.

*Car.* Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

*Som.* I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

*War.* Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

*Car.* Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

*Som.* Come, frolick, Ned; were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

*War.* You hold your's in a string though: 'tis well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

*Som.* In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,—

*War.* Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

*Som.* She'll keep a surer compass; I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

*War.* And that confidence is a wind that has blown many a married man ashore at Cuckold's Haven, I can tell you; I wish your's more prosperous though.

*Car.* Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

*War.* Yes, as you did to me.

*Car.* No more of that, if you love me: but for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the marriage; and that once seal'd—

*Som.* Leave the manage of the rest to my care.

*Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.*

But see, the bridegroom and bride come; the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

*War.* The sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due; but—

*Som.* No harsh language, if thou lovest me, Frank Thorney has done—

*War.* No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

*Som.* Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

*War.* Come, give thee joy: may'st thou live long and happy

In thy fair choice!

*Frank.* I thank ye, gentlemen; kind master Warbeck,

I find you loving.

*War.* Thorney, that creature,—(much good do thee with her!)

Virtue and beauty hold fair mixtures in her; She's rich, no doubt, in both; yet were she fairer, Thou art right worthy of her: love her, Thorney, 'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty. The match is fair and equal, the success

I leave to censure; farewell, mistress bride!

Till now elected thy old scorn deride. *[Exit.*

*Som.* Good master Thorney—

*Car.* Nay, you shall not part till you see the barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen.

*[Exit with EDMONTON.*

*Sus.* Why change you your face, sweetheart?

*Frank.* Who, I? for nothing.

*Sus.* Dear, say not so; a spirit of your constancy

Cannot endure this change for nothing.—

I have observ'd strange variations in you.

*Frank.* In me?

*Sus.* In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep You utter sudden and distracted accents, Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, [band,

May dare to challenge any interest in you,

Give me the reason fully; you may trust

My breast as safely as your own.

*Frank.* With what?

You half amaze me; prithee—

*Sus.* Come, you shall not,

Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking

The least dislike that grieves you; I am all your's.

*Frank.* And I all thine.

*Sus.* You are not, if you keep

The least grief from me; but I find the cause, It grew from me.

*Frank.* From you?

*Sus.* From some distaste

In me or my behaviour: you are not kind

In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,

Silly and plain; and more, strange to those contents

A wife should offer: say but in what I fall,

I'll study satisfaction.

*Frank.* Come; in nothing.

*Sus.* I know I do; knew I as well in what,

You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,

If I have been immodest or too bold,

Speak't in a frown; if peevishly too nice,

Shew't in a smile: thy liking is the glass

By which I'll habit my behaviour.

*Frank.* Wherefore

Dost weep now!

*Sus.* You, sweet, have the power

To make me passionate as an April-day;

Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red:

You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,

To make it ebb or flow into my face,

As your looks change.

*Frank.* Change thy conceit, I prithee;

Thou art all perfection: Diana herself

Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.

Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits

Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he dipp'd

\* \* \* in thy chaste breast; in the other lies

Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties;

And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,

Adonis quenches out unchaste desires:

And from these two I briefly do imply

A perfect emblem of thy modesty.

Then, prithee dear, maintain no more dispute,

For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be mute.

*Sus.* Come, come, these golden strings of flattery

Shall not tie up my speech, sir; I must know

The ground of your disturbance.

*Frank.* Then look here;

For here, here is the fen in which this hydra

Of discontent grows rank.

*Sus.* Heaven shield it! where?

*Frank.* In mine own bosom, here the cause has root;

The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,

And will, I hope, confound me.

*Sus.* You speak riddles.

*Frank.* Take't plainly then ; 'twas told me by a woman

Known and approved in palmistry,  
I should have two wives.

*Sus.* Two wives ? sir, I take it  
Exceeding likely ; but let not conceit hurt you :  
You are afraid to bury me ?

*Frank.* No, no, my Winnifrede.

*Sus.* How say you ? Winnifrede ! you forget me.

*Frank.* No, I forget myself, Susan.

*Sus.* In what ?

*Frank.* Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede,  
A maid that at my mother's waited on me  
Before thyself.

*Sus.* I hope, sir, she may live  
To take my place ; but why should all this move  
you ?

*Frank.* The poor girl,—she has 't before thee,  
And that's the fiend torments me. *[Aside.*

*Sus.* Yet why should this  
Raise mutiny within you ? such presages  
Prove often false : or say it should be true !

*Frank.* That I should have another wife ?

*Sus.* Yes, many ;  
If they be good, the better.

*Frank.* Never any  
Equal to thee in goodness.

*Sus.* Sir, I could wish I were much better for  
you ;

Yet if I knew your fate  
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish  
(So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure)  
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added  
To my successor.

*Frank.* Prithee, prithee, talk not  
Of death or graves ; thou art so rare a goodness,  
As Death would rather put itself to death,

Than murder thee : but we, as all things else,  
Are mutable and changing.

*Sus.* Yet you still move  
In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase  
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

*Frank.* At my return I will.

*Sus.* Return ? ah me !  
Will you then leave me ?

*Frank.* For a time I must :  
But how ? as birds their young, or loving bees  
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

*Sus.* Leave me !  
Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,  
Cost it my life, you shall not.

*Frank.* Why ? your reason ?

*Sus.* Like to the lapwing have you all this while,  
With your false love, deluded me ; pretending  
Counterfeit senses for your discontent !  
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

*Frank.* What ? what by chance ?

*Sus.* Your pre-appointed meeting  
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

*Frank.* Ha !

*Sus.* Even so : dissemble not ; 'tis too apparent.  
Then, in his look, I read it :—deny it not,  
I see't apparent ; cost it my undoing,  
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

*Frank.* Not until when ?

*Sus.* Till he and you be friends.  
Was this your cunning ?—and then flam me off  
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede !  
You are not so kind indeed as I imagined.

*Frank.* And you more fond by far than I ex-  
pected.— *[Aside*

It is a virtue that attends thy kind—  
But of our business within :—and by this kiss,  
I'll anger thee no more ; 'troth, chuck, I will not.

*Sus.* You shall have no just cause.

*Frank.* Dear Sue, I shall not. *[Exeunt-*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Field.*

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Morrice Dancers.*

1 *Clown.* Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us  
now ; if we part all this night, we shall not meet  
before day.

2 *Cl.* I prithee, Banks, let's keep together now.

*Cud.* If you were wise, a word would serve ; but  
as you are, I must be forced to tell you again, I  
have a little private business, an hour's work ; it  
may prove but an half hour's, as luck may serve ;  
and then I take horse, and along with you. Have  
we e'er a witch in the morrice ?

1 *Cl.* No, no ; no woman's part but Maid-  
Marian, and the hobby-horse.

*Cud.* I'll have a witch ; I love a witch.

1 *Cl.* 'Faith, witches themselves are so common  
now-a-days, that the counterfeit will not be re-  
garded. They say we have three or four in  
Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2 *Cl.* I would she would dance her part with us.  
3 *Cl.* So would not I ; for if she comes, the  
devil and all comes along with her.

*Cud.* Well, I'll have a witch ; I have loved a  
witch ever since I played at cherry-pit. Leave

me, and get my horse dress'd ; give him oats ; but  
water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it  
first ?

2 *Cl.* To Sir Arthur Clarington's first ; then  
whither thou wilt.

*Cud.* Well, I am content ; but we must up to  
Carter's, the rich yeoman ; I must be seen on  
hobby-horse there.

1 *Cl.* Oh, I smell him now !—I'll lay my ears  
Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would  
walk melancholy by himself.

*Cud.* Hah ! who was that said I was in love !

1 *Cl.* Not I.

2 *Cl.* Nor I.

*Cud.* Go to, no more of that : when I under-  
stand what you speak, I know what you say ;  
believe that.

1 *Cl.* Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it ; I meant  
no hurt in't ; I have seen you walk up to Carter's  
of Chessum ; Banks, were not you there last  
Shrove-tide ?

*Cud.* Yes, I was ten days together there last  
Shrove-tide.

2 *Cl.* How could that be, when there are but  
seven days in the week ?

*Cud.* Prithce peace! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller; thou understandest as a fresh-water farmer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3 *Cl.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

*Cud.* No, simply as thou understandest. Prithce look but in the lover's almanack; when he has been but three days absent, "Oh, says he, I have not seen my love these seven years;" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "Oh, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven;" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1 *Cl.* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again and trouble him no more.

*All.* But remember, Banks.

*Cud.* The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you; get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch; because he can show his art better than another. [*Exeunt all but CUD.*]

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what: say I meet a thief? I must follow him, if to the gallows; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound? still I must follow: some slow-paced beast, I hope; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha! my guide is come.

*Enter Dog.*

A water-dog! I am thy first man, sculler; I go with thee; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt; thou know'st the way better than I:—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel; thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

*Enter a Spirit, vizarded. He throws off his mask, &c. and appears in the shape of KATHERINE.*

*Spir.* Thus throw I off mine own essential horror, And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid Whom this fool dotes on; we can meet his folly, But from his virtues must be run-aways. We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning call,

We know where to receive; the witch pays for all.

[*Dog barks.*]

*Cud.* Ay? is that the watchword? She's come. (*Sees the Spirit.*) Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-church, in memory of thee; now come behind, kind cur.

And have I met thee, sweet Kate?  
I will teach thee to walk so late.

Oh see, we meet in metra. (*The Spirit retires as he advances.*) What! dost thou trip from me? Oh, that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble! "Stay nymph, stay nymph," sing'd Apollo.

Tarry and kiss me; sweet nymph, stay!

Tarry and kiss me, sweet.

We will to Chessum Street,

And then to the house stands in the highway.

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.

[*Exit, following the Spirit.*]

(*Within.*) Oh, help, help! I am drown'd, I am drown'd!

*Re-enter CUDDY wet.*

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cud.* This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I find it now in Pond's almanack: thinking to land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Gravesend. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? a mange take that black hide of your's! I'll throw you in at Limehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cud.* How now? who's that laughs at me? Hist, to him! (*Dog barks.*)—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 'twas my own fault.

*Dog.* Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

*Cud.* How now! who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

*Dog.* Yes, I can speak.

*Cud.* The devil you can! you have read Æsop's fables then: I have play'd one of your parts there; the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

*Dog.* My dame calls me Tom.

*Cud.* 'Tis well, and she may call me Ass; so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass: she said, I should follow you indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine ingle: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

*Dog.* Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved; cherish me and I'll do any thing for thee.

*Cud.* Well, you shall have jowls and livers; I have butchers to my friends that shall bestow 'em: and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

*Dog.* Anything; I'll help thee to thy love.

*Cud.* Wilt thou? that promise shall cost me a brown loaf, though I steal it out of my father's cupboard: you'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not?

*Dog.* Oh, best of all; the sweetest bits those.

*Cud.* You shall not starve, ningle Tom, believe that: if you love fish, I'll help you to maids and soles; I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

*Dog.* Maids and soles? Oh, sweet bits! banqueting stuff, those.

*Cud.* One thing I would request you, ningle, as you have play'd the knavish cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our morrice-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

*Dog.* Yes, yes, anything; I'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Get thee gone before; fear not my presence. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dames than one.

*Cud.* He can serve Mammon and the devil too.

*Dog.* It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase.

There's a gallant rival loves the maid,  
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,  
Before the morrice ends, shall light on him!

*Cud.* Oh, sweet ningle, thy neuf once again;  
friends must part for a time: farewell, with this  
remembrance; shalt have bread too when we  
meet again. If ever there were an honest devil,  
'twill be the devil of Edmonton, I see. Fare-  
well, Tom, I prithee dog me as soon as thou  
canst. *[Exit.]*

*Dog.* I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.  
Those that are joys denied, must take delight  
In sins and mischiefs; 'tis the devil's right. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Neighbourhood of EDMONTON.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE in boy's clothes.*

*Frank.* Prithee no more! those tears give  
nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which shortly will  
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit  
And cover all that can be seen of me.

*Win.* I have not shown this cheek in company;  
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,  
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,  
Some going before, and some on either side,  
But infinite behind; all chain'd together:  
Your second adulterous marriage leads;  
That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow,  
As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

*Frank.* Why? hast thou not left one hour's  
patience

To add to all the rest? one hour bears us  
Beyond the reach of all these enemies:  
Are we not now set forward in the flight,  
Provided with the dowry of my sin,  
To keep us in some other nation?  
While we together are, we are at home  
In any place.

*Win.* 'Tis foul ill-gotten coin,  
Far worse than usury or extortion.

*Frank.* Let

My father then make the restitution,  
Who forced me take the bribe: it is his gift  
And patrimony to me; so I receive it.  
He would not bless, nor look a father on me,  
Until I satisfied his angry will:

When I was sold, I sold myself again  
(Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body)  
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet,  
no more,

'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse;  
And then prevention takes off all our hopes:  
For only but to take her leave of me,  
My wife is coming.

*Win.* Who coming? your wife!

*Frank.* No, no; thou art here: the woman—I  
knew

Not how to call her now; but after this day  
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name  
In my remembrance. See, see! she's come.

*Enter SUSAN.*

Go lead

The horses to th' hill's top; there I'll meet thee.

*Sus.* Nay, with your favour let him stay a little;  
I would part with him too, because he is  
Your sole companion; and I'll begin with him,  
Reserving you the last.

*Frank.* Ay, with all my heart.

*Sus.* You may hear, if it please you, sir.

*Frank.* No, 'tis not fit:

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,  
To overlook my slippery footings: and so—

*Sus.* No, indeed, sir.

*Frank.* Tush, I know it must be so,  
And it is necessary: on! but be brief.

*[Walks forward.]*

*Win.* What charge soe'er you lay upon me,  
mistress,

I shall support it faithfully (being honest)  
To my best strength.

*Sus.* Believe't shall be no other.

I know you were commended to my husband  
By a noble knight.

*Win.* Oh gods!—oh, mine eyes!

*Sus.* How now? what all'st thou, lad?

*Win.* Something hit mine eye, (it makes it  
water still.)

Even as you said "commended to my hus-  
band."—

Some dor, I think it was.—I was, forsooth,  
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

*Sus.* Whose servant once my Thorney was him-  
self.

That title, methinks, should make you almost  
fellows;

Or at the least much more than a [mere] servant;  
And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,

And what for my sake you will ever do,

'Tis fit it should be bought with something more  
Than fair entreats; look! here's a jewel for thee,  
A pretty wanton label for thine ear;  
And I would have it hang there, still to whisper  
These words to thee, *Thou hast my jewel with  
thee.*

It is but earnest of a larger bounty,  
When thou return'st with praises of thy service,  
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.

Why, thou art many now besides thyself:

Thou may'st be servant, friend, and wife to him;

A good wife is them all. A friend can play

The wife and servant's part, and shift enough;

No less the servant can the friend and wife:

'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,

Interchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping

*Frank.* Not done yet?

*Sus.* Even now, sir.

*Win.* Mistress, believe my vow; your severe  
eye,

Were't present to command, your bounteous  
hand,

Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,

Shall not make me more dear or near unto him,

Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,

Servant, friend, wife to him.

*Sus.* Wilt thou!

Now blessings go with thee for't! courtesies

Shall meet thee coming home

*Win.* Pray you say plainly,

Mistress, are you jealous of him! if you be,

I'll look to him that way too.

*Sus.* Say'st thou so?

I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;

We have weak thoughts within us. Alas!

There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;

But I dare not, nay, I will not think

So hardly of my Thorney.

*Win.* Believe it, mistress,  
I'll be no pandar to him; and if I find  
Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,  
And at my return, protest I'll show you all:  
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

*Sus.* Thine own diligence is that I press,  
And not the curious eye over his faults.  
Farewell! if I should never see thee more,  
Take it for ever.

*Frank.* Prithee take that along with thee.

[Gives his sword to WINIFREDS.

And haste thee

To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.

*Sus.* No haste, I prithee; slowly as thou canst—

[Exit WIN.

Pray let him

Obeys me now; 'tis happily his last  
Service to me.—

My power is e'en a-going out of sight.

*Frank.* Why would you delay?

We have no other business now but to part.

*Sus.* And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long  
time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work  
That e'er I took in hand.

*Frank.* Fie, fie! why look,

I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!

[Kisses her.

*Sus.* Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet;  
I must have it read o'er an hundred times:

Pray you take some pains, I confess my dullness.

*Frank.* What a thorn this rose grows on! Part-  
ing were sweet;

But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it! [Aside.  
Come, again and again, farewell!—[Kisses her.]

Yet will return?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,  
And revisitance, fully I have answered all;  
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

*Sus.* And that nothing is more hard than any-  
thing,

Than all the everythings. This request—

*Frank.* What is't?

*Sus.* That I may bring you through one pasture  
more

Up to you knot of trees; amongst those shadows  
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

*Frank.* Why 'tis granted; come, walk then.

*Sus.* Nay, not too fast;

They say, slow things have best perfection;

The gentle shower wets to fertility,  
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.  
The baser beasts take strength even from the  
womb;

But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Field, with a clump of Trees.

Enter Dog.

*Dog.* Now for an early mischief and a sudden!  
The mind's about it now; one touch from me  
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter FRANK and SUSAN.

*Frank.* Your request

Is out; yet will you leave me?

*Sus.* What? so churlishly?

You'll make me stay for ever,

Rather than part, with such a sound from you.

*Frank.* Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray  
you be gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early;  
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

*Sus.* Tush! I fear none:

To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:  
Besides, I expect your father and mine own,  
To meet me back, or overtake me with you;  
They began to stir when I came after you:  
I know they'll not be long.

*Frank.* So! I shall have more trouble,—

[The Dog rubs against him

thank you for that:

Then, I'll ease all at once. [Aside.] 'Tis done now;  
What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

*Sus.* Why, shall I go along with thee? sweet

*Frank.* No, to a better place. [music!

*Sus.* Any place I;

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

*Frank.* At home? I'll leave you in your last  
I must kill you. [lodging;

*Sus.* Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.

*Frank.* You see I had no purpose; I'm unarm'd:

'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be;  
Look, this will serve your turn. [Draws a knife.

*Sus.* I'll not turn from it,

If you be earnest, sir: yet you may tell me,  
Wherefore you'll kill me.

*Frank.* Because you are a whore.

*Sus.* There's one deep wound already; a whore!

'Twas ever farther from me than the thought

Of this black hour; a whore?

*Frank.* Yes, I will prove it,

And you shall confess it. You are my whore,

No wife of mine; the word admits no second.

I was before wedded to another; have her still.

I do not lay the sin unto your charge,

'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft;

For I espoused your dowry, and I have it:

I did not purpose to have added murder.

The devil did not prompt me: till this minute,

You might have safe return'd; now you cannot.

You have dogg'd your own death. [Stabs her.

*Sus.* And I deserve it;

I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:

'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? oh, 'twas

How many years might I have slept in sin, [time!

[The] sin of my most hatred, too, adultery!

*Frank.* Nay sure 'twas likely that the most was

For I meant never to return to you [past;

After this parting.

*Sus.* Why then I thank you more;

You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,

That you would thus bestow me on another.

Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace thee

With all the love I have. Forget the stain

Of my unwitting sin; and then I come

A crystal virgin to thee: my soul's purity

Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of Mercy;

For innocence is ever her companion.

*Frank.* Not yet mortal? I would not linger  
you,

Or leave you a tongue to blab. [Stabs her again.

*Sus.* Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse

for me!

I did not think that death had been so sweet,

Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,

Had I stay'd forty years for preparation;

For I'm in charity with all the world.

Let me for once be thine example, heaven;

Do to this man, as I him free forgive,  
And may he better die, and better live! [*Dies.*]

*Frank.* 'Tis done; and I am in! once past our height,

We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,  
To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.  
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we must not fail  
[*Wounds himself.*]

Light scratches, giving such deep ones: the best I can

To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,  
Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

[*Binds himself to a tree: the Dog ties him behind, and exits.*]

So, so! I'm fast; I did not think I could  
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous and

Effectual mischief sometimes is!—[*Aloud.*—]—Help!  
Murder, murder, murder! [help!]

*Enter CARTER and Old THORNEY.*

*Car.* Ha! whom tolls the bell for?

*Frank.* Oh, ha!

*Thor.* Ah me!

The cause appears too soon; my child, my son.  
*Car.* Susan, girl, child! not speak to thy father?  
ha!

*Frank.* Oh lend me some assistance to o'ertake  
This hapless woman.

*Thor.* Let 's o'ertake the murderers.

Speak whilst thou canst, anon may be too late;  
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

*Frank.* I know them both; yet such an oath is  
As pulls damnation up if it be broke; [pass'd  
I dare not name 'em: think what forced men do.

*Thor.* Keep oath with murderers! that were a  
To hold the devil in. [conscience]

*Frank.* Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,  
Shall show them as familiar as their names:  
The taller of the two at this time wears  
His satin doublet white, but crimson lined;  
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

*Thor.* Warbeck,

Warbeck!—do you list to this, sir?

*Car.* Yes, yes, I listen you; here's nothing to be heard.

*Frank.* The other's cloak branch'd velvet, black,  
velvet lined his suit.

*Thor.* I have them already; Somerton, Somerton!

Binal revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work  
Is to pursue the murderers, when we have  
Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

*Car.* Sir, take that carcase there, and give me  
this.

I will not own her now; she's none of mine.

Bob me off with a dumb show! no, I'll have life.  
This is my son, too, and while there's life in him,  
'Tis half mine; take you half that silence for't.—

When I speak I look to be spoken to:  
Forgetful slut!

*Thor.* Alas! what grief may do now!

Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

[*Exits, with SUSAN in his arms.*]

*Car.* Ay, do, and I'll have this. How do you, sir?

*Frank.* O, very ill, sir.

*Car.* Yes,

I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet:  
There's no music but in sound; sound it must be.

I have not wept these twenty years before,  
And that I guess was ere that girl was born;  
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,  
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.  
[*Exits with FRANK.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Sir ARTHUR'S House.*

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.*

*Sir Ar.* Come, gentlemen, we must all help to  
The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton, [grace  
That are so kind to call us up to-day  
With an high Morrice.

*War.* I could wish it for the best, it were the  
worst now. Absurdity is, in my opinion, ever the  
best dancer in a morrice.

*Som.* I could rather sleep than see them.

*Sir Ar.* Not well, sir?

*Som.* Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know  
no cause for't.

*War.* Now am I, beyond mine own condition,  
highly disposed to mirth.

*Sir Ar.* Well, you may have a morrice to help  
both;

To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

*Enter SAWGUT, the Fiddler, with the Morrice-dancers, &c.*

*Saw.* Come, will you set yourselves in morrice-  
ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-  
bell; Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's  
the weather-cock now? the Hobby-horse?

1 *Cl.* Is not Banks come yet? What a spite  
'tis!

*Sir Ar.* When set you forward, gentlemen?

1 *Cl.* We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir; all  
our footmen are ready.

*Som.* 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind  
your foot.

2 *Cl.* Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can  
come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be  
opened for him.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Hobby-horse, followed by  
Dog.*

*Sir Ar.* Oh, we staid for you, sir.

*Cud.* Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we  
shall make you amends ere we part.

*Sir Ar.* Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere  
they begin.

*Enter Servants with beer.*

*Cud.* A bowl, I prithe, and a little for my  
horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I  
must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. [*drinks*].  
Here, Hobby,—[*holds the bowl to the hobby-horse*]  
—I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentle-  
men, we can but bring our horse to the water; he  
may choose whether he'll drink or no.—[*Drinks  
again.*]

*Som.* A good moral made plain by history.

1 *Clown.* Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

*Saw.* E'en when you will, children. [*CUDDY  
mounts the hobby.*—Now in the name of—the  
best foot forward!—[*Endeavours to play; but the  
fiddle gives no sound.*—How now! not a word in  
thy guts? I think, children, my instrument has  
caught cold on the sudden.

*Cud.* My ningle's knavery; black Tom's doing.

[*Aside.*]

All. Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

*Cud.* Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

*Saw.* I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd *The Flowers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair: you see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

*Cud.* Let me see, father Sawgut; [*takes the fiddle*] say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.

[*Gives it to the Dog, who plays the Morrice.*]

*All.* Ay, marry, sir!

THE DANCE.

*Enter a Constable and Officers.*

*Con.* Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour. Sir Arthur Clarington, your own assistance, In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

*Sir Ar.* Ha! flat murderers!

*Som.* Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

*War.* And struck my mirth down flat.—Murderers?

*Con.* The accusation's flat against you, gentlemen.

*Sir,* you may be satisfied with this.

[*Shows his warrant.*]

I hope you'll quietly obey my power; 'Twill make your cause the fairer.

*Both.* Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

*Cud.* There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of villainy.—Mates and morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well; I am for a gallop. Come, ningle.

[*Canter off with the hobby, and Dog.*]

*Saw.* [*Strikes his fiddle, which sounds as before.*] Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

[*Exit with the Morrice Dancers.*]

*Sir Ar.* These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof, The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take On mine own danger; yet, howsoever, sir, Your power must be obey'd.

*War.* Oh, most willingly, sir.

'Tis a most sweet affliction; I could not meet A joy in the best shape with better will: Come, fear not, sir; nor judge, nor evidence Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

*Som.* Mine stands so upright to the middle zone, It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—EDMONTON. *The Street.*

*Enter Old BANKS, and several Countrymen.*

*Banks.* My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch, mother Sawyer.

*1 Coun.* I took my wife and a serving man in our town of Edmonton, thrashing in my barn together, such corn as country-wenches carry to market; and examining my pole-cat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd: and what witch have we about us, but mother Sawyer?

*2 Coun.* Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing but dance about other country may-poles.

*3 Coun.* Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

*Enter W. HAMMUC, with thatch and a lighted link.*

*Ham.* Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

*All.* What has't got there?

*Ham.* A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of her's; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

*Banks.* Fire it, fire it; I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger. [*HAM. sets fire to the thatch.*]

*Enter Mother SAWYER, running.*

*Saw.* Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old wo-Follow and fall upon you! [*man*]

*All.* Are you come, you old trot?

*Banks.* You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

*1 Coun.* This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

*All.* Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

*Saw.* Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents? Help, help!

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, and a Justice.*

*All.* Hang her, beat her, kill her!

*Just.* How now? forbear this violence.

*Saw.* A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hang-Set to torment me, I know not why. [*men,*]

*Just.* Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ringleader in mischief? fie! to abuse an aged woman.

*Banks.* Woman? a she-hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running, as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder; which trick as surely proves her a witch, as the pox in a snuffing nose is a sign a man is a whore-master.

*Just.* Come, come; firing her thatch? ridiculous!

Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs Come better arm'd, instead of turning her Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

*All.* Fools?

*Just.* Arrant fools.

*Banks.* Pray, master Justice what-do-you-call-'em, hear me but in one thing. This grumbling devil owes me, I know, no good-will ever since I fell out with her.



*Saw.* And brak'st my back with beating me.

*Banks.* I'll break it worse.

*Saw.* Wilt thou?

*Just.* You must not threaten her, 'tis against Go on.

[*law* ;  
*Banks.* So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the cow, and taking up her tail, kiss (saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

*Just.* And this is long of her?

*Banks.* Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

*Sir Ar.* Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.

*Just.* Go, go; pray vex her not; she is a sub-And you must not be judges of the law, [*ject*, To strike her as you please.

*All.* No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike her.

*Banks.* Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's!—  
[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*

*Saw.* Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine!

*Just.* Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this gentleman,

Myself, and you; let us, to some mild questions, Have your mild answers: tell us honestly, And with a free confession, (we'll do our best To wean you from it,) are you a witch, or no?

*Saw.* I am none.

*Just.* Be not so furious.

*Saw.* I am none.

None but base curs so bark at me; I am none. Or would I were! if every poor old woman, Be trod on thus by slaves, reviled, kick'd, beaten, As I am daily, she to be revenged Had need turn witch.

*Sir Ar.* And you to be revenged Have sold your soul to th' devil.

*Saw.* Keep thine own from him.

*Just.* You are too saucy and too bitter.

*Saw.* Saucy?

By what commission can he send my soul On the devil's errand more than I can his? Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it When he list out of door?

*Just.* Know whom you speak to.

*Saw.* A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay clothes,

Whose backs are laden with titles and honours, Are within far more crooked than I am, And if I be a witch, more witch-like.

*Sir Ar.* You are a base hell-hound.— And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near She's bruted for a woman that maintains A spirit that sucks her.

*Saw.* I defy thee.

*Sir Ar.* Go, go;

I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices, E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

*Saw.* Ha, ha!

*Just.* Do you laugh? why laugh you?

*Saw.* At my name,

The brave name this knight gives me, witch.

*Just.* Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine ear?

*Sir Ar.* 'Pray, sir, give way; and let her tongue gallop on.

*Saw.* A witch! who is not?

Hold not that universal name in scorn then. What are your painted things in princes' courts, Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires To burn men's souls in sensual hot desires; Upon whose naked paps, a lecher's thought Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought?

*Just.* But those work not as you do.

*Saw.* No, but far worse.

These, by enchantments, can whole lordships change

To trunks of rich attire; turn ploughs and teams To Flanders mares and coaches; and huge trains Of servants, to a French butterfly.

Have you not city-wenches, who can turn Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of wares,

To sumptuous tables, gardens of stolen sin; In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win? Are not these witches?

*Just.* Yes, yes; but the law

Casts not an eye on these.

*Saw.* Why then on me,

Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once Had wont to wait on age; now an old woman, I'll-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor, Must be call'd bawd or witch. Such so abused, Are the coarse witches; t'other are the fine, Spun for the devil's own wearing.

*Sir Ar.* And so is thine.

*Saw.* She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow, To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves, Is not that scold a witch? The man of law Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draws, (As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him, From his own hive, to work the wax in his; He is no witch, not he!

*Sir Ar.* But these men-witches Are not in trading with hell's merchandize, Like such as you, that for a word, a look, Denial of a coal of fire, kill men, Children, and cattle.

*Saw.* Tell them, sir, that do so:

Am I accus'd for such a one?

*Sir Ar.* Yes; 'twill be sworn.

*Saw.* Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden With golden hooks flung at her chastity, To come and lose her honour? and being lost, To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done it.

Men-witches can, without the fangs of law Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit Away for true gold. [*pieces*

*Sir Ar.* By one thing she speaks, I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer Hold conference with the fury.

*Just.* Let's then away.

Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

[*Exeunt SIR ARTHUR and JUSTICE*

*Saw.* For his confusion.

[*Enter Dog.*

My dear Tom-boy, welcome!  
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs

Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee :  
Comfort me ; thou shalt have the teat anon.

*Dog.* Bow, wow ! I'll have it now.

*Saw.* I am dried up

With cursing and with madness ; and have yet  
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.  
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,  
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,  
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy  
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done ? let's  
tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee ?

*Dog.* Yes ;

And nipp'd the sucking child.

*Saw.* Ho, ho, my dainty,

My little pearl ! no lady loves her hound,  
Monkey, or paraquit, as I do thee.

*Dog.* The maid has been churning butter nine  
hours ; but it shall not come.

*Saw.* Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

*Dog.* I had rare sport

Among the clowns i' th' morrice.

*Saw.* I could dance

Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl pate,  
That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,  
Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,  
Struck, and almost had lamed it ;—did not I charge  
thee

To pinch that quean to th' heart ?

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow ! look here else.

*Enter ANN RATCLIFFE, mad.*

*Ann.* See, see, see ! the man i' th' moon has  
built a new windmill, and what running there is  
from all quarters of the city to learn the art of  
grinding !

*Saw.* Ho, ho, ho ! I thank thee, my sweet mon-  
grel.

*Ann.* Hoyda ! a pox of the devil's false hopper !  
all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves'  
purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey  
derry down ! are not you mother Sawyer ?

*Saw.* No, I am a lawyer.

*Ann.* Art thou ? I prithee let me scratch thy  
face ; for thy pen has flay'd off a great many men's  
skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation ;  
for knaves and fools are at variance in every vil-  
lage. I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow  
shall give in evidence against her.

*Saw.* Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*

*Ann.* Oh ! my ribs are made of a paned hose,  
and they break. There's a Lancashire hornpipe in  
my throat ; hark, how it tickles it, with doodle  
doodle, doodle, doodle ! welcome, serjeants ! wel-  
come, devil ! hands, hands ! hold hands, and dance  
a-round, a-round, a-round. [*Dancing.*]

*Re-enter Old BANKS, CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.*

*Rat.* She's here ; alas ! my poor wife is here.

*Banks.* Catch her fast, and have her into some  
close chamber, do ; for she's as many wives are,  
stark mad.

*Cud.* The witch ! mother Sawyer, the witch,  
the devil !

*Rat.* Oh, my dear wife ! help, sirs !

[*She is carried off.*]

*Banks.* You see your work, mother Bummy.

*Saw.* My work ? should she and all you here  
run mad,

Is the work mine ?

*Cud.* No, on my conscience, she would not  
hurt a devil of two-years old.

*Re-enter RATCLIFFE.*

How now ? what's become of her ?

*Rat.* Nothing ; she's become nothing, but the  
miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were  
in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest : spite  
of our strengths, away she brake ; and nothing in  
her mouth being heard, but "the devil, the witch,  
the witch, the devil !" she beat out her own brains,  
and so died.

*Cud.* It's any man's case, be he never so wise,  
to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

*Banks.* Masters, be ruled by me ; let's all to a  
Justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt  
answer it.

*Saw.* Banks, I defy thee.

*Banks.* Get a warrant first to examine her, then  
ship her to Newgate ; here's enough, if all her  
other villainies were pardon'd, to burn her for a  
witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you  
in the likeness of a dog ; we shall see your cur at  
one time or other : if we do, unless it be the devil  
himself, he shall go howling to the gaol in one  
chain, and thou in another.

*Saw.* Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy  
worst !

*Cud.* How, father ? you send the poor dumb  
thing howling to the gaol ? he that makes him  
howl, makes me roar.

*Banks.* Why, foolish boy, dost thou know  
him ?

*Cud.* No matter if I do or not ; he's bailable, I  
am sure, by law ;—but if the dog's word will not  
be taken, mine shall.

*Banks.* Thou bail for a dog !

*Cud.* Yes, or bitch either, being my friend. I'll  
lie by the heels myself, before puppison shall ; his  
dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

*Banks.* What manner of dog is it ? didst ever  
see him ?

*Cud.* See him ? yes, and given him a bone to  
gnaw twenty times. The dog is no court-foisting  
hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his  
tail ; neither is it a citizen's water-spaniel, enticing  
his master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week,  
whilst his wife makes ducks and drakes at home :  
this is no Paris-garden bandog neither, that keeps  
a bow-wow-wowing, to have butchers bring their  
curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they run  
away like sheep : neither is this the black dog of  
Newgate.

*Banks.* No good-man son-fool ; but the dog of  
hell-gate.

*Cud.* I say, good-man father-fool, it's a lie.

*All.* He's bewitch'd.

*Cud.* A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil  
in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor  
cur, as with any Temple-bar-laundress, that washes  
and wrings lawyers.

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow, wow !

*All.* Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here !

*Banks.* It was the voice of a dog.

*Cud.* The voice of a dog ? if that voice were a  
dog's, what voice had my mother ? so am I a dog :  
bow, wow, wow ! It was I that bark'd so, father,  
to make coxcombs of these clowns.

*Banks.* However, we'll be coxcomb'd no longer :  
away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant ; and

then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft.

*Saw.* And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools!

[*Exeunt BANKS, RAT. and Countrymen.*]

*Cud.* Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your bow-ings. I was glad to put them off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitch'd, little Coat-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that morrice makes me spit in thy mouth.—I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; you whoreson dog's nose! farewell, witch! [*Exit.*]

*Dog.* Bow, wow, wow, wow!

*Saw.* Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying;

Run at a fairer game: that foul-mouth'd knight, Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy, And pluck out's throat.

*Dog.* No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.

*Saw.* That's a sure blood-hound. Come, let's home and play; Our black work ended, we'll make holyday.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-room in CARTER'S House.*  
—FRANK in a slumber.

*Enter KATHERINE.*

*Kath.* Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

*Frank.* (*Waking.*) No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here,

As I am, (all my other hurts are bitings Of a poor flea,) but he that here once bleeds, Is maim'd incurably.

*Kath.* My good sweet brother; (*For now my sister must grow up in you,*) Though her loss strikes you through, and that I The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel [*feel*] To kill me too, by seeing you cast away In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up; And if you can give physic to yourself, I shall be well.

*Frank.* I'll do my best.

*Kath.* I thank you;

What do you look about you for?

*Frank.* Nothing, nothing;

But I was thinking, sister—

*Kath.* Dear heart, what?

*Frank.* Who but a fool would thus be bound to Having this room to walk in? [*a bed,*]

*Kath.* Why do you talk so?

Would you were fast asleep.

*Frank.* No, no; I am not idle.

But here's my meaning; being robb'd as I am, Why should my soul, which married was to her's, Live in divorce, and not fly after her? Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death, To find my love out?

*Kath.* That were well indeed, Your time being come; when Death is sent to call No doubt you shall meet her. [*you,*]

*Frank.* Why should not I Go without calling?

*Kath.* Yes, brother, so you might; Were there no place to go to when you're gone, But only this.

*Frank.* 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true; For when a man has been an hundred years

Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age, He's not the thousandth part upon his way: All life is but a wandering to find a home; When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man, Could here his voyage end; he should not then Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul, By heaven's or by hell's compass; how he put in (*Losing bless'd goodness' shore*) at such a sin; Nor how life's dear provision he has spent, Nor how far he in's navigation went Beyond commission: this were a fine reign, To do ill, and not hear of it again; Yet then were man more wretched than a beast; For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

*Kath.* 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor, That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye Once as an angel) home to his deservings: What villain but himself, once loving me, With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell, To be revenged on my poor sister!

*Frank.* Slaves!

A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of them.

*Kath.* I think this talking hurts you.

*Frank.* Does me no good, I'm sure; I pay for't everywhere.

*Kath.* I have done then.

Eat if you cannot sleep; you have these two days Not tasted any food:—Jane, is it ready?

*Frank.* What's ready? what's ready!

*Kath.* I have made ready a roasted chicken for you. [*Enter Maid with the chicken.*]

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

*Frank.* A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes,— There's one i' th' house can play upon a lute; Good girl, let's hear him too.

*Kath.* You shall, dear brother. [*Exit Maid.*]

Would I were a musician, you should hear How I would feast your ear!— [*Lute plays within.*] stay, mend your pillow,

And raise you higher.

*Frank.* I am up too high, Am I not, sister, now?

*Kath.* No, no; 'tis well.

Fall to, fall to. A knife! here's ne'er a knife.

Brother, I'll look out your's. [*Takes up his vest*]

*Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.*

*Frank.* Sister, O sister,

I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

*Kath.* In very deed you shall; the want of food Makes you so faint. Ha!— [*Sees the bloody knife.*] here's none in your pocket:

I will go fetch a knife. [*Exit hastily.*]

*Frank.* Will you? 'tis well, all's well.

FRANK searches first one pocket then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.—The spirit of SWAN comes to the bed's side: he starts at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there—meanwhile enter WINNIFREDE as a page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed. FRANK terrified, sits up, and the spirit vanishes.

*Frank.* What art thou?

*Win.* A lost creature.

*Frank.* So am I too. Win?

Ah, my she-page!

*Win.* For your sake I put on A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart True to you as your own.

*Frank.* 'Would mine and thine  
Were fellows in one house! kneel by me here.  
On this side now! how dar'st thou come to mock  
On both sides of the bed? [me]

*Win.* When?

*Frank.* But just now:  
Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures;  
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn  
A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,  
To pluck me into a winding-sheet!

*Win.* Believe it,  
I came no nearer to you than yon place,  
At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,  
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come  
And visit my sick master.

*Frank.* Then 'twas my fancy;  
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

*Win.* Would I might never sleep, so you could  
rest!

But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,  
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly; why should  
Dance at the wedding of a second wife, [you  
When scarce the music which you heard at mine  
Had ta'en a farewell of you? O, this was ill!  
And they who thus can give both hands away,  
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

*Frank.* Winnifrede,—  
The chamber door's fast?—

*Win.* Yes.

*Frank.* Sit thee then down;  
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears:  
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,  
Being to write a story of us two,  
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.  
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad  
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,  
What gold soe'er I got, to make it thine.  
To please a father, I have Heaven displeas'd;  
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,  
Through my bad workmanship I now have none;  
I have lost her and thee.

*Win.* I know she's dead;  
But you have me still.

*Frank.* Nay, her this hand  
Murdered; and so I lose thee too.

*Win.* Oh me!

*Frank.* Be quiet; for thou art my evidence,  
Jury and judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

[While they are conversing in a low tone, Old CARTER  
and KATHERINE meet at the door of the room.]

*Kath.* I have run madding up and down to find  
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever [you,  
Poor daughter carried.

*Car.* Why? is the boy dead?

*Kath.* Dead, sir!

Oh, father, we are cozen'd; you are told  
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs here.  
This villain kill'd my sister; see else, see,

[Takes up his vest; and shows the knife to her  
father, who secures it.]

A bloody knife in's pocket!

*Car.* Bless me, patience!

[Dog paws softly at FRANK, and exits.]

*Frank.* [Seeing them.] The knife! the knife!

*Kath.* What knife? [the knife!]

*Frank.* To cut my chicken up, my chicken;—  
Be you my carver, father.

*Car.* That I will.

*Kath.* How the devil steels our brows after  
doing ill!

*Frank.* My stomach and my sight are taken  
from me;  
All is not well within me.

*Car.* I believe thee, boy: I that have seen so  
many moons clap their horns on other men's fore-  
heads to strike them sick; yet mine to scape, and  
be well! I that never cast away a fee upon urinals,  
but am as sound as an honest man's conscience  
when he's dying, I should cry out as thou dost,  
"All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of  
thy imposthumes. Ah poor villain! ah my wounded  
rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of  
thee.

*Frank.* Do the surgeons say my wounds are  
dangerous, then?

*Car.* Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but  
one.

*Frank.* Would he were here to open them.

*Car.* I'll go to fetch him; I'll make an holiday  
to see thee as I wish. [Exit.]

*Frank.* A wond'rous kind old man.

*Win.* Your sin's the blacker,  
So to abuse his goodness.—[Aside to FRANK.]—  
Master, how do you? [Atoud.]

*Frank.* Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd  
qualms

Come cross my stomach:—I'll fall to; boy, cut  
me—

*Win.* You have cut me, I'm sure;—a leg or

*Frank.* No, no, no; a wing— [wing, sir?  
Would I had wings but to soar up yon tower!  
But here's a clog that hinders me.

[Re-enter CARTER, followed by Servants, with  
the body of SUSAN in a coffin.]

What's that?

*Car.* That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a  
young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the  
death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal  
for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and  
cries, "Help! help! stay that man! him I must  
have or none."

*Frank.* For pity's sake remove her; see, she  
With one broad open eye still in my face! [stares

*Car.* Thou puttest both her's out, like a villain  
as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee  
one again, to find out the murderer, and that's  
thyself.

*Frank.* Old man, thou liest.

*Car.* So shalt thou—in the gaol. Run for

*Kath.* Oh thou merciless slave! [officers.  
She was (though yet above ground) in her grave  
To me; but thou hast torn [her] up again—  
Mine eyes, too much drown'd, now must feel  
more rain.

*Car.* Fetch officers. [Exit KATH. with Servants.  
*Frank.* For whom?

*Car.* For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives  
have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a  
villainous one; look!—[shewing the bloody knife]  
—oh, it is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy  
hated wife, my beloved daughter! What say'st  
thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not  
strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and  
without a trembling heart, to this one point, this  
terrible bloody point.

*Win.* I beseech you, sir,  
Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

*Car.* Oh, sir! you held his horses; you are as  
arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

*Frank.* As you're a man, throw not upon that Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent. [woman  
*Car.* How? how? a woman! Is't grown to a fashion for women in all countries to wear the breeches?

*Win.* I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir, his page;

But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

*Car.* How? how? more fire i' th' bed-straw!

*Win.* The wrongs which singly fell upon your On me are multiplied; she lost a life; [daughter, But I an husband and myself must lose, If you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

*Car.* He has done it then?

*Win.* Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

*Frank.* Dost thou betray me?

*Win.* Oh pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee,

And know not what I speak; but if thou didst, I must arraign this father for two sins, Adultery and murder.

*Re-enter KATHERINE.*

*Kath.* Sir, they are come

*Car.* Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the gaol with you; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in: pox on's wounds!

*Frank.* I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid;

Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Witch's Cottage.*

*Enter Mother SAWYER.*

*Saw.* Still wrong'd by every slave? and not a dog

Bark in his dame's defence? I am call'd witch, Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.

Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!

I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come, Revenge to me is sweeter far than life: Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love! I am on fire, even in the midst of ice, Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel Thy curl'd head leaning on them; come, then, my darling,

If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me In some dark cloud; and as I oft have seen Dragons and serpents in the elements, Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea? Muster up all the monsters from the deep, And be the ugliest of them; so that my bulch Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave.

And break from hell, I care not! could I run Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world, Up would I blow it all, to find out thee, Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come! I must then fall to my old prayer:  
*Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.*

Not yet come! [the] worrying of wolves, biting of mad dogs, the manges, and the—

*Enter Dog, white.*

*Dog.* How now! whom art thou cursing?

*Saw.* Thee!

Ha! no, 'tis my black cur I am cursing, For not attending on me.

*Dog.* I am that cur.

*Saw.* Thou liest: hence! come not nigh me.

*Dog.* Bow, wow!

*Saw.* Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,

As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

*Dog.* I am dogged, [and] list not to tell thee; yet,—to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding-sheet.

*Saw.* Am I near death?

*Dog.* Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee; when the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat!

*Saw.* Off, cur!

*Dog.* He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of an otter; devours by sea and land. "Why am I in white?" didst thou not pray to me?

*Saw.* Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound, Why now in white more than at other times?

*Dog.* Be blasted with the news! whiteness is day's foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face: villainies are stripp'd naked; the witch must be beaten out of her cock-pit.

*Saw.* Must she? she shall not; thou'rt a lying spirit:

Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce?

I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour Or none, which I fight under: I do not like Thy puritan paleness; glowing furnaces Are far more hot than they which flame outright. If thou my old dog art, go and bite such As I shall set thee on.

*Dog.* I will not.

*Saw.* I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends To have thee torn in pieces then.

*Dog.* Thou canst not; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

*Saw.* I shall run mad.

*Dog.* Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave, and die; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

*Saw.* It cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing; And not confessing, who dare come and swear I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouthful.

*Dog.* Choose. and be hang'd or burn'd.

*Saw.* Spite of the devil and thee,

I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

*Dog.* Spite of thee and the devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

*Saw.* Yes! when?

*Dog.* And ere the executioner catch thee full in's claws, thou'lt confess all.

*Saw.* Out, dog!

*Dog.* Out, witch! thy trial is at hand:  
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.  
*(Goes aside.)*

*Enter* Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

*Banks.* She's here; attach her. Witch, you must go with us. *(They seize her.)*

*Saw.* Whither? to hell?

*Banks.* No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall receive you. Away with her!

*Saw.* My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy! Oh, thou dog!

Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me!  
Plagues and consumptions— *(She is carried off.)*

*Dog.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Let not the world witches or devils condemn;  
They follow us, and then we follow them.

*Enter* CUDDY BANKS.

*Cud.* I would fain meet with mine ingle once more; he has had a claw amongst them: my rival that loved my wench is like to be hang'd like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes, but where he takes not, a dogged rascal; I know the villain loves me. *[Dog barks.]* No! art thou there? *[Seeing the Dog,]* that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair, this. Bark, and not speak to me? not Tom then; there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as betwixt white and black.

*Dog.* Hast thou forgot me?

*Cud.* That's Tom again; prithee, ningle, speak, is thy name Tom?

*Dog.* Whilst I serv'd my old dame Sawyer, it was; I am gone from her now.

*Cud.* Gone? away with the witch then too! she'll never thrive if thou leavest her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

*Dog.* No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done; she's shortly to be hang'd.

*Cud.* Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.

*Dog.* Right; I serv'd her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.

*Cud.* This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

*Dog.* True;

And so I used thee doggedly, not devilishly;

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at;

The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,

But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness.

Ha, ha!

*Cud.* I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

*Dog.* Any shape, to blind such ally eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog, or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

*Cud.* Louse or flea?

*Dog.* Any poor vermin.

*Cud.* It seems you devils have poor thin souls,

that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodies. But pray you, Tom, one question at parting; (I think I shall never see you more;) where do you borrow those bodies that are none of your own?—the garment-shape you may hire at brokers.

*Dog.* Why would'st thou know that, fool? it avails thee not.

*Cud.* Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my friends.

*Dog.* I'll thus much tell thee: thou never art so distant

From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths, Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine elbow; Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil Is within hearing it; thy evil purposes Are ever haunted; but when they come to act, As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness, Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating, He's then within thee: thou play'st, he bets upon thy part;

Although thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

*Cud.* Ay? then he comes in the shape of a rook?

*Dog.* The old cadaver of some self-strangled wretch

We sometimes borrow, and appear humane;  
The carcass of some disease-slain strumpet  
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.  
Didst never hear? if not, it has been done;  
An hot luxurious lecher in his twines,  
When he has thought to clip his dalliance,  
There has provided been for his embrace  
A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

*Cud.* Yes, I am partly a witness to this; but I never could embrace her; I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel; without a fee, too! there's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.

*Dog.* Pity me! for what!

*Cud.* Were it not possible for thee to become an honest dog yet?—'tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to destroy corn and fruit, and so forth: 'twere better yet to be a butcher and kill for yourself.

*Dog.* Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

*Cud.* Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking, (I know you can swim, fetch, and carry,) some shopkeeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you: or if you have any mind to the game, either at bull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Moll Cutpurse.

*Dog.* Ha, ha! I should kill all the game, bulls, bears, dogs and all: not a cub to be left.

*Cud.* You could do, Tom; but you must play fair, you should be staved off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit (your labour could not be much) when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most; here you might lick your own toes very well: or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puffy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices; but to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great

puppy!—fie upon't! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

*Dog.* Ha, ha!

The worst thou heard'st of me the better 'tis;  
Shall I serve thee, fool, at the self-same rate!

*Cud.* No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first! I know thy qualities too well, I'll give no suck to such whelps; therefore, henceforth I defy thee. Out! and avast!

*Dog.* Nor will I serve for such a silly soul. I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness, There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance; Serve some Briarean foot-cloth strider, That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes, But not a finger's nail of charity. Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hundreds

To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself, And draw this bulk small as a silver wire, Enter at the least pore tobacco-fume Can make a breach for: hence, silly fool! I scorn to prey on such an atom soul.

*Cud.* Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again: if thou goest to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the ban-dogs, take water, and the devil go with thee!

[*Exit, followed by Dog barking.*]

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The neighbourhood of Tyburn.*

*Enter Justice, Sir ARTHUR SOMERTON, WARRECK, CARTER, and KATHERINE.*

*Just.* Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

*Sir Ar.* I shall need no urging to it.

*Car.* If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

*War.* We knew our innocence.

*Som.* And therefore fear'd it not.

*Kath.* But I am glad that I have you safe.

[*A noise within.*]

*Just.* How now? what noise is that?

*Car.* Young Frank is going the wrong way.— Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

*Enter Old THORNEY and WINNIFREDE weeping.*

*Thor.* Here let our sorrows wait him; to press nearer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions May tempt our grief too much, at height already;— Daughter, be comforted.

*Win.* Comfort and I

Are too far separated to be join'd  
But in eternity; I share too much  
Of him that's going thither.

*War.* Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault; I

grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

*Win.* My fault was lust, my punishment was shame.

Yet I am happy that my soul is free  
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent,  
Of any murder, but of mine own honour;  
Restored again by a fair satisfaction,  
And since not to be wounded.

*Thor.* Daughter, grieve not  
For what necessity forceth;  
Rather resolve to conquer it with patience.  
Alas, she faints!

*Win.* My griefs are strong upon me;  
My weakness scarce can bear them.—  
[*A great cry within.*—Away with her! Hang her, witch!

*Enter to Execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with halberts, followed by a crowd of country people.*

*Car.* The witch, that instrument of mischief!— Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear, mother Sawyer?

*Saw.* What would you have?

Cannot a poor old woman have your leave  
To die without vexation?

*Car.* Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his wife? He could never have done't without the devil.

*Saw.* Who doubts it? but is every devil mine?

Would I had one now whom I might command  
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have done't,  
Before he left me.

*Car.* Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill herself.

*Saw.* Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt: would you were all as near your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it!

*Coun.* I'll be sworn, master Carter, she bewitch'd Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day before she would have farrowed: yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew-fair, as ever great-belly'd ale-wife longed for.

*Saw.* These dogs will mad me; I was well resolv'd

To die in my repentance. Though 'tis true  
I would live longer if I might, yet since  
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience  
Is settled as it shall be: all take heed  
How they believe the devil; at last he'll cheat you.

*Car.* Thou'dst best confess all truly.

*Saw.* Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers,  
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?

Bear witness, I repent all former evil;  
There is no damned conjuror like the devil.

*All.* Away with her, away! [*She is led off.*]

*Enter FRANK to Execution, Officers, &c.*

*Thor.* Here's the sad object which I yet must meet

With hope of comfort, if a repentant end  
Make him more happy than misfortune would  
Suffer him here to be.

*Frans.* Good sirs, turn from me ;  
You will revive affliction almost kill'd  
With my continual sorrow.

*Thor.* Oh, Frank, Frank !  
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died  
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted !

*Frank.* To look upon your sorrows executes  
me,  
Before my execution.

*Win.* Let me pray you, sir—

*Frank.* Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must  
sigh for thee,

As he that's only loath to leave the world  
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,  
Unfriended ; and for me to beg a pity  
From any man to thee when I am gone,  
Is more than I can hope ; nor, to say truth,  
Have I deserv'd it : but there is a payment  
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer  
Above ; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede ;  
Be that thy comfort.

*Thor.* Let it be thine too,  
Untimely lost young man.

*Frank.* He is not lost,  
Who bears his peace within him : had I spun  
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd  
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,  
Murthers of reputations, gallant sins  
Commended or approved ; then, though I had  
Died easily, as great and rich men do,  
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,  
You might have mourn'd for me indeed ; my  
miseries

Had been as everlasting, as remediless :  
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd,  
With greater rigour my unhappy fact,  
Than I myself have every little sin  
My memory can reckon from my childhood :  
A court hath been kept here, where I am found  
Guilty : the difference is, my impartial judge  
Is much more gracious than my faults are mon-  
strous

\* \* \* \* to be nam'd ; yet they are monstrous.

*Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence.

*Win.* It speaks

How truly you are reconciled, and quickens  
My dying comfort, that was near expiring  
With my last breath : now this repentance makes  
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with  
thee,

Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow  
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together  
Climb to the height of their eternity,  
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happi-  
ness !

But since I must survive, and be the monu-  
ment

Of thy loved memory, I will preserve it  
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes  
A widow's duty, calling that end best,  
Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul  
blest.

*Frank.* Give me thy hand, poor woman ; do  
not weep :

Farewell ! thou dost forgive me !

*Win.* 'Tis my part  
To use that language.

*Frank.* Oh ! that my example  
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse

Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to  
marry

A goodly portion than a dower of virtues !—  
Are you there, gentlemen ? there is not one  
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd ; you  
most, [To *CARRA*.

I robb'd you of a daughter ;—but she is  
In heaven ; and I must suffer for it willingly.

*Car.* Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to  
see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive  
thee with all my heart ; if thou hadst not had ill  
counsel, thou would'st not have done as thou  
didst ; the more shame for them !

*Som.* Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive  
What you would speak ; I would you could as  
easily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to  
My wrongs : I am sorry for you.

*War.* And so am I,  
And heartily forgive you.

*Kath.* I will pray for you,  
For her sake, who, I'm sure, did love you  
dearly.

*Sir Ar.* Let us part friendly too ; I am asham'd  
Of my part in thy wrongs.

*Frank.* You are all merciful,  
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,  
Heaven send you a new heart !—lastly, to you,  
sir ;

And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd  
Your son, yet give me leave upon my knees,  
To beg a blessing. [Kneels.

*Thor.* Take it ; let me wet  
Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left  
me.

O Frank, Frank, Frank !

*Frank.* Let me beseech you, gentlemen,  
To comfort my old father, keep him with you ;  
Love this distressed widow ; and as often  
As you remember what a graceless man  
I was, remember likewise that these are  
Both free, both worthy of a better fate,  
Than such a son or husband as I have been.  
All help me with your prayers. On, on : 'tis  
just

That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.  
[He is led off by the Officers.

*Car.* Go thy ways ; I did not think to have shed  
one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water  
my plants spite of my heart. Master Thorney,  
cheer up, man ; whilst I can stand by you, you shall  
not want help to keep you from falling : we have  
lost our children both on's the wrong way, but  
we cannot help it ; better or worse, 'tis now as  
'tis.

*Thor.* I thank you, sir ; you are more kind  
than I  
Have cause to hope or look for.

*Car.* Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no ?

*Som.* We are agreed.

*Kath.* And but my faith is pass'd, I should fear  
to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind.  
Excuse me that I am troubled.

*Som.* Thou shalt have no cause.

*Just.* Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir  
Arthur,

For his abuse to you and to your husband,  
Is by the bench enjoin'd to pay you down  
A thousand marks.

*Sir Ar.* Which I will soon discharge.



*Win.* Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd  
Upon my funeral.

*Car.* Come, come; if luck had serv'd, Sir  
Arthur, and every man had his due, somebody  
might have tottered ere this, without paying fines;  
like it as yon list. Come to me, Winnifrede, shalt  
be welcome. Make much of her, Kate, I charge

you; I do not think but she's a good wench, and  
hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man  
home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry  
as we can, though not as we would.

*Just.* Join friends in sorrow; make of all the  
Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. [beat:  
[*Exeunt.*

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### EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by WINNIFREDE.*

I AM a widow still, and must not sort  
A second choice, without a good report;  
Which though some widows find, and few deserve,  
Yet I dare not presume; but will not swerve  
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;  
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.

## GLOSSARY.

### A

**ABSURD**, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 3.) a scholastic term, employed when false conclusions are illogically deduced from the premises of the opponent

**Affects**, affections

**Affronted**, ("Perkin Warbeck," act v. scene 1.) met face to face

**Alcatote**, silly fellow; a word still used in the north of Devon

**Antick**, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 2.) antimasque (something directly opposed to the principal masque), in which grotesque and extravagant characters were introduced

### B

**Ban-dog**; Paris-garden bandog,—a sort of mastiff kept to bait bears at Paris-garden in Southwark

**Banqueting-room**, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act v. scene 6,—stage-direction,) the room where the dessert was placed, to which, after dinner, it was customary to remove

**Barking church**; situated at the bottom of Seething Lane, was destroyed in the great fire of London

**Beadsman**, one bound to pray for another, a vowed servant

**Begg'd**; I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iv. scene 1.) as those of a person condemned

**Bever**, slight repasts between meals

**Bear's sty**, ("Perkin Warbeck," act i. scene 1.) an allusion to the armorial bearings of Richard the Third

**Bumby, Mother**, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 1.) a celebrated 'wise-woman'; she figures in one of Lyly's plays, which is entitled *Mother Bumby*

**Bombie**

**Bonny-clabber**, curds and whey, or sour butter-milk

**Bournt**, to jest

**Brack**, a bitch-hound

**Branched velvet**, ("The Witch of Ed-

monton," act iii. scene 2.) having tufts, or tassels, hanging from the shoulders

**Bravery**, finery of attire

**Bug words**, properly, terrific words, but in "Perkin Warbeck," act iii. scene 2. used in the sense of high-sounding words

**Bulch**, calf

**Bul-bolt**, a strong, unbarbed arrow used in shooting at the butts

### C

**Casting bottle**, a small bottle for sprinkling perfumed waters

**Charm**; You charm me, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.) you overcome my unwillingness to speak

**Choppine**, a large clog, worn under the shoe, and made of cork or light frame-work, covered with leather

**Chouses**, properly *Chouses*, Turkish officers; rogues, swindlers

**Chrisome**, an infant within the first month

**Cittern**, } Barbers shall wear

**Cittern-headed**; } these on their citterns, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.); A cittern-headed gew-gaw, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 2.); citterns, the heads of which were generally grotesquely carved, used to be kept in barbers' shops for the amusement of customers

**Clap-dish**; Stop your clap-dish, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 1.) close your mouth, or hold your tongue: the clap-dish was a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which was originally carried by lepers, who clapped it as a warning that alms might be given without touching them. It was afterwards commonly carried by beggars

**Cob-nut**; A cob-nut out of Africa, ("The Sun's Darling," act iii. scene 3.): what particular fruit is here alluded to, is uncertain; cob-nut is properly a large nut

**Codlings**, ("The Sun's Darling," act

iii. scene 3., "The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 1.) green pease

**Cotts**; Painted colts, ("The Broken Heart," act iv. scene 1.) rude and silly persons; there seems to be an allusion to some allegorical picture,—perhaps in the "painted cloth," a kind of hangings for rooms

**Compass**; She'll keep a surer compass, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 2.) an expression drawn from archery; arrows shot with a compass, *i. e.* with a degree of elevation, were supposed to go more surely to the mark

**Condition**, temper, disposition

**Convinc'd**, Too sure to be convinc'd, ("The Broken Heart," act v. scene 2.) conquered, overthrown

**Cotquean**, one who meddles with female affairs

**Counsel**, in counsel, ("Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 3.) in secret

**Courtship**, the manners of, behaviour necessary at court

**Cousin**, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act ii. scene 6.) nephew

**Coxcomb**, fool's cap

**Cried**, shrivelled, roughened

**Cunning**, skill

**Cup and knees**, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 1.) should probably be "cap and knees"

**Curst**, cross, sullen

### D

**Days, eight to the week**; Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 1.): this passage is explained by the following lines of Butler,

"The soldier does it every day,  
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."

**Dev ye**; Gentlemen, then ye, ("The Lady's Trial," act iv. scene 2.) Gentlemen, good even to ye

**Deservensado**; Deaver di Gonzado,

("The Lady's Trial," act iv. scene 2.) shameless: *Spanish Devil of Edmonton*, (Prologue to "The Witch of Edmonton," and act iii. scene 1.); allusions to the old drama entitled *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*  
*Dor*, beetle or cockchafer  
*Dunstable*; I am plain Dunstable, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act i. scene 2.) I am blunt and honest; in allusion to the well-known proverb

## E

*Engine*; Chair with an engine, ("The Broken Heart," stage-direction, act iv. scene 4.) chair with moveable arms  
*Engrossed*, ("The Broken Heart," act iii. scene 3.) possessed thyself of, mastered

## F

*Fire i' the bed-straw*, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 2.) more concealed mischief  
*Foist*, cant term for rogue  
*Fond*, foolish, unprofitable  
*Fool*; Dressed like a fool, ("Love's Sacrifice," act ii. scene 2. stage-direction), dressed in long petticoats, which born fools usually wore  
*For*; I should have wormed you, sir, for running mad, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 2.) to prevent you from running mad  
*Forepeak*, to bewitch  
*Fox*, a cant name for a sword  
*Frait*; To trade by turns in such-like frail commodities, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 2.) a play on words, *fruit* meaning an oster basket, in which figs &c. were packed  
*Frank*; One that franks his lust in swine-scourity of bestial incoet, ("The Broken Heart," act iii. scene 2.) fattens; a frank was an inclosure in which a boar was fattened

## G

*Gammer Gurton*, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 1.) the heroine of the old play called *Gammer Gurton's Needle*  
*Girds*, taunts, sarcasms  
*Program*; As fretting as an old program, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 2.) an inferior kind of taffeta, generally stiffened with gum, and therefore liable to fret  
*Grammata*, grammar  
*Guarded*; Guarded page, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.) a page with laced livery

## H

*Harry*, harass, worry  
*Hench-boy*, a page  
*Hope*, ("Love's Sacrifice," act ii. scene 4., act iv. scene 2.) expect

## I-J

*Idle*; The youth is idle, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 2.); I am

not idle, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 2.) light-headed, wandering, talking from the purpose  
*Jealous*, ("The Broken Heart," act ii. scene 3.) suspicious

*Index*; The index pointing to a second, ("The Broken Heart," act v. scene 1.) the index-hand (♠), so common in the margins of old books, by which the reader's attention was directed to particular passages  
*Ingenious*; Stand ingenious to thine own fate, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 1.) continue by your own dexterity to assist the plans of fortune  
*Innocent*, a natural fool  
*Intend*; So I intend too, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 1.) mean, understand it  
*Irish Aubbubs*, ("Perkin Warbeck," act ii. scene 1.) riotous merry-meetings at wakes and fairs in Ireland

## K

*Ka me, hob thee*, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 1.) an arbitrary variation of the proverbial phrase *Ka me, ka thee*,—do me a good turn, and I'll do you another  
*Kindly*; Not kindly wise, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 3.) according to *kind* or nature

## L

*Lapwing*; Like to the lapwing, &c., ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 2.): this bird is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places: there is a proverb, "The lapwing cries tongue from heart"  
*Liked*; Liked you, ("Tis pity She's a Whore," act ii. scene 6.), pleased  
*Livery*; Grace my hopes with any instance of livery, ("The Broken Heart," act iv. scene 1.), badge, ornament; in allusion to the followers of great families being distinguished by particular badges  
*Luxury*, lust

## M

*Malice*, ("The Lady's Trial, act iii. scene 2.), bear malice to  
*May-gams*, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.), a trifle, a jest  
*Merchant*; A ship boy in a merchant, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.), a merchant-ship  
*Mere*; *Mewt-aburd*, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 3.), a scholastic term, when false conclusions are drawn illogically from the premises of the opponent  
*Mewed*, ("The Broken Heart," act ii. scene 2.), moulted, shed as a bird does its feathers  
*Mischief*; Remark'd to taste a mischief, ("Tis Pity She's a Whore," act ii. scene 5.), marked out to experience some dire evil  
*Mockado*, an inferior sort of velvet  
*Moon*; If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iv. scene 1.); an allusion to the old superstitious practice of performing the operation of bleeding only on certain days of the moon

*Morion*, a plain steel-cap, a helmet  
*Mortal*; The hurts are yet but mortal, ("The Broken Heart," act iv. scene 1.); may mean, very great, extreme; but, perhaps, as Gifford conjectures, we should read "set mortal"  
*Motion*, puppet  
*Motions*, puppet-shows

## N

*Nap*; Set a nap on their cheeks, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 2.), a freshness, bloom,—by applying cosmetics  
*Niceness*, scrupulousness, useless preciseness  
*Ningle*, (a contraction of *mine angle*), familiar friend  
*Novels*, novelties  
*No way but one*, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 2.), a proverbial expression for death

## O

*Oatmeals*, a name given to certain lawless ruffians, who used formerly to infest the streets of London  
*Once*; Once I have outstrip'd thy plots, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 3.), once for all  
*Owes*; To him that owes it, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.), owes, possesses  
*Ouzle*, the blackbird, a generic term

## P

*Pageants*, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iv. scene 2., "The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act ii. scene 1.), the city-shows on the Lord Mayor's day  
*Paned hose*, breeches furmed of stripes of various colours, stitched together  
*Parator*, an apparitor  
*Paris-Garden*: see *Ban-dog*  
*Parmasent*, Parmasan cheese  
*Parr, Old*, seems to be alluded to in the following passage of "The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 2.: "An old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with child  
*Parts*; Parts in your spirit, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 1.) shares in, partakers of  
*Pashing*, dashing  
*Passionate*, distressed, sorrowful; and ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 2.) changeful  
*Pavin*, *Spanish*, a grave and majestic dance  
*Peevish*, trifling, perverse, foolish  
*Perfection*; As well for virtue as perfection, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act ii. scene 2.) perfection of beauty or accomplishments  
*Perish* (a verb active), destroy  
*Pink, at a*; A shrewd fellow at a pink, ("The Lady's Trial," act iii. scene 1.) at a thrust or stab, at fighting  
*Ploek a crow*, a low expression for plucking a quarrel  
*Pomp*; Would I might see thee in the pomp once, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 2.) means, probably, the procession of the city-companies  
*Porter's lodge*, ("The Fancies Chaste

and Noble," act i. scene 2.) the usual place of summary punishment for servants

*Potting stick*, a small rod of wood, bone, or steel, for setting the plaits of ruffs, &c.

*Pregnant*, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act ii. scene 2.) intelligent, ready to understand

*Present*, the, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 2.) the present time

*Presence*, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 3.) intent

*Provincial garland*, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 2.) the wreath of laurel, conferred, according to ancient custom, on those who had added a province to the empire

*Pyrrhus*, alluded to in the Dedication of "Love's Sacrifice;" he had, the preceding year, put forth his *Hirtromastix*, and was at this time before the Star-chamber for the language used in that production

*Puck-stat*, the fungus, also called *puff-ball*

*Purchase*; For he can live without a wife and purchase, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iv. scene 2.) buy an estate

## Q

*Quab*, an unfledged bird; figuratively, anything unfinished, imperfect

*Quack*; Quack of fashions, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 2.) loud and boastful pretender to eminence in fashions

*Quellio*, a ruff

*Quicken*; Quicken your sad remembrance, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 1.) enliven

*Quicksands*; Their very substance was quicksands, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 1.) an allusion to the story that glass was first discovered by the Phœnician mariners in consequence of their having lighted a fire on the sand

## R

*Resolve*, satisfy, assure; convince yourself

*Resolution*, a settled opinion

*Rest, set up*; I have set up my rest, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act v. scene 4.) taken my final resolution; a metaphor drawn from the game of primero

*Roaring*; Downright roaring, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 1.) the language of *roarers*, or *roaring boys*

*Roaring boys*, a term for certain bullying ruffians, who used formerly to infest the streets of London: see *Oatmeals*

*Round*; Devise a round, ("The Sun's Darling," act iv. scene 1.) a health, a toast

## S

*Sadness*; In sadness, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 4.) seriousness

*Saturday*; For Saturday yet never fall'd, &c., ("Perkin Warbeck," act

iii, scene 1.); Lord Bacon has mentioned the predilection which Henry had for Saturday

*Scambling*; A scambling foot, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.) sprawling, shuffling; Scambling half a ducat, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 3.) means, perhaps, attaining by bold impertunity or false pretences

*Secl'd*; Like a secl'd dove, ("The Broken Heart," act ii. scene 2.): to *secl* means to sew up the eyelids either partially or entirely; the dove let loose with its eyelids so closed, continued to mount till it fell down dead through mere exhaustion

*Secure*; The deities themselves are not secure, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 3.) sure, certain

*Servant*; Henceforth I'll call you servant, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 3.) the term by which a lady formerly addressed her lover, who in return called her *mistress*

*Shape*, dress; a theatrical term

*Shough*, a shock-dog

*Single*, pure, genuine; plain, open; also, weak, feeble

*Singly*; Thus singly I adventure to thy bed, ("Love's Sacrifice," act ii. scene 4.) seems to mean, thinly clad, or undressed

*Sights*; These fit sights, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 2.) these undervaluings adapted to my own want of merit

*Skip-jacks*, properly Sanjaks, Turkish officers; rogues, swindlers

*Smicker*, finical

*Smickly*, finically

*Solicit*; Solicit thy deserts, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act v. scene 1.) plead

*Sounder*; A sounder of some such wind-instrument, forsooth, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.) the speaker intimates that her father was a sow-gelder

*Spanish pike*, ("The Sun's Darling," act ii. scene 1.) a needle; the best needles used to be imported from Spain

*Spleen*; Thou hast made me laugh beside my spleen, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 2.) more than I usually laugh; the spleen seems to have been regarded as the source both of mirth and anger

*Square men*; The world runs round, yet there are square men still, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iv. scene 2.) a play of words; just men

*Stale*; As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act i. scene 2.) pretence (a *stalking-horse* used by sportsmen), under cover of which you may utter your licentious language

*Stiletto*; A stiletto on his chin, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 1.) a sharp-pointed beard

*Stover*, bristle, stiffen

*Strada*; That art and nature ever were at strife in, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 1.) *Vide* (says the old ed.) *Fami. Stradam*, lib. ii. *Prolus. 6. Acad. 2. Imitat. Claud.*

*Suppositor*, provocation

*Surfell*, to wash with mercurial or sulphur water

*Surquedry*, pride, presumption

## T

*Table-books*, memorandum-books

*Tablet*, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act v. scene 1, stage-direction), miniature picture

*Tell, I cannot*, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.) I know not what to say, or think of it

*Thirsty*; Thirsty in our pursuit, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 1.) hot, eager

*Tobacco*, to drink, a common phrase for smoking tobacco; alluded to in the song, "They that will learn to drink, &c., ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 3.)

*Tottery*, tatters

*Tredde*, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 3.) common creature, strumpet; properly, that part of the loom which is pressed by the foot

*Tromses*, ("Perkin Warbeck," act iii. scene 2. stage-direction.), tight drawers

*Truth'd*; They would have truth'd it heaven, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act ii. scene 2.) they would have asserted as a truth that this was heaven

*Tumbler*, a mongrel greyhound

## U

*Uncivil*; Would argue me uncivil, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 2.) unacquainted with the language and manners of good society

*Uncivility*; Not uncivility, though violently, ("The Lady's Trial," act iii. scene 3.) no rude language, though you may be warm

*Unterm'd*; Love unterm'd, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 3.) interminable

*Unvamped*, not patched up, fresh

## V

*Vamp*, patch up

*Velvet-tips*; Nothing but velvet-tips, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 3.) an allusion to the down upon the sprouting horns of a young deer

## W

*Wannon*, with a, a jocular imprecation, equivalent to—with a vengeance!

*Wassel-bowls*, bowls of spiced ale or wine

*Weapon, dressing of the*, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 2.) an allusion to the foolish superstition that wounds might be cured by dressing the weapon which had inflicted them

*Wearish*; A wearish hand, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.) withered  
*Where*; Where it does or not, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 1.) whether

*White-boy*, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 1.) a term of endearment frequently found in old writers

*Woman-Surgeon*, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.) one who deals in paints and washes for ladies

*Woodcock*, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.) a cant term for a simpleton

*Wormed*; Wormed you, ("Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 2.); an allusion to the custom of cutting the

worm from under a dog's tongue, to prevent madness.

*Wreck*, To take the wreck of our divisions, ("The Lady's Trial," act i. scene 1.), to seize the remnant of time which our separations have left us

## Y

*Yet*; Yet we stand suspected, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 1.) as yet, hitherto

*You are as I*; Aurelio, you are as I am, ("The Lady's Trial," act i. scene 3.), equivalent to—place yourself in my situation

## Z

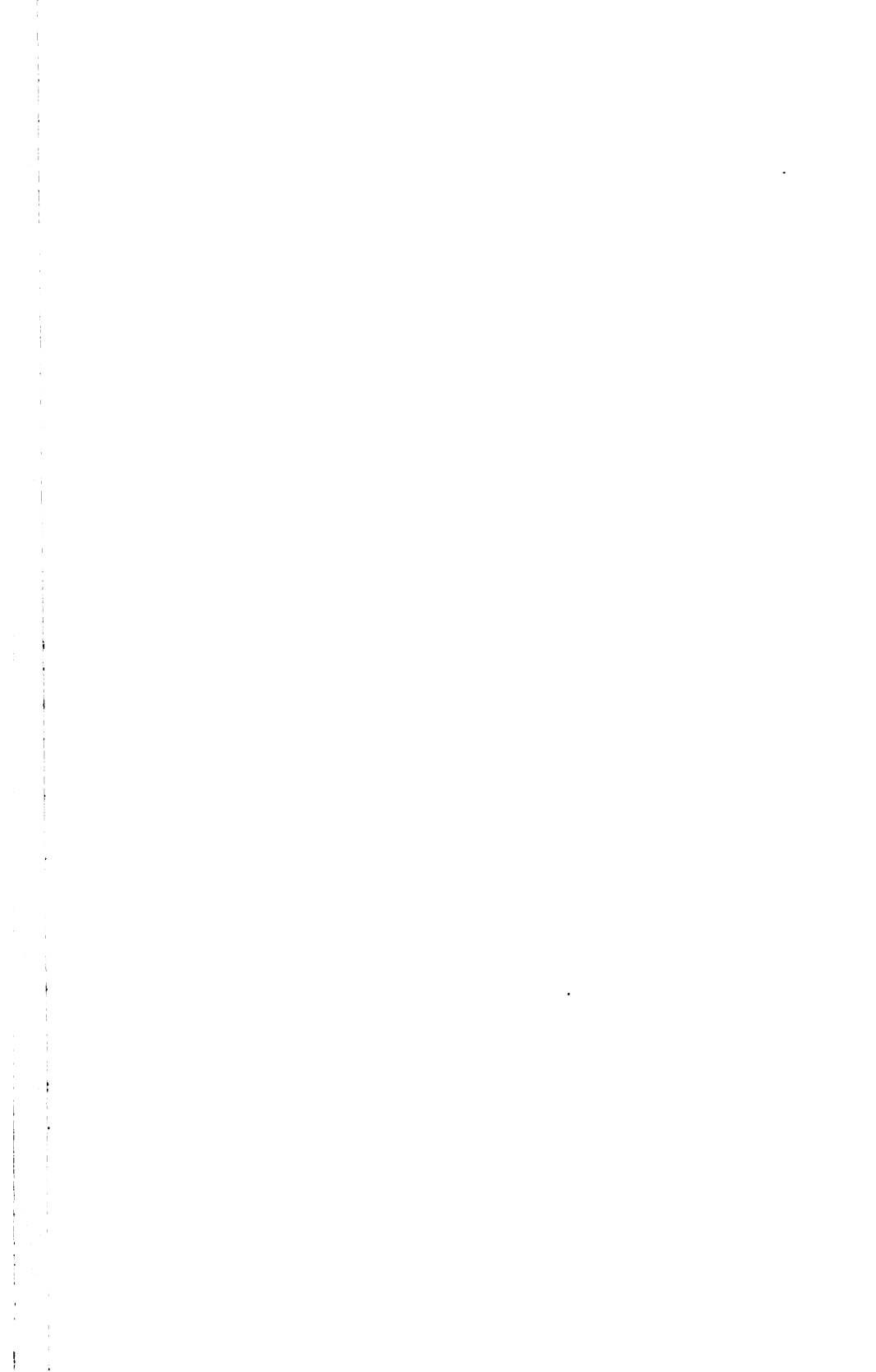
*Zirick-see*; As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vero, ("The Lady's Trial," act i. scene 2.); early in the 16th century, a large portion of Zealand was overwhelmed by an inundation

THE END.

HT











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